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## THE "TURNING-POINT" IN THE FORTUNES OF "THE HOUSE OF CARLISLE."

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

THERE is a *magnificence* in the geologic idea of one vast tidal wave circling the world, and leaving no creek or inlet unvisited, but passing with inevitable certainty in its ebb from one, to its tide of flood in the next. True it is, that in contravention to this theory and our motto alike, poets, when they would symbolize an uneventful life, call up the image of a "tideless sea," as though such a thing were "*in rerum nature*," and hydrographers come with their tables of observation to assure us of a "no tide in the Mediterranean!" Now, both these last fallacies I must meet with what is called, in parliamentary phrase, a "direct negative." I believe there never lived or vegetated son of clay, though "dull as the fat weed which rots itself on Lethe's wharf," who had not his crisis or turning-point in life, from which his after destinies took shape and direction; and as to the Mediterranean phenomenon, and the hydrographic conclusion — "*anche io sono pittore*." I am an hydrographer in a small way myself, and produce my counter-observations and *data* to confute them. I once made out a ten-day sojourn in Venice, and a wonderful feat I consider it to have accomplished, in a doomed city, on which Emilia's curse on her graceless Iago, when she wished him to "rot half a grain a day," may be said to have descended in a proportioned ratio—for Venice seems to be rolling "grainwise," many grains daily—yet even there, in that "mildewed city," in its dull lagoon and slow canal, I could recognise the power of the general law. I saw tidal indications, slight, indeed, I must own—a mere "*qualche cosa*" as it were—but still sufficient to sustain the Shaksperian aphorism, that there "is a tide in the affairs of men."

My apparatus for tidal observations was perfectly "*improvisò*" and very simple; but what of that? Newton educed his theory of universal gravitation from a pippin falling on his nose in an orchard, and I corroborate the tidal wave hypothesis by "an old straw hat!"—"from the sublime to the ridiculous"—Pshaw! every one knows *that* proverb.

I was domiciled in the Palazzo Grassi, selected as commanding a perfect Canaletti reach of the Grand Canal. A domestic affliction confined me to the house for a few days; and it may serve to show the uneventful monotony of Venetian existence when I state, that during that period, with the watery highway of Venice life under my eyes, in the paucity of incidents and objects which presented themselves, the cast-away straw hat aforesaid became an object of interest; and its migrations ultimately became the means of disproving the *un*-tidal theory in respect to the waters on which it swayed backwards and forwards. The hat was an undoubted "waif and stray"—it had been floating close to the Palazzo steps as we arrived—it floated near them as we left—it may be floating there still, if, under the Venetian curse, it has not "rotted piecemeal." I know

in my day there was no getting rid of it. Sometimes our gondola, in starting, would send it a boat's-length away, but it ever waylaid us on our return as pertinaciously as if held in a beggar's hand for an "aumous," and it ever floated a certain length down the canal to seaward during the day or night, but we were sure to see it again hugging the palace-steps as fondly as ever, again to float away, and again to return in its diurnal progress. At first this tenacity of adhesion to a certain range seemed something preternatural; in the end, however, I began to connect it with its natural cause—a *slight* tide in these sleepy waters. Having thus learned from this "shocking bad hat" how to observe, I began to watch more closely, until I became aware of a rise and fall of some inches in the course of the day, so slight, indeed, that, for all nautical purposes, such as making sail from or for port, the lagoon and roadway might be held as a "tideless harbour;" but in scientific exactness of speech, this forms no exception to the action of the general law of a tidal-wave circling the world, however interrupted in its progress.—Q. E. D.

As for that "tide in the affairs of men," asserted in my motto, I should like to see the brainless sceptic who would question its reality. The stupid or unobservant may not recognise it as their "to-morrows creep on their petty pace from day to day;" but it is no less true that every man has his turning-point of fortune, whence his whole after-life is coloured, his pursuits fixed, his destiny determined for good or evil. Many may pass this point quite unaware *at the time* of its momentous importance to them—many live out their life without ever having recognised the trivial circumstance which inclined them to the course of their whole after fortunes—but thoughtful men will ever love to recur to such critical periods in the fortunes of themselves or others, and to send out imagination in speculation on their results, as they may have influenced individual fortunes—the destinies of families, of kingdoms—nay, why not of the world itself; for assuredly there is a sounder philosophy than superficial people dream of, in connecting the fact of Alexander the Great having bathed in the river Cydnus with "The Thirty Years' War," "The Peace of Utrecht," "The Reform Bill," or any other great event of our modern history.

Macaulay, at a time when he might make such excuse as Benedick's\* for indulging in republican platitudes—namely, that when he wrote so, he never thought he would live to be "BARON Macaulay of that ilk," has, in one of his finest essays, in what seems a wistful spirit, speculated that if THE Cromwell had not left a "foolish Ishbosheth" to fill his chair, "we might now be living under the government of His Highness Oliver the Fourth, or Richard the Fifth, Protector by the grace of God of the Commonwealth of England," &c., &c. In this slighting remark Macaulay but echoes the voice of all history. Royalists in their ridicule, Republicans in their angry contempt, Puritans in their disappointed fanaticism, all unite in despising the pusillanimous son of that iron-souled and "iron-sided" sire, who could constrain men not loving his principles,

\* "When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not  
Think I should ever live to be married."

—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

to respect himself, and caused those who hated his revolutionary rule to submit to his sternly-enforced authority.

Do I presume to blame or disdain Richard Cromwell's choice of quiet before empire, or a struggle for empire? Far from it. I doubt not that, knowing as a man alone can know, "the spirit that was in him," he chose wisely and well, and after a sort, greatly; it was wise, knowing his own inaptitude for the seat and duties of a ruler, to descend from them; in his place a fool would, Phaeton-like, have grasped the reins of empire, and after perplexing nations in his erratic career, have fallen headlong. He chose well, when, with Bunyan's pilgrim, he went quietly down into the Valley of Humiliation, there to gather, instead of "the nettle danger," the sweet-scented heart's-ease, which, flourishing in the shelter, dies in more exposed altitudes. And to my mind there was as much true greatness of soul in descending from an eminence on which he felt he could not stand, as there would have been vulgarity in persevering in the attempt, until he had been pushed or pulled from his pedestal by some of the "mounting spirits of the age."

Even the uneventful life of this ambitionless being had "its tide," its moment of full flood, at which all his future—the future of England—and in it the future of that Noble House of which we have undertaken to chronicle an incident, all—all hung together on the pivot of a human will and word. A little more firmness in the tension of Richard Cromwell's nervous system—a little more infusion of the "*vis vivida vite*" into his composition—a few grains more of whatever gives "dash" and "daring" to the human character—and England might have had a future fully as strange as that imagined by Macaulay! in which, among other minor and fantastic results, may be specified, that Alexander Pope would never have established the phrase of "all the blood of all the Howards" into an "household word" among us—neither should we have a CARLISLE "*pere*" preserved in satyric acid, nor his son, "young gallant HOWARD," embalmed in amber, in the poetry of Byron.\* And last and most fantastic result of all, our present cheery, good-

\* Byron's ferocious attack on his near relative, Frederick the fifth Earl—the present Earl of Carlisle's grandfather—may be read in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But as the noble bard confessed, in 1816, that "the provocation (more probably fancied than real) did not justify the petulant acerbity," we pass it over here to quote his lines of reparation.

When speaking of those who fell in full career of victory at Waterloo, he says:—

"Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps than mine—

Yet one I could select from that proud throng,

*Partly because they blend me with his line,*

*And partly that I did his sire some wrong,*

And partly that bright names will hallow song,

And his was of the bravest; and when shower'd

The death-bolts deadliest the thinned lines along,

Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd;

They reached no nobler breast than thine, *young gallant HOWARD!*"

—*Childe Harold*, 3rd canto.

These lines were addressed to the memory of the Honourable Frederick Howard, Lord Carlisle's youngest son, uncle to the present peer.

natured Chief Governor, who tours through his Viceroyalty,\* with a kind word and genial manner for all, with general good wishes; even from those who like the man, while opposed to the political opinions of the Queen's Lieutenant—instead of all this, "George William Frederick, Baron Dacres of Gilsland, Viscount Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle," who takes rank in the Red Book with a whole alphabet of personal honours appended to his name, might at this moment have been denominated as plain "Obadiah," or "Spintext," or "Win-the-Fight" Howard, carrying his open countenance under shade of a steeple-hat, his neck be-ruffed, a ton of iron at his sword belt, and on Sundays listening with all the outward and visible signs of an inward rigid puritanism, not to sermons preached by courtly chaplains-in-waiting, but to "exercises" performed by Geneva-cap't ministers, "guiltless of the abomination of the surplice." All this we say *might* have been, had the tide of Richard Cromwell's fortune been "taken at the flood."

It drew towards the end of 1659, "*OLIVER Protector*" had been dead a year; and the nation he had ruled with iron but effective sway was fast breaking loose into anarchy. One of this great man's weaknesses had been to drive "*six-in-hand*" in Hyde Park; and he who had gained but peril and ridicule by that mad prank, had been able to rule three kingdoms, and rein in the fiercest spirits of a wild and troublous time, "as easily as a cadger's pony." But now, the national team which he had driven under the state-coach so long, began to feel that the reins had passed into other and feebler hands. They were all pulling different ways—all going at different paces—so that everything threatened an overturn of the machine of Government; and after that—Chaos! Fleetwood, with his "Wallingford House Council," aimed at a Prætorian military rule—Lambert at a military despotism of a "single person"—stupid Desborough vacillated between both, and bullied his feeble-minded nephew all the while. The fifth monarchymen dreamed their dreams of "King Jesus" to come among them, and tabernacle in "Venner's Meeting House;" while far off on the northern horizon hovered Monk, holding his army in hand, and biding his time to make the memorable descent on the capital, and more memorable declaration that—"The King should have his own again."

\* Since this was written the Viceroyalty of "*George William Frederick, Earl of CARLISLE*" has come to an abrupt and unexpected end; and by the time it is printed, Dublin Castle will retain of him but his effigy, *in situ*, among the long row of chief governors since the Union. To the mere Castle frequenters the splendid hospitalities of an *Eglinton* may soon efface remembrance of the less-pretending approachableness of a Carlisle; and other councils—different (yet perhaps not *so different* as sanguine minds may expect)—will direct his successor in using "the sword committed to his hands." But all must miss the cheerful, kind condescension of Lord Carlisle's presence, whose welcome was more that of a kind host, than of a grave ruler; and whose personal good qualities, as contrasted with what many call the faults of his administration, leave to thoughtful men the most living exemplification we have known of Paley's distinction between a "public and private conscience." Even those who differ from him politically may parody one of the lines of Goldsmith's "*Retaliation*," and say—

"His faults were his *Party's*—his virtues his *own*."

In this mad world poor Richard Cromwell, swayed here and there as the weed in the stream\* of Tennyson's beautiful description, torn by conflicting councils, surrounded by self-seeking advisers, unable of himself to arrive at decision or action, still less able to cope with the designing, or march with the daring spirits around him. Hence, he sat cipher-like at his council board, over which men who used to quail at the mere glance of his father's eye now openly squabbled and strove for their several objects, with scarce a decent shew of respect for him whom all men still called "Highness and Protector!" Poor man, he was every day giving more patent proofs that he had no "high mind," or "proud look;" that he could neither protect others nor himself. His uppermost thought and most pressing concern was how to pay his honest debts, incurred for that pageant state-funeral of his father which the national voice had claimed at his hand; though the nation showed no great readiness to put money in his purse to discharge the consequent obligations. We may add, that the national voice cheered as loudly, and applauded with even more sycophantic earnestness, when the subject of these splendid obsequies was ejected from the mausoleum of rulers, to be exposed on the gibbet at Tyburn! So much for what the *vox populi* was worth then—is it worth more just now? Will it ever be worth more at any given time?

It was at the close of one of those days of stormy council and high debate, when the advisers round the Protector were shewing more decidedly their leanings either to an individual or collective military rule by the sword, and Desborough in particular, presuming on his near connexion, had been baiting and worrying his nephew in his coarse way to resign, and make way for "the good old cause and a commonwealth." Richard Cromwell, wearied and bewildered, but in nowise advanced towards a decision, had retired to his private apartments in Whitehall. The room in which he sat symbolised the character of its occupant: it was as small as he could select in that stately palace, as plainly furnished as was consistent with comfort; its whole aspect rather that of the study of a private gentleman than of a statesman's cabinet; books were its principal furniture, and not a state-paper visible. It was here that Richard sat in the closing evening, resting his overtasked faculties, when an attendant announced, "One of the major-generals ——"

"Admit him," said Richard, indifferent which of his morning tormentors was come to renew the attack. And then, starting from his seat as the door closed, he paced the room saying to himself—"No ease—no intermission, even *here*—This must have an end ——"

The Cromwellian Major-general was about as different from some of the incapable personages whom pipeclay and routine promotion occasionally work up to this grade, as Cromwell himself from the most creeping Tadpole of the red-tape and sealing-wax office. He was an invention of Cromwell's own, who, when he found that Parliament would not aid him in ruling the fermenting, plotting elements of the England of 1654, promptly partitioned the country after his own fashion

\* "Still hither, thither, idly swayed  
Like those long mosses in the stream."

—Tennyson's *Miller's Daughter*;

—a fashion arbitrary but beneficial, with power unknown to "the English Constitution," but very necessary for the puritanico-enthusiastico, plot-forming England of that time. Carlyle describes to us in his fashion the mode of this arrangement.

"Oliver Protector says to the unruly elements of his England—'Peace ye'—with the aid of parliament and venerable parchment, if so may be—*without* it if so may not be—and then comes his plan, 'if not good yet—best.' All England is divided into districts—ten districts—a major-general for each. Let him be a man most carefully chosen—a man of real wisdom, valour, and veracity—a man fearing God and hating covetousness, for his powers are great. He looks after the good of the Commonwealth, spiritual and temporal, as he finds wisest; ejects, or aids in ejecting scandalous ministers—summons the disaffected, the suspected, before him—demands account of them, sends them to prison, failing account that satisfies him. *There is no appeal except to the Protector in council.* Strange as it may seem," says Carlyle, "the country submits very quietly to this arrangement. *The cock-fighting was forbid*, when it was thought concocting of plots was the real object sought; and yet the indignation of England seemed to sleep, and feelings of gratitude and confidence to be awakening. Such were the results of having a Protector who *could* protect."

No doubt the Protector in council, holding the reins of these ten Proconsulates in his hand, was himself the mainspring of the well-working of this plan of government; but he also owed much to that clear, natural sagacity in choosing his agents for which, like Napoleon, he was remarkable. His major-generals were carefully chosen—all able, many of them *true* to their master, but all kept to their work by the stern rigour of his rule, who seemed to detect swerving or treachery, as it seemed by intuition, and punished it without recognizing "bail or mainprize;" but when Cromwell's wheel of life was "broken at the cistern," the controlling power was gone and Major-generals, as well as minor personages "all sought their own ends," and began to do, every man, what was right in his own eyes, for "there was no ruler in Israel." A few, possessed of a deeper feeling for the great man whom they had served with no "eye-service," still regarded his son with a kind of hereditary attachment. Of these last was that Major-General whom we have kept so long in the ante-chamber, waiting an interview with Richard; Charles Howard, a scion of the House of Norfolk, one who, arriving at man's estate just as the Commonwealth was proclaimed, had no old-world reminiscences to prevent him from accepting the Ruler "*de facto*," to whom the fate of civil war seemed to have awarded power in the land; and, being early selected by Cromwell, as a man of mark and ability, had done him service with equal fidelity and zeal in concerns of the highest trust.

\* It was with a relieved spirit that Richard Cromwell recognized in his visitor not one of those Wallingford House grandees, who were daily and hourly trying to bully him into acquiescence in their views, but a man whom he seldom saw at the council-board, whom, as he knew, had stood high in the regards of his sagacious father; and there was mingled cordiality and sadness in his greeting to Howard, when he said "Wel-

\* All from this is Historical.

come to my father's friend, whom I have seen but too seldom of late at a Board where I need the help of all his friends, who are also mine."

"Your highness," returned Howard, "calls me that I am, the friend of your father and his house; but the place of your friends now is not at a Board where disaffection sits driving on its plans without even the decency of disguise. In times like these, my place is at the head of 'The Life-Guard of the Protector of the Commonwealth of England,' and I come from thence to take your orders in a great and actual emergency, and then to do them."

"What emergency! what commands?" cried the bewildered Protector. (The tide-wave was nearly at flood in "Cromwell's Creek" at this time, but the poor man knew it not.)

"Your Highness," continued Howard, coming close to Richard Cromwell, and speaking in the low distinct tone of one whose spirit was wound up to the point of any daring action necessary, "'tis time to look about you—empire and command are now less the question than person and life—both are in peril. You are the son of Cromwell—show yourself worthy to be his son. You know what Fleetwood and his Wallingford House crew demand of you. At the council-board they confuse and bear you down; the matter presses, and demands a firm hand, a bold stroke, and determined head to go through with it. Your father thought I had these, and I offer them to your service now, when your foes are of your own household. Be not daunted now—*mine* shall be the hand to strike, and *mine* the head to answer for the consequence. Fleetwood, Lambert, Desborough, Vane, are the contrivers of all this—*let me rid you of them!* my plans are laid—do but stand by me with the sanction of your name, while I prove my zeal for your honour. I tell your Highness that an emergency is come on you, and on this kingdom, which dispenses with the ordinary laws of justice; warrant me to act, and you have nothing to fear. I take on me to be answerable for consequences. If this be not done, the army will fall to your enemies, and you are infallibly ruined!"

As Richard Cromwell listened to these abrupt and energetic statements of his position, the tide of his fortunes stood at its flood-point—while he paced the chamber in doubt as to his answer, it wavered on its turn; and when he stopped to reply to Howard's proposal, the ebb-tide had begun, and was flowing by him fast, as he uttered, in a resolved, melancholy voice, these memorable and characteristic words—

"Every one shall see that I will do nobody any harm. I never have done any, nor ever will. I shall be very much troubled if any one is injured on my account—and instead of taking away the life of the least person in the nation for the preservation of my greatness, which is a burden to me, I would not have a drop of blood spilt."

"Do you think?"—returned Howard, after a pause—"this moderation of yours will repair the wrong your family has committed by its elevation? Everybody knows that by violence your father procured the death of the late king, and kept his son in banishment. If the father's crimes cry for vengeance, shall the son have them passed over in silence? Mercy in the present state of affairs is unreasonable; we may shed that blood which strives to shed ours, without being bloodthirsty or cruel. Though conscience may sometimes obstruct a sovereign sacrificing an

innocent person to his ambition, it does not oppose his executing a criminal for his own safety. Lay aside this pusillanimity, so unbecoming the successor of Cromwell. Be quick, for every moment is precious. Consider your enemies spend this time in acting which we waste in consulting."

Again the melancholy voice of Richard replied—

"Talk no more of it," General Howard; "your zeal and fidelity have my best thanks, but my resolution is fixed. Violent councils suit not with me; and all you can persuade me to by that you now give is, that it proceeds from true friendship, for which I am thankful."

It was dark night and low ebb in the fortunes of the house of Cromwell as Major-General Howard turned and left the chamber—as he descended the stairs of Whitehall, the tide-wave was mounting high in "Howard Harbour." He retired slowly, pausing a while upon the possibility of turning to Henry Cromwell, as having something more of administrative ability than his elder brother; but Henry Cromwell was far away in distant Ireland, where Republican jealousy contrived to keep him, though he made more than one effort to come to his brother's aid in dealing with distracted England. By the time, however, that Charles Howard had left the palace, his fortune was at flood—his decision was taken—and as he gave orders to the resolute force which he held ready for action, if Richard Cromwell had spoken that word he could *not* speak, to retire to quarters, he entered his own, mentally exclaiming, "NOW FOR CHARLES STUART!"

The events of the following brief period are matters of history. Richard, intimidated by the Independents, pressed by the Parliament, resigned his power into the hands of the former, left Whitehall when ordered, lodged himself where he was directed, and in all things evinced the pliability of the bulrush, in bowing his meek head to the storm which was passing over the land. Henceforward his place knows him no more, nor does history record his name, except in those Royalist lampoons which show nothing so much as that these restored *gentlemen* had not learned in their adversity that lesson of true gentility, which spares insult to a fallen and unresisting foe. Howard, on the other hand, entered at once into relations with Monk, put himself in communication with the King's agents, and when Monk mustered his overpowering force in Finsbury Fields, previous to that declaration for a "free parliament," which was tantamount to a calling home of the King, the only officer in his full confidence was Major-General Charles Howard.

There is but one anecdote more to illustrate the diverging fortunes of these two individuals. Richard Cromwell, though with no reason to fear a bloody vengeance at the hands of the restored monarch, left England in the same ship which conveyed the regicide Ludlow out of reach of the avengers of blood. In his wanderings on the Continent, he arrived at the Town of Perenas, on his way to Geneva, where it was suggested to him to pay his respects to the Governor, the Prince of Conti. Being introduced as "an English gentleman *en route*," the Prince behaved to him with all civility, and for agreeable conversation, turning to the late changes in England, delivered his opinion to the following effect:—"Oliver, though a traitor and villain, was a brave fellow, of great parts, great courage, and worthy to command; *but that Richard!* that



coxcomb, *coquin*, poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive — what is become of that fool?" He answered quietly, "that he had been betrayed by those he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father." Poor Richard soon after took his leave, and it was not until two days after that the Prince knew to whom it was that he had addressed this *apropos* discourse.

At the very moment when *Richard Cromwell* was thus learning the sweet and bitter uses of adversity, Charles Howard, now ennobled as heir to "Noble Lord Dacre, who lived on the Border," and "Earl of Carlisle," was proceeding on his route with a splendid retinue, as Ambassador Extraordinary to the "Muscovite Czar," and the Kings of Sweden and Norway, from the restored King of England! So ran, and so will ever run, the tide of fortune, to buoy up one man's boat on its dancing wave, to leave another "at eve on the bleak shore alone."

P.S.—The idea which runs through this paper of comparing the rising or falling fortunes of men to the flowing or ebbing tide, is so obvious and natural, that it has been used for this purpose by many a poet—by none more elegantly than by our MOORE, in the touching song from which my concluding words are borrowed, and never, perhaps, did any human fortune illustrate the Poet's idea with such truth and sadness as the Poet's own.

Moore's Journals and Diaries are now open to the public; it would be idle to select from the joyous, the "*riant*" entries of his earlier days, any specimens of the full tide of enjoyment on which his little barque danced through the morning of life. They might all be summed up in two lines of another of his well-known melodies—

"They may rail at this life—from the hour I began it  
I've found it a life of enjoyment and bliss."

At length the tide of ebb set strong against the gay voyager. Family griefs—mental "wear and tear" began to do their work; and when we arrive at the following entry in the journal of the once gay and glad Thomas Moore, there is little more to read, and the curtain had best drop upon the clouds and darkness of the rest of his evening of life:—

"October 16, 1846.

"About the middle of March we (Moore and 'his Bessy') received a strange, ominous-looking letter, which we opened with trembling hands, and it told us that my son Tom was dead! The shock was at first almost too much to bear. It was, alas! too true—the last of our five children is now gone, and we are left desolate and alone—not a single relative have I now left in the world."

What more painfully perfect comment could be written on his own line—

"And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone."

R.

## THE EVE OF ST. ANTHONY.

Of all the cities that, throughout the length and breadth of Northern Italy, now vegetate in the torpor of languid provincialism, amid plains over which they once held sway as capitals, there is perhaps none whose aspect more impresses upon the passing traveller's mind an unmixed sense of dreary desolation than Ferrara. Otherwise than as a passing traveller, who can speak of it? Those vistas of grass-grown streets, those unpeopled piazzas, those tenantless palaces, blazoning in the mouldered coats of arms that crown their archways, the last earthly record of a race of nobles now no more—those churches, before whose portals, as before the entrance to the mausoleum of a bygone nation, hangs the heavy, black, motionless drapery, fitted to seclude the dead rather than to be lifted by the living—who can speak of a residence there among? From Venice or Bologna, as you enter the walls of this their half-way house, your first thought is how quickest to leave them; the blear-eyed, superannuated ostler, the rusty inn-sign that creaks and groans before what might once have been a hotel in the worldly acceptance of the term, but can now be regarded as nothing more than a trysting haunt of spirits that may meet at intervals to wail and gibber through the wind-swept corridors, and flit athwart the filmy moonbeams, chequering with light and shade uncurtained galleries; the weird silence, settling back to its startled reign, as soon as the irreverential rumble of your carriage-wheels is hushed—all combine to make you think of the Legend of the Seven Sleepers, with a pang of horrid doubt that the heresy of your disbelief therein may here at length be destined to meet its fitting punishment, and you be doomed to expiate through penitential ages your misgivings as to the orthodoxy of eternal somnolence. Your eyes vainly endeavour to pierce the blackness of that gloomy cavern leading to the post-house stables, down which have disappeared the horses that brought you the previous stage, and on which, as a last resource, you might reckon for a means of escape, ere yet succumbing to the influence of the spot. Your ears catch their receding tread—your imagination follows them to the stalled vault, where, tethered to its manger, each slowly waits to petrify into the likeness of his stony fellows, till—never did the horn of the disenchanting Prince Deliverer sound more sweetly to the awakened ears of dwellers in the Sleepers' Palace, than does to yours the discordant twang with which the echoes remonstrate as the hero of your extrication, all jack-boots and tassels, clatters down the court with a fresh team, and, swinging into his saddle, plays you once more out into the free country with a whip-cracking accompaniment, to the air of the "Post-Horn"—not gallop certainly—jog and jumble, if such a pace there be.

Of all earthly contingencies, about the most improbable that could have occurred to my mind was, that of there being the slightest difficulty in the way of my having choice at will of such accommodation as this eminently undesirable residence offered, on my driving up to the door of its principal hotel, in the month of August, of the year 18—

I had not failed to observe, as I passed along the streets, that they appeared to display a nearer approach to living animation than I had ever before witnessed. The grimy little taverns and tobacco-shops actually had some customers in and about them; the café doors did not present their usual hermetically-closed appearance; the three miraculously-hatted reverend gentlemen who usually did stationary penance of an afternoon in the shady corner of the piazza opposite the dilapidated fountain of Neptune, were about and stirring—occasional sounds of carriage-wheels, that were not merely echoes of my own, were audible in the distant streets. I began to grow interested, and speculate on the cause of all this. Had the patriots of the d'Esté capital taken courage, and resolved that guide-books should no longer have it all their own way in stigmatising their's as a city of the dead?—had the Pope and the Emperor of Austria chosen this favoured stronghold of resolute immobility as the conference ground of a new Holy Alliance?—had the demon of revolution stumbled upon this, of all the unlikely spots on earth, for a *coup d'essai*? Whatever the reason might be, the change was highly welcome from the drowsy torpor that had hitherto saluted me, when ill-luck or necessity had driven me to traverse these streets, and doubly to be hailed at the present moment, inasmuch as business of some importance made it necessary for me to look forward to three or four days' residence in the place. With the confidence of a guest whose patronage is sure of being gratefully welcomed, I prepared to descend at the door of the "Golden Lion." My foot was on the carriage step, when, from the recesses of the establishment, there issued forth a nondescript attendant, in dress half-cook half-waiter, who, announcing himself as landlord, gave me to understand that the hotel was full. I declare I could not have been more taken aback if, on a visit to Pompeii, I had been informed that Sallust's house was closed to strangers, as the family had just come home, or that Diomedes had a dinner-party that day, and there was no admittance except on business. To two or three other hotels I drove with the same result—all were full. At last, on the suggestion of the postilion, I found myself appealing for admittance at the entrance of the "Corona di Ferro," a hostelry but little known to fame, and apparently meriting no increase of reputation, situated in one of the oldest and least frequented parts of the town. Even here there was some slight demur as to the possibility of my having a room all to myself, but on my resolutely scouting the proposition of the host, that I should share a double-bedded apartment with an indigenous patron of the caravanserai, an arrangement was promised to suit my exclusiveness, and I was at length permitted to look upon myself as housed for the night. My first question naturally was as to the cause of this sudden incursion of custom into a place whose attractions were to me so inscrutable.

"Do the Ferrarese hold Carnival in August?" I asked, "or has the cholera declared itself in all the rest of the country, that you seem to have such a throng of visitors at present?"

"The Signore forgets the Fair of Saint Anthony—Saint Anthony of Padua," was the answer. "It begins to-morrow—all the world are on the way to it, no doubt your worship included."

"Indeed my worship knows nothing of the matter. What may it all be about?"

"About, Signore! Why, about everything. Operas, balls, arlecchini, processions. The grand festa—begins to-morrow, and lasts a fortnight—in honour of the blessed Saint Anthony."

My ideas on the subject of Saint Anthony were, I am free to confess, chiefly derived from the inspection of Teniers' pictures, in which an Eremite in a cave is represented illustrating the extinction within him of all earthly passions, curiosity included, by concentrating his attention on the perusal of a big book or the study of a skull, amid a hubbub of unearthly noises, and a vision of strange shapes, that might well have driven any less rigid disciplinarian into saying his prayers backwards, or forgetting them altogether; and the thought of a "festa" in his honour, with an appropriate procession as part of it, conjured up to my imagination as some of the natural effects, an advanced guard of elderly witches on broomsticks, with a body-guard round the holy man of their lovely daughters on foot, preceded by a band of devils blowing their noses in the fashion of trumpets, and escorted by a bevy of horned policemen whisking their tails to keep off the crowd. I found, however, that my popular idea of the sore-bedevilled anchorite was not exactly the one most familiar to the minds of those who ought to know best; and, feeling indifferent to the religious instruction offered by a valet-de-place, who, seeing a stranger, volunteered his services in any capacity, from reciting the saint's life and miracles to blacking my boots, I intimated my intention of strolling about for the rest of the afternoon, deferring till my return the inspection of the apartment I was to occupy, the latter being a measure less of choice than necessity, in consequence of the room, as I was informed, requiring some small preparation and adornment previous to my admittance.

Feeling rather grateful for there being, at least, no varied process of sight-seeing possible, I turned in the direction of that old castle whose walls contained whatever of historical association still gave an interest to the place. Up narrow streets and stair-like lanes I climbed, groaning over the purgatorial pavement, till passing through a postern gate, and turning short to the left, beneath a turretted archway, I stood in the enclosure of what seemed formerly to have belonged to the grounds of a court-garden or pleasance. An undergrowth of rank, luxuriant vegetation clothed the earth in every direction with a coarse and thickly-matted herbage; flourishing brambles intertwined their burr-covered branches in networks, whose dense intricacy bespoke the length of undisturbed leisure that had gone to their formation; fragments of fallen brickwork lay mingled with mounds of ruder masonry in a confusion that heaped together, alike undistinguishable, foundation and entablature; a silence, so deep as to seem loudly broken by the tiny hum of a passing insect's wing, was over all—no human being was in sight. I moved on, now stepping aside to avoid some impracticable briar; now pausing to watch the frightened glitter of a basking lizard's eyes, and mark the quick panting of his breast, as he seemed for a moment to calculate the chances of reaching in safety his friendly hole in the neighbouring heap of rubbish, before darting thither and disappearing. On I went, surrendering myself to the influences of the scene without an effort, willing to allow fancy to play what freaks it would, to re-construct at will the crumbled roofs and shattered pillars of each edifice, and to re-people with the denizens of its own creation the visionary

courts and corridors. "Here, perhaps," thought I, as I lingered within the shade which a wall, still standing erect, presented as a retreat from the blazing August sun, "may Parisina's foot have paused, as tremblingly she stole from Este's bower on that night that consigned to the block her and her guilty lover, or Lucretia have mixed the Borgia powder that was to avenge her wrongs in Venice at the cost of her own son's life; at least, according to Victor Hugo and Donizetti, and I don't know that they are not likely to give truer impressions of such history as they take in hand than Muratori, Sardi, or the voluminous Guicciardini himself, supposing always that there be any truth of private history attainable or to be relied on." And I thought of the lines of Ariosto, where in the "Orlando Furioso," he places first in a temple reared to female excellence, as worthy of such distinction, no less by her modesty than her beauty, her whose name has come down to us of these generations as identified with all that is unspeakable in guilt—Lucretia Borgia. If the spirits of those who once walked the earth have power to take an interest still in the knowledge of what goes on here below, what, I wonder, would be the feelings of her in regard to whom contemporaries wrote, that Rome, her birthplace, should be prouder of her than of her namesake of antiquity, on considering the very different opinion at present entertained, and the authorities whose decision has ruled the case. Well, an opera libretto may be as honourable a source of misrepresentation as any other, and we all know what we are to expect of calumny—all, at any rate, who have ever heard the "Barbiere," and listened to Don Basilio's sentiments on the subject. Whatever the grounds of the original judgment, it is now too late to attempt an appeal.

"It is too late!" The words were not a mere echo of my own thought, as in my first start of surprise I was half inclined to imagine. They came from the other side of the wall, in whose shadow I was standing, and from the same direction as some vague murmurs that had reached my ears during the last few minutes, without causing me to pay them any particular notice, till the words in question, spoken in a loud, distinct voice, arrested my attention, and cut short the thread of my reflections.

"It is too late."

"But, father!" exclaimed a female voice in a tone of agonized entreaty, "is there no other way? Have we, indeed, exhausted every means? Oh, surely, surely, there must be some hope still."

"I have none. I know no source whence help could come to us. Giulia, we must look on all as lost. This night may be the last that you and I can call a home our own."

"But those papers," answered the woman, "may yet be found. I never looked on them as lost—stolen they were, and for a purpose; but, could they even now be found, all might yet be well."

"Yes," replied the man, "could they be found; but the Count Moncorvo, if indeed he knows aught of them, will take better care of them than did I. Fool, dolt, idiot that I was to lose them for a moment from my sight. I might have known that it would come to this. I might have guessed—but, Giulia, what boots it now to think? It is, indeed, too late."

Placed as I was, it was impossible for me to avoid overhearing the foregoing discourse, though, from the vehement tones of the man, and the sorrow that spoke in the woman's voice, I felt their conference to be of too delicate a nature to allow me to remain a moment longer than necessary an intruder on their secrecy. I started to my feet, and, kicking down some bricks that stood near, in order that their noise in falling might be an indication of a stranger's presence, I prepared to move away. In passing the angle of the wall, I found advance in that direction cut off by a deep trench that ran along the front, and that made it necessary for me, in order to get round it, to retrace my steps for a short distance. In doing so, I was obliged to pass near the spot where the speakers in the conversation I had overheard must be standing, and I felt my curiosity excited to see who and what they were. It was quickly gratified, so far as a hat and cloak, with a pair of eyes forming the only intervening relief, could satisfy me as to the appearance and individuality of the male speaker—for, ere I had taken two steps, I found myself confronted by the figure of a man so enveloped in the folds of a sweeping cloak, and with his features so hidden by a hat slouching low on the forehead, that nothing beyond a pair of remarkably brilliant eyes gave evidence as to the nature of the countenance that was in all other respects concealed. At a little distance behind him stood a young girl, with clasped hands and downcast look, whose attitude of hopeless dejection sufficiently indicated her as the second speaker in the conversation just carried on. There was nothing in the dress of either to denote precisely any particular class of life to which the wearers belonged; the only thing that struck me as at all remarkable was the ample cloak worn by the man, which certainly seemed a rather unsuitable burden for any one to carry about on their shoulders in the middle of August. "Every one to his taste," however; and as the pair of eyes that looked out from behind the garment in question did not appear by their expression likely to encourage any much closer observation on my part, I was forced to put a stop to speculation, and, moving on, the last I saw of the two whose colloquy I had broken in upon showed me them still standing in the same attitude unmoved.

In the meantime, a change had come over the day. The early morning had been bright and clear, and, though intensely hot, a slight breeze had sufficed to stir the olive-leaves and fan the vines along the road I travelled; towards noon, however, it had died away, and a heavy sultry stillness, unrelieved by the slightest breath of air, had taken its place; gradually the clear outline of the horizon had become dimmed by a faint misty veil, from behind which the fitful quiver of summer lightning began at intervals to play; by degrees the blue sky overhead grew paler and more grey, the sun was no longer visible, clouds of darker hue and denser volume were gathering in heavy rolling masses over the whole face of heaven: it was evident to any reasoning mortal that the nearer one got to proper shelter, under the circumstances, the better. A thunder-storm was impending, and, knowing the very brief warning usually given in such cases, I hastened to make the best of my way back to the "Corona di Ferro." A dull moaning wind had arisen; as I quickened my pace along the empty streets, it swept in eddying gusts that sighed past me, shaking the casements and rattling the

window-frames of the old houses, and causing to sway dismally the crown of rusty iron that, suspended to a bar of the same metal, formed the sign of my inn. Scarcely had I passed beneath its protection when, with a roar that seemed to burst from the chimney-pots, a salvo of thunder announced the opening of the ball, and ere it died away a rushing cataract, like the discharge of a waterspout, was flooding the streets, that hissed and boiled beneath the sudden fury of the down-pouring deluge. The evening was now closing in, and as there was no prospect of being able to get out any more that day, I summoned resolution to pass the remaining hours as best I could within doors, desiring to be shown the room I was to occupy. It appeared, however, that it was situated at the other extremity of an open court-yard, throughout whose long extent I could see the raindrops, big as dollars, lashing the flagstones; so, postponing the passage of the seething cauldron between me and my apartment till the storm had spent itself, I sat down in the public room, and invoked patience to my aid. With a cheerless sense of utter loneliness, I tried to beguile the time by looking out of the window; it commanded an uninterrupted view of a particularly blank wall: inspecting the interior of the *salle-à-manger*—if such it was, where nobody seemed disposed to resort for dining purposes—battered chairs and greasy tables summed up the inventory of its contents. I was at the end of my resources. The occasional bang of a distant door, and the stray sound of voices, showed that there were some signs of life in the kitchen and servants' quarters: I longed to go amongst them, if only for the sake of any companionship to break the feeling of solitude that began to be painfully oppressive. I had been travelling much and rapidly of late, and matters of private anxiety had kept my mind worried and on the stretch, so much so, that a state of nervous irritability had begun to manifest itself at times, which I felt equally out of my power to repress or account for. Determining however, by a vigorous effort of resolution, not to give way to the foolish fancies that were ready to gain mastery over my weakness, I braced myself up to shake them off; and, the violence of the hurricane being now diminished, the waiter was called, and, by my desire, ushered me across the still-flooded court-yard, towards the room whither my luggage had already preceded me.

It was apparently an older and less generally tenanted part of the house to which I was now conducted, to judge by the evidence of the dismal hall, and unlighted staircase, along which we passed, and the discoloured walls, from which patches of the plaster had here and there dropped—it must have been long ago—without any effort to repair or stay the damage. The solitary candle, flickering in the hand of my guide, threw shadows grotesque and fantastical athwart the broad stone steps up which we went. One or two passages opening out from the main corridor branched off, and were lost in darkness, that probably magnified their extent, or else to my excited fancy the proportions of all around me assumed increased dimensions; for I recollect pausing at the entrance of one and looking down it with the absurd notion floating through my brain, that it was more like a railway-tunnel than anything else; and that perhaps, far, far away there might be some steady, swift, unresting power I knew not of, gliding hitherward, impelled to seek me

out, empowered to fascinate me here to await its coming. What was that? A faint, light foot-fall broke the silence, touching the floor with a quick even motion, rapidly advancing from the further end of the gallery towards me. I could see nothing, but nearer it came—nearer still—it was within a foot of where I stood—when, psha! with a squealing *mew* of alarm, a startled cat scurried past me. It was really ridiculous, I felt, allowing myself to be such a fool. Hastily turning away in the direction of the dim light that still piloted me on, I did not stop again till I had passed within the door of my room, and taking the candle from the waiter's hand, saw that functionary disappear, wishing me good night, and leaving me once more alone.

As soon as I had taken a leisurely survey of my new quarters, I was forced to confess that they were not exactly of a description to put to flight the whimsical absurdities of fancy, in which I was already ashamed of indulging, or to restore the even tension of nerves which I really felt were for the moment overwrought or unstrung. The apartment that was now to be mine for the night, had evidently at some distant date formed part of a state suite of rooms, probably the principal ones in the palace of a noble, it might be of Duke Alfonso's court. It was so lofty that the upper part of the wall was lost in shadow; and the dusky ceiling only allowed so much of its design to be visible, as to show that it had been fashioned in stucco-work of a richly elaborate kind, but of which the pattern was cut short by the lath-and-plaster division at present doing duty for a partition-wall between the room I was in and the next allee of what was no longer a continuous gallery. There was a high heavy mantel-piece at one end of the room; and above it, let into the wall itself, was a picture painted on panel, a portrait probably of the sixteenth century. It was the figure of a man draped in the folds of a Spanish cloak, and wearing a hat with a drooping plume of feathers slouching low on his forehead. To my distempered imagination the eyes seemed fixed on me with a strange burning brilliancy; and there almost appeared to me to be something familiar in the attitude and the whole effect of the figure, till the scene of the afternoon suddenly recurring to my mind, I recognised, in my remembrance of the man I had seen amid the castle ruins, the clue to my supposed familiarity with the picture before me. It was absurd, and yet when I looked again, there was more than a fancied likeness; the light was too indistinct to allow me to see the features accurately, but the glitter of the eyes, the cloak thrown over the shoulder, the hat — Why, thought I, if the hero of my daylight rencontre had but worn feathers in his, which I don't recollect that he did, I could have sworn that that was the very droop of his sombrero. I resolved to look no longer, and putting down the candle on the table, threw myself into an armchair in company with an old newspaper which I took out of my portmanteau, determined to read it steadily through, and so discipline the time that remained before going to bed. It was in vain, however, that I tried to fix my attention on leading article, fashionable intelligence, or advertisement; the paragraphs met my gaze, but failed to engage any interest in their contents. My ear was set to catch the slightest sound; my eye wandered restlessly towards the shadowy corners of the room, and, though I resolved not to glance in that direction, I felt the inspection of those unwavering



eyes above the mantel-piece looking down upon me, and watching every movement. The storm, meantime, that had lulled for a little, now broke forth afresh, not with the continued violence of its former fury, but fitfully, at passionate intervals, dashing against the window-panes, and roaring round the roof as if seeking to force an entry, and then suddenly withdrawing its beaten forces to gather strength ere rushing to a renewed attack. It was in one of the intervals that thus diversified the war of wind and rain going on outside, as I listened, in the gradually succeeding quiet, to the distant preparations of the combatants, that a low murmuring sound, coming from the direction of the far end of the room, struck my ear and made me start to my feet. A large heavy screen was stretched before the wall of that side of the apartment; and it was evident that from behind it came the sounds in question, seeming to proceed from some spot not within the room itself, but as though a door left ajar between it and another chamber gave them admittance. Cautiously, with candle advanced well before me, and stepping softly, I crept to the screen, peered round it—nothing to be seen there. At this moment, with an outburst of redoubled violence, the wind, dashing against the window-frame, forced it open, and extinguishing the candle, left the room in darkness. No sooner was this the case than I perceived, what till then had failed to be noticeable, that through two or three chinks in the partition boarding, rays from a light in the adjacent apartment were visible; and on looking closer, the planks of lath were, I saw, so loosely put together as to enable me, in more than one place, to command a view of what was taking place in the room beyond. First closing the window, I returned, and without bestowing a thought upon the equivocal nature of my proceeding, applied my eye to one of these apertures, and no sooner had I done so than all other considerations were lost in the interest with which the scene I looked on held me rivetted to the spot.

It was a room of about the same dimensions as the one I occupied, but barer and more scantily furnished. On a table, at one side, stood an oil-lamp of the rudest construction, whose feeble glimmer scarcely sufficed to light up that part of the chamber lying beyond it, where I could with difficulty make out the folds of a curtain hanging before what was either a recess in the room itself, or the passage to another apartment. It was not, however, on these furnishing details that my attention was turned; my eye but glanced over them to be caught and arrested by the figure of a woman, who seemed, at first sight, the only occupant of the room. She was standing nearly opposite to where I was placed, holding open a door leading to some passage, the darkness of which allowed me to distinguish nothing beyond; her face was turned away from me, and after a moment I perceived that the sounds of the voices I had heard were those of her's and that of some one outside with whom she was holding a hurried conversation. I had hardly done more than note what I have described, when turning round towards me, what was my astonishment to recognize in her the young girl whom I had seen that day, and in the man, whom she was now conducting softly into the apartment, with finger on her lip, and looking cautiously around, her quondam companion. There he stood, in cloak, hat, and general appearance, much the same as I had seen him in the

grounds of the Castle ; but in the girl's face and whole air a complete change was manifest.

Instead of the dejected look of grief and despair with which her eyes had been fixed on the ground when last I saw her, an eager excitement seemed now to animate every gesture, every glance ; the ear bent forward to listen anxiously, the eye peering restlessly in all directions, were evidences of irrepressible anxiety, resolute to accomplish something of which the execution yet gave cause for alarm. This strange pair moved forward thus to the centre of the room, and, there pausing, the woman turned round, and pointing to the curtain I have mentioned as hanging at the other end of the chamber, said to her companion in a tone of voice sufficiently distinct for me to catch each word—"Hush ! his sleeping chamber is beyond."

"And you are certain, Giulia, that it is he himself," replied the man.

"Can I be mistaken ?" she rejoined. "When first he arrived, his disguise, and the absence of any idea that I should meet him here, prevented me from recognizing him ; but his voice and accent soon struck me, I knew not why, for I did not recollect him even then ; but I watched closely ; he, suspecting nothing, heeded me not. I marked his gait ; I looked upon his hand—you remember that scar upon his left palm—his disguise was penetrated ; the so-called Count Moncorvo stood before me. Oh, it was maddening to think that there, by a miracle of Heaven, within reach of my hand, was placed the man who has brought you, father, so low, and that yet he might escape. I dreaded that you might already have left the town, and if so—I could not bear to think of it. I rushed forth to seek, thank Heaven to find you, in time."

"At length my hour is come !"—and as the man uttered these words, his form seemed to dilate, his eye to glisten, the fire of long-repressed passion to burn in his regard—"the hour of justice, call it not revenge—the hour that shall redress the wrong I suffered at his hands, or ——" and his fingers closed upon a dagger-hilt which peeped from beneath the folds of his cloak—"repay it him."

"Hark ! what was that ?" exclaimed the girl, as a sound proceeding from the direction of the curtain made them both start. "It is his step—he is coming this way. Back ! back ! the light will betray us !" and catching hold of the man's hand, she drew him quickly back within the shadow of the wall. At the same instant, emerging from the darkness at the opposite extremity of the room, there advanced forward a man, the expression of whose countenance, as he came towards the table on which the lamp stood, once seen, made me forget all beside ; so pale as to be well nigh bloodless, with lips rigidly closed, and eyes that, while wide open, seemed wholly void of speculation—cold, motionless orbs, wherein no ray of intelligence appeared ever to have shone. I scarce noted the short, abrupt, mechanical movement of the pace with which this figure advanced, so intently absorbed was I by the unearthly aspect of the features I beheld. Such a face, methought, might Frankenstein have shuddered to see instinct with the first animation of life, as the horrible monster of his creation began to recognise in him the author of its being. On he came, gazing fixedly before him, not moving

his head a hair-breadth to the right or left, straight in the direction of the spot where I was standing. Fascinated with horror, I held my breath till, as he drew nearer, in a paroxysm of nervous excitement I was on the point of rushing from the room and shouting an alarm, when he suddenly stopped short within a few feet of the wall dividing us, and stretching out his hands, seemed searching for something in the empty space. This gesture, and the uncertain manner in which he moved his hands about, were so strange as to cause me to examine more closely; and, as I did so, the truth flashed across my mind that, in the man before me, I saw a somnambulist! Such was certainly the case. He was even now occupied in the mental carrying out of some course of action, of which he alone held the clue.

"It should be here," he muttered. "Why, what is this? Has the chapel been rebuilt, or is the altar gone, or have I, it may be, gone astray? No, no—this is the Oratory of Saint Anthony—this, surely, is the spot. Ah, here it is indeed," exclaimed he, as he touched, in groping about, a low, heavy, old-fashioned chest that did duty for a wardrobe against the wall. "Let my friend Filippo cry loud as he may, it will be long before he makes this hiding-place reveal its secret," continued he, with a low chuckle, as stooping down he opened a bottom drawer of the chest, which he appeared to identify with some place of concealment present to his mind's eye, and made a motion as if depositing something therein.

"The Oratory of Saint Anthony!" repeated, with a suppressed cry, the cloaked stranger, who, while all this was going on, had crept gradually forward, and was now standing close behind the sleep-walker. "I know it well. 'Twas there, most noble Count, was it, that the papers were to be guarded whose loss should blast my life?" And folding his arms, he looked down with a fierce smile of exulting hatred on the man who, kneeling before him, was busied in re-closing the drawer.

Suddenly the latter started, listened, and after a moment's pause sprung to his feet.

"Hist! Who spoke? Giacomo—make answer, man. Who is it?"

A hand fell upon his shoulder with a clench, that I could see held him as in a vice, and the first speaker's voice replied, "Filippo! awake, Signor Conte, and welcome an old friend."

With a convulsive shudder, that seemed to thrill through his whole body, the somnambulist gasped violently, his eyes quivered, and he awoke. For some seconds his scattered senses failed to show him his situation; but the pressure of the hand that grasped his shoulder made him start, and, looking up, a cry of terror seemed on the point of bursting from his lips at sight of the man before him, when the latter, anticipating him, flung his cloak before his mouth, and rapidly whispered, "On your life, not a sound—raise an alarm and you die on the spot. Those letters—those papers! Speak! Where are they now?"

"What mean you? I know not what you seek of me."

"Trifle not with a desperate man—speak, and quickly, or it may be too late."

"Father! father!" cried the young girl, rushing in alarm from the door, where till now she had been keeping watch, "I hear them coming this way already. They have tracked you hither! Fly, or you are lost,"

"And leave him again to mock at me in safety? Never!"

The Count, as he had been called, hearing the words of the girl, with a sudden effort succeeded in freeing himself from the gripe of the man who held him, and rushed towards the door, uttering a loud cry for help. With one bound his captor was again beside him, and, clutching him by the throat ere he could offer any resistance, had dashed him to the earth. "So be it, fool," he muttered, as with the rapidity of lightning he drew his right hand from his breast, and raising it aloft, I saw the glitter of a dagger-blade poised in act to strike.

The whole had passed so quickly that I had scarcely time to realise the fact of a murder being about to be committed under my very eyes, before I saw that not a second was to be lost, if any effort of mine was to be of use in preventing it. I dashed madly against the frail woodwork of the partition. I felt it yield. Again—it gave still more—another rush, and crashing before me, the laths splintered into broken fragments, while I, hurled forward by the impetus of my own effort, found myself the next moment clutching Filippo's upraised hand, in which the dagger yet glistened. "Madman!" I exclaimed, "hold!"

What words shall express my astonishment, when the prostrate Count, raising himself on his elbow, looked me coolly in the face, and in a voice of the calmest placidity inquired—"May I be permitted the favour of learning who it is that so honours us with a visit?"

I looked round at the man whom another minute would have made a murderer. With his disengaged hand he was helping himself to a pinch of snuff, while he slowly eyed me over with the deliberate air of a critic. I turned to the daughter, whose agony at her father's danger had so won my sympathy. She was examining the broken panel, and exclaiming "Santa Vergine! how he must have hurt himself coming in."

"Very good, indeed," broke in the snuff-taking assassin in a voice of grave authority. "Allow me, my dear sir; right foot a *little* more forward, head thrown well back, arm somewhat higher, emphasis on the word *hold*. Now then, if you please—'Madman—*hold*!'" And he howled out the last word with an energy that gave the finishing blow to the stupor with which I regarded this very unlooked for sequel of my irruption into this society.

"Where am I," at length I cried, "and what on earth may all this mean?"

"You are just now, Signore, honouring with your presence the poor apartment for the time being of your most devoted servant, Agamemnon Grippi, primo-tragico-melodramatico of the celebrated Martini company," replied the gentleman on the floor, rising from his position, and making a low bow; "and as to your second question, it means that you have done us the favour of contributing a new, and I may say without flattery, really powerful effect to the finale of the drama, whose rehearsal you have had the kindness to take so deep an interest in—'The Count and the Contadino; or, Bandolini, the Baffled Brigand of the Abruzzi.' Poor artists, sir, persecuted by fortune, obliged to make the best of our necessities. Here we are on our way to Padua, bound to appear to-morrow night, the first night of the festa of the blessed Saint Anthony, at the theatre of Saint Moses, in this very melo-drama. A perfectly new one, illustrious sir, never before acted on any boards; and—just heaven! was there ever such a calamity—on this, the eve of that

sacred festival, when the distinguished public of Saint Moses will look for our appearance, we find ourselves arrested on the road to glory by a catastrophe as deplorable as it was unexpected. Figure to yourself that, on arriving at the entrance of this honoured city, the axle-tree of the Thespian wain which forms our travelling—carriage——”

“Cart,” interpolated the man in the cloak.

“Conveyance,” continued Agamemnon, “broke—broke.” And he looked up as if appealing to Jupiter, to demand what had become of his thunderbolt on the occasion. “And thus it comes about that at the very hour when our last dress-rehearsal should be going on within the walls of Saint Moses, are we, your servants, La Zeferina, Pylades, and myself, compelled to perfect our parts amid the straits you behold, and in all the agonizing torture of suspense.”

“For which, however,” chimed in Pylades, sweeping the floor with his hat, “a more than ample compensation presents itself in the opportunity here afforded of making the acquaintance of so distinguished a personage as the illustrious Signore, whom, if I mistake not, La Zeferina and I had the felicity of first seeing in the garden of the Ducal Palace this afternoon.”

“Most true,” I replied; “and the cloak which I thought so superfluous at the moment, proved, I doubt not, of good service before you and the fair lady reached home.”

“Ah!” rejoined Pylades, “you must, no doubt, have been surprised at my wearing such a garment in the middle of August; but a true artist, Signore, thinks only of his art. We were occupying these rooms at midday—I say these, though then they were but one—this and the apartment at present tenanted by yourself. I was sitting in the latter compartment, my eyes fixed upon a picture above the mantel-piece, studying the drapery of the figure there painted, and meditating how the capabilities of the hat and cloak I saw before me might be made subservient to the cause of art, when in rushes Girolamo—the landlord, that is, of the hotel—eries out that an English milordo has deigned to honour this house by selecting it for his patronage, and that he, Girolamo, will be driven to show himself unworthy of such a favour, inasmuch as the hotel is full, unless I and Agamemnon, by giving up half of our apartment, and allowing a partition to be run up in the centre, should enable him to provide accommodation sufficiently secluded to be placed at the disposal of his illustrious benefactor. He knew he had but to mention it for us to consent. We had purposed profiting by a rehearsal within doors; we adjourned to the Castle grounds, where we were sure of being nearly as undisturbed as at home; and I, still filled with the noble suggestions of the picture on which I had been gazing, turned to account some portion of the afternoon in reducing to scientific practice the hints I had gathered. It was during that time, if I mistake not, that I had the happiness of seeing you come round the wall.” And again the hat swept the ground.

“Signori, supper is served!” interrupted a voice at the door, which I recognized as the landlord’s; “and the Signor Ippolito has returned to say that the —— carriage will be repaired and at the door by daylight.”

“I breathe again!” cried Agamemnon. “Now we may go to supper

with light hearts. Our honour is safe ; the public of St. Moses will not be disappointed. As to the rest of the drama, it is not worth while keeping the soup cooling to finish the rehearsal of it, though by-the-bye, we have not yet had time to learn to what happy circumstance we are indebted for the very effective entrance through the centre flat of our noble visitor. If, however," continued he, looking towards the broken woodwork, "as that may take a little while to repair, il Signore would so far waive ceremony as to accept in the meantime the hospitality of a few wandering artists, we should esteem his presence at our poor supper-table a favour."

"It is on me that the favour is conferred by your invitation, which I accept with delight," I answered ; "and we will make an exchange of confidences during supper. While I explain to you the cause that brought me here, you shall recount to me the true denouement of the drama, the effect of whose final tableau I marred."

"Heightened, on the contrary," protested Pylades, with another circular flourish of the hat.

Down stairs we went ; the supper-table was spread, about it a merry party gathered, among whom I quickly found myself at home. The laugh and song went round, the hours flew by unheeded, and ere I bade my late-made friends adieu, the vigil had lingered on to dawn, the Eve had brightened into the **FESTA OF SAINT ANTHONY.**

### UP AND DOWN.

Up, up, up the hill,  
The way with toil is rife ;  
Up, up, up the hill,  
But 'tis not so with Life.

For Youth mounts up the hill  
With a light step and free ;  
And ever as he higher climbs,  
The merrier heart hath he.

Down, down, down the hill  
So merrily we go ;  
Down, down, down the hill,  
But with Life it is not so.

For Age creeps down the hill,  
Feeble, and faint, and grey,  
And the farther he goes adown the hill,  
The wearier is the way.

BÆ.

## MODERN BIOGRAPHY AND BIOGRAPHERS.

THE art of Biography is altogether a modern discovery. In spite of Plutarch, and Izaak Walton, and half a score more of notable life-writers, we may safely affirm that biography is as much a feature of the present day, and marks it off from former times just as distinctly, as the Electric Telegraph, the Steam Engine, the Ragged School, or the Play Ground Society, which last, by the way, forms rather a sportive instance of modern philanthropy. Everybody who has done anything, or said anything, or written anything worth remembering, for his own fame's sake or for the world's benefit, is sure to have a psuedo-Boswell at his elbow, taking notes and photographing, or else, inventing points of interest for every day, week, and year, until the last scene comes, and the newspaper record of mortality announces also for us the shadow of the former life, as "just ready," or "shortly to be published." Even this is not fast enough for our fast age; for nothing is more common than to write the life of a political or literary lion long before he has ceased to roar, or to renounce an independent existence of his own.

These are verily sad times for the man who has been unfortunate enough to achieve renown, and whose natural disposition would lead him to conceal his thoughts, and hopes, and most cherished affections, from the unbashful gaze of an inquisitive public. Such a man, in spite of his modesty, can seldom avoid "coming out" in a manner more or less unpleasant. If a biographical dictionary of living celebrities be published; if a friend die to whom he had written letters; if some topographical guide-maker happen to select his neighbourhood; if a garrulous cousin from the other side of the Atlantic present a letter of introduction; if a number of things should happen about which there is nothing problematical—for happen in this nineteenth century they must and will—our retired genius finds himself thrust forward into the full blaze of the world's garish daylight, and scarcely knows his own form and features as he sees them there exhibited.

Well, he has one consolation, and it is by no means small, viz.—that this notoriety which so grates upon all his more sensitive feelings, is not likely to prove of long continuance; it may die out long before he is himself dead, but if not, by the time the grass is springing freshly on the turf of his clay bed, his written biography will be in the sere leaf, unless it chance to be one of the select few which stand out in strange contrast to the voluminous biographical blunders which are, year after year, committed.

It is a strange thing to observe the boldness with which a friendly biographer sometimes deals with the character of his victim; how he attenuates it, how he dissects it, how he smothers it beneath a pyramid of dust; how, on the other hand, he leaves it, bare and naked, with all its imperfections, to the blasts of criticism; or how he bedaubs it and covers it with tinsel, so that the nearest friends of the "subject"

(we use the term employed by anatomists as being the most appropriate) cannot recognise it in this new dress, any more than old Homer would know his own poems, as those poems have been furbished up and spoilt by Pope.

It was said in the olden time, that no one should be accounted happy until he ceased to live, but even the grave must be a vexatious place to the man who is threatened with a biography. He must look with an evil eye upon his friends, and wonder whether already any one of them is storing up materials to be made use of when he had ceased to breathe. If the idea occurs to him in an excitable moment, he is afraid they will make (as indeed is most probable) a sad mess of his remains; and he wishes that it were at all practicable for him to stand by his own biographer, to throw in a hint here, to thunder at him for an abominable libel there, to keep him strictly to the point, to prevent his revealing any secret which the laws of friendship require to be concealed, and, finally, to give him all that advice which, as coming from a virtuous though perhaps a somewhat angry ghost, is not likely to be forgotten.

One word of command the ghost would not fail to utter. He would know that if this were regarded his main point would be gained.

"Why friend," he would say, "if your version of my life is to be of service to my fame, or if you wish it to add to yours, remember that brevity is the soul of biography. I don't want to be dragged along in the broad daylight at the pace of a walking funeral, so that the profane vulgar may count my scars, and number up my follies, and compute my virtues by subtraction. As one coffin was large enough to hold my body, so will one volume suffice for all the world requires, or ought to know about me."

There is some good sense as well as a right idea of the demands of literature in this ghostly counsel.

Symmetry and proportion, and artist's knowledge of light and shade, of foreground and distance, power of expression, critical sagacity, love of truth, without an idle blabbing of it on all occasions; just so much reticence as shall prove the virtue of silence, and so much narrative as shall be required to give a distinct and vivid portrait of his hero. All this and much more is demanded from the biographer, and in the greater number of cases is demanded in vain.

Look, for example, at the biographies of some of those great literary men who flourished during the last half century, and whose names are mentioned with honour wherever the language of England is spoken.

The *Life of Scott* is a work of great literary power, and is written by a man who could heartily and feelingly appreciate the genius of the poet. There is no small amount of talent in the work; there is even something which approaches very near to genius, but the length (seven or ten volumes in the two earliest editions) betokens either a want of skill in compression, or an exaggerated estimate of the position to which even Sir Walter Scott is entitled in the literature of Europe.

There is the "*Life of Southey*," too, in six goodly-sized volumes. The story of that life, however simple and unexciting, has a peculiar beauty of its own, which allures us to it with a strange fascination.

In Southey's hands literature became ennobled, and took its rank



as a profession. With eminent abilities, and a perseverance and industry altogether beyond the grasp of ordinary men, he had but to choose his path in life in order to ensure success.

After one or two experiments in other directions, Southey felt that for him literature was the only congenial vocation; and throughout a long and arduous life—a life full of struggles and of heroism, of noble aspirations and hard matter-of-fact duties—he clung to the mistress of his choice with all the ardour of a first love.

It has been often said, and things which are frequently repeated are as often believed, that the life of a literary man can only have a contracted interest, since it is usually passed in retirement, and is not associated with conspicuous actions or with events commonly termed historical.

But the student of human nature, and the man who wishes to gain a knowledge of his own spirit, will receive most important aid from every biography that is written with truthfulness and candour; and the student of literature listens with an eager curiosity to any account of the author to whom he has been indebted for hours of happy thought, or whose noble imagination has sent the life-blood bounding through his veins. To readers such as these, a well-written biography of Robert Southey would present the most vivid attractions. And even now—chaotic, cumbersome, and ill-arranged as the materials of those six volumes are—there is enough that is precious in them to make one tolerate and almost forgive the blunders of the writer. Yet we cannot avoid contrasting, sorrowfully, the difference between that biography and some of those fine specimens of the art which Southey himself gave to the world; specimens so perfect, as far as composition and artistic arrangement are concerned—we say nothing of faults, since we are speaking only of literary ability—that his son might well have taken a lesson from them, and either have told the story better or confided it to more capable hands.

Two of James Montgomery's acquaintances have published a life of the poet so interminable and so dismal, that we question whether any poet since the world began had ever more reason to forswear his friends. Montgomery, in spite of some weaknesses, was a good man and a true poet, or he would have been ruined "entirely" by Messrs. Holland and Everett. We believe they meant well—we know they have done surpassingly ill; but already they have been severely flagellated, and we will spare them in pity.

Something better than this, or at all events more interesting in its contents, is the biography of our National Melodist, by Lord John Russell. But what a strange medley that life is. If the materials from which it is concocted had been shaken together in a bag, and then taken out at random by a printer's devil, the confusion would hardly have been "worse confounded." Here, again, the great length of the work—even though it contained less of lumber than it does—would suffice to daunt the reader, however interested he might be in Thomas Moore.

Very rapidly we must pass over a few more unfortunate biographies. Gilman's "Life of Coleridge," of which, happily, one volume only

was published, was justly said by Professor Wilson to be "deader than a door nail."

Wordsworth's biography has scarcely any claim to the title; and indeed, the learned author seems to take praise to himself for the way in which he has viewed the character of his illustrious uncle. All true lovers of poetry will, of course, read these two heavy volumes, not for the delight thereof, but from a sense of duty. They will perhaps gain from them many suggestions and some food for thought, but those who wish to read a simple and interesting narrative of the poet's life must wait until some more fortunate biographer shall have superseded Dr. Christopher Wordsworth.

Another doleful production, albeit not of the literary class, is the "Life and Diary" of good Mrs. Fry—a most worthy and admirable woman, of whose actions, which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," we are glad to hear, but whose private and retired thoughts might well have been spared. Indeed, the publication of a journal seems to us very much like a breach of faith. The secret meditations of an earnest Christian were never intended for a public exhibition, any more than those confidential letters which are too often paraded in print in contempt of all good feeling. And while on this matter of a Diary, our thoughts turn involuntarily to the "Life of William Wilberforce," in which, according to the journalistic method, the minutest facts and most frivolous thoughts are jotted down in the same page which contains a glimpse of the higher and nobler phases of the philanthropist's character.

Let us not be misunderstood. We would not lose one trait, however minute, by which the biographer is able to bring out the character of his hero into greater relief; of such traits there are scores in Boswell's "Life of Johnson," but every one of them occupies a place in the picture which would otherwise be left unfinished. Precisely opposite in character are the many insignificant commonplaces by means of which the "Life of Wilberforce" swells itself into five volumes.

We do not doubt that Wilberforce's Diary was useful to himself, as reminding him of what he had done and what he intended to do; but for any other purpose, a goodly portion even of that selected for publication is, to our thinking, absolutely worthless.

Take, for instance, the 49th page of the first volume, which, with the omission of three lines connected with a foregoing paragraph, we extract *verbatim* :—

"24th. House—spoke very well.

"25th. Dined Lord Chatham's.

"26th. Pitt's.

"Jan. 1st, 1784. After breakfast to Cambridge—Comb<sup>a</sup>-room. Townshend asked me if Pitt would stand?

"3rd. Set off for Exton—where got late, and slept.

"4th. In vain pressed Mr. Noel to attend Monday, 12th.

"20th. House—coalition talked of. Dined Independents—opera—and supped Goosetree's.

"23d. House—Pitt's Bill—up at three.

"29th. Dined White's, by way of forming a club.

"Feb. 2nd. House till twelve. Then home, and dreamed about debate.

"10th. White's to ballot for a committee—supped there. Wanted, but in vain, old North to come in.

"22nd. Dined G. Hardinge's. Mrs. Siddons sung charmingly.

"24th. Lady Howe's ball—danced till half-past four.

"25th. They put off the House by a trick—Address carried up."

How easy is it to manufacture volumes with such stuff as this?—and in the "Life of Wilberforce" there are scores of pages filled in this manner, or not much more wisely.

Under the same category of spoilt biographies, we may class Roberts's "Life and Correspondence of Hannah More," in four volumes.

Certainly that dear good lady, who, in the infancy of this century, was in very high repute, did manage to write a number of very (useful no doubt but) dull volumes on all kinds of grave subjects. She was, as the Scotch would say, an "unco cannie body;" very earnest, very sincere, very busy, and set such good store upon her time, that she would not even punctuate her manuscript, until bodily illness restrained her from more important occupation. Her pet heroine, Lucilla, too, is equally exemplary, and divides out her hours with the most careful exactness, hanging her watch upon a tree when she takes her recreation in the garden, lest she should exceed the apportioned minutes.

Perhaps Hannah More's object in writing "Cœlebs," was to disprove the general belief, that novels are "light reading;" for to peruse that tale is certainly a labour, and not entirely of love. It is "dismally dull and dolefully dawdling," as *The Press* newspaper said of Tennyson's "Maud." Not, however, in a spirit of fault-finding would we part with this gentle spinster, who did a good work in her generation, but the truth is, Mr. Roberts has ruffled our usually equable temper, and therefore we had better, although somewhat hastily, dismiss the subject.

We have said enough—have we not?—concerning those men and women whose dust has been maltreated by injudicious, incapable, or careless biographers, and perhaps this tirade may seem to run counter to our assertion, that Biography is emphatically an art of modern time. But is it not so? Look back to our great men, who flourished three or even two hundred years ago. How little do we know about them, save that they fought, or wrote, or sung, and then returned to their mother earth. Almost all domestic incidents, characteristic anecdotes, habits of thought or life, aspirations, hopes, or efforts, are hidden from us, and we receive just that dry, bare recital of facts—facts too far from being well authenticated—which gives no impress of the character, and therefore fails to excite any vivid or personal interest. In this our nineteenth century, on the contrary, our idea of what biography should be is more comprehensive and more just, and although too often, in our efforts to obtain it, we fall into the error of over-much diffuseness, and are apt to entangle ourselves amid the mass of materials we collect, yet, notwithstanding this, the mark at which we are aiming is assuredly the right one, and by many biographers it has already been successfully reached. Even those whose failure is the most conspicuous will, by their labours, mightily assist some future

life-writers, who may possess a more delicate sight, a firmer hand, and greater practice in the use of their literary weapons.

A few fine examples there are which these men may study with advantage. The lives of Arnold, Buxton, Crabbe, Stephenson, and Nelson; Forster's "Goldsmith," Lewis' "Goethe," Lockhart's "Burns," Dixon's "Admiral Blake," and the "Life of Mrs. Hemans," by her sister, are all worthy of a place in our library, on the shelves devoted to standard authors, or to books which we open again and again, in search of some new beauty or suggestive thought, and which we never open in vain.

### THE CHANGE.

SHE has not lost her childish ways,  
Her simple childish arts,  
That years ago came joyfully  
Like light upon our hearts.

I loved her when her happy eyes  
Were all from sorrow free;  
—She never changed, a child then,  
She's still a child to me.

Still the same grave and saintly brow,  
The same pure thoughtful eyes;  
Though they have looked into the depths  
Of Love's sweet mysteries.

The same face sweetly, sadly pale,  
With the same happy glow,  
As if you laid the red rose-leaves  
Upon the spotless snow.

Yet, gentler seems her gentle voice,  
And sadder than of old,  
As if there were some secret thought  
Even to me untold.

And often on soft summer days  
I see her gaze on high,  
And hear her murmur of a home  
In yonder shining sky.

And then I tremble at the change,  
The only change I see,  
For the shadow of the coming grief  
Falls cold as death on me.

ROBERT HANNAY.

## A GLIMPSE INTO THE GLACIER WORLD.

IN that red-bound, gilt-lettered book, which marks the Briton upon his travels as surely as doth his accurate accent and polished demeanour, there occurs a rich little bit of humbug relative to dangerous expeditions, which certain classes of tourists are apt to dwell upon with great unction and belief. The paragraph to which we allude, after hinting pretty broadly that any one who undertakes such expeditions is a fit and proper person upon whom to issue a commission "*de lunatico inquirendo*," goes on with fine philanthropy to tell us, that whatever right such idiots may possess to endanger their own worthless necks, they have clearly none to imperil those of the unfortunate guides whose "poverty, and not their will, consents" to their following so dangerous a *metier*.

Now I am greatly afraid that the motives of these friends of humanity will not bear too close a scrutiny. I very much doubt but that, on a nearer view, considerations of a personal nature will be found to leaven this righteous indignation; and an excellent way of testing the reality of such feelings will be found in a slight statistical examination of the various individuals in whose mouths such sentiments are common. Thus, taking a hundred as the unit, the integral parts will be found to be as follows:—

Stout elderly gentlemen, whom obesity and "Dura Podagra" preclude from pedestrianism	30
Honey-mooning brides, who are clearly of opinion that when a man marries he should give up all that sort of thing	20
Mild young men (generally addicted to spectacles, weak in eyes and intellect) who believe in "Murray" implicitly	10
Matres familias, who cackle when their sons attempt the Glaciers, as miserably as do hens when their brood of ducks take to the water	20
Nil admiraris, who go abroad to be seen of men, and who find "all barren from Dan to Beersheba"	20
Stout hearty fellows, who really enjoy fresh air, exercise, and adventure, although they cordially detest that waste of energy known as a "constitutional walk"	0

This proportion, arrived at after much experience, calculation, and observation, will, I believe, be found nearly correct; and as I feel sure that such illiberal persons form but an infinitesimal fraction of the intelligent readers of this Magazine, I shall proceed without any hesitation to describe exactly such an expedition, undertaken without a rag of excuse in the shape of scientific motive, and solely from a love of adventure, and a desire to see with my own eyes the marvels of the Upper Alpine regions, a sight to which the price of admission is, always some little peril and a good deal of exertion.

Having once made up my own mind on the subject, the next thing was to find a friend of the same way of thinking, and accordingly was highly delighted to secure in Major S—— a companion whose bottom and

pluck had been proved in many a weary forced march and well stricken battle-field. Our plans were soon arranged, and having fixed upon the pass of the Strahleck as the scene of our exploit, we started off one fine summer's day last year from Interlaken, and crossing the Wengern Alp in good style as a sort of preparatory canter, arrived in Grindelwald in time to make preparations for the business of the morrow.

The Strahleck Pass, as some of my readers may be aware, lies between Grindelwald and the Grimsel Hospice. It cannot, perhaps, rank, in point of danger or fatigue, with such expeditions as the ascent of the Wetterhorn, the pass of the Col du Geant, or that of the Weisse Thor, from Zermatt, but still was a formidable undertaking to unpractised pedestrians such as we were, and enjoyed sufficient reputation as a perilous pass to satisfy any one of moderate capacity. Our choice, however, was principally guided by its vicinity to our head-quarters, and the fact that the whole course lies embosomed in the very heart of those vast Alpine solitudes and trackless ice-fields that stretch away for nearly a hundred miles, nine, ten, and twelve thousand feet above the sea level, and is flanked by those giant peaks, the Shreckhorn and Finster Aar-horn, whose virgin summits have never yet been sullied by the foot of man, and whose sterile cliffs can only be seen to advantage by one standing on the icy seas from which they spring towards heaven. Oh, reader, you who possess stout limbs, steady head, and a mind capable of appreciating the sublime, turn a deaf ear to laziness and pseudo-philanthropy, and whenever an opportunity of such a walk presents itself, seize it. I warrant you it will be a day "*Albá creta Notandus*"—a day whose slightest incidents will remain green in your memory when many a more important event in life's garden lies sere and withered.

As it happened, a party had just arrived over the Pass from the Grimsel side—a circumstance which had the double advantage of furnishing us with guides who were acquainted with the route, and of affording us an opportunity of hearing a little of the work that was cut out for us. One of them, a stout young barrister, who was clearing his brain during the long vacation from the fogs of "Chitty" and "Fearne," seemed "as fresh as paint;" but his companion, a slight fair lad, of about seventeen years of age, was "groggy all over," and it was evident that walking-powder had to be administered to bring him along the last part of the road. Nevertheless he was full of pluck, extended a pipeshank of a leg, and called upon us to admire the iron texture of its muscles, and warned us, in a patronising way, that if we were unused to walking we had better not attempt the Strahleck, which was fourteen hours of hard work. He also informed us that it was his intention to walk on to Interlaken that same night (twelve miles of hilly, macadamised road)—a foolish feat which he actually attempted, although, as might be expected, he broke down before he had proceeded a mile, and was then and there put to bed and taken care of.

It may enable those who have never been at Grindelwald to follow our track more easily, if I attempt a slight topographical description of the Valley, as seen from the terrace of the "Aigle." You are standing low down in an irregular oval bowl, of which the margins lying to the east and west are the lowest, and the southern the highest. Behind you to the north, through meadows and pine forests, winds

the path to the Paul-horn; to your left is the mule road over the Grand Scheideck, which, passing by the Baths of Roseulau, and the Falls of the Reichenbach, drops down eventually into Meyringen. On the right, across a shoulder of the Lauberhorn, strings of horses, pedestrians, and *chaises à porteurs* are for ever winding over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen; and before you, to the south, rise precipitously the great features of the Valley, the three huge pyramids of rock, whose dizzy precipices hang over your head to the height of nearly 10,000 feet. The Wetterhorn to the left, the Grand Eiger to the right, and between them and flanked by two great glaciers, which roll their icebergs into the very heart of the Valley, stands the Mettenberg, which, huge as it is, forms only the base of the lofty Shreckhorn, whose head cannot be seen from your present point of view. Our path, for the morrow, skirts the western bank of the Lower Glacier, being that which separates the Mettenberg from the Eiger, and it was towards the flat *Eis-meer*, which forms its summit and supplies its stream of ice, that our eyes were turned on this occasion in meteorological speculation as to the morrow.

Now, when at home or in any comparatively flat country, I pride myself upon being somewhat of a judge of the weather; and when yachting, can look "alow and aloft," to windward and leeward, and preserve as mysteriously sagacious an expression as any of my neighbours; but in Switzerland I invariably refrain from expressing any opinion, for I know well that if founded upon any ordinary rules, 'tis ten to one but that it will be falsified. There every valley has its separate code of signs, every wreath of cloud its meaning; portents are drawn from the particular sounds of rushing waters, and strong opinions hazarded on the frequency or infrequency of the fall of avalanches. No one but a "native" can use these indications with success, and too often are their prognostications formed on the suggestions of self-interest, rather than on those afforded them by the voice of Nature.

On this occasion it was quite a "toss up" whether we should go or not. The afternoon had turned out cloudy and drizzly, scarcely the base of the Glacier was visible, and yet the guides declared themselves ready to stake their professional reputation on the success of the expedition. At last we came to a compromise. On the morrow afternoon we would ascend as far as the Châlet of the Säsenberg (the highest inhabited dwelling in Europe), which was situated on the farther shore of the *Eis-meer*. There would we sleep, and if the guides proved false prophets, and the weather unfavourable on the next morning, we were to return to Grindelwald, and the contract should be void. In this arrangement the guides readily acquiesced, and in a short time a mutual agreement between myself and Major S—— of the one part, and Fritz von Almen and Ulrich Linder of the second part, was signed, sealed and delivered, and the guides entered into their functions with an importance worthy of the occasion. Boots were overhauled, and new rough nails inserted wherever the old ones had become flat and smooth; alpenstocks underwent a rigid examination, and their powers of endurance subjected to mighty tests; lastly, the important question of commissariat was entertained and the estimates allowed, which concluded the preliminaries, and allowed us to retire into privacy for the

night, after delivering our boots into the care of my valet Simon, a stout Hibernian, who was to accompany the expedition, at his own urgent request, in the capacity of private pack-bearer to myself and the Major, and who now withdrew with our *chaussure*, not to polish, but to anoint them with an evil-savoured unguent of great virtue, the component parts of which he shrouded with the deepest mystery.

The next morning came, but our enemies the clouds were still in possession of the field. Nevertheless the guides were confident, and the inhabitants, without any visible cause, began to prophesy for us a *jour magnifique*. Towards mid-day a slight improvement certainly did take place, and the Glacier became clear for a good way up. A little later the improvement was still more marked, and then Fritz laden like a camel draws near, and announces that the hour of departure has arrived. We point out to our friends a tall solitary pine, that grows by the threadlike path, as far on our way as the cloud will enable us to see, promising them a parting cheer from thence, and we are off.

It takes about an hour of steep, but not difficult walking to bring us to the tree, during which time the sun has come out strong, and, in consequence, our coats have for some time hung over our arms. In so doing, our brilliant red flannel shirts stand out in bold relief against the dull background of rock, and mark our whereabouts plainly to the spectators below. We turn our faces towards them, and find to our astonishment that the whole population has turned out to witness our ascent, and that the terrace and road about the inn are thronged with gazers. Really we begin to feel ourselves people of importance. Now for a good shout, and then forward. We give it with a will, and "pause for a reply." Presently it comes surging upwards, faintly and hoarsely, as from the throats of many; then we wave our coats from the spikes of our alpenstocks in token of adieu, and press forward with high hope and spirits into Cloudland.

But now it is evident that we are approaching the limits of vegetation, the way no longer winds through the spongy tracts of moss, crocus, and dandelion, that the Swiss are pleased to call meadows, and our fresh hobnails grate on the hard slippery limestone that forms the bank of the Glacier. Clouds still envelope the higher mountain peaks, but in every other respect the weather is most propitious. Presently the path, which for some time has become very faint and hard to follow, ceases altogether in a plank over which we pass, and lo! we stand on the ice!

I wish my friends of the guide-compassionating school could have witnessed the demeanour of the two specimens of that injured class who accompanied us, when they found themselves on what I cannot help calling their native element; how, burdened though they were, they sprang from ridge to ridge, bouncing over horrid, but lovely blue chasms, and *joddled* away at the top of their voices, in unrestrainable excitement and delight. The fact is that the Swiss guide exults in his dangerous vocation, and experiences as much pleasure as his employers. No nation has a purer love of nature, or a keener sense of the delights of overcoming material difficulties by the allied forces of intellect and muscle; and therefore it is that these hardy mountaineers make no secret



of their preference to accompany Englishmen, whose national character they have so often found to be calmness in the moment of danger, and a courageous endurance of fatigue unmatched by any of the nations who send an annual tribute of travellers to their country.

The transit across the Eis-meer is unattended with either difficulty or danger to those accustomed to glacier-walking. There are, to be sure, crevasses in plenty, but a very little acquaintance with them, and some caution, enables one to weather the most yawning chasms and, by a series of tacks, to move a-head with a rapidity in proportion to one's experience.

Fritz brings us a little out of our way to show us one of the lions of the place—a splendid waterfall, whose stream, aggrandized by a host of tributaries, has assumed the proportion of a river, before it disappears in a glassy flood adown the blue jaws of a huge crevasse, never again to re-appear until it emerges, turbid and travel-stained, thousands of feet below, out of the icy cavern at the foot of the glacier, where it receives the name of the Lutschine.

While we are watching this grand scene, Ulrich has gained the opposite edge, and stands with a huge fragment of rock uplifted, like Polyphemus, to crush some Acis and Galatea below. As soon as he has caught our attention, he lets “the massy ruin fly,” and with a crash! crash! splinter! dash! boom! boom! it hurtles among the icy pinacles and caverns below, until at last nothing but a dull sub-glacial groan comes up *de profundis*, bringing before us vividly the terrible fate of poor M. Mouron, the pastor of Grindelwald, who accidentally was precipitated down just such an abyss in the year 1821.

Resuming the line of march, we move on towards the base of the mountain (the Viescherhorn) which, seen from below, forms the background to the glacier; and here a very picturesque incident occurred. Advancing towards us over the ice strode a burly form, attended by a flock of kids, who frisked and gambolled about him in the most sportive and loving way imaginable. Separated from his own species for months, except upon such rare occasions as the present, a bond of intimacy and affection had sprung up between the goatherd and his flock, which, possibly, was deeper and truer than many a more demonstrative friendship in the false world below.

As they drew near, we could hear his encouraging tones, couched in a patois which seemed to owe much of its etymology to the goats his companions. Sometimes a couple of young bucks would fall astern for the purpose of an appeal to the duello, and unmindful of the dangerous nature of the battle-field, their sprouting horns would come clicking together with all the venom that their youthful strength allowed. But on such occasions the strife was short: a paternal voice would soon call the combatants to order, who would at once shake hands, *more hæd-orum*, and come bounding back to their place in the troop. At another time, when the way lay across any crevasse more than usually broad, it was a pretty sight to see the more timorous of the family trot up to their guide, and rubbing their noses against his rough hand, appeal to him for assistance in their difficulty. At such a time we could hear the cheery word of encouragement, as the goatherd would seize the applicant by the neck and back, and with a swing, pitch it clean and clever over the

rift. In short, there was in the whole scene something so patriarchal and suggestive of Scriptural imagery, that the dullest heart could not fail to revert to "that Good Shepherd who careth for the sheep, and whose sheep follow him, for they know his voice."

As the goatherd comes up with us, Fritz introduces him to us as our *maitre d'hotel* for the night, he being the proprietor of the *Châlet* of the Sâssenbergl, and further intimates that his service will be required on the morrow in the capacity of sumpter-mule for the first part of the journey, the dangerous nature of which requires that he and Ulrich shall devote their whole unburdened strength and agility in our service. He also makes us acquainted with his name, which however I despair of communicating to the reader, the sound thereof somewhat resembling that which a person might make who was trying to say Michael with a fish-bone in his throat; and as to spelling it, the employment of all the vowels in our inefficient alphabet can alone convey a faint phonetic resemblance to the reality, thus—

#### MICHAËIOUL.

Half-an-hour brought us to the *châlet*, from which issued to meet us a young Michæioul, who resembled his parent so strongly in every respect, dress and all, that it was like looking at the father through the wrong end of a telescope. He received us with a hospitable grin, and led the way to the hut, which was snugly sheltered from all misadventure under a huge boulder, which in bygone ages had toppled down from the summit of the mountain behind.

The unpronounceable one was courteous withal, and through the interpretation of the guides we found that he proposed to vacate his own and the boy's bed in favour of myself and the Major. This *politesse* we refused on the instant of inspection. On the horrors of that cubiculum I decline to dilate. Suffice it to say, that had we not withdrawn most rapidly from its vicinity, a catastrophe might have occurred upon which I cannot dwell. No, my hardy Michæioul, we will not deprive you of your bed. "*Requiescas in pace*," though I do not see how you can manage it. For us, we prefer to adopt the method of Miss "Margaret Daw," who, having disposed of her bed, was obliged to lie upon straw. We will seek a couch elsewhere; it is impossible to "go farther and fare worse."

In such situations however, one cannot afford to be particular; and when the choice lies between bad and none at all, the selection is easily made. Accordingly, having impounded a quantity of fresh hay, which by right was the property of the goats, we shook it out evenly over the floor of a little shed which acted as dairy, and which was constructed simply by piling up rough stones until they reached the top of the overhanging rock, the intervening space forming our dormitory. Here we determined to pass the night, though a person with a delicate nose might possibly have objected to the smell of the gases evolved from decomposing Swiss cheese (a bad kind of Gruyère), and have found fault with the contiguity of two pigs, whose sty was situated in unpleasant propinquity to our ears and noses.

However, these were trifles as compared with the abominations of the patriarchal couch; and as a Sybarite's bed of rose-leaves was not to be expected in such a locality, we were not disposed to find fault. On emerging, we found that preparations for supper were satisfactorily progressing. The guides were taking the comestibles from their surcharged packs, and a huge copper saucepan of *café au lait* was simmering fragrantly over the fire. Goat-milk and cream were of course drugs in such a market, but furniture was scarce. There was indeed a table, such as it was, but the chairs were so peculiar as to demand a particular notice. Most people have seen and sat upon three-legged stools, but stools with one leg are, as far as I know, peculiar to Switzerland. They are fashioned in this wise. A wooden dish, which constitutes the seat, is furnished with a single prop, which springs from the centre below, and to the sides are attached leather straps, which buckle round the hips. The beauty of the contrivance is its portability, as the *wearer* can walk about the milking field, and carry his one-legged stool as a terrier dog does his bunty tail, leaving his hands free. It is rather nervous work at first sitting down upon this caudal projection, but with a little practice it comes quite easy, and is a steadier prop than might be imagined.

Crockery-ware was an unknown quantity at the chalet of Sässenberg, but in lieu thereof were clean wooden scoops, with a hook for a handle, with which everybody dipped into the common saucepan, and conveyed the coffee thence to their mouths, according as they had occasion. The meal was primitive but enjoyable, and when it was over, and the smoke of our cigars curled up lazily into the blushing air of an Alpine summer evening, a sense of repose and immunity from care pervaded our souls, and enhanced the glory of the scene around us.

The view down into the valley of Grindelwald was still intercepted by the heavy bank of cloud through which we had ascended, but far away the peaks of the Foulhorn and Rothhorn rose like islands from a misty sea. To our left were the sharp ridges of the Eiger, backed in the distance with the highest summit of the mighty Jungfrau, and by a strange phenomenon, which I have seen more than once since, but never before, every outline of dome and *aiguille* were shadowed in wonderful repetition on a bright cloud against which they seemed to recline. To our right the scene was still more magnificent. The head of the Shreckhorn had, up to this time, been closely wrapped in her vapoury veil, vouchsafing to her worshippers but the hem of her garment which, embroidered with a silvery edge of glacier, swept down to our feet. Now, however, with a slow and stately movement, the clouds began to part asunder, and high up, so high as to make us doubt for a moment its reality, forth came the glorious peak, clad in a mantle of flame, the transient legacy of the dying day.

A barrier of cloud still floated at the foot of the obelisk, and while it separated those upper glories from the shadowy regions below, marked the spot where even the foot of the chamois must pause with a "thus far, and no farther;" and high above all, the stony finger of the mountain seemed to point aloft in proud mockery to the clear, blue heaven, taunting our grovelling spirits that *they* could no more rise there than our puny limbs could scale its adamantine walls.

"Messieurs," said Fritz, "regardez là haut."

Following the direction of his finger, we could with some difficulty perceive a black spot which seemed to swim calmly and smoothly high over the topmost peak of the mountain.

"C'est le Lämmergeyer. Le vauture des agneaux. Il plane bien haut, n'est ce pas Messieurs. Mais le bon Dieu est plus haut encore."

Fritz was what is called an ignorant man, nevertheless he had found the right answer to the taunt of the Shreckhorn.

The twilight passed, and the chill night-wind sweeping over the ice at last drove us from the spot. We left it reluctantly, for the light of the rising moon, far from injuring the view, only brought out fresh phases of beauty and grandeur. Not a cloud remained but one, which still brooded over Grindelwald; and high over the topmost pinnacle of the Shreckhorn, where the Alpine eagle had soared at sunset, now glittered a brilliant star.

But the hour has arrived when we must seek the hay in the dairy, for if we would avoid another night on the glacier, we must be on the road to-morrow morning before

"The envious streaks  
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East."

Michæioul and his son are long ago a-bed, and our guides, whose sense of politeness will not allow them to turn in before their masters, are beginning to hint at the expediency of a general retirement. So in we creep: my billet is in the far corner; next to me lies the Major, then the trusty Simon, then Fritz, and lastly Ulrich, who being next the door, and probably feeling the night air rather chilly, proceeds to close that aperture as hermetically as he can. An indignant shout from the Major and myself, as soon as we understand his dreadful intention, causes him to desist, and seek in other ways to keep up his caloric; and then each of us, burrowing as deeply as he can in his hay nest, sets himself to perform the almost impossible feat of going to sleep *malice prepense*.

Fritz is the first to succeed, and announces the fact after about fifteen minutes, by the most sonorous nasal respirations—a melodious performance which causes the adjacent pigs tunelessly to swell the chorus.

"Beast!" growls the semi-somnolent major, who has for the last five minutes deluded himself with the idea that he is *just* asleep. "Kick him, whoever is next him."

Cheerfully and conscientiously doth Simon acquit himself of the duty, and in an instant the "brave Swiss boy" bounces up with a fusilade of French and German oaths.

"Hola!—oh!—Sacré cochon, que fais tu avec tes maudits pieds? Sais tu que tu mas fracassé la jambe?"

"Arrah go to sleep, man," grumbles the Celt phlegmatically. "Betwixt you and the pigs there's neither peace nor quiet."

Popular feeling is strong against poor Fritz, and commiseration for him there is none; so with a muttered rumble of foreign invective he turns him in the hay and endeavours to pick up the broken thread of his dreams. Silence reigns for half an hour.

Still Morpheus is inexorable; he will neither be bullied nor cajoled.

I would like to toss about, but to do so would inevitably arouse the Major, and to get once more into the open air—which of all things I sigh for—would entail a trampling over everybody's legs, the breadth of the shed being barely six feet. While thus I lie, fatiguing rather than resting myself, I hear a sharp *click, click, click* going on in the corner next the door, and in the penumbra, lo! there is the incorrigible Ulrich sitting up, pipe in mouth, chipping away industriously at his knuckles and the back of his knife with a flint. Brilliant coruscations attest his skill, and throw a bright and transient light upon his face. It is one of extreme placidity, undisturbed by any doubt as to the propriety of his actions. It has evidently never occurred to him that dry hay is an eminently combustible material, and that in the rather probable event of a conflagration, *he* is next the door and can escape; whereas for the unfortunate individual in the far corner, not a ghost of a chance exists.

If I roared at him, and in so doing aroused everybody, was I to blame? I know very well that my interference did not meet with the gratitude it deserved; but then there are some folks who would rather be burned in their beds than be roughly awakened. However the pipe was abandoned, quiet was restored, and Night with her leaden wings flew slowly on towards the distant day. At last, about two o'clock, Sleep unexpectedly entered the *châlet* of the Sässenberg, and remained there till half-past three, when she was discovered and kicked out by the remorseless Michæioul, who sounded the *reveillé* and bade us prepare for the road.

Ablutions in the icy water of the glacier and a good strong cup of coffee soon cleared off the remembrance of the weary night. Pipes and cigars were lighted, alpenstocks grasped, and with the bright-eyed stars still looking down upon us, we turned our backs upon the rude hotel, and addressed ourselves to the road vigorously, led at a slapping pace by Michæioul, who, loaded with all the baggage, loomed in the gloaming like some "*monstrum horrendum informum ingens*." Fritz bearing a rope and an ice-hatchet followed; then came myself, Major S—, and Simon, and Ulrich also armed with an ice-hatchet brought up the rear.

The glacier which leads to the pass here makes a bend of nearly a right angle to the left, rising so rapidly, and in such chaotic masses, as to prevent all progress over its surface. We were therefore obliged to zig-zag up the mountain at the back of the *châlet*, until we could arrive at the level of the top of the glacier, where a second plateau or *eis-meer* would present a fordable spot. After an hour of fatiguing ascent, we were at last pronounced high enough, and began to creep along the side of the mountain parallel to the ice. Here the dangers of the route commenced. The hill-side, which fell precipitously to the glacier, was composed of a frozen, earthy, shingly material, from which protruded stones and rocks more or less firmly imbedded in the soil. For nearly an hour did we crawl along the face of this cliff, suspended in mid-air, testing every spot upon which our feet were to rest before we confided to it the full weight of our bodies. It was "*tooth-and-nail*" work in very truth, and no place for any one troubled with that fashionable complaint called nerves.

The prudence of our early start now became apparent, for had we delayed until the powerful mid-day sun had partially thawed the rubbly material over which we were scrambling, the danger would have been trebled from the insecurity of the foothold. Even as it was, whenever a treacherous stone would break from its frozen bed and bowl away at a single bound into the ice-rifts below; or when, as frequently happened, a big stone from above would start off of its own free will and accord, and come playfully whistling within a foot or two of our straw hats, or bouncing through the midst of us, spatter us with icy splinters of the gravel which it tore up in its descent, we could not feel our position to be one of perfect security. Then began Fritz, Ulrich, and the burly Michaelioul to stand forth in their true light. No more jöddling, *bavardage*, or vapouring. Stern work was before them, and sturdily did they address themselves to it. Not a spot where our feet were placed, but had been selected and engineered by their experience and skill; and if, as was often unavoidable, the stepping-place which had safely borne their agile bodies, crumbled away beneath our unpractised feet, before one's fingers and nails had time to make that convulsive grab, or one's heart to give that unpleasant jump into the mouth which the falling only know, a nervous clutch was sure to be felt, and a warning voice from behind, above, or below, would be heard—"Prenez garde, Monsieur, il ne faut pas tomber là. Vous vous feriez du mal." Do you a harm, indeed! This is Ulrich's mild way of putting it. Had he been Shaksperian, he might have quoted Edgar—

"Had'st thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,  
 So many fathom down precipitating,  
 Thou had'st shivered like an egg."

At the end of this "*mauvais pas*" came the lateral *moraine* of the glacier—a vast ridge of gravel and boulders, which, courtier-like, attends the ice-river in its majestic flow from the high cradle of its birth, sully-ing, as other parasites often do, the purity of the hand that supports it. Over this we soon scrambled, and found ourselves standing on a level plain of ice here but little crevassed, over which our course lay to a spur of the Shreckhorn called the Strahleck, from which the pass receives its name.

The view from this point is one of unmixed sublimity. The work-a-day world has disappeared altogether, and you stand in a region whose unchanged aspect was the same countless ages before the hand of man brought the valleys into subjection, and which shall for ever defy his encroachments with the same disdainful indifference, till earth shall be no more. From our feet the glacier falls away in fantastic ruin to the base of the Eiger, over whose southern ridge the snowy summit of the Jungfrau asserts her pre-eminence; and at the foot of the Säsenberg *there* stands like a dot the only representative of man's handiwork—the solitary little *châlet* in which we had passed the previous night. Behind us, split with occasional crevasses, a field of ice stretches away to the east for three or four miles, until it ends abruptly in a wall of ice more than a hundred feet in height, which rises in a precipice of glass, and precludes any further progress in that direction. To the

south stand the snowy peaks of the Viescherhörner, and to the north the obelisk rather than pyramid of the Shreekhorn, lifting its head for 12,600 feet into the blue expanse.

An awful stillness reigned around—a stillness, like the Egyptian plague of darkness, “that might be felt.” It seemed as if we had intruded into a region where life was unwelcome. Not a type of organisation met the eye—primeval sterility reigned everywhere. Vegetation there was none—if we may except a few specimens of that link between the mineral and the vegetable world, the lichen, which scarcely varied the terrible uniformity of the grey limestone giants; and as for animal life, we *had* heard the chirrup of the hardy marmot down below at the *châlet*, but up in this icy amphitheatre even the voice of nature seemed hushed, and we alone lived. A dark spot at some little distance from us on the ice attracted our attention; we proceeded to it and found a fit foreground for this life-denuded landscape. There lay before us a token that the great universal law even here asserted itself. In the dark object at our feet lay something more than a mere absence of vitality. We had chanced upon an instance of the great positive principle—Death—though it was but a dead chamois.

It had evidently been dead for a considerable time, for months certainly—perhaps for years; but ice is a careful preserver of whatever is entrusted to its care, and the chamois before us was in a complete state of preservation, having the appearance of being tanned through and through. Having removed its two fine horns, we resumed our journey towards the foot of the Strahleck, and *chemin faisant* received from the guides an explanation as to how our prize had hitherto escaped the hands of the few parties that annually attempt this pass.

The crevasses of glaciers are possessed of very strict notions on the subject of honesty, and invariably restore in their own good time whatever is confided to them. An old man, while crossing the Gries Glacier with a heavy pannier of wood on his back, overrated his agility while attempting to spring across a small rift, and fell into it basket and all. Luckily for him, he had not descended far when the load of wood hitching between the narrow walls, afforded him time to slip his arms from the shoulder-straps, and regaining the surface, return to his home, consoling himself for the loss of his basket by the safety of his neck. Two years after, having occasion to cross the same glacier, his eyes were attracted to something lying on the surface of the ice, and proceeding to it, great was his astonishment and delight to find the basket and its load of wood, of which he thought he had taken an eternal farewell between the blue walls of the crevasse. No doubt the same phenomenon was exhibited in the case of our chamois, whose return to the upper regions may have been so recent as to account for its not having been previously rifled of its horns. The following is the simple theory propounded by the guides—whether it would satisfy Professor Forbes is another thing; it answered our purpose well enough.

Under the hot rays of the summer sun the surface of the glacier melts away and filters down the crevasses, where it is soon refrozen. When any foreign object, such as the chamois or the basket of wood, finds its way below, it is most likely to hitch somewhere on the road, leaving room for the water to percolate below it, until, by constant

dripping and constant freezing, the crevasse becomes filled up from beneath, and as the new ice rises, so does it bear on its surface the intruder, until it once more lies upon the top of the glacier.

Arrived at the base of the mountain the guides called for a halt. The most toilsome part of the day's work was now before us, and Fritz declared that hungry or not it was *de rigueur* to eat and drink something before facing the hill. "This was the established spot for the first meal. No good walker was ever a bad feeder. Eat often and little. Never have either back or stomach too heavily loaded; but an empty stomach is worse than two knapsacks," &c., &c., &c. These and sundry other wise saws and aphorisms decided us to obey, though not particularly hungry; and when Simon discovered after a short search sundry fragments of broken bottles, corks, bleached bones, and even the shankless bowl of a genuine Irish "*dhudeen*," we were constrained to agree with him that "it was for all the world like Killiney Obelisk, barrin' the lobster shells and the crathurs coortin'."

Speaking *quâ* pedestrian, I am inclined to think that the many halts for the purpose of eating and drinking, which Swiss guides pretend they make *solely for their employers' benefit*, are, if not actually injurious, at least unnecessary to anyone accustomed (as the majority of British tourists are) to a long summer's day wander, gun in hand, over stubble and furrow, or tussocked moor. But travellers are too prone to forget that *their* powers of endurance are not to be alone consulted in the question of a halt. They do not take into consideration that the guide is almost invariably doomed to carry weight to the tune of between twenty and thirty pounds, and that although with these immense odds he will walk down fairly the generality of travellers, it is absurd to expect him to compete with really good pedestrians, burdened at most with a light flannel jacket. Small blame then to Fritz and Ulrich, if they prescribed many an intervening meal between the orthodox ones of breakfast, lunch and dinner. After each such halt *we* continued the journey somewhat the heavier, and *they* very much the lighter.

We did, therefore, in all respects as we were commanded—we ate, we drank, we smoked, and finally beguiled the time with shying stones at the empty bottles, until the advance was once more sounded, and the route again resumed. Then came two hours and a half of the hardest work I ever had, consisting in a toilsome trudge up the side of the mountain, over a surface composed of about a foot or two in depth of loose shingle, in which our feet often sank ankle-deep. Before it was half over, we (*étrangers*) were completely exhausted and blown, though too proud to cry "Hold, enough!" and plodded on with a desperate doggedness which nothing but shame supplied. To add to our distress, the sun, who had evidently been biding his time until he could annoy us with the greatest effect, now rose over the shoulder of the mountain, and beat down savagely upon our heads.

Still the inexorable Michaeioul tramped on with never "a hair turned," totally unconscious of our bursting lungs and blazing countenances; and though now, writing this in a winter month by a warm fire, I wonder at our folly for not regulating our own pace, I feel that few in the same circumstances would have acted otherwise. There was something so humiliating in confessing that we could not walk up to



men laden like pack-horses, that I am sure we would have dropped before one of us would have cried "Stop!"

But our revenge was at hand. At the moment of our direst need, a sharp warning cry was uttered by Michaeiou, which at once directed our attention to a terrible catastrophe which impended. The whole mountain seemed in motion, and with it the guides and Simon—who, with a rattling noise, glided down the hill towards us. The cause was evident: a slip of the shingle had taken place, and that to such an alarming extent as to threaten us with the fate of Sysyphus, if with no worse consequences. The warning cry was just in time; luckily within two or three yards of myself and the Major a knob of rock "cropped out" from the treacherous shingle, and just as we felt the stones beginning to move beneath our feet, we made a dash and gained the harbour of refuge. Just then, with a face of utter hopelessness, Simon rattled past, stabbing convulsively into the moving torrent of the stones with his alpenstock, in the vain hope of anchoring himself until the slip should have subsided. 'Twas useless; the depth of the shingle was too great, and the superincumbent weight of stones bore him along with resistless force, and down he must inevitably have gone, had not the Major, with a promptitude worthy of a medal from the Humane Society, suddenly extended his alpenstock, which coming just within reach, was grasped at by the despairing wretch, and held on to in grim desperation, until at last we drew him triumphantly to *terra firma*.

Not so the poor guides: for four or five hundred yards at least did they glissade, casting, as they shot past the little Ararat upon which we had taken refuge, most rueful and envious glances. If we had had the rope and sufficient presence of mind, we might have lassoed them; as it was, they were beyond the reach of succour, and could only be left to their fate. At last, the slip subsided with no untoward consequences beyond the additional toil of recovering the lost ground, and, like true heroes as they were, the hardy fellows set themselves to the work almost without a moment's pause to recover breath. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good," and we profited by their misadventure; by the time they had retraced their steps, we had recovered our wind, and resumed the road without detriment to our character as pedestrians.

At last we reached the regions of perpetual snow, and here, for the first time, the rope came into requisition. Our harness consisted in a strap buckled loosely round our waists, through which the rope ran, so that in the event of anyone being obliged to make a sudden jump, his neighbour received little or no jerk. So steep was the pitch of the mountain here, that we were obliged to zig-zag the whole way to the summit; but the steps that had been cut in the snow by the party who had lately crossed from the Grimsel still remaining, we were able to proceed without much delay, though every now and then a sudden chuck at the rope, as some one's foot slipped, testified to the necessity of such a precaution.

But we are now at length at the top of the pass, and congratulate each other that all the rest of the way is down hill. The guides insist upon more eating and drinking, and while they place the comestibles upon the snowy cloth spread for us by Dame Nature, we take

a good look at the wondrous panorama round us. The cloudless sky overhead has lost its turquoise-colour, and the fiery sun blazes from a firmament whose hue approaches black rather than blue, against which the snowy summits around stand out in hard relief. The Shreckhorn, which now seems but a stone's-throw from us on our left, has lost much of its imposing *aiguille* character, in consequence of the vast height from which we are inspecting it (between 10,000 and 11,000 feet). Still our close vicinity to her rugged precipices render her a grand and striking object; and upon one of her inferior peaks, far removed from the main cone, and a long way from our point of observation, we can see a little red flag shimmering from the top of an alpenstock, planted there a day or two before by an adventurous compatriot who would not be satisfied from hearsay of the inaccessibility of the Shreckhorn.

From our feet the ground is abruptly cut by a precipice of about five hundred feet in depth, whose wall-like face has obtained for it the name of "*Die Wand*."\* From the foot of this, a field of ice falling in a gentle slope occupies the valley which runs between the grandest giants of the Oberland, from the loftiest of which, the monarch of Swiss mountains, the Finster Aarhorn, it receives its name. Over the bosom of this ice-field lay our course, consequently the afore-mentioned "*Wand*" must be descended—at first sight as impossible a performance as can well be imagined; a more perfectly perpendicular face of cliff to all appearance never was seen; and I feel confident that a stone dropped from the top would fall to the bottom without interruption. Nevertheless, there lay the road, and no sort of option to us except to take it or leave it; accordingly, after fortifying ourselves with meal No. 2, we adopted the former alternative with some misgivings, leaving ourselves entirely to the instinct or intellect of the guides to devise a safe means of descent.

That it was safely accomplished I gratefully record; but looking back upon the feat from a point of view removed to a distance of six months after its performance, I fairly confess my inability to detail the particulars. I know that Michæioul as usual led the van, and that the guides generally seemed possessed of a faculty of adhesion that was a marvel to us. I know that every trifling inequality in the face of the rock, every inch of projecting shingle, were hailed by us as havens of safety. I know that our garments, which were whole and sound at the top, were rent and frayed in every imaginable direction ere reaching the bottom. Lastly, I know that somebody, one of the last to descend, dislodged about a cart-load of rubbish and small boulders, which hurtled through the midst of us with terrible *fracas*, missing us almost miraculously; that we said very little, but when we looked at each other, we saw very pale faces. These are my recollections of the Strahleck Wand, the last and most perilous bit in the whole pass.

And now came an exhibition of guide-craft. At the foot of the cliff lay a belt of fresh-looking snow, of about twenty yards in breadth, apparently as firm as the rest of the glacier. Full of relief at having

\* *Die Wand*—The Wall.

escaped the dangers of the Wand, we were about to press forward, when Fritz restrained us, informing us that the snow before us was but a thin cake, treacherously concealing a yawning abyss, whose vast dimensions had obtained for it the name of the "*Grande Crevasse*," and that it must be crossed with the greatest precaution. Accordingly, giving us one end of the rope to hold, he fastened the other round his waist, and with a cat-like, springy step, crossed the dangerous bridge. Once upon solid ice, he desired us to pass the end of the rope as before through our belts, and one by one to cross to him, stepping as lightly as possible, Michaeioul keeping the rope stretched. All went on felicitously until it came to Simon's turn, who, from ignorance of the language, had no idea of the nature of the danger. He had just arrived about half way, when with a strong chuck to the rope, which in spite of us ran through our fingers for some distance, and a short smothered cry of terror, the unhappy Celt disappeared from view.

Not for long, however; the rope was good, and stout hands at either end, and in a few minutes he was again among us. What his subglacial sensations were during the short time of his eclipse may be imagined. I know it made the "goose-flesh" rise upon us when we took a peep down into the blue prison from which we had fished him.

Here we were to part with the aid and society of Michaeioul, who accordingly divided his load (now considerably lightened) between Fritz and Ulrich. We also received his little account, both as hotel-keeper and porter, which was so exceedingly moderate, as compared with his personal services, that we added a small additional *bucksheesh* which surprised him into a voluble torrent of thanks, in the midst of which he took his leave, and in an incredibly short time his *jöddled* farewell floated down to us from the summit of the pass, and so we went on our several ways rejoicing.

We were, however, still at a considerable height above the surface of the glacier, for the drift-snow which had descended from the top of the pass had here accumulated, and lay in a steep glacia far away on to the hard ice. The method of our descent was simple and expeditious in the extreme, and consisted in our sitting down and resigning ourselves to the influence of the laws of gravity, merely directing our course with our alpenstocks as with a rudder. The pace was terrific and the sensation delightful, in spite of the chilly nature of the surface traversed, and the ragged state of our habiliments.

And now for blue veils and dark spectacles, for the ice around is beginning to look all sorts of colours, a sure sign that the glare is affecting the eye-sight; and once more we get into harness and resume the road, which hereabouts possesses several dangerous crevasses. Every here and there we meet the strange sight of numbers of dead bees, who have lost their lives in attempting to pass from the Oberland to the Vallais, but otherwise our journey is eventless. We seem also to make no progress. Objects which appeared to us from the Wand to be distant from us but a mile or so, seem no nearer at the end of an hour's rapid walking. On pointing this out to Fritz, he replies sententiously, "*Monsieur, on se trompe toujours sur la glace.*" Hour follows hour, and still the same interminable valley of snow—the same barren, rugged masses of mountains. At last the road takes a turn, and we leave

the Finster Aar Glacier, and crossing the stream of the Lauter-aar, enter that of the Unter-aar, which is here devoid of crevasses, but tussocked like a highland moor.

To one passing the base of the Finster-aar horn, the loftiest of the Swiss Alps,\* its summit does not seem nearly so inaccessible as that of the Shreckhorn, and there are many who declare it practicable. However, putting aside the question of escalade, a great difficulty lies in the number of nights which it would be necessary to camp out on the ice, from its lying so far back in these dreary solitudes. Ulrich related that there was a story current at the Grimsel, that the feat had actually been accomplished by two Englishmen, who had left on the summit, in token of priority of ascent, two bottles, in which they had corked up a paper containing a circumstantial account of their exploit. He added, however, that this statement was received with suspicion, and that a celebrated German pedestrian, Dr. M——, had determined to attempt it himself, and to bring down the bottles, if any there were. I never heard the sequel.

And now, in the far distance, Fritz points out a rusty-coloured rock, and tells us that there we leave the ice. Large central moraines begin to creep over the ice like black caterpillars, and behind one of them is situated the hut built by Mons. Dollfus, called the Pavillon, near the site of the merely temporary cabins erected by Mons. Hugi, and afterwards by Mons. Agassiz, and in which they resided while making their interesting observations on the glacier phenomena. Shortly after crevasses again appear, and down into one of them Ulrich lets fall his ice-hatchet. For a moment he looks wistfully down into the chasm, unwilling to relinquish it without a struggle. His indecision is but for an instant. The implement is worth ten francs, and he doesn't put half that value upon his neck. He ties one end of the rope under his arms, and confides the other to Fritz and us to hold, and then borrowing the remaining axe, he commences to chip away a staircase in the face of the crevasse. He is a skilled workman at that business, and soon disappears; but the rope is nearly run out before he announces with a hurrah that he has regained *the* lost axe; and blithely does he carol up from the bowels of the glacier as he re-ascends, after which we press on again at best pace.

Now the ice becomes more and more fractured, and strange and lovely forms lie around. Here a huge block of granite sits poised aloft on a thin shaft of ice, as a juggler might balance a weight on the top of a pole. There rises a gigantic model, in ice, of a Druidical cromlech, built without human skill. On every side foaming cataracts, the germs of the mighty Aar, force their way through rugged gorges of ice. Strange sounds, too—sounds heard nowhere else—strike the ear, and proclaim the activity of the glacial action; and pinnacles, and crystal forms of wondrous and *bizarre* beauty, topple and fall on all sides with reports like cannon, awakening the echoes of the surrounding mountains with long and loud reverberations.

It is a weird and impressive scene, but our course is well nigh run,

\* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that Mont Blanc is situated in the Sardinian territories.

and we cannot linger. Onward we press with speed but circumspection, for the slip of a foot might here be attended with awkward consequences. The ice-axe works busily, and our course is marked by a line of steps leading over places otherwise impassable. And now we leave the pure white ice, with its deep azure caverns, and our nailed shoes grate on the gravel which proclaims the vicinity of the terminal moraine; then the ice is hidden altogether under huge rocks and boulders, which fall away in a sharp slope of considerable extent; and there below us, through a verdant valley, shut in by wild, barren hills, flows the infant Aar, emerging, turbid and foaming, from the thousand mouths of the mighty glacier.

Once off the ice, and seated on the soft heather, we take our last meal—the guides, in the most economical manner, finishing the contents of all the bottles, in a praiseworthy regard for economy.

A couple of miles now only intervened between us and the Hospice of the Grimsel, and we went through a short toilette before making our triumphal entry, for there was sure to be much society, and The Wand had sadly ravaged the "*convenances*" of our apparel.

Thus ended the journey, or at least as much of it as I shall inflict upon my readers; for were I to bring them to the door-steps of the Hospice, the temptation to detail how we became the heroes of our little day, the cynosure of all eyes, an object of admiration to the ladies and of frantic jealousy to the men, would be too great, and I should be guilty of a littleness of which I feel convinced my readers do not think me capable.

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## ASSOCIATIONS WITH ORNITHOLOGY.—No. I.

BIRDS, charming and interesting creatures, have been called "winged flowers," and "flowers of the air;" but they are more lovely and loveable than even flowers, for they fill the landscapes with animation as well as beauty. Naturalists have delighted to observe their habits and instincts, and poets have celebrated them in song. Nor have they been overlooked by the historian and the mythologist, in whose pages we find various associations of birds with remarkable persons and events, some of which we will glean for the amusement of the reader.

Birds renowned for courage and sagacity have been made subjects for heraldry, and figure upon national banners, and have thus become more prominent, and therefore more popularly known, than others of the feathered tribes; it is, therefore, from among] the less recognized classes that we shall select our notices.

The plumage of the tall, but not ungraceful, OSTRICH, has been held in esteem from very early ages. The great goddess of the Egyptians, Isis, wore a crown of equal sized ostrich feathers as a symbol of equity. Aristophanes, in his fanciful play, "The Birds," calls Cybele (supposed to be the same as Isis) "the Ostrich Queen." Ostrich feathers, worn on helmets, are mentioned by Theophrastus four centuries before Christ, and by Pliny five centuries later. A *single* one on the head-dress anciently denoted a priest. In modern times the original badge of the Prince of Wales was a single ostrich feather. John of Gaunt bore as his cognizance an ostrich feather speckled with black, to distinguish it from that of the Prince of Wales. King Henry VI. bore as his device six ostrich feathers, in saltire. On the seal of Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Henry VIII., and first husband of the ill-fated Katharine of Arragon, his arms are represented with an ostrich feather on each side of the shield, each feather borne up by a supporter beneath. The beauty and elegance of the plumage did not give the poor ostrich immunity among the semi-savage Romans, who trained the unfortunate birds of this species to fight in the arena with gladiators for the amusement of a brutal populace—a fearful odds against the feathered biped.

Ostrich eggs are hung up in Coptic churches as emblematic of Divinity; in ancient Egypt an egg was the symbol of the Creator.

The white, graceful SWAN, was one of the birds dedicated to Venus. In the "Æneid," Virgil represents the fair goddess as encouraging Æneas in his expedition to Italy, by causing twelve swans to appear to him as a propitious omen.

In Egypt swans were emblems of music and musicians. From an ancient superstition (now difficult to trace or elucidate) that swans were melodious, and in particular, sang delightfully just before death, this bird was made a symbol of Apollo; and Orpheus, the renowned musician, was fabled to have been transformed into a swan, when he was slain by the furious Bacchantes. The wild swan of the north is said to have a musical note, and this attribute has been erroneously applied to all swans in common.

Several persons have been mentioned in the Classic Mythology as metamorphosed into swans. One, Cygnus, the son of Sthenelus, King of Phrygia, was thus changed by the gods, who pitied his inconsolable grief for the death of his relative, Phaeton, the too ambitious charioteer, who strove to guide the fiery horses of the sun. Another, Cyncus, son of the nymph Hyrie, experienced the transmutation from a less worthy cause. Being disappointed of obtaining the gift of a splendid bull, which he asked from his friend Phylus, he threw himself into the sea, and was changed into a swan. But the most celebrated of these metamorphoses is that recorded by Ovid. Cyncus, son of Neptune, was invulnerable by weapons. He fought before Troy with Achilles, who, finding his martial arms of no avail, at length seized his antagonist and strangled him. On being stripped of his armour, he was transformed into a swan, and placed among the constellations. But all these metamorphosed persons bore the name of *cyncus*, a swan, and the fables are but plays upon the word.

The frequent inn-sign of a swan with a golden collar and chain, is the cognizance of the noble English house of De Bohun, and was used as a device by Henry IV., whose first wife was Mary De Bohun, daughter of the Earl of Hereford.

Another hotel sign, the swan with two *necks*, is a corruption of "the swan with two *nicks*." The swans on the Thames belong to the civic companies of London, who make an annual excursion on the first Monday in August, to place their respective marks on the cygnets hatched since the preceding anniversary; these marks are one or more nicks on the bill; that of the vintners' company is two nicks.

The cognizance of the once ducal house of Cleves (no longer reigning), which gave a queen to England, a briefly wedded wife to Henry VIII., is a swan ducally collared and chained, the origin of which is detailed in a sufficiently romantic manner by the old Rhenish chroniclers. They relate that, in a very remote era, when Cleves was only a countship, one of the counts, named Dietrich, and his wife Beatrix, daughter and sole heiress of Count Walter Von Teusterband, died young, leaving an only child, Beatrix, their heiress and successor. The maiden was of a dreamy, romantic disposition, and much addicted to solitude, passing her time in musings among the beautiful scenery of the Rhine-land, in which her castle was situated. Several of the neighbouring nobles strove to take advantage of her isolation to despoil her of her territories, others strove to obtain them more legitimately, by what the Scotch call "matrimonial conquest;" but her heart inclined to none of her suitors, and she lived on in her accustomed solitary and meditative existence.

One day as she stood on the platform just over the gateway, gazing upon the Rhine, she suddenly perceived a bark of uncommon appearance approaching her castle. The vessel was so profusely gilded as to seem made entirely of gold; its figure-head was a swan with a ducal collar, armed with a sword and emblazoned shield, and having a silver hunting-horn slung round its neck; its wings were outspread, as though it were drawing the bark along the water. No one was visible on board save an armed knight of tall stature and noble mien; the plumes on his helmet were yellow, white, green, and red, and his crest was a white swan. He wore golden spurs, and a large silver hunting-horn, and

displayed on his finger a diamond ring of extraordinary size and lustre.

The wondrous bark anchored at the strand near the castle ; the knight landed, went to the gate, and requested an interview with the countess. Beatrix, with whose enthusiastic mind the adventure was in perfect unison, admitted the stranger, who announced himself as " The Knight of the Swan," and offered his services to the young heiress, to defend her against the attempts of those who sought to dispossess her of her inheritance. On her asking his name, race, and country, he told her that he came from one of a group of beautiful isles, which rejoiced in a perpetual summer, and each of which was under the guardianship of a tutelary spirit or genius. He called the isle, of which he was a native, " Graila,"\* but declared that he was not permitted by its guardian to reveal its locality. He said that he had dreamed of a lovely northern land, watered by a magnificent river, and that on its banks he had seen a charming maiden, whose fair face made a lasting impression upon him ; that on awaking, he felt convinced the dream had been caused by the agency of the tutelary spirit of his race ; that he found moored beside his dwelling the gorgeous fairy-like bark, into which he entered, and, unmooring it, suffered it to float at will. It brought him on from sea to river, till at length he recognized in the Rhine-land the landscape and the fair maiden that had appeared in his dream, and he found himself able to speak the language of the country by intuition. He added that he dared not reveal his name and race, which he was bound by the most solemn vows never to divulge, but he might be called by the appellation of Helius.† The imaginative Beatrix was, of course, enchanted with the tale, and the knight soon found encouragement to declare himself her lover, and to press her to accept him as her champion and husband. The lonely and romantic lady was easily won by the fine person and the wondrous story of the stranger, and she consented to marry him.

Beatrix and Helius became the parents of three sons—Dietrich, Gottfried, and Conrad ; to the first the father gave his shield and sword, to the second his silver hunting-horn, to the third his golden spurs and diamond ring. One-and-twenty years passed away ; but as Beatrix saw her sons attaining to manhood, she became uneasy at the idea that in the tournaments and meetings of the German nobles, tenacious to a proverb on the subject of pedigree, the youths would be unable to give any account of their paternal lineage, and would thus be exposed to many taunts and sarcasms. She fell into a profound melancholy, which daily increased to such a degree, that at length her existence was endangered, and she herself and her three sons pathetically and earnestly implored Helius to save her life by revealing his secret. He told them that if he yielded to their entreaties he should be compelled, to his own great sorrow, to separate from them for ever. They considered his assertions as exaggerated, and continued their importunities till they prevailed, and discovered the secret, which, however, both history and tradition have refused to divulge to posterity. No sooner was the dis-

\* It would seem as if he meant the Isles of Greece, Graia,

† Helios, the sun in Greek.



closure made, than the fairy vessel in which Helius had originally arrived suddenly reappeared on the river, near the castle, and the knight was hurried on board by some invisible but irresistible force; the sails spread to the breeze, and the bark was soon lost to sight. Long did Beatrix watch from her highest tower to hail her husband's return. He was never afterwards seen or heard of, and the countess, worn out by grief and anxiety, expired, leaving her territories to her eldest son, Dietrich.

The plain, unvarnished truth of the legend is, that some clever adventurer took advantage of the peculiar situation of Beatrix, her isolation, and her overstrained ideas, to woo her in such guise as was most likely to influence a mind like hers, and thus to obtain rank, wealth and power. The only difficulty in the solution of the enigma is, why did he abandon the position he had so fortunately achieved? We surmise that the mystery which he was at length reluctantly obliged, or induced to reveal, masked something of meanness, or of guilt, or some other blot, which a high born German lady and her nobly bred sons could not brook, and the self-convicted impostor was either banished from their presence, or found it necessary to escape from their disgust. It is historically true that an unknown knight, who called himself Elias de Grail, presented himself in a mysterious manner at the abode of Beatrix, heiress of Teusterband, and wedded her, though refusing to divulge his true name, lineage, or country; that he became the father of three sons by her, and after the lapse of twenty-one years departed as mysteriously as he had come, and that the eldest son, Dietrich, succeeded to his mother's territories as Count. The era of this Elias de Grail was previous to the middle of the eighth century, for his son, Dietrich,\* is mentioned among the favourite knights of Charles Martel, who reigned in France, and his grandson, Ludolph, bore arms under Charlemagne, when he warred with the Saxons, and dying childless, was succeeded by his brother, Baldwin, whose three sons founded the countships of Cleves, Mark, and Berg, and the counts of Cleves adopted the swan, ducally collared, as their heraldic bearing. The arms of Teusterband were—argent, a bull's head gules, horned sable, with a buckle argent in its muzzle.

The swan figures also in Irish story. The three children of Lir were metamorphosed by their stepmother into swans, thus to remain till the ringing of the first bell that should summon to Christian worship in Ireland, on hearing of which they should recover the human form. This legend is, doubtless, an allegory. Lir was the Neptune of the heathen Irish; his three children, in the likeness of aquatic birds, symbolized votaries especially dedicated to the worship of the sea-god, but delivered from the debasing effects of paganism by conversion to Christianity.

A tradition of the Boyne relates that the poet MacCoisi† (who lived in the eleventh century), walking one day beside the river, saw a number of swans disporting themselves on the banks, and wishing to secure one

\* Called by the French, Thierry.

† Erard MacCoisi, a celebrated poet and historian, was secretary and chronicler to Maolseachlain (called also Melaghlin, and Malachy), King of Meath. MacCoisi died at Clonmacnoise in 1023, after a devout life.

of them, threw a stone amongst them, which broke the wing of one of the birds ; the others took to flight. MacCoisi secured his disabled prize ; but great was his amazement at seeing it change into a young and handsome woman, whose arm hung broken by her side. In reply to his questions, she told him that she was the wife of a person living in the vicinity ; that some time before she had been afflicted with a severe illness, and, while lying in a state of insensibility, had been conveyed away by the fairies, who left behind a figure exactly resembling her (by fairy delusion), which was buried in her stead as her body, and that she had ever since remained transfigured and spell-bound among the "good people," till the touch of a mortal hand broke the enchantment, and restored her to her original form. MacCoisi took her to his house, where she was kindly tended till her arm had entirely recovered from the injury it had sustained, then he brought her home to her husband, by whom she was recognized with great surprise, and received with joy and affection. The disguised truth of the legend would seem to be, that the wife had quitted her home privily on some jealousy, the delusive fairy figure typifying her supposed rival ; and that during her wanderings she became known, in some state of pain or sorrow, to MacCoisi, who, as a good and charitable man, first relieved her in her distress, and then effected a reconciliation between herself and her husband.

The island and castle (now in ruins) of Inchiquin, in the lake of the same name, in the County Clare, was, up to the latter part of the 13th century, the property of the O'Quins, as the appellation indicates, "Inis-i-Quin," the Isle of O'Quin. The last proprietor of that race, when a young man, observed (says tradition) a number of very fine swans that frequented the shores of the lake. He admired them so much, as they were disporting themselves, that he wished to catch one in order to domesticate it ; and he concealed himself among the rocks till he was able to surprise a bird that had strayed a little from the rest, and he immediately carried his feathered captive to his castle. But, on his arrival within his gates, the beautiful swan changed at once into a still more beautiful woman, whose charms were so transcendent that the Chief, deeply enamoured, wooed her to become his wife, to which she consented on his pledging himself to observe three conditions—to keep their marriage secret ; never to gamble ; never to invite guests to his residence, but especially none of the O'Briens. O'Quin and his fairy-wife lived happily for some years, and had two children ; but at length, in an evil hour, he went to the Races of Cood (in the vicinity), where he met the O'Briens, who paid him great attention, and brought him to the dwelling of their Chief. At supper he was induced to drink too much wine, and, forgetful of his promises to his wife, he invited his entertainers to become his guests on the following day. When he informed his wife, on his return home, of the invitation he had given, she looked deeply grieved, but gave no reply. She made the arrangements for the feast, and as soon as the guests had arrived and sat down to table, she went to the apartment of her children, folded them in her arms, embraced them, and wept over them long and bitterly ; then, resuming the shape of a swan, she flew to the lake, plunged in, and was never seen more. Meanwhile O'Quin was again induced to indulge too freely

in wine, was persuaded to gamble, and in the course of the night lost his whole property to the Chief of the O'Briens. That the latter family became possessed at an early era of the lands of O'Quin, in Clare, is an historical fact. The mysterious part of the story, the swan-wife, has been supposed to signify a long-concealed *mesalliance* of the O'Quin with a beautiful female of inferior rank, but superior prudence, who endeavoured to win him from dangerous predilections to the dice-box and the wine-cup.

Among the Egyptians the Goose was sacrificed to Isis. The month November, when personified, was represented as a Priest of Isis, bald, robed, leaning on an altar, on which was a goat's head (emblematic of the Solstice of Capricorn) and at his feet a goose, in allusion to the warmth afforded by the soft downy plumage of that bird.

The origin of the general goose-feast in Great Britain at Michaelmas is uncertain, but it is thought to have arisen from the abundance of geese at that season, when tenants made presents to their landlords of geese well fattened for the occasion.

The story of the saving of the Roman Capitol from the Gauls by the vigilance of geese is trite, and needs no more than an allusion. Since that time the cottagers in the Roman dominions kept geese to perform the office of watch-dogs. The yokes of horses and draught oxen were decorated with representations of the heads of geese, and the figure-heads of Roman galleys were formed of the long necks and heads of these birds, more or less elaborately carved. Goslings were dedicated to Venus.

The STORK, traditionally said to carry on its back the parent bird when old and helpless, has been, therefore, adopted as the emblem of filial piety. Its Hebrew name, *Chasidah*, signifies *mercy*. Its English appellation comes from the Greek word *storgé* (στοργή), natural affection. It is held in great reverence by the Dutch, who will not suffer it to be injured, or its nest molested.

Filial Piety was personified as a woman seated and veiled, holding a censer and a cornucopia, and having a stork at her feet,

In Egypt it was sacrificed to Mercury (or Thoth), and the Egyptian kings sometimes bore sceptres having a stork on the top, and a hippopotamus below.

The origin of the wars of the Pigmies and the CRANES, so often mentioned by classic authors, and represented in ancient sculpture and on gems, was, that the Pechinians, a diminutive race in Ethiopia, were assiduous in driving away from their country the cranes that used to destroy their crops. The Pigmies are supposed to be the prototypes of the Fairies, and are represented like the latter, with caps; their houses were fabled to be made of egg-shells, and their chariots drawn by partridges. A Queen of the Pigmies is said by Ovid to have been so vain as to boast that she surpassed Juno in beauty, and the indignant Goddess turned her into a crane, so hated by her subjects, as being the shape most disagreeable to her feelings. Perhaps this Pigmy Queen was the original of Queen Mab, or Titania. Ovid\* re-

\* "Altera Pygmææ fatum miserabile matris,  
Pars habet. Hanc Juno victam certamine jussit,  
Esse gruem, populusque suis indicere bellum."—Metam. lib. vi.

presents Minerva as embroidering this metamorphosis on her celebrated web. Dean Swift seems to have derived his account of Gulliver being taken prisoner by the Lilliputians, from a story told by Philostratus, the Sophist, of the Pigmies. These mannikins finding Hercules asleep one day set out to attack him, in martial array, with all their forces. Two wings of their army attacked his right hand, their main body his left hand, and the archers his feet ; while the King, with the *élite* of his troops, assaulted the head. But, unlike the captured Gulliver, Hercules awoke, smiled on his assailants, rolled them all up in his lion's skin, and carried them as a gift to Eurysthenes ; a scene that affords an amusing picture to the imagination.

Ibycus, the Greek poet, having been robbed and mortally wounded by outlaws, appealed, in the agonies of death, to a flight of cranes then passing over his head, and prayed that those birds might become his avengers. The corpse was found, but no clue to the murderers could be discovered. At length, at a public festival in Corinth, a group of cranes was seen to shoot across the sky, and one of the spectators was heard to say to another, in a significant tone, "Look ! these are the cranes of Ibycus." The name of "Ibycus" flew from mouth to mouth in the amphitheatre ; suspicion was awakened, the strangers were seized and interrogated by the magistrates. Confounded at a circumstance which they deemed directed by the gods, they confessed the murder, and were executed.

The crane was one of "the Almanack Birds" for the ancients, announcing times and seasons. Aristophanes in his "Birds" says—"When the crane takes his flight across the Mediterranean it is seed-time ; it is time for the pilot to season his timber ; it is time to spin cloth." Hesiod says, "When thou hearest the voice of the crane clamouring annually from the clouds on high, recollect that this is the signal for the season of ploughing." Compare with Jeremiah, viii. 7—"The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times ; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."

"The word "pedigree" was originally written *pettygrew*, and *petigrewe*, and *pee-de-grue*—wherefore it has been supposed to be derived from the long leg of a crane, *pied-de-grue*. Dr. Johnson, however, derives it from *gres* (i.e., *degrès*) *de pere*, "degrees from the father."

A crane holding a stone in his claw is the crest of the noble family of Cranston, and furnishes a specimen of what is called "Canting Heraldry," a kind of heraldic punning, as Crane-stone, Cranston. The motto of the arms is less high-minded in tone than the generality of mottos in British heraldry ; e.g., "Thou shalt want ere I want."

M. E. M.

## LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

## CHAPTER LIV.

FROM the date of this resolution, Roach watched his poor young friend very carefully, when he was apparently otherwise concerned, for he determined that she should never be pained by a suspicion that she was discovered.

Sometimes, when she was sure she was unobserved, her gaze would fasten upon him with an interest and sympathy she never fathomed. Then the lashes would suddenly drop if he looked towards her, and sometimes a slight blush flit to her cheek.

She loved to see him and her father in talk, for then she was more at ease; and being of few words herself, would sit in the shadow of the piano or chimney-piece, turning alternately from one to the other; laughing when they laughed, and serious when they looked grave. She used to make little excuses in the evening to put him off his good-night—she had some print to show him, or some piece of music to play for him, to beguile him to remain.

There was a trifling incident that touched him and increased the pain of what he felt it his duty to do.

Jay, supported by the presence and connivance of her father, asked Roach mysteriously to come into a small back room like a workshop, that she had something to show him. Mr. Henderson took his arm and led him after her. On a table was some large round object, umbrella-shaped, and covered with gauze.

"Come, Jay, lift the clouds," said Mr. Henderson, and she snatched off the filmy covering.

"Hem! that's your friend, the solar system, Roach," continued her father, acting as showman.

It was a rude orrery constructed by Jay. The sun was represented by a ball of yellow worsted, from which radiated many wires, terminating in other blue and red balls, the whole resembling a huge cobweb with a big yellow spider in the midst, surrounded by butterflies and blue-bottles. Farthest of all, and surpassing the Sun himself in splendour and size, was a gilt ball, to which Jay pointed proudly.

"There—that's *your* planet, Mr. Roach—I have paid it the compliment of two ounces of gold-leaf, and papa and I hope it will bring you heaps of gold."

How the planet was to be convertible into gold Jay did not say, but this was her show, and this her little speech, which she had planned during many busy hours over her heavenly bodies.

Mr. Henderson laughed heartily—rallied her for making such a short speech, and called on Roach for a reply; but after some short, cold praise, he went out, and poor Jay's countenance fell. She pushed her orrery hastily aside, and grew unhappy, disappointed, and thoughtful. She was so sad she did not appear again that evening.

The next morning she heard him come in ; she knew his heavy, random step as he went into the study and closed the door. She looked in to bid him good morning, but he seemed not to see her. He was bent over a slip of paper that was pasted to the cover of his pocket-book. She stole softly behind him, expecting surely to see some of his old acquaintances, Cos. A, Sin. B, Tan. D. ; instead of these she saw a few lines of writing in a hand she recognized at once.

"It was Annie who wrote that." The words slipped from her.

Roach turned slowly round without any sign of surprise ; he was paler and graver, she thought, than usual.

"You are right, Jay ; that is Mrs. Henderson's handwriting—you may read it :—

*"Mrs. Henderson wishes to thank Mr. Roach for his disinterested conduct in leaving Moorlands. She also wishes to express her entire forgiveness, believing sincerely that he was more to be pitied than blamed. He has her best wishes for success and happiness."*

"Her forgiveness, Mr. Roach!—you, too?"

"Sit down with me, Jay ; I am going to speak to you in strict confidence. I have something to tell you. You must have seen how interested I was when you told me of your repentance, and how zealous I have been to perform her last wishes."

"I did, Mr. Roach," said Jay, with downcast eyes.

"We both of us needed her forgiveness, and desired it above everything. We have received it. I hope I shall obtain pardon as freely from God. I am going to speak to you in strict confidence about a matter to which I have never alluded to anyone. You remember the day your father suddenly left home, shortly after his return. The affairs of the place were in a very critical state at that time, and in his absence he begged of Miss Brandon, as she then was, to instruct me as to his plans, and, in fact, to influence me to lend myself to them. The poor girl acted as she thought best in a very trying moment, and, without understanding the commission fully, or its possible consequences, she persuaded me to take measures against the tenantry which nearly cost me my life, and from the effects of which I have never recovered.

"And now, Jay, do you know how it was that Miss Brandon had such influence over me as to make me act so recklessly and wrongly, though, poor thing! she never saw the wrong?"

"No, Mr. Roach," said Jay.

"I loved her. I dare say you have read stories of love and broken hearts, and letter-press lovers. That is not love, Jay, nor like it. My only excuse rests in what I felt for her, and fine language won't tell that. I believe it was not far from madness. Scenes come back on me, and words, which could have been no less. Don't you remember? Think of her gentle, engaging manner—of the way she could comfort and amuse—how all the rest of the world left your memory when you were beside her. No matter ; all this can't tell you what I felt for her. Let God judge, who fits the burden to the shoulder, how far I was responsible."

He stopped for a while, and Jay, who sat in fascinated attention, at length quavered out—

“ Mr. Roach, I never knew this.”

“ It's hard to tell you the rest, Jay, because there you sit with the kindness and sympathy of a sister, and when I shall have told you all, you will hate me and despise me.”

“ Then do not tell me, Mr. Roach. It would be something dreadful to do that. Will you come in to papa?—we will get him out for a walk on the Boulevards.”

Roach's intention wavered; he shut up his book, and rising, went to the door, but Jay, very pale, called him hastily back.

“ I'm so sorry you told me so much; I should never get this out of my head, and have all kinds of dreadful suspicions. Perhaps you had better tell me; it is not so bad, Mr. Roach, I am sure. Why did you make me a confidant in this mystery?”

Roach took his seat again.

“ Because, Jay, I have observed that you respected me, and it would not be honest to myself or you to receive what was not my due. What would you think of the man who attempted her life?”

Jay uttered an exclamation of horror, and shrank from him.

Roach kept his eyes away from her face, and proceeded through his set task in an unexcited voice.

“ I discovered that she was attached to your father, when my attachment to her was too strong to overcome, and jealousy only strengthened it. I heard suddenly of the intended marriage; from that moment I believe I was in a sort of delirium. I made my way to your father's place by the sea, but I forget how. The morning on which I found myself there is indistinct in my memory. I met her, and, in my madness and misery, I attempted her life and my own. Now, Jay, you know my secret—let it be a warning to you not to trust people too simply, or believe them good before you know them well. I have frightened you, I see, but I have performed a duty, and now you must perform yours. Avoid me from this time out—withdraw your confidence and friendship from me, and do not misunderstand my reserve towards you.”

He got up and left her, without another word, and said to himself when he had reached the little garden—“ I shall save one kind heart from unhappiness—the scales have dropped from her eyes.”

Some time after, when he thought she had left the room, he returned to get a book he had forgotten; she was still there; she had thrown herself forward over the table, her face hidden in her hands, sobbing over the ruins of Girlhood's fairest castle.

He stole out again, seemingly unobserved.

Nobody can deny that Mr. Henderson had acted with the utmost kindness towards Roach—he had found him in destitution, and in the most delicate manner had given him occupation and livelihood. What could a friend do more? And it gave Mr. Henderson pleasure to do this. There was no personal inconvenience to himself in the act, and a personal convenience in having some troublesome correspondence taken off his hands.

But he had never intended to carry his generosity so far as to risk the

smallest self-sacrifice to a comparative stranger, or to have his privacy daily invaded by one who was nought to him in blood or position. For a time he bore it without notice, and with a show of welcome, but how long was it to go on?

Often he wished to retire to his study to read—book in hand he would look in and be sure to find Roach writing or playing with the child; in fact, making the room his head-quarters. He (Mr.H.) might often take an amiable fancy to dandle his young son-and-heir for a few minutes, but Master Johnny had grown so fond of Roach that if he saw him come in he would cry to be taken to him. He also jealously fancied that Jay's allegiance had begun to be a little divided. We would not, however, imply that he entertained the smallest suspicion of an attachment *possible*.

Whilst Roach's intellects were in full vigour, Mr. Henderson could not but respect him; but now that he was little better than an imbecile, with no profession, no prospect, always in depression, he grew a little impatient of him—his very presence in the house made the barometer go down.

These various little antipathies did not present themselves in detail to his mind, but yet were all comprised in a general feeling of dissatisfaction with respect to Roach's constant presence in the house—a feeling which we unhesitatingly pronounce to be not only quite natural but unblameable. What householder in real life but would have felt the same and more?

*In summa*—Roach had worn out his welcome.

Mr. Henderson sought about for means to abate the nuisance. He wished to make use of Jay to give Mr. Roach a hint that his constant presence was not necessary to her father. Mr. Henderson was not so inconsiderate as to expect him every day. But Jay winced at the very suggestion of such a course, and could neither comprehend the occasion of the hint or administer it, so he found it necessary to take some step himself.

One day he entered his study knowing Roach to be there—he took down a book and seated himself at the fire. After some polite prelude, he at length said, laughingly—

“Mr. Roach, I am going to make a sitting-room of my study now that I have got a nursery in the house, and a—perhaps you could do some of your writing at home for a while. I shall be always charmed to see you here, you know.”

Roach was on his feet in an instant bundling up his papers. Pride had translated Mr. Henderson's smooth little speech at a glance into these two words—“You intrude.” His false position flashed on him, and all tingling with shame, he said, shortly—

“To be sure, sir, I can work very well at home. Of course you must have some privacy in your own house. I shall send over the letters in time for posting.”

Then he went away with feigned good humour.

Mr. Henderson congratulated himself on having attained his object very prettily and kindly withal. He little suspected that his poor retainer went away writhing—enraged with self, and deeply wounded.

Who can blame Mr. Henderson? Men treat their brothers so—they



treat their fathers so—sometimes they treat their children so. The world-wide maxim which holds in the far backwoods—each man for himself—essentially exists in our excellent social system.

If, my reader, you are poor, better owe hospitality to your parish than your friend. You have rich friends who are glad to see you—beware how you wear out your welcome, for nothing is easier. You are of infinitely small value to any one but yourself. If you can “tumble” for company, you will, no doubt, be asked about, at the cost only of a little self-respect—at the cost of exhaustion of spirits—of an unworthy anxiety—of a constant effort to maintain a popularity with a secretly capacious host. Is your welcome, then, worth the pains?

The noblest friend you could name out of your immediate kindred can soon have quite enough of you, and too much, when you are down in the world. His first act of friendship may, indeed, be so noble, you would suppose human nature to be made of unselfish charity—we do not insinuate that it is without it—but push it not too far. Your threadbare clothes, your lost position, the utter absence of a *quid pro quo*, the slighting remarks of others concerning you, must insensibly affect him in time; and though he may not desert you, yet his ardour will languish in a week, and degenerate to patronage in a month.

If you have talents to befriend yourself, in God's name stay at home, and you may presently emerge to patronize poor friends in your turn; but whilst you are shabby, beware how you wear out your welcome.

Not till now did Roach begin to taste the full bitterness of dependence; none but a man of strong mind and intellect can wring it out to the dregs. He would offer himself to some menial trade sooner than endure this state, but a disease was in his constitution, which, on the slightest irritation, would lay him helpless on his bed. He found it impossible to get pupils, having lost all *prestige* by his disgraceful failures. His ambition was gone to the winds.

One circumstance pained him above all else. Some days subsequent to his summary expulsion of Monsieur Nichola, that worthy had sent him a receipt in full for the rent so long due. He was at first in utter perplexity, perfectly aware that the sale of the few articles he left behind him could have gone no distance towards the debt. He turned over the possibility, and of course concluded that Monsieur Nichola had complained to Mr. Henderson, and that the latter had immediately settled the debt. He grew unspeakably humiliated under the sense of the obligation. Many times he resolved to ask expressly if his conjectures were correct, but he became so confident as he reflected, that pride forbade him. He had no possible means yet of reimbursing Mr. Henderson, and the obligation was somewhat less painful to bear while unacknowledged on either side.

We mentioned that he had collected some little money for a mysterious purpose, it will be hereafter seen that this was unavailable now.

There was another cause of trouble. Something that gave him indefinable pain, now that he had leisure to contemplate his position.

He had sacrificed himself to Jay's peace, and done his duty, but in doing so had alienated her simple friendship, and found that this was a sadder loss to him than he had anticipated. He had courted her fear of him and her disapproval, nor did he regret his honesty; but yet he

would fain see her again, if it were only to discover whether his warning had taken wholesome effect. He would fain meet her again, if it were only to warn her further. Was she quite changed? Did the truest, most disinterested little friend he ever had, or could hope to have, did she hate him and fear him indeed, as in all propriety she should? These considerations were by no means so trifling to him as not to find a place in his thoughts.

For more than a week he had altogether avoided Mr. Henderson's house, and had sent the few communications he had to make by a messenger. He was much surprised, one morning, by a visit from Mr. Henderson and Jay. The manner of the former was up again from kindly forbearance to high-pressure friendship—a manner that suggested a consciousness of having given some little cause of offence which needed some complimentary salve.

Roach looked from him to Jay; she never offered a hand, and her eyes did not meet his. His object seemed then to have been effected, and he forced himself to think he was glad; but gladness was never pumped up into a heart so laboriously before.

"So we've caught you at home, Mr. Roach. I've come to ask a favour of you." Mr. Henderson knew that the only way to conciliate a poor proud man was by asking a favour. "I know that you have access to the Observatory, and I have been wishing for a long time back that Jay should have a look through the big telescope. Now would you be so kind as to bring her and Madame Nichola this evening? I would be personally obliged."

Jay started—she had heard nothing of this scheme before.

"I should have great pleasure," said Roach, doubtfully, "but would Miss Henderson wish it?"

"Oh, I'll answer for that; she would be enchanted. Why she lives in Jupiter or Mercury for four hours every day."

"Perhaps, we'd better ask her," said Roach, turning to Jay, whom he had not yet addressed.

"Would you wish to come?"

"N—no, thank you, Mr. Roach; I'm afraid I cannot go to-night."

The words were cold—the address distant. Roach had great reason to congratulate himself. She was roused from her foolish enthusiasm, and was no praise due to her? Here was a little girl of seventeen able to subdue an unworthy attachment in a week, by mere force of moral conviction; whose love was beautifully subject to her duty. Child as she was, he could not but respect her, yet—he was mortified.

Mr. Henderson was vastly surprised and displeased, but Roach sheltered her from his displeasure.

"I think I can understand her objection," he said; "she is aware I do not possess the free *entree* I used in the Observatory since my unfortunate college career, and that we might have a little awkwardness in getting in."

Mr. Henderson entirely understood this objection; and as there might be awkwardness to his friend, he would not press his request; but Roach must positively come home to dine with him.

"I am very sorry I cannot, Mr. Henderson; I have been unwell to-day, and must stay within."

With much kind regret Mr. Henderson took his leave, and Roach showed them down stairs. He was on the lobby, and was thinking with constrained approval and wonder of the change in Jay, when he felt his arm softly pulled, and a piteous little whisper fell on his ear—

*"Mr. Roach, let's be friends!"*

Alas, for the resolution of loving seventeen!

#### CHAPTER LV.

ROACH could not entirely repulse this unexpected appeal. There was such a forlorn miscomprehension of the real object of their compact, and of the painful confession he had brought himself to make, implied by those three small words, "Let's be friends," that as he closed the door he almost felt himself absolved from any further step.

With after-thought came compunction again, that poor Jay's peace should be compromised by her simple folly. His belief that she had really formed an attachment for him had fluctuated from time to time, but the strength of her trustful interest in him must be great, surely, to survive such a shock. The flattering conviction began to grow, and his conscience had to beat down the first emotions of secret gratification which he felt, because he was human. The task was easy enough as his mouldered prospects arose and mocked the hope.

"Why does not her father see the danger?—is he blind, that he should minister to it?" We thus tack his scattered thoughts together. "Cannot he see what Madame Nichola saw? Yet, if he does not perceive it himself, there is no other possible means of putting him on his guard. Who would be so cruel as to tell him of this poor child's temporary folly? It must soon wear out—one gay young suitor, and she will have a score, must put my scarecrow image out of her mind for ever. My selfish heart is mortified to think it will. It is time to watch myself and put away this snare. *She* shall never be committed, but . . ."

One bold but honest course slowly opened upon Roach—he was scared by it—it was painful and distasteful in the extreme, and was by no means to be adopted to-day. It was to be considered and reconsidered, rejected, and again adopted. At length it was finally received as right and brave. On the morrow he resolved to call upon Mr. Henderson, and, taking him aside, to electrify him then and there by a disclosure of his growing attachment for Jay, urging it as a reason for a discontinuance of all intercourse with his family!

The morrow came, and he considered it prudent to postpone his unpleasant undertaking till evening. The twilight fell, and he felt it expedient to give his design a night's consideration, but surely, *surely* on the next day.

The morning inevitably came—a note with it from Jay, asking him to join her father and self in the evening at tea. That little shy note resolved him to procrastinate no longer. He put on his hat, and was proceeding down stairs, when he found Monsieur Plassis in the hall, who had come to pay him a courtly visit.

Was it mere French politeness, the lift of that glossy hat? Was it but

the refinement of patronage, the protracted pressure of the hand? Was it mockery, the gaze with which he confronted his *protégé*, big with some mysterious respect and approbation?

Roach did not like appearances, and armed himself with reserve as he led the Professor up stairs.

"My lodgings are humble, Monsieur," said he, ushering his visitor into his only sitting-room.

"My dear Monsieur, do not blush for that. Rembrandt conceived his theory of *chiaro-obscur* in a loft. Chateaubriand composed amid cobwebs. The divine Marsellaise was born in a garret."

Roach had lived long enough to know that men flattered for two motives—to humbug or to obtain a favour—he had nothing to give, and no relish for a joke, so he looked a cold question at the Professor, and waited for him to proceed.

"You have not called upon Monsieur Leverrier since he read his paper in the Academy?"

"No, Monsieur; I have not troubled him."

The Professor looked at him very hard; then said, slowly—

"You cannot forgive him."

"I cannot comprehend you, Monsieur. I am willing to laugh if you are pleased to jest."

"You saw it in the paper then?"

"What? I never see a paper of late."

Again the long scrutiny.

"Pardon me, Monsieur Roach. Science must be studied with system or it cannot avail for the discovery. It is a pity, but you have a bold talent for theory."

Roach's eyes glittered.

"Are you laughing at me?"

"What! you have not seen the announcement—the triumph of the age."

"Seen it?" cried Roach, springing erect. "Seen what?"

Monsieur Plassis' voice sank to the pitch of awe. He pointed upwards with his long yellow forefinger.

"The new planet is found! Monsieur Halle verified the prediction of our great Leverrier."

Roach recoiled—the words were like a bullet in his heart. He walked to the window and looked out, blind with sudden sorrow. He muttered almost involuntarily—

"Then I might have done this; I am late."

"You are moved, and I do not wonder, for your observations and sagacity were most commendable. I was showing your mappings to Monsieur Leverrier, and he inspected them with very great interest. They are exceeding accurate and laborious. Monsieur Leverrier said he would be very happy to renew your acquaintance."

Then Monsieur Plassis entered leisurely into details concerning *la grande découverte*, and Roach heard him out with that kind of dizzy attention which scarcely noted the words as they fell, yet minutely retained their sense. His tidings exhausted, after many professions of esteem, savoured by an accent of condolence, the Professor took his leave.

The chief pain of a great disappointment often lies in the conviction that we were near success—that but for such or such a mischance we must assuredly have won. Now, the mind invariably endeavours to relieve itself, in the first flush of pain, by a sort of fatalism—a struggle to believe, that, even unimpeded by the recognised cause of failure, failure was still inevitable.

“I might have mapped star after star till doomsday, and yet never have found that planet again. My use of the instruments was too coarse. Supposing my memory unimpaired, the calculations were beyond me. It must have taken me many years before I could cope with the great question, and then Leverrier had been still the man. He is a giant to me in both knowledge and experience. I may content myself. I must overcome this useless and ungenerous sorrow. I could not do what he has done, and ‘the man only discovers who proves.’”

Those reasonings could not dispel his bitter dejection. It seemed to him that he had now, for the first time, lost hope. Ambition had deserted him for ever. He lacked enthusiasm to glory in the magnificent truth which mankind had gained. All was merged in narrow, selfish envy. He could detest and condemn the unworthy feeling, but he could not overcome it. Perhaps it would have been so with the best of us.

*Alas! the mind that has wings to soar, is often seen plodding through the dirt.*

He passed a troubled night, battling in vain against these unworthy feelings. It was not till next morning that it suddenly occurred to him he had given no answer to poor Jay's note. He felt an attraction to the house which he had never felt before; he leaped up on impulse, put on his hat, and set out.

“With *her*,” whispered his secret heart within (nothing is too foolish or evil for the secret heart to whisper)—“With *her* I am, and shall ever be, the great discoverer. She will believe. The world would laugh at my claim as it laughed at my theory. She, poor trustful child, will swear by them both. Why should I care for the world? Let this girl be my world, and I will win my fame with her.”

He had nearly reached the hall-door, and not till now did Conscience draw a sudden curb on his fantastic consolation. What a startling change in the purpose of his visit!—it approached the ludicrous. Here he is striding away to commit a breach of honour with immense zest, under the vague impression, all the time, that he was bound on a call of high duty. So deceitful is the heart.

He took a long, solitary walk, striving to recover his former tone of mind, and we need not expose his wrestlings with temptations. Never let us be hard on man, woman, or child for the weakness and the waverings. Ask only one question—Did they prevail?

Roach returned to the hall-door, determined to avoid meeting Jay if that were possible, and to put Mr. Henderson on his guard by a bold step. As he lifted the knocker, he said in thought—“I enter this house for the last time.” He may well say so.

He was let in, and informed by the servant that Mr. Henderson was in the study alone. He heard the drawingroom door open, and was conscious that Jay stood in the passage; but he hastened in without looking round, striving to escape notice, but she followed him.

"Mr. Roach," she said reproachfully, "has it come to this? You will speak to me, at least."

"I did not see you, Jay," he said, giving her his hand.

"I am glad you have come near us again; but you should have answered my note, Mr. Roach. I began to think we would never see you again. Will you come into the drawingroom and see Johnny? O do, Mr. Roach."

Roach came in for a moment, caressed the child, and then said gravely to Jay—

"I have business with your father, Jay, which hurries me. Remember our agreement."

"Mr. Roach," she said, with a flickering smile, as if doubting whether she should speak it gravely or joyfully, "I saw something in the paper about your planet. I wanted to—to speak to you, and ask you all about it. I am afraid now I had better not."

"No, Jay, don't let us speak of it. I have no pleasure in it."

Jay's brow grew sorrowful at the word.

"Then you have been unhappy, Mr. Roach?"

Her voice was musical with sympathy. Temptation pressed sore on him to yield—he was alarmed at his own weakness.

"I can't afford to be unhappy, Jay, I am too poor and too busy. You must not forget our agreement."

Jay was disconcerted. She looked downward, spoke low and confusedly.

"Mr. Roach, I did not make any agreement. I have thought over what you told me as far as I could understand, and if you did wrong once under great excitement, you were sorry for it long ago. I suppose I must be wicked myself; but I can't—I *can't* see it as you do. Perhaps I don't like you as I used, but—but I am sure I do, and there's no use hiding it. My friendship has not altered a bit—I should hate myself if it did. I have known you since I was a little child, and owe you so much, and I cannot fall into a bowing acquaintance. Would it not be absurd? All I know is, it makes me very—— It is not like friends."

"Well, Jay, I have got nothing to answer if you are so generous. Let us part very good friends." He shook hands with her heartily.

"You must remember me kindly, for I have come to conclude my trifling employment with your father, and to leave Paris." He turned to go.

Jay turned white. The announcement came upon her with a shock. He was going—going for ever! She had more to say. What can she do? He was moving towards the door. On an impulse she took a step forward—her hand outstretched as if to catch his arm, not knowing what she did—the motion and its meaning were unmistakeable. Then she stood abashed, shocked at her forwardness, her eyes on the ground, waiting to see what would come of it—what he would say.

He gazed at her with a thrill of delight. The fairy figure—the exquisite little face—downcast, watery eyes—mournful pout on the lips—a tell-tale throb beneath the collar, which told of a heart full of love for him the threadbare outcast. One word from him at that moment and all would stand confessed; the avowal no true woman can unsay would have been spoken.

For a moment the intention set his blood boiling—in another, a link of iron was on it.

He was as the beggar who has found a treasure in my lord's demesne. The gold has touched his hand—the touch was rapture—then comes the chilling recollection that the finder of this rich bliss can never be the lawful possessor.

"Jay," he said, forcing a smile,—how she trembled till his voice should begin—"I see that you fancy your father and I have had a quarrel, but it is not so—we are very good friends—this is my own act. I have other plans before me, and you must wish me luck before I go."

She still looked down, crumpling her ribbon nervously—never glancing at him as he passed out. We must follow him into the urbane presence of Mr. Henderson.

#### CHAPTER LVL.

MR. HENDERSON sat in his easiest chair, and in luxurious *déshabille*, cutting the leaves of a book—his slippered feet stretched out, and crossed over a cushion-padded chair. He received Roach pleasantly as usual, which he was able to do without disturbing his posture.

"You met your friend Jay, I think?" said he; "I heard your voices in the drawingroom."

"So you might, sir."

"I'll tell you what it is, Roach, without any flattery, there's not a soul in the whole world respects you as that young lady does."

Roach grew suspicious. "I should be too happy to think so," he said. Then he examined the smooth worldly smile to see if any significance lurked in it, but it passed off with the mere surface pleasantry.

"Well, you wrote those few letters for me?"

"I did, Mr. Henderson. They are probably the last I can do for you, for I am leaving Paris."

"My dear fellow, I'm sorry to hear that."

"I'm very sorry myself, for I have to acknowledge a great deal of kindness."

"Oh, my dear Roach, don't say a word about that—anything in the whole world I could be able to do for you; but—but—might I ask—a—I'm *exceedingly* sorry. No doubt you have some better prospects before you. If that were so ——"

"I can say little about them at present. My chief reason, I will tell you frankly, is to cut myself off from all communication with this house."

Mr. Henderson's surprise was well-bred but unmistakeable. It occurred to him that Roach was going to "outrage decorum" again.

"D—n the fellow," he said, in thought, "he is fond of scenes. What is he at now?"

"I believe the best way, in dealing with a friend, is to speak plainly," said Roach, hurrying on. "I have found an attraction in your house dangerous to my peace of mind, and I wish to put myself beyond such a power."

(*Mr. H., aside*)—"What the devil is he at?"

"I find an attachment growing upon me towards your daughter Jay, and as I am not a very desirable connexion, the only course I can take, in prudence, is to change scene and home for a while."

"Oh, you can't—you *can't* mean that, my dear fellow," said Mr. Henderson, with arched brow. "Oh, you are jesting."

"I have too much respect for both you and Miss Henderson to jest on such a subject."

"Well—I—don't exactly know what to say. If you are *really*—Why, God bless me—she's little more than a child. My dear sir, you are not so susceptible," said Mr. Henderson, with droll incredulity.

"I have stated the fact exactly as it is, and it is serious enough for me to take this step. Of course, I have spoken in strict confidence."

"My dear sir, who should I tell it to? Well, as I said before, I'm *exceedingly* sorry you feel it necessary to go. You know best, to be sure, under the circumstances. I really have nothing to say. Of course I'm taken a little by surprise, but I'm very—*very* sorry you are going."

Both rose, and Mr. Henderson, with a counterfeited gravity—with a slight twinkle of amusement—shook hands with him, and wished him success in every other wish of his heart.

"And," he added—"I need not say—you always know where to find a friend." He rang the bell, and strolled to the window to watch his friend, his susceptible friend, go forth, bending over slightly so as not to be seen. There he looked after the stout receding figure, so rustically clad, so plebeian in gait and air—slowly rubbed his hands, and smiled repeatedly.

That evening he sat down to dinner in more than ordinary spirits, his appetite was so keen—Jay looked so pensive and pretty—there was such a home-look about the room—in every mirror the cozy scene was repeated—silent encores to his comfort.

The cloth removed, and the servant having left the room, he filled himself a glass of claret, and was happy.

When the mind of man is buoyant, he is apt to be facetious; if in any crevice of his mind lurks a whimsical idea, be sure it will walk forth. Mr. Henderson's thoughts recurred to the scene of the morning, which had tickled him much.

"Well, Jay," said he, playfully, "we are keeping off the suitors, I think. I wonder when this young coronet will turn up?"

"He need not hurry himself, papa," said Jay, laughing.

"That's a good daughter—you're not tired of me yet. Leave all to my judgment, and, depend upon it, I'll pick you out a fine fellow. Now, what—what would you say," said he, with comicality in every wrinkle, "what would you say to Mr. Roach?"

No answer from Jay.

"Come, what would you say to ex-Professor Roach?"

No answer. He had been smiling through his claret-glass hitherto, now he looked quickly at Jay.

"Papa," she faltered, "will Madame Nichola be here to tea?" She was crimsoned and strangely flurried. He looked keenly at her, and, as he looked, his joke lost its flavour—his crows'-feet faded out, his smiles vanished.



"Jay," he said, "you are flushed. Sit away from the fire, dear."

Jay got up and sat in the shadow, afraid to lift her eyes. From this moment there was a painful constraint upon her, and scarcely was tea over than she slunk away to bed.

Mr. Henderson's sense of the ludicrous was dulled—he grew alarmed.

"The young goose," he said mentally, "in her innocence of life, she was flattered by the first attentions offered to her. This comes of my shutting her up so closely. That fellow will be hovering about Paris, and may turn up again at any moment. I must get her away into a new scene. If I see any further ground for my suspicions, I'll bring her off to Dublin, and let her come out at once. D—n the fellow!"

Suspicious as was the circumstance which so startled him, he determined not to trust to his own observation alone. No man knew better than he how to value the vigilance of a woman's eye in such matters, and he resolved to set that most subtle focus upon Jay's heart.

Accordingly he had Madame Nicholsa to spend the day with them, and quite guilelessly introduced Roach's name. She and Jay sat together; by a little management he harped upon the subject from time to time, without saying anything too obvious. Jay had a better controul over herself than on the former occasion, but still he could detect confusion. Soon after he found an opportunity to be alone with Madame, and he went circuitously to work.

"I am glad to hear, Madame, that your late tenant, Mr. Roach, of whom we were speaking to-day, has prospects of doing well."

"From whom did you hear that, Monsieur?" said Madame, looking aside warily.

"From himself—I hear he is living near you by the Seine. I declare I'm quite sorry, for Jay's sake, she has lost her companion. He was a perfect Mentor, you know."

"I have often spoken to my husband, Monsieur, that he should call upon him and assist him, for Monsieur Roach is an excellent and very learned man; but he will not forgive."

"I dare say you have noticed how fond he is of my children?"

"Yes, Monsieur—and how fond *one* of your children is of him."

"Of course you mean Johnny," said he, with a sly smile, as if he understood her perfectly.

"Monsieur has observed for himself," she said, as sly herself.

"By the way—how did Jay know your husband's rent had been paid?"

"Ah! my dear Monsieur, she ought to have known it best."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Henderson, jestingly, "perhaps she paid it herself."

"Precisely!"

"Paid his rent! Why where on earth did she get the money?"

"Ah! poor child, it was her savings for two years."

Mr. Henderson had unexpectedly gone a short-cut to his information—his fears were quite confirmed. When it came to this, he thought he might as well be on the move. In two days after, at eventide, he announced to Jay, as very pleasant intelligence, that he intended to return to Ireland immediately; she was to come out at last, and he promised her much delight and charming friends.

Jay had nothing to object; she received his congratulation with re-

markable stillness, and soon left the room, saying that she must arrange her things for departure. But no—she had not heart for that. She entered the nursery, and sat down by the fire.

"Ah, thin, there's not a word in you, Miss Jay, these times," said the blithe Irish nurse. "What makes you be frettin', this beautiful evenin'?"

Jay could not converse with her; she was restless, and her head was aching. Getting up quickly, she stood over by the window. She thought it was impossible there could ever be another happy day for her, not knowing that the structure of our hopes and happiness shifts, mirage-like, as we journey on.

A strip of ruddy sunlight lay across the street, and a poor flower-girl crossed it, passing by with her faded bouquets. Jay felt a kind of envy. This young *grisette* may live in happy Paris, light of heart, among beautiful colours and odours, while she is hurried away to strange faces, to a cold land, far from the dear bright Seine.

The poor flower-girl glanced up in her turn—and looked in Jay's face.

"Ah," she murmured, "*Qu' elle est heureuse cette jolie demoiselle ! mais moi hélas !*"

Jay's heart kept sinking as she pondered on the future. There was a secret depression upon her, which she did not seek to define—a weight of unshaped depression she could not trace to its source.

See! a flight of burnished pigeons—they darted by and sped off towards the country, perhaps towards the village by the Seine. Her mind took wing and sped after them over the black old woods—over the river, curved and shining, like a naked scimitar, till she lit by the low country school-house, where the children were playing without, where sat a gaunt student, comfortless for his lost discovery. What might she say to cheer him if she were really there?

Oh, that she could sigh away this weight of unshaped depression! Duty towards her father is before her in the future. Flattery and gaiety is, perhaps, before her, but it seems to this poor girl that there is never to be another happy day. She sinks at the thought of a strange home. And yet it is not that alone—she knows not what it is that smothers her with depression. If she had but a kind confidant, not too sternly sensible, to whom she might whisper it; but she has not—she must not whisper it, even to herself—she ought to scoff at it and banish it. She has tried and struggled, but cannot. Unhappiness is still unhappiness, though it be untold and unpitied.

An organ-man began to grind melancholy music. It acted on her sadness, infused itself with subtle anguish through all her thoughts—it seemed like a dead-march to Hope.

Again she sat beside the nurse, and tried to talk to her. She would not join her father at tea, on the plea of her headache. Nurse pressed upon her a cup of tea from a black stone teapot which she had imported from Roscommon, and confidently affirmed that it would do her poor Miss Jay's heart good. Jay took it, but still sat moping and despairing. It grew dark without. Nurse shaded away the candle, and began to hush Johnny to sleep. Jay watched the full waxen lids closing, and the lips bow out softly, as if some invisible one were kissing the child to sleep. Perhaps she, too, listening to the nurse's lullaby, might sleep

off her pain. She slipped into her little bedroom, leaving the door open between.

Ere she lay down, it came into her mind, as if by accident, that she had a friend to whom she might frankly tell all—the most secret emotions of pain. The one she thought of had a patient ear, and would not scoff at her, or despise her—a friend of your's, reader, and of mine. She laid her sorrow before God; she put the future in his hands, and asked for counsel and for strength. Then she lay down, heeding to the lullaby—her vague anxiety and pain seemed retreating—and then she began to think of Annie and old times. 'Twas odd how involuntarily her thoughts fell on this theme. Was it the air the nurse was crooning that brought up memories of the dead and gone? She heeded well to the lullaby.

Serene recollections of Annie are still coming on her—dimly and sweetly as if sleep were coming too. Annie's soft sad laugh—for memory lends sadness even to a laugh—Annie's gentle trick of comforting, that perished with her. Annie used to hum that air; Jay often heard her humming it as she came down those broad oaken stairs of Moorlands in the morning. Her eyes closed as she heeded dreamily to the lullaby. Memories of the dead, who is now an angel, float about her in the shadows.

Soft! Can an angel come back to calm us? Annie's hand is on the dreamer's forehead!

#### CHAPTER LVII.

Shakespeare's Seven Ages of Life are, of course, truthful, but the apply only to man as a happy, healthful animal, such as is intended to fill the streets with, and to eat our beef. The truant boyhood, the amorous adolescence, the reckless, brainless manhood, the sensual middle-age, the idiot of four-score—and so closes the mindless melodram, very much as begins and closes the life of an intelligent mastiff.

There is a short tragedy also which comprises a human life; often the history of him who must think for the crowd—the lonely sensitive boyhood, the luckless love, the manhood, ambitious yet foreboding, the crushed old age of forty, and then, instead of immortality and the niche of marble, comes the miserable anticlimax, Death, and the niche of elm.

They are like the workers in steel—the work must be done, but it is a work that kills.

Roach set out from Paris one October morning in despair, leaving instructions with his landlord, whom he furnished with his future address, to forward any letters or communications to the village of —, his old place of residence on the banks of the Seine.

Arrived there, he found himself obliged, by the straitness of his purse, to take very humble lodgings. He looked about for such, and passed by house after house with distaste. He had no hope wherewith to amuse himself—no resource by which to occupy his mind—so that external cheerfulness had become vital. Wayward as an invalid, he roved from house to house, finding in each some feature of dirt or gloom with which he feared to be located during the long friendless days.

At length he came to a small house outside the village, with a magnificent view of the woods in front. Eight children were crowded at an open window in the sun ; they looked dirty, and the room was a child-sty. He stopped languidly and watched them ; immediately they left play, and stared with all their might. A pretty, gentle little girl, about ten years old, sat at the door without, engaged in some simple worsted stitching. He asked her to get him a drink of water.

"Hold, Monsieur ! you are fatigued ; my mother will give you a *cup of cider*."

She ran in signing to him to wait, and in a moment returned with the refreshment. 'Twas poor, sour stuff, and yet it was offered with so pretty a grace, and so kind a look, by the young Hebe, as might have commended fragrant Mozelle.

He sat on the stool and talked to her. He made acquaintance with the children, who came out on him open-eyed, and he began to think he could live contentedly here, consul of this infant senate. So humbled was he, and so weary of vain struggles, he could have played with them there, arranging their bits of coloured delf. There was a room to let in the house, and he took it forthwith. In better times, when he was a reading man, the idea of a houseful of children would have been intolerable, nor was he by nature peculiarly fond of them. Now his tastes were altered. It was as if weakness allied itself to weakness.

He seldom saw his landlord, who was always employed from home, but his landlady, a calm, large woman, overflowing with quiet kindness, cared him thoughtfully, and strove to make him comfortable. Her children were his daily visitors, but little Maria was his friend, as a mouse was once the friend of a sick lion.

He lived several months here, growing poorer every day. Beggary was before him like a craggy headland on which a ship is driving and must drive—her wreck a mere question of time. He was terrified at the idea of living upon charity. If the loss of a limb could have gained him bare independence, he would have undergone it. This fear made him sleepless ; nothing seemed to him so terrible as beggary—not even Death, which we all fear.

Monsieur Nichola was still his neighbour, but his animosity had subsided now that Roach was no longer a tenant. They met occasionally, and, so far was he from displaying attitudes of hostility, that one day he surprised Roach very much indeed by informing him that he held some money for him in his hands, which he would pay him whenever he chose to apply. Roach took the offer a little haughtily, called it eleemosynary aid, which he could not accept, but that he was obliged by the intention. An easy tone this for a man who had not a month's maintenance in his hands. Indeed, a few hours after, he began to doubt his wisdom in having so bluntly refused assistance, for he felt that the time must probably come when he would be driven to this humiliating step. Soon its alternative presented itself.

There is no bad debt so painful as the bad debt to a friend. His rent was due for two months, and he had not a *sous* with which to meet it. His provisions were long out, and but that Madame Petier had quietly supplied the necessary articles of food, he would have felt the dire pinch of hunger. His landlady, though kind and open-handed

as a lady, was poor, and her quiver full of children: it stung him to think that he must put her off when she should come at last with her modest application for money. He was full of distressing gratitude, and would have preferred even the rudeness and ridicule of his former landlord than this kindness, which he felt he must soon try so sorely. In fine, he was no longer doubtful that the only course left to him was to fall back on the aid which, three months before, he had refused with contempt. He would write to Monsieur Nichols, and propose to borrow a portion of this money—day after day passed, and he did not write. He would surely meet him in the street, when Monsieur would probably introduce the subject once more: he met him within an hour after, and there was not a word of it. He must wait upon him, and delicately lead up to the subject on to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow. What a weak, vacillating creature is a proud beggar!

At length a decided moment came—a gentle tap at his door, and the landlady entered with a curtsy. She is forced at last to apply to him for a portion of what is due; she is unhappy to be obliged to ask it; she asks it as a favour, for she is in distress for it.

Had her voice been loud and petulant, he could have borne it; but he writhed at the tone of kindness. He said he hoped to pay her in the morning—if possible. She took this as a civil refusal, and went out disappointed and grave. He gave way to bitter repinings.

"No repentance is accepted—no humiliation or sufferings can atone—there is no hope—no pity with God—no answer to prayer. He has made me, and thousands like me, in vain. I was tempted more than I could withstand, and yielded. Now I am a companion for children—a burden on the hard earnings of others—sinking under the infirmities of age—the pursuit I loved, and for which I was fitted, snatched from me; and to-morrow no daily bread!"

He sat down to his desk, and wrote a line to Monsieur, sickening as he penned it, for he felt 'twas a begging appeal. He despatched it by a messenger, and then throwing open the window, and calling the children round him, he talked idly to them, to relieve himself from thought.

The wind was blowing—the woods were sainted with sunshine—there was a distant chiming of bells.

Roach is among his friends—he is astounding eight small souls with stories about the woods and their denizens, the fierce grey wolves and the merry brown squirrels.

Antoine, a rosy romp of thirteen, sits on the window-sill, clattering his new *sabots*, and teasing Marie's squirrel to make it whirl in its cage. Pierrot, a great owl-eyed child of eight, who has brought in his bibful of pine-cones as a present to Monsieur Roach, stands staring up at his big friend. Marie leans on Roach's shoulder, and never tires of asking questions. There were six others, various repetitions of these three. Shall we add to this group a family of tattered beggars who sit on the road without, and ask Roach for alms, ignorant that he is one of their fraternity?

Among these groups the wind came and went as it listed—played with the beggar's rags—waved the children's hair—whispered to them—flurried in and out on the sunshine, a shy summer guest.

"My squirrel was caught in these woods," said Marie. "Does it not fret him to see them through his cage?"

"We will plant a tree for him," said Pierrot; "I will plant this cone."

"You hold a wood in your hand, my little man," laughed Roach. "This is a seed-castle, look—and holds, maybe, eighty young trees. Let us count them."

"But, Monsieur," cried Marie, "these here are smaller than lupin-seed. What a marvel! And does every cone that falls plant a wood?"

"No, Marie; out of the thousand cones that drop on the grass, it is a lucky little seed that takes root; but still there are enough to crowd the woods and lodge the squirrels."

"But, Monsieur, how many of these seeds would grow if we threw them in the grass?"

"Perhaps one, if Marie's little feet pressed it into the ground by chance."

"By chance!—does God plant the forest by chance?"

"Chance did not make the pine cones, Marie."

"*Quelle dommage!* do all the rest go for nothing?"

"They rot in the ground, Marie, and make it rich for the lucky seed, just as the thousand poor men waste and wear to make one man rich and great. But come, I will plant a great forest from this one pine cone."

"Thou could'st not," said Marie, in hushed, affectionate tone. The children gathered closer.

"First, Marie, I must live for a hundred years. You must allow me that."

Poor Marie would have allowed him to live for ever: she stole her arm shyly round his neck."

"Come, then, I will begin to plant on Pierrot's bib."

"Pierrot's chubby face gaped; he held out his bib, stupified with responsibility."

"Here we have eighty seeds; I counted them. Twenty, or one-fourth of them will fail, and sixty will grow; and of these, twenty, or one-third, will die young."

"Just as some babies die," said Pierrot, an infant Plato.

"Like our poor Jean," lisped another mournfully.

"Just so; but these forty will grow up strong and lusty, like my big friend Antoine."

Antoine stopped clattering his *sabots*, and was all attention—the simile gave perfect satisfaction to the whole audience.

"Well—we permit these forty trees, my friends, to grow till they begin to want room, then we take them up carefully and plant them on a lonely bare hill, where they get tall old trees in thirty years, and bear large cones themselves."

"*Quelle merveille!*" murmured the chorus.

"We go out and gather all our cones."

"In one's bib," suggested Pierrot, grave and wise beyond his years.

"We gather them in our bibs, and baskets, and carts; for how many cones have we, think you?"

No answer, but an anxious stir among all the little *sabots*.

"Each of our trees has borne a hundred cones; we have four thousand and to bring in."

Four thousand had a very big sound; there was blank astonishment in every face; all but Marie were distanced here.

"In each cone," continued Roach, "are eighty seeds; so that now we can cover our bare hill, for we have three hundred and twenty thousand seeds."

Marie distanced. The most genuine wonder and ~~most~~ <sup>supreme</sup> ignorance around him.

"Of these," he continued, gazing towards the woods, "eighty thousand, or one-fourth, will fail, and two hundred and forty thousand will shoot up; but of these also, eighty thousand, or a third, will die, and a hundred and sixty thousand will grow to be planted on the hill, and in thirty years be tall old trees. The hill will be covered then, and I shall be only sixty years old—quite young! The cones fall on the long grass, and we go out with our carts. We shall have outgrown our bibe then. What have we now? We have sixteen million cones. We have one billion two hundred and eighty million seeds. We must buy up all the hills. Let us plant them. Three hundred and eighty millions, or one-fourth will —"

"Go on, Monsieur Roach," whispered Marie; "oh, you are puzzled at last."

He flung her arm, that frail tendril, from about his neck, and leaped to his feet. He rushed to the shelf, tore down a book, poured over it with incoherent murmurs, as if his doom were written in it.

The children, cowering and spell-bound, huddle close together; the beggars crane into the window to see if he be a maniac; they jibe at him in whispers. Monsieur Nichola has come, and Madam Petier stands at the door and cries—

"Monsieur Roach! Monsieur Roach! what has happened?—are you ill?"

And he—his arms are trembling as in palsy; every feature is moved with some wild happiness, as he crushes over leaf after leaf, muttering aloud.

"Monsieur Roach, what is this?—are you sick—are you mad?"

He stepped forward, the glow of great gratitude on his face, great tears of joy streaming down his cheeks, and there, in the unseen presence of his merciful Creator, he cried out—

"GOD HAS GIVEN ME LIGHT IN MY DARKNESS—I THANK HIM!"

There was that strong faith in his look, that force of gratitude in his voice, that no one dare discredit. With the summer radiance—with the far chimes—with the breeze and bird-music it had come—passed silently into his mind—the gift of God so long withheld. His memory was come back!

They gazed at him as men might, did a prophet stand there, but not knowing what God had done for him. It was the scene of an instant. He asked to be left alone, the children stole out one by one, the others whispered together and followed, he closed and locked the door.

## A PSALM OF DEATH.

## I.

What is death? My soul is yearning  
 Tremblingly for some reply.  
 Is it dust to dust returning—  
 Is this all? Then let me die!  
 This strange self, that thinketh, feeleth—  
 When it yieldeth up its breath—  
 This warm blood—when it congealeth—  
 When I die—what followeth?  
     What is death?  
     What followeth'?

## II.

When the hour, so long encroaching,  
 Stealeth surely on at last,  
 Is no future then approaching—  
 Am I numbered with the past?  
 When the quiet corpse is shrouded,  
 I myself—am I no more?  
 All the feverish thoughts that crowded  
 This poor brain—will they be o'er?  
     What is death?  
     What followeth?

## III.

Tell me not of pomp or pleasure—  
 Tell me plainly, What is death?  
 What availeth fame or treasure  
 To the soul that perisheth?  
 Tell me—for this frame is weary,  
 And would fain be now at rest,  
 But that voice in accents dreary  
 Whispers still within my breast—  
     What is death?  
     What followeth?

## IV.

Like some door that resteth never  
 Through the dismal hours of night,  
 Jarring ever,—jarring ever,  
 Till the wakeful long for light;  
 So that haunting question breaketh  
 On the silence of my heart,  
 And the troubled soul awaketh  
 From its slumber with a start—  
     What is death?  
     What followeth?



## V.

Is there sorrow—is there sighing?—  
 Is there aught beyond the grave?  
 Oh! to know that we are dying  
 Hour by hour, yet none to save!  
 Dying! dying!—yet still hoping  
 Madly, vainly, as of old;  
 Still, like sheeted misers, groping  
 In our very tombs for gold!  
 What is death?  
 What followeth?

## VI.

Must I, mysteries revolving,  
 Ever thus in darkness wait  
 Till the spirit is dissolving—  
 May it not be then too late?  
 What is death? Oh! answer, answer;  
 If thou canst, the secret tell;  
 For doubt gnaweth like a cancer,  
 And this very life is hell—  
 What is death?  
 What followeth?

## VII.

What is death? It is the ceasing  
 Of a death-like life within;  
 'Tis the fettered soul's releasing  
 From its sepulchre of sin;  
 'Tis the step from the uncertain  
 To the paths of perfect light;  
 The withdrawal of the curtain  
 That shuts heaven from our sight—  
 This is death—  
 Life followeth.

## VIII.

What is death? The friend that closeth  
 Life's long book of misery.  
 'Tis the cradle where repositeth  
 New-born immortality;  
 'Tis to fall asleep at even,  
 And to wake to instant day,  
 To the heav'n of raptur'd Stephen,  
 Opening ere we pass away—  
 This is death—  
 Life followeth.

## IX.

'Tis at most one moment's slumber—  
 What though ages intervene ;  
 They that dream not cannot number  
 The long years that roll between.  
 Nay, methinks, there is no sleeping,  
 But the ransomed spirit flies,  
 While the mourners yet are weeping,  
 To its home in Paradise—  
 This is death—  
 Life followeth.

## X.

What is death ? A hand replacing  
 Infants in their mother's arms—  
 The glad ecstasy of tracing  
 O'er again a lost-one's charms.  
 'Tis the smile of sisters meeting  
 Brothers once in battle slain ;  
 The proud joy of fathers greeting  
 All their little ones again—  
 This is death—  
 Life followeth.

## XI.

Is this all ? Then why this starting,  
 As we hear the step of Death ?  
 What though time be now departing,  
 'Tis not life that vanisheth.  
 Life, methinks, is but beginning—  
 Life without one pang, one sigh ;  
 Free from doubting, free from sinning,  
 Life beginneth, when we die.  
 This is death—  
 Life followeth.

## XII.

We that live are daily dying,  
 He that dieth lives afresh ;  
 Death is but the kind untying  
 Of the cerements of the flesh.  
 Welcome, Death ! Thou mayest dis sever  
 All these earthly bonds for me ;  
 Thou hast lost thy sting for ever,  
 And thou, Grave, thy victory !  
 Welcome, Death !  
 Life followeth.

U. U. P.

## THE IRISH TRAVELLER.

### PART THE SECOND.—HOW I WENT TO SAINT MICHEL.

To all to whom these presents come, Greeting : I, the Irish Traveller, wish to impress upon the minds of my readers that I am a man abounding in good intentions, but, alas ! I must admit that if the road to a place unmentionable to ears polite is, as some wise man tells us (I wonder how he found it out), macadamized with the fragments of unkept virtuous resolutions, I, in *propria persona*, have contributed my full share of materials. I had fully intended to have concluded the story of the Irish Traveller in the March Number of the MAGAZINE, and, having detailed the circumstances of my journey to St. Malo, to have brought my readers a few stages further, and introduced them to St. Michel. I have no excuse to offer except what I fear will be considered a very lame one. I attribute it all to the peculiarity of my phrenological bumps (for I am a firm believer in phrenology, and prove the truth of the science by the following line of argument). There are many men who, when they have a story to tell, tell it off from beginning to end without omitting a single circumstance (except the point occasionally), and never introduce an irrelevant topic. These are the men who are never late for railway-trains or dinner, and always have their hats and coats well brushed ; who enter every morning, in a nicely-ruled memorandum-book, all their engagements for the day, which they scrupulously perform, and even go so far as to have housewives in which, in case of need, thread, needles, buttons and tape, are always found in serviceable order.

I can do none of these things. I never can tell a story, as my readers probably have discovered, without rambling off into a thousand digressions. My hat and coat are never brushed. I am often late at railway-trains, and so often late at dinner that I begin to think people must consider me a very pleasant fellow, or they would not ask me out so frequently. I have bought dozens of memorandum-books, and for a day or two have sedulously put down all the things I ought to do, which filled a goodly page ; but, alas ! the leaf for resolutions carried out and engagements fulfilled has always been a blank ; moreover in the days when I was young and good-looking, and I assure you, my dear Georgy, whatever you may think, that is not *so very long ago*, I received at least a dozen housewives as presents from most amiable young ladies, cousins and others, fully provided with appliances and remedies for all the ills which male attire is heir to ; but whenever the necessity for making use of those pretty souvenirs arose—when, at the critical moment of commencing to dress for dinner, ten minutes *after* the time at which I ought to have presented myself in Merrion or Mountjoy-square, some shirt or still more indispensable button was absent without leave, if no benevolent specimen of woman-kind was at hand to repair the damage, and in my desperation I turned to the housewife, I found that the buttons had all fallen out of the pockets ; if I attempted to pull out a thread, I invariably put the whole mass into an inextricable

tangle ; and as for the needles, as I never was able to thread one in my life, I laid all the blame upon them, and eased my conscience by *damning their eyes*.

But to return to the line of my argument. It is quite clear that if my friend "Barnes" is always regular, and precise, and methodical, while I am everything that is opposite and contrary—if I am a very pleasant, agreeable fellow (I hope every one thinks so), while he is stupid and tiresome—it follows that each possesses some organ in which the other is deficient, and, therefore, Phrenology is true.

Having thus established, by invincible arguments, the truth of a much-disputed fact, and satisfactorily accounted for my own rambling, unconnected way of telling a story, I shall call to the recollection of my readers, that when I last took leave of them it was at the ancient and most fish-like town of St. Malo, where I had contributed to the internal comfort of a fellow-traveller who had been rashly led on to drink the cider of St. Malo, by a copious exhibition (I do love a scientific word) of brandy. He and I parted on the most amicable terms, and as I bid him good night, and took my candle in order to proceed to my "*chambre à salon*," he shook my hand with a degree of vigour which forcibly recalled to my mind the story of the pretty young widow who, upon being asked if she liked a squeeze, replied with *such an air of innocence*, that "it all depended upon who squeezed."

Having engaged a seat in the diligence for Avranches, I rose early the next morning, and after a hurried and somewhat scanty breakfast—for I do not think our noble Allies understand what a good breakfast means, though I am far from disparaging their gastronomic science in general—proceeded to the office, where I found that my seat had been secured in the hinder part of the vehicle, which, contrary to all rules of social and political economy, had been constructed on the principle of causing the greatest possible inconvenience to the greatest possible number of individuals, and no doubt the artist had succeeded perfectly in carrying out his intention. The part of the vehicle in which I was condemned to pass some five hours was capable of containing four or five persons with tolerable comfort ; but as a most outrageous legal fiction declared that there was accommodation "*pour sept voyageurs*," and one lady passenger had, by the influence of a handsome face and a pair of roguish black eyes, overcome the scruples of the "*conducteur*" and the reluctance of her fellow-passengers, and smuggled into the vehicle two children, who were as restless and ungovernable as children generally are during a journey, I must admit that if we had had more air and more room, and somewhat less dust and sun, the journey would have been more agreeable ; but my rule is always to make the best of everything, and as I was the only English passenger, and not overawed by the presence of any countryman who spoke the language better than myself, I talked away in my bad French, "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*," trusting to the rumbling of the diligence to cover my errors in genders and grammar, and particularly exerted myself to cement the "*entente cordiale*" between England and France by fraternising with a tall French soldier, who put himself into all kinds of uncomfortable attitudes to protect me from being annoyed by his long sword and still longer legs. I really found him, as the

French soldiers generally are, a most agreeable and intelligent person, willing and anxious to give me all the information in his power, and abounding in polite and merciful consideration for my bad French. There is, I believe, a way to every man's heart, and people say to every woman's also; I have forgotten that road many years ago, "*ainsi nous n'en causerons pas*," but I won the heart of "*mon brave soldat*" by producing, when we stopped to change horses at a town with a name unpronounceable by an Irish tongue, a cigar-box filled with the choicest Havannahs, and requesting this acceptance of half-a-dozen, which he took with a low bow, and a "*Millegraces, Monsieur*," and in return produced his snuff-box, from which, though I have rather a contempt for such a small vice as snuff-taking, I took a pinch, thanking him at the same time in a strange, piebald language, for his courtesy, to which he replied with another bow, in the words of the French proverb, "*A celui qui a son paté au four ou peut donner de son gâteau*."

Thus bearing, as well as we could, the inconvenience of an overcrowded vehicle, and concealing from each other, with the politest dissimulation, the intense desire we all felt that at each stage some of our fellow-passengers would leave us to feast on their pleasant memory, and repeat in our inmost and most secret soul, that their room was better than their company, we accomplished the thirty-six miles, or thereabouts, of our journey without any incident worth recording, and found ourselves, at about three in the afternoon, in the good town of Avranches.

Having engaged a porter for the transport of my goods and chattels, I arrived, after a short walk, in the "*Rue Gué de l'Epine*," to the great, and I hope agreeable surprise of my friends, who had put little faith in my promise to pay them a visit, and knowing my vagrant habits, had given me credit for being "upstairs" in the North, among the Fiords of Norway, a locality which I intend at some future period to visit, and describe for the benefit of the readers of THE IRISH METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE.

Many people have, no doubt, found their way to Avranches; but as there must be a vast number of persons who have not done so, I may be allowed to venture on a short description, faithfully promising my readers that I will not weary them with statistics of agriculture, commerce, trade, crime, or population—subjects about which some people write, and therefore I suppose some people read; but as I honestly confess that I am now, and probably shall always be, wholly unlearned on such subjects, I can only recommend such readers as are dissatisfied with the meagre information contained in these pages, to put a wet towel round their heads some fine morning, and read through all the volumes of "*Alison's History of Europe*." For my part, I frankly tell them that I would not accept the fee-simple of Europe to read through its history, or the columns of statistical figures which are to be found scattered through the work, although in other respects it contains much valuable and interesting information; and if any man can insure to himself sufficient length of life to read through the entire, verily he will have his reward, and I shall be prepared to congratulate him on his mental digestion. Well, having spared my readers all dry, statistical details,

I am bound to communicate to them some information which I acquired during my stay at Avranches, connected with natural history, and proving the hereditary descent of instinct in animals. We all know the story of the learned and venerable dignitary of the Established Church who put the following question to his curates :—"What is the vocative case of cat?" And after the reverend young gentlemen in white cravats had puzzled over the question for some minutes, and a few of the boldest had blushed out "Cato," or "O'Cat," the venerable prelate told them, with a look of benign superiority, that "puss" was the vocative of cat; and he was perfectly right as regards England and Ireland, where every cat *answers* to the name of puss, and every kitten, even before his eyes are open, cocks his ears and endeavours to purr upon hearing the well-known monosyllable. And as I never heard (did you?) any old cat say puss to her progeny, I leave it to Professor Owen, who so obstinately denies the existence of the sea serpent, in which I firmly believe, to explain the phenomenon; but the moment you cross the channel, you discover that the instinct is merely geographical. I have a great talent for winning the affection of cats, dogs, horses, and young children, for which reason (for I have no other merits) all mammas with young families appreciate me highly; and some twenty years ago I had a little skill in attracting "those things which wear caps and bonnets," by which circumlocutory expression a Cornish miner, who accompanied Sir Francis Head on his journey across the Pampas, described the pretty girls of his native village. Therefore during my stay at Avranches I had no difficulty in winning the hearts of several cats, chiefly through the medium of their stomachs, but found them one and all deaf and insensible to the word "puss."

I have just rambled off into this episode about the cats to convince my readers that I am a man of an observing turn of mind, and therefore when I do tell them (as I intend to do by-and-bye) "How I went to St. Michel," they may rely on it that I am giving the most accurate and faithworthy information. So now, before we go to St. Michel, let us go back to Avranches, which is a very pretty town in Normandy, standing on an eminence, and commanding a fine view of the sea and the Rock of St. Michel. It is much frequented by the English for many reasons, among which may be reckoned the salubrity of the climate, and the facilities for the education of children. It is said that children are never ill at Avranches; there are very few resident doctors, and to this day it is a moot-question whether the children are never ill, because there are no doctors, or whether there are no doctors, because there is no sickness among the children—the robust country gentlemen, maintaining that there is nothing remarkable in the climate, and that the children enjoy uninterrupted health because there are no doctors to dose them with nauseous drugs; while on the other hand the "mammas," who in their secret souls are disappointed because they have no legitimate excuse for weighing out medicines in brass scales, and putting into practice their theories about globules, grey powder, hippo, and columbo, attribute it entirely to the climate, and, although they rejoice in the vigorous health of their offspring, lament that there is no necessity for consulting that "clever Mr. Smith," or that "dear Dr. Jones."

The English residents form a strong party, supporting a clergyman

of the Church of England, who officiates in one room of a building which was formerly a nunnery, but is now used for purposes certainly never contemplated by the original founders, inasmuch as while the upper story is converted into a place of Protestant worship, the lower has been metamorphosed into a theatre; and as Sunday is in France a favourite day for dramatic performances, I observed on each Sabbath, as I proceeded up stairs to the room appointed for Divine service, the employés of the theatre busily engaged in posting up the bills of the evening performance. I could not help thinking that if ever the spirits of the ejected nuns are allowed to visit the earth, they must be astonished and horrified to find their temporal residence, while "in the flesh," converted into a place for theatrical representations, and a chapel for what they consider heretical worship.

The scenery in the vicinity is rich and picturesque, and a stranger will find much amusement and interest in visiting the quaint Norman villages and farm-houses which are within an easy walk of the town; but the great "lion" of the place is the Rock of St. Michel, which stands in solitary grandeur in the ocean, about two miles from the shore. I call it purposely the Rock of St. Michel, for such it appears to the eye from the high grounds about Avranches, and it is not until you approach within a short distance that you become aware that it is the site of a gorgeous cathedral, and that it is inhabited by a numerous colony of fishermen, and garrisoned by about a hundred and fifty soldiers. From the Rue Gué de l'Epine you command a better view of the Rock than from any other part of the town; and many a time and oft I have looked from my window across a richly-wooded country, through which a fine river winds down to the ocean, in which stands St. Michel, like a lonely sentinel, keeping watch and ward over the French coast.

I have heard some persons remark that the picture wanted a background, but I do not agree in the criticism. In the evening, at least, it seemed to me that the banks of clouds, dyed by the glories of the setting sun, formed the most appropriate background to the old weather-beaten Rock.

In all the libraries and print-shops at Avranches are to be purchased drawings of St. Michel, taken from different points of view, as well as pictures of the interior of the Cathedral. Every one considers it a point of duty to purchase some of these sketches, and also one of the small books which profess to give you a history of the Rock from the earliest times. In the book which I procured, I found that the story commenced with the account of the Archangel Michael's combat with Satan; but as I did not quite believe that the authentic State Papers of that remote period had come down to the writer, I took the liberty of skipping over a few thousand years, and coming down to a period comparatively modern—viz., the early part of the twelfth century, at which period it seems the cathedral was built. It is still in excellent preservation, but has been in some degree diverted from its original purpose, a great part of it being made use of as a stronghold for the safe keeping of French convicts. As you look at the barren rock, you wonder at the perseverance and piety of the men who, with such vast labour, erected a temple for worship thereon, as all the materials must of necessity have

been brought from the mainland, the Rock not affording timber or stone fit for building, or even the means of sustenance for the people employed in its construction—all supplies being conveyed to the island either by boats or in waggons, which at particular times of the tide are driven across the strand.

This latter mode of transit can only be accomplished at rare intervals, and ought not to be attempted, except under the guidance of some person thoroughly acquainted with the tides, and the position of the quicksands which lie between the mainland and the rock. I believe it is *possible* to be swallowed up in these sands, but rather fancy that the danger is somewhat exaggerated and made the most of, as its existence, real or supposed, enables the fishermen of St. Michel to earn a comfortable livelihood by acting as guides. The real danger lies in the rapidity with which the tides rise and fall, as you may walk almost dry-foot to-day to St. Michel, while to-morrow or next day you will find thirty feet in depth of tempestuous sea rolling between it and the mainland, and many a good ship and many a gallant crew have perished in those treacherous waters.

After I had been a few days at Avranches, and had seen as much of the immediate neighbourhood as was possible in such very hot weather, we determined upon making a pilgrimage to the Rock ; and as we knew that there was “a tide in the affairs” of St. Michel, having consulted the people learned in such subjects, and ascertained the temper of the moon, we fixed upon a day for the trip ; but as I have mentioned the moon, I may as well put on record *my* opinion that the moon has nothing to do with the tide ; and I think there was much sound sense in the observation of our old gardener, Larry Quilligan, when the village schoolmaster was trying to explain to him the influence of the moon over the tide—“Why, thin, sir, what’s the use of giving all that trouble to the moon ? Don’t we all know that the earth turns round on her *axe* (for so Larry expressed himself) every day, and isn’t it quite natural the water should fall down the hill, and come back again when the right side comes uppermost ?” It was a strange thing that Larry could never go a step further in his astronomy. He admitted freely enough that the earth turned on its axis every day, in order, as he somewhat originally expressed himself, to give the sun time to rest himself, and see his family ; but when I, at that time fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, and proud of the honours I had taken for proficiency in Brinkley’s Astronomy, endeavoured to persuade him that the earth performed an annual journey round the sun, and was at that moment going at an inconceivable rate of velocity, he laughed at me outright.

“Well, well,” said he, “I wonder a sensible gentleman like your honour would talk so like a fool, to tell me the earth went round the sun. Will any man tell me that the cabbages I planted there last night are not in the same spot still ?” And when I attempted to explain to him that *he* had been moving along with the cabbages, and, was therefore, unconscious of their progress, his answer was, “Your honour is making game of me now, at all events. I can bring twenty men to prove that all day yesterday I was playing ball at the cross-roads, and was drinking all night at Micky Brian’s public-house—how, then, could I be moving along with the cabbages ?” In spite of my *“Insignes in artibus pro-*



*gressus*," I was, as Addison happily expresses himself, utterly flabbergasted by this argument, and retired discomfited from the presence of Larry and his two apprentices, who put more faith in the man who could graft an apple-tree or rear a crop of asparagus, than in the Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin.

Well, as the French say, "*Revenons*"—I will not finish the quotation, because it is too old and hacknied. I made my way into the town, and engaged a carriage for our trip. Falstaff refused to march through Coventry with his regiment, and I should be very sorry to drive through Regent-street, or round Merriion-square, in an Avranches carriage. The builder, in his endeavours to arrive at perfection, had apparently changed his mind some twenty times in the course of its construction, and he eventually produced something which was at once a diligence, a chariot, a phaeton, and an Irish jaunting-car. It however appeared in good serviceable condition, and capable of containing a large party. We therefore struck a bargain, and, along with the *voiture*, engaged the services of a Norman "*cocher*," who was somewhat of a character in his way. He rejoiced in the name of Pierre, and appeared at first sight a heavy, dull, clumsy-looking man, with a very red face; but on looking at him closely, you would divine, from the expression of his eyes, and the play of his enormously large mouth, which, with a little stretching, would have tied behind, that he possessed an inexhaustible fund of wit and humour. At the appointed hour our friend Pierre and his miscellaneous vehicle drove up to the door, and we started on our pilgrimage to St. Michel. We were a party of eight, six ladies and two gentlemen, of whom I, the Irish Traveller, was one. The other, who was also from the Emerald Isle, requires some slight description. He was rather advanced in life, was very grey, and not a little bald, and wore a hat with a wide leaf, which imparted an artificial gravity and decorum to his appearance, those attributes by no means forming in reality a part of his character. He laboured under a hallucination that his talent had been thrown away, and his energies misapplied, in consequence of his parents not having brought him up as an opera-singer, instead of a grave and learned pillar of the law. Most men have hallucinations of this kind. Old Horace, who knew mankind well, has alluded to this circumstance in his "*Qui fit Macænas*," and his "*Optat Epilibia Bos Piger*." It is recorded of Liston, that he went to his grave under the impression that in him a great tragedian had been lost to the world, and that instead of making the public laugh as an inimitable comedian, he ought to have walked the stage as "*Hamlet*" or "*Romeo*;" and I myself know an eminent judge who to this day declares that his parents and guardians spoiled a good cook in order to make him a bad lawyer. Our fellow-traveller was fully persuaded that he could sing, and so he certainly could, so far as singing consists in knowing the words of every song in the world; but his economy as to tune was marvellous. He knew but one air (and even that one very imperfectly), and to it all his songs, humorous or pathetic, amatory or heroic, were obliged to submit.

Our musical friend, at starting, stationed himself on the driving-seat next to Pierre, who looked hard at him, trying to divine the real character of the grave, decorous-looking old gentleman who shared his seat, and who was no other than old G——, who has before now figured in

the pages of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE. So long as we were driving through the street, the old fellow was quiet and demure; but when we had left the town behind us, his lunacy came strongly upon him, and he sung song after song without the slightest intermission. As they were all English songs, and Pierre knew nothing of that language, he was altogether thrown out, and by the time our friend had arrived at the "Groves of Blarney," was as completely lost as ever were the Babes in the Wood; Old G—— being a great rogue, as I dare say you have ere now discovered, purposely kept back his knowledge of French, in order to mystify Pierre. I knew he could speak it very well, for he had assisted me in making the bargain for the voiture, and had cleverly contrived to send me into the yard to examine into the state of the wheels and springs, while he managed the money part of the transaction with "Madame." I cannot say what had taken place during my absence, but when I returned I found the old sinner, not singing, for a wonder, but paying a profusion of compliments in excellent French to a very pretty young woman, whose cap, for some reason which I could not guess, was pushed very much on one side, and who, with smiles and blushes, repeated several times, "Bien obligée, Monsieur."

"There is a way of managing women if you only know how to set about it," said old G—— quietly to me, as we walked away together; "and while you were in the yard I induced Madame to take ten francs off the price of the voiture."

Pierre, however, knew nothing of all this, and had not mustered up courage enough to address his eccentric companion in French, but contented himself with turning round and saying to some of the pretty girls who accompanied us (for I always take care that pretty girls shall form a large portion of every party to which I attach myself), that the old gentleman was a very pleasant fellow, and that he, Pierre, would like to travel round the world with him.

Thus singing and laughing, we traversed the seven or eight miles of road between Avranches and the sea, and found ourselves at the edge of the strand. Having ascertained that the "beach was practicable," and that the tide had gone on a visit to the other side of the world, we proceeded in a somewhat circuitous line towards the Rock, following closely in the track of a carriage which had preceded us. As we approached the island it presented a most singular appearance: a thick sea-fog had settled on all the lower parts, rendering them completely invisible, while the summit of the Rock, and the spire of the Cathedral, which, by this time, could be distinctly made out, appeared as if standing in the air without any support. Between us and the Rock we could see a number of men and women, magnified to an enormous height, walking through the shallow water, with nets and other fishing-implements on their shoulders; seen through the fog, they appeared at least ten or twelve feet high, and reminded us of the artificial giants which appear in pantomimes. Three men detached themselves from the rest and advanced towards our carriage, which had by this time come to a stand-still, the depth of the water not permitting a nearer approach. As they drew near, we perceived that their gigantic appearance was not entirely owing to the fog, two of them being of immense stature. The leader of the party was at least six feet six inches in height, and of a most power-

ful frame. The second man was some two inches shorter than his companion, while the third, who was the son of the taller man, was a well-grown youth of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Their dress, as far as their lower limbs were concerned, was an exaggeration, or rather a diminution, of the Highland costume, and consisted of a pair of the shortest possible blue drawers, leaving the thighs, legs, and feet perfectly naked. Their upper garments were a shirt and a very loose blouse of a bright blue colour, with a cap of the same colour and material. From constant exposure to the sun on the unsheltered sands, their skin was stained of the deepest orange colour, which, contrasted with the bright blue of their scanty clothing, and their black, unshaven beards, gave them a wild, Arab-like appearance. Accordingly we at once christened the giant Abdallah; the second in size we called Sidi Ben Hamet; while to the younger, from his peculiarly dark colour, we gave the name of Gamboge. These wild-looking men took the ladies one by one in their arms, and carried them through the water to a boat which was in readiness to convey us to the island; and even old G——, who loved his ease, was borne on the shoulders of Sidi Ben Hamet; but when the gigantic Abdallah volunteered his services on my behalf, I recollected that, the year before, the proprietor of a merry-go-round in Paris wanted to charge me double for a ride on one of the hobby-horses, on the plea that "*Je pesais comme quatre enfants*;" I therefore pulled off my shoes and stockings and waded to the boat, which speedily conveyed us to the land, Abdallah, Ben Hamet, and Gamboge, who disdained the luxury of a boat, splashing through the water by our side, while our friend Pierre waited for about an hour until the tide had completely ebbd, and then followed us with the carriage and horses.

We entered the town, or rather collection of fishermen's huts, through an old dismantled gate, outside of which were two large cannons said to have belonged, at some remote period, to the English; but whether they were taken in battle or rescued from some wrecked vessel, was not made clear to my understanding. We then made our way to the hotel, and after engaging rooms, and ordering some slight refreshment, we proceeded to the Cathedral and the Prison, to which strangers are not admitted, unless provided, as we were, with an order from the Governor.

In the lonely sea-girt fortress were confined from sixty to eighty convicts, some of them guilty of the most atrocious crimes. At every flight of stairs sentries were posted, and here and there the soldiers not actually on duty were whiling away the monotony of their lives by playing *ecarté* with cards, which, from their appearance, must have passed through the hands of many generations of warders. Printed notices were here and there posted on the walls, requesting visitors not to speak to the convicts, or pain them by appearing to notice their unfortunate and degraded position. Having inspected the Prison, we were next shown through the Cathedral, said to have been built some eight hundred years ago, and still in a wonderful state of preservation; the cloisters, particularly, appeared as fresh as if only finished the day before, and it was easy for the imagination to people them with the "monks of old," pacing up and down in pious meditation, in which way we are bound to believe those holy men employed their time. The *Salle des Chevaliers* has been divided into two rooms, one being used

as a kind of workshop for the convicts, whom we were permitted to see through a glass door, busily employed in weaving a sort of coarse cloth which is subsequently manufactured into prison-dresses. Having inspected the Cathedral, our guide brought us out on a flat terrace, and opening a door in a tower, desired us to ascend. Up and up we went on our dark and winding way, until we emerged into daylight upon a gallery two feet wide, round the top of the tower, and so high up in the clouds that it made one quite dizzy to look down. On two sides of the gallery there was a low iron railing not much higher than a man's knee; but on the other two sides this slight protection had long since disappeared, and there was nothing whatever to prevent any one, mad enough to walk on the narrow ledge, from falling down on the rocks some thousand feet below. Not for a "wilderness of monkeys" would I have walked round that narrow gallery. Imagine, then, my horror at seeing two young ladies of our party passing round the unfenced sides with as much unconcern as if they were on the sands below. In the very act of turning round the corner, the wind caught the broad-leafed straw hat which one of them wore, and carried it over all the buildings below us far out on the strand! Fortunately the fair owner made no attempt to save it; had she done so, she must have lost her balance and gone sheer down on the rocks, and who would dare to tell that tale in her distant English home?

Old G——, who always knew what to do where pretty girls were concerned, drew a bright-coloured silk handkerchief from his pocket, and tied up her lovely locks in such a becoming fashion, that when we descended to where looking-glasses were to be found (and as women live on the Rock of St. Michel, there was no danger of not finding a mirror), she appeared quite reconciled to the loss of her mushroom hat. Having reached the regions below, and laid out, as in duty bound, a certain number of francs in the purchase of several articles of carved wood, said to be manufactured by the prisoners, we discussed a light dinner, and drank two or three bottles of a wine which old G—— seemed highly to appreciate, and which I can safely recommend to future visitors to St. Michel. While Pierre was preparing the carriage for our return, I wandered out to the strand, and entered into conversation with Abdallah, who gave me a slight sketch of his history. He was a native of Cologne, and for some mysterious reason, into which I did not try to penetrate, had made his way to St. Michel, where he followed the business of guide and fisherman, occasionally earning large sums by affording assistance to the crews of vessels in distress. His son, Gamboge, was by his side, which led me to inquire if he had other children. "Ah, Monsieur," said he, "J'ai eu cinq enfants, et maintenant voila le seul qui me reste, les autres et leur mère sont là!" Here he raised his gigantic figure to its full height, and pointed with his brawny arm to the bright heaven above our heads—"Mais un jour je les reverrai." As he spoke, the large teardrops welled into his eyes, and I hastened to change the conversation and make inquiries as to the state of the tides and the danger to ships. He informed me that where we now stood on the dry sand, there would be, on that day week, when the spring-tides set in, thirty feet of water; that the navigation was most difficult and dangerous, and that he and his companions had re-

ceived several medals from Government for their daring and often successful efforts to save the lives of the shipwrecked mariners.

By this time our carriage appeared, with the ladies all comfortably stowed in the inside, and Pierre and old G—— on the driving-seat. As they approached I looked hard at Pierre, and came to the conclusion that he and his horses had been drinking *negus*; but, as the division of labour is the very soul of political economy, Pierre had drank all the wine, leaving the pure element to the horses. He was by no means intoxicated, but the good wine had done its good office: there was a still deeper tinge of red in his face—his eye twinkled with accumulated fun and drollery—and the large loose mouth seemed larger and looser than ever, displaying occasionally a most formidable set of grinders. Old G—— also seemed somewhat under the influence of the jolly god; he had cocked his hat rakishly on one side, and there was a glance in his eye which warned me that he would soon throw off the gravity and decorum which he had assumed in the presence of Abdallah and Gamboge.

Having taken my seat in the carriage, we drove merrily across the sands, our guides preceding us at a rapid pace through the shallow water until we were long past all danger of quicksands, when, taking off their caps and wishing us "*bon voyage*," they returned to their island home.

As long as we could command a good view of St. Michel, we all, except Pierre, remained silent, watching the effects of the evening shadows, as they gradually stole across the sand to the foot of the old Primeval Rock. Pierre, however, having no one else to talk to, commenced speaking to his horses in a language which *they* seemed to understand, but which would not be intelligible to any London cab-horse, or to the nag who drew Larry Doolin's "Irish jaunting-car." I remember a huntsman in my youth, who was celebrated for possessing "the genteelst of dog language;" and probably, among the *cochers* of Avranches, Pierre has a similar celebrity as to his colloquial power with horses; his favourite sentence of encouragement or reproach consisted of two words, which I despair of pronouncing with the pen, but they sounded something like "*Hey, doo!*" He always commenced with this phrase; then came a few guttural sounds from the chest, and then a crack from his formidable whip, and then "*Hey, doo!*"

As soon as we fairly left the strand, and in consequence of a turn in the road had lost sight of St. Michel, we in the carriage sat down, and were fast subsiding into that half-sleepy, dreamy state so common after a day of pleasure and excitement, when suddenly we were aroused by hearing old G—— singing at the top of his voice, but outrageously out of tune, "*Mourir pour la Patrie.*" Instantly Pierre, whose father had been a soldier, and had fought under Napoleon at Austerlitz and Marengo, took fire, and, turning round, clasped old G—— by the hand, and took up the song in a rich, powerful, and well-cultivated voice, occasionally interrupting himself to address a word or two to his horses (which he left very much to their own discretion), and sometimes to indulge in some observation which had been long repressed, in consequence of his being under the impression that his companion did

not understand French. It soon appeared that old G——'s repertory of French songs was fully as inexhaustible as his English collection, and he and Pierre continued to sing song after song, at the top of their voices, to the bewilderment of the few Norman peasants whom we met on the road; Pierre, who did not quite approve of old G——'s music, occasionally interrupting him in this manner, "*Ecoutez, Monsieur, Mourir pour la Patrie*"—"Hey, doo!"—"C'est le sort le plus beau—le plus digne d'envie—"Hey, doo!"—and old G——, breaking off suddenly from Beranger's song of the "Cossack and his Horse," or "François gardez mon souvenir," to the "Boys of Kilkenny," or "Believe me if all those endearing young charms," which he sang looking with a most tender expression at Pierre's fiery red face, who, on such occasions, would look round at the travellers in the carriage, as if to appeal to them for an opinion as to his comrade's sanity; and certainly any one who saw the old gentleman on that day would be slow to credit what he tells you, and expects you to believe, that when at home he is a staid, sober, judicial personage, whose thoughts are concentrated wisdom, and whose word is law. Between him and Pierre the fun grew fast and furious; they continued to sing French and English songs, clasping each other by the hand, and swearing eternal friendship in both languages, old G—— occasionally throwing in an asseveration of fidelity in German or Spanish, of which tongues he had picked up a few sentences. At last, as we approached Avranches, we were obliged, for the sake of our characters, to implore a suspension of their boisterous harmony. Pierre, however, insisted on finishing "François gardez mon souvenir," and then drove us with great sedateness to the "Rue Guè de l'Epine," where some refreshment awaited us. Old G——, who declared that singing had made his throat sore, swallowed at one draught a bottle of light claret; and then, saying it was too cold for his stomach, drank a huge goblet of brandy and water; after which he insisted on walking home with our pretty companions, to whom, I am sure, he said "Farewell!" in the affectionate manner usual to him whenever pretty girls are concerned.

And now, having brought the party safely back from St. Michel, it is time to finish my story. If these lines ever meet the eyes of my companions on that day, of those charming girls with the long unpronounceable and unwriteable French names, or of that fair young maiden whose broad hat was blown from the highest peak of St. Michel, it may perhaps recall to their memories a day, dull perhaps, and stupid in description, but which will ever be marked with white in the note-book of "THE IRISH TRAVELLER."

## THE ROMANCE OF ART.

TORRIGIANO AND ALONSO CANO.

**GREAT** genius in the arts of design has been often associated with fiery passions and a love of change and adventure. Where this combination occurs, we often find it leading to the commission of follies, or the perpetration of crimes, and frequently also impelling to a wandering and unsettled life, ever restless and dissatisfied, roving from city to city, and scattering with equal prodigality proofs of genius and examples of eccentricity. Sometimes, indeed, we may observe such a career calming down with advancing years, and the steadier flow of the bounding blood, into a respectable and exemplary old age, but oftener terminating in a violent death, or ending in poverty, disease, and disgrace. The lives of Torrigiano, the roving soldier-sculptor of Florence, and that of the gifted Andalusian, Alonso Cano, afford prominent examples of this interesting phase of artist-life.

Pietro Torrigiano was born at Florence about the year 1470, and was educated in the Garden-Academy of Lorenzo de Medici, under the care of the sculptor Bertoldo, along with Michel Angelo, Francisco Rustici, Lorenzo da Credi, and several other young Italians, who afterwards became excellent artists. In person he was extremely handsome and powerful, but his passions were fierce and impetuous, and often led him into quarrels with his fellow-students, when he did not scruple to have recourse even to personal violence. On one of these occasions, being provoked by some taunting remarks, he struck Michel Angelo so terrible a blow with his fist, that he broke his nose, and thus disfigured him for life. This outrage compelled him to fly from Florence to escape the vengeance of Lorenzo, who was justly indignant at hearing what had taken place, and he repaired to Rome, where he was employed by Alexander VI. in the decoration of the Vatican. He soon, however, grew weary of this, and joined the army of the infamous Cæsar Borgia, who was then making war in Romagna, in which he highly distinguished himself by his valor and resolution. He also served during the Pisan war under Paolo Vitelli, and, at the action on the Garigliano, gained a pair of colours and a great reputation for courage. But as he failed in obtaining a captaincy, which was the great object of his ambition, he became disgusted with the career of arms, and throwing aside the sword, resumed the chisel of the sculptor. He made several small figures in bronze and marble, and also a number of clever drawings, which evinced great breadth and boldness of style. About this time his patron, Pope Alexander VI., sent him to Spain, and he arrived at Grenada, in the hope of being chosen to execute the tomb of the most Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. In this expectation, however, he was destined to be disappointed, for although incomparably the most accomplished among the competitors, he was rejected on the paltry ground of his being a foreigner. While awaiting the decision of the judges, he produced, as

a token of his ability, a beautiful figure of Charity, now placed over the door of the "Sala Capitular" of the cathedral at Grenada. It is characterised by Mr. Ford as a "Michangelesque figure in marble."

Disheartened by his rejection, Torrigiano left Spain, and paid a visit to England, where his superiority over the native artists was so apparent, that he speedily succeeded in obtaining employment, and executed many works in wood, marble, and bronze, for Henry VIII., by whom he was munificently remunerated. His principal work in England is the magnificent bronze monument to King Henry VII., and his queen, Elizabeth, in Westminster Abbey, which Fuller calls "a pattern of despair for all posterity to imitate." This he completed in 1519, and received £1000 for his work. His labours were considered so successful, that a second contract was entered into with him, by which he was bound to erect a monument for Henry VIII., a fourth part larger than that of Henry VII. He was to construct a model of the intended tomb, and to complete the whole in four years. This design, however, was never carried into execution. Torrigiano might have spent the rest of his life in ease and affluence, respected and admired, had he been content to remain among "the English beasts," as he somewhat ungratefully termed the best patrons he ever met with; but his roving propensities seem to have been incurable, and sent him forth on a second visit to Spain, where he executed a variety of noble works in various materials, which still remain to bear witness to his admirable genius as a sculptor. One of the finest of these is a statue, in terra cotta, of St. Jerome, formerly in the convent of Buena Vista, but now in the museum of Seville. It is of the size of life, and was modelled after the steward of the convent, who was remarkable for his handsome person. It is told of the painter Goya, that after standing for an hour in silent admiration before this noble statue, he pronounced it to be the finest piece of modern sculpture in Spain, if not in the world.

In the Academy of Seville they still use as models for the students certain plaster casts of an exquisitely beautiful female hand, known in Spain as "*la mano de la teta*," to which a strange and tragical story is attached. The hand is said to have originally belonged to a figure of the Virgin with the infant Saviour, which was executed by Torrigiano for the Duke of Arcos, after one which he had modelled in terra cotta for the Jeronimite convent of Buena Vista. The Duke, when the statue was finished, is said to have sent the sculptor in payment as much money as loaded two lacqueys; on first sight of which Torrigiano thought himself enriched for ever, but upon examination, the contents of the sacks turned out to be nothing better than maravedis, or the smallest copper coin in use, amounting in all to only thirty ducats. Upon discovering this paltry trick, the irascible and indignant Florentine gave way to a transport of rage, and, rushing to the spot where stood the Virgin, which he had just completed for his ducal patron, he broke it to pieces rather than suffer it to decorate the palace of one so incapable of appreciating the claims and the works of genius. In Spain this was a serious crime; the Church claimed a right of property in Virgins and saints, as well as in heretics of every description; and though an artist might paint, or carve, or model as many Virgins as he chose, subject to certain orthodox regulations, he was not permitted to break or destroy



the creations of his pencil or chisel. The Duke of Arcos accordingly, on being informed of the destruction of his statue, lost no time in complaining to the Inquisition, and accusing Torrignano of heresy. Upon this charge the unfortunate sculptor was arrested, imprisoned, put to the question, and capitally condemned, but escaped his sentence by starving himself to death. "He died," says Mr. Ford, "oh! blot to Seville, tortured in the vaults of the Inquisition, nominally because of suspected faith, but really a victim of artistical jealousy and *Espannismo*." His death took place in 1522. It is but fair to mention that, although this story is supported by the authority of Vasari, Cumberland, and several other writers, Cean Bermudez, one of the most accurate historians of the fine arts in Spain, denies it as alike improbable in itself, and discreditable to his country; and Mr. Stirling, in his admirable "Annals of the Artists of Spain," seems to lean to this view of the question. It has, however, always been the popular and generally received account of the death of the great Florentine sculptor; and, as we shall presently see, there is no great improbability in the occurrence itself, for Alonso Cano (the Michel Angelo of Spain), against whom no national prejudice could possibly operate, was suspended from his functions as a canon of Grenada, and narrowly escaped the deadly grasp of the Inquisition, for an offence almost identical with that committed by the ill-starred Torrignano.

Alonso Cano, sculptor, painter, and architect, whose chequered career might furnish materials for a drama of the cloak and sword, first saw the light in the beautiful city of Grenada, on the 19th of March, 1601. His parents were of gentle blood, and his father, Miguel Cano, who was a carver of retablos, educated his son for his own calling; but the painter Juan de Castillo, observing the promising talents of the lad, induced his father to remove to Seville, where the dawning genius of Alonso would have every advantage which the best instructors and finest models could afford. This advice was followed, and, in that city, the young Cano studied painting under Pacheco, Castillo, and the elder Herrera, and sculpture under Montannes. In 1628 his father, Miguel Cano, was commissioned to erect a high altar for the parish church of Lebrija, but dying soon after, the execution of his design was entrusted to the son, who completed it so much to the satisfaction of his employers, that they paid 250 ducats more than the stipulated price. This altar-piece still exists, and the genius of Cano is displayed by a Crucifixion, two colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, and an exquisite carving of the Virgin. Even at this early period of life, the popular voice had placed Cano in the first rank of artists; he stood at the head of the school of Seville, but he was obliged to fly from that delightful residence in consequence of a duel with the painter Sebastian di Llanos y Valdes, in which his dexterous swordsmanship enabled him to overcome and severely wound his antagonist. He fled to Madrid, and there meeting with his former fellow-student Velasquez, was by him introduced to the Count Duke Olivarez, who employed him in some of the works in the King's palaces. Philip IV., the best royal judge of art that ever lived, on seeing Cano's picture of St. Isidro, appointed him painter to the King, and drawing-master to the Infant Don Balthasar Carlos, and he seemed on the high road to fame and fortune, when a tragical incident occurred which at

once precipitated him from his pride of place, and threatened to destroy both his reputation and his life.

On returning home one evening, he found his wife assassinated and his house robbed. An Italian servant, on whom suspicion naturally fell, could not be found. An inquest took place, and, as the result of the investigation, Cano was proved to have been jealous of his wife, and to have had an intrigue with another woman. Thus suspected and endangered, he fled from Madrid, and took refuge in the Chartreuse of Portaceli, a convent about three leagues from Valencia, for which he painted several pictures; and, when he thought the accusation against him forgotten, he returned back to the capital. But his return was premature; he was arrested and put to the torture, obtaining, as a concession to his excellence as an artist, that his right arm should be spared by the executioner. His iron nerves, or his consciousness of innocence, enabled him to endure the torments of the rack without uttering a syllable that could criminate himself, and he was therefore pronounced guiltless of the crime imputed to him, and set at liberty. The evidence against him must, indeed, have been very imperfect, for we find him after this still retaining the favour of Philip, and the post of drawing-master to the Infant. Mr. Ford treats the story of his criminality as "an idle calumny of the gossiping Palomino, unsupported by any evidence." Some time after this melancholy episode in his life, Cano left Madrid and took up his residence in his native city of Grenada, where he was soon appointed by the King to the office of a minor canon of the cathedral of Grenada. Part of the chapter murmured against this appointment, but Philip only replied—"Had Cano been a learned man, I would not have been content with making him a canon, but would have placed him at your head as bishop of Grenada;" or, according to another account, "I can make canons like you at my pleasure, but God alone can make an Alonso Cano."

The chapter of Grenada soon benefitted by the genius and assiduity of their artist-canon. He adorned the cathedral with eleven pictures, and, for the high altar, carved an image of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, for which an Italian is said to have offered 4000 doubloons. He also furnished designs for the improvement of the cathedral of Malaga, and, during his stay in that city, a circumstance took place which furnished him with an opportunity of displaying his ready wit in a somewhat trying position. The story is thus related by Mr. Stirling:—"During his stay at Malaga, the city was visited by a dreadful inundation of the sea, of which Palomino tells a ridiculous story at the expense of the bishop. The waters rising rapidly, whilst the clergy were assembled in the cathedral praying for their decrease, the terrified prelate left his throne and took refuge in the organ, telling Cano, who ventured to ask why, that it was better to be crushed to death in the mighty instrument than to undergo the slower process of drowning. 'My Lord,' replied the canon, 'if we are to perish like eggs, it matters little whether we be poached or boiled,' a pleasant conceit, which, uttered in such a conjuncture, says the historian, displayed great magnanimity. The flood happily subsided, leaving the organ unshaken, and the bishop in the enjoyment of his mitre, and the canon of his jest."

During his residence in Grenada, Cano was betrayed by his passions

into the commission of an imprudence similar to that which, a century and a half before, had proved fatal to Torrigiano. An auditor of the Royal Chancery had commissioned from him a statue of St. Anthony of Padua, for which the sculptor demanded 100 pistoles. "What!" exclaimed the auditor, one of those matter-of-fact imbeciles who can comprehend nothing beyond the narrow orbit of their own revolution, "you have been only twenty-five days in carving this statue, for which you charge at the exorbitant rate of four pistoles a day; whereas I, an auditor of Grenada, and your superior, can only earn half the sum by the utmost exertion of my abilities." "Fool!" replied the indignant artist, "know, that in order to make that statue in twenty-five days, I have laboured for forty years;" and seizing the sculptured saint, he dashed him to pieces against the pavement, upon which the astonished auditor beat a speedy retreat, fearing lest one who had shown so little respect for a departed saint, might show still less for a living lawyer. More fortunate than Torrigiano, Cano escaped with suspension by the chapter from his office of canon, to the functions of which he was afterwards restored by the King, on condition that he should execute for Queen Mariana a crucifix, of life size, which he had long neglected. Cano accordingly completed the work to her Majesty's satisfaction, and was replaced in his benefice in 1659.

Like his Calabrian contemporary, the painter Matia Preti, Cano spent the last years of his life in pious exercises and in acts of charity. When he had no money to bestow upon the petitioners for his bounty, he would sketch a design on paper and hand it to the beggar, showing him, at the same time, where to dispose of it. Cano, however, was an orthodox Spaniard of the purest breed; his benevolence extended only to Christians, and he hated Jews with a most pious fervour, deeming the slightest contact with them contamination. If he happened to brush against an Israelite in the street, the garment which had been polluted by the touch of the unbeliever was for ever discarded. On one occasion, he found his housekeeper haggling within his house with a peddling Jew; he drove both of them from his dwelling, and repaved the spot which the Israelite had polluted with his feet. He was attacked by a fatal illness in the autumn of 1667; but, almost in his last moments, retained his hatred for Jews and his love of art. The curate of the parish in which he lived came to see him, in order to know whether he wished to confess and receive the sacrament at his hands, when the dying canon inquired whether he ever administered the sacrament to Jews condemned by the Inquisition, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, instantly and sternly rejected his proffered services. During his last moments, a rudely-carved crucifix was placed in his hands by the officiating priest, and feebly repelled by the dying sculptor, whose sense of the beautiful, strong even in death, was offended by the vileness of the workmanship. "Give me a simple cross," he exclaimed; "I can adore that and the Divine image in my own mind." His request was complied with, and he died in a most edifying and exemplary manner. His death took place in 1667, in the 66th year of his age. He rests in the burial-vault of the canons, under the choir of the Cathedral of Grenada. Cano's portraits represent him as a Dantesque-looking man, with stern prominent features. In the Royal Gallery at Madrid, there

Our route to Letterkenny was through Dublin, Dundalk, Ballybay, Omagh, and Strabane, by rail, coach, and car. Having travelled all night, and refreshed our inner and outer man by a toilet and breakfast, we started at once on a jaunting-car and native pony gaily to our destination—that is to say, to the avenue-gate of Glenveagh. And here I may casually remark, that when one pulls up at the avenue-gate of a friendly demesne, it is reasonable and usual to consider oneself nearly at home, within a few minutes of reaching the hospitable hearth—*“Mais ici nous avons changez tout cela.”* We found we still were five long Irish miles from my host's romantic cottage at the upper end of the Glen.

Dick Martin was reputed to have been the owner of an approach thirty miles long to Ballynahinch Castle. His, however, was the high-road from Oughterard to Clifden, open to everyone, and on which coaches and mail-cars ran; but I know of no other proprietor, noble or gentle, in Ireland, than the Laird of Glenveagh, whose actual private avenue extends to the extraordinary length of five Irish miles, on which no other foot but his own may tread.

Astounding as the distance seemed to us at first, yet our lassitude began quickly to disappear on proceeding a short distance from the gate along the shore of the lake. Before we had gone half a mile we found ourselves surrounded by beautiful and singularly wild scenery. The glen, the lake, the mountain, gradually opened on us, and we wound our way through the most lovely natural woods, composed of oak, birch, alder, holly, and juniper. This latter graceful shrub is here indigenous and plentiful, supplying the place of the arbutus of Killarney. The avenue winds along the southern or left shore of the lake, and had been laid out with much taste, not many years ago, by the late proprietor, who is said to have expended a large sum upon it and other romantic pathways through the woods. On the opposite or northern side the shoulders of Dooish Mountain rise perpendicularly from the water to the height of a thousand feet. His hoary head appears towering in the distance fifteen hundred feet high. The lake is here about half a mile wide, having several islands grouped at the eastern end. The bare and precipitous cliffs of the opposite side are not unlike those of the Gap of Dunloe, though grander and loftier.

After a walk of two hours, during which we often diverged from the direct route, pausing to admire the ever-varying vistas, scrambling up an enchanting wooded ravine, or loitering over rare wild plants, we passed the upper end of the lake, with its beautiful beach of snow-white granite sand, and at length arrived at the cottage, which we found to be a mere mountain lodge of most unpretending architecture.

The evening though fine was not too sultry for a bright turf fire, over which we sat till bed-time, giving utterance to our mutual impressions of delight at the sublime solitude around us, or speculating on the charming liberty of life that a poet-philosopher might have at Glenveagh, totally withdrawn from the purlieus of “Civilization,” and the fripperies and discordances of “Society.”

Having agreed to divide our week into daily expeditions suitable to the weather, the morning after our arrival was devoted to the exploration of the “woods, caves, and hollow trees” of my friend's territory—

places like those which, according to Goldsmith, were tenanted of old by Nature's priests, the Druids.

The day was fine, the sky clear, and the breeze light. After an early breakfast we started, stick in hand, clad in costumes suitable to the occasion, legs well cased in ribbed woollen Connemara stockings, and having crossed by a rustic bridge the sparkling little river which feeds the lake, we proceeded up the nearly perpendicular cliff close to the waterfall of Astellion (*Anglice*, the tumbling or rolling waterfall). At the summit, before the stream descends the cliff in tawny foam, it is divided into two parts, leaving a small rocky island in the centre. Of this "small green isle" we heard some curious tales, which I cannot here divulge, but which might haply be whispered to prudent ears, if at any time we should be caught in a communicative mood over a bowl of Dooish punch, which heavenly dew is a rare treat even in those parts, and though not an impossibility, requires "early rising" to procure it.

Having gained the top of the Fall, and taken a survey of the scenes below and around, including the lake, the wood, and the opposite heights of Gartan Mountain, we proceeded over the several shoulders of Dooish, disturbing by the way many an old bachelor grouse, who challenged hoarsely, "Go back! go back!" But not heeding those inhospitable hints, we persevered, and at length found ourselves perched on his apex, against which I found growing up a diminutive juniper bush, evidently of great age, singularly dwarfed by the everlasting breezes which shave the bald head of the mountain. It grew out of the bare rock, unless a few inches of granite sand can be called soil. Drawing forth my "fern extractor," a dagger-knife with a blade five inches long, with a few sweeps the matted roots were severed from their ancient nook, and eventually the little old mountaineer was transplanted, along with other Donegal specimens, to a new climate and soil, where he now contributes his share in adorning an artificial waterfall, over a pond for gold fish, 200 miles from his native region.

From the summit of Dooish we descended some miles, until the shores of Dunlewy Lake were reached. This lake lies under the base of Errigal Mountain. At right angles with Dunlewy Valley is the "Poisoned Glen," of which sinister spot, where the sun never shines, we had a full view. In the same neighbourhood is Glenluck, which contains the *Lucknoo*, or long flag, on which Colombkil was born; a rather hard couch, we should suppose, for a baby saint. Errigal (or the White Arrow) is a mountain of strikingly beautiful outline, standing boldly and proudly in the vast solitude. At a short distance is Muckish, one of the highest and noblest of the Donegal mountains.

Shaping our course eastward, we took a cast round the base of Errigal, and after some miles of rough descent through heather three feet high, granite boulders and rushy dells, we reached the high road, the only one through this part of the country. Along this we proceeded for about six miles, to the eastern end of the lake. Getting a boat, we were rowed to the cottage, which was reached at seven o'clock, having thus accomplished a circuit of about twenty Irish miles.

Next morning there was the most unlooked-for change in the weather—clouds rolling, mists drifting, and soon a deluge of rain—such as one

seldom sees even in this land of "dropping weather." Glenvraugh, however, is the realm of waterspouts. Several of these have left traces of their power. In one spot in particular the mountain-side is rent from brow to base, as if by a thunderbolt. Huge granite boulders, some of them ten feet high, have been hurled from the summit, where the waterbolt struck, and split into fragments below. In another a broad avenue is cut, or rather torn by them, through the thick, hanging woods; and several smashed oaks, carried down by the torrent, show the irresistible force of the waterspout. The Falls were, of course, in all their glory. The one (Astellion) opposite the cottage, rolled down the cliffs in magnificent foam. It had a singularly tortuous appearance, and from an optical illusion, seemed to twist round in its slow descent, as if it were a great serpent of froth, gliding in convolutions down the mountain's side. Meantime, the cataract in the woods on the other side of the lake bubbled and hissed, and sang to such wild music as would have enchanted Southey or Coleridge. The ferns hung lovingly over the cataract, which left upon them the impress of its tears. Here we wandered for a long time, pausing at every step to admire a hundred different cascades, each a picture in itself. The huge granite blocks which formed them were covered with dwarf ferns, ivy and mosses, in large feathery clumps, luxuriating in the genial moisture and dreamy shade, which the direct rays of the parching sun never entered. The whole ravine has an aboriginal air, its great boulders seem as if they had been hurled downward by the pre-Adamite giantess, Nature, in one of her cosmic gambols or games of pitch-and-toss with mountain tops.

The remains of this "real Irish" day we spent in the endless woods, full of treasures to the botanist, in the shape of rare ferns and mosses. The *hymeno phyllum*, or *fern-moss*, was found in several shaded nooks, where water ever oozes even in the driest summer. I have no doubt but that the *tricomenes*, or rare fern of Killarney, may be found there also, as these generally grow together.

On our return the rain ceased, and out came countless myriads of midges, for which the glen is noted; these attacked us unmercifully as something new in the feeding line, it being long since they were sated with native blood. Ours must have been to them like a new sauce to a Frenchman, or an inexperienced author of talent to a stale, sour-minded critic.

On the fourth morning of our sojourn a change came again "o'er the spirit of our dream"—a hurricane had superseded the rain of yesterday. The most noble bursts of atmospheric wrath came howling down the narrow ravine at the head of the glen, lashing the waters of the lake into yellow foam, which put an end to an intended fishing excursion. That was a great disappointment to us, as the lake abounded in the finest salmon, and red and white trout, and is a haunt highly prized by the few knowing disciples of Izaak Walton; however, we had to give up the joy of our piscatorial paradise. Fastening our caps well down, and buttoning our coats, to make ourselves small—which many in this world often do, while intending the reverse—we faced the mountain side, and getting ourselves near to an old, deserted eagle's nest, under shelter of an overhanging cliff, we enjoyed a magnificent sight.

Dense bodies of clouds, presenting to our minds ideas of marble pillars, and a hundred other similes, continuously rolled past, enveloping us for several moments, then dashing themselves against the heads of Dooish, Gartan, and Errigal Mountains. Three noble eagles, soaring in circles above the careering vapours, looked down in contempt upon us, poor wingless bipeds, chained to this gross earth, while they swam in the azure sky, rejoicing in the war of the elements beneath.

The following day was most lovely. Such is the fickle and inconstant—the womanish nature of this climate—each day a contrast to the next, one twenty-four hours all sunlight and moonlight, the succeeding day all clouds, mist, rain, and lightning. Many would feel disgust at this uncertainty, while a few might not be averse to the excitement of its “charming variety.” A bright sun shone out then upon this sweet September morning—a soft, south-west wind, heaved a gentle sigh. A truly Irish day it was; redolent of its poetry, and typical of its music. The glen was in holiday attire; broad, slowly-passing streams of heavenly sunlight glided over wood and mountain, tinting them with rainbow lines. The towering cliffs were reflected in the mirror of the lake, apparently above a thousand feet, base to base, like Wordsworth’s swan that “floated double, swan and shadow.”

We took our guns for a shot at the grouse which we might meet on our way over Gartan Mountain. My friend’s dogs were first-rate; not “bloodhounds of old St. Hubert’s breed,” but setters of high degree; the sire of one having brought seventy guineas last year, at the auction of a well-known sporting gentleman of Kildare County. Off we started, attended by a keeper, a “mountain-boy” of discreet age. After a walk of about a mile along the avenue, we turned up what, in Glenveagh parlance, is called a path, but by which we went up, up; toiling, struggling, and crashing through the deep underwood of hazel, holly, and juniper, tearing our way through, till, at the end of half-an-hour, we stood on the hill top. The view was really magnificent, compassing a ring of about twenty miles; but we had little time for a sverve into the valley, in which lie the Upper and Lower Gartan Lakes. In the distance we could see the village of Churchill on the horizon; its spire became a landmark to us in the mountain wilderness for the rest of the day. We had little time for diverging in search of game, yet grouse, snipe, and golden plover found their way into our game-bag. I proceeded towards evening to the shores of the Gartan lakes, in search of wild duck. They were found in great numbers, but for want of a proper boat I got but few shots.

These lakes, and their adjoining swampy sides, whence spring up forests of enormous bulrushes, were formerly the favourite “hunting-grounds” of William Maxwell, the author of “Wild Sports of the West,” a true sportsman and *buon camarado*, who has gone from us, but left behind his genial spirit in his “Romances of Real Life.”

In the evening, on my return from the lakes to rejoin my friend, I was passing through a deep rocky glen, where stood the remains of a mountain mill, with a group of comfortable stone-built cottages in a sunny spot adjoining, when, running up the hill side from one of these, I perceived a young girl flourishing a reaping-hook. As she

came near me, she was overtaken by a strapping youngster of eighteen or nineteen years, who rudely caught her and took hold of the hook, which, after a little resistance, she yielded up, with an exclamation between a scream and a laugh. The affair appeared of so rough a character, that I did not know what to make of it; and as the girl was of singularly wild beauty, I was instantly interested. Hurrying up to the youngster, gun in hand, I demanded why he took the hook from her. I was answered by a stare and some gibberish in Irish, which I duly gave hints that I comprehended not. He then made significant signs that the hook was his own, and that she was stealing it. The sight of a florin, however, which was new and bright, tempted him I suppose, for after a little hesitation he took it, and retreated rather sulkily and crestfallen, leaving me in possession of the disputed article, which I immediately presented to the damsel, who curtsying with an inimitable natural grace, thanked me in soft-sounding Keltic. I am sorry to say I know too little of that antique tongue to understand it when spoken; and as I had just before dismissed my interpreter to catch a dish of trout for our dinner, I was placed in a dilemma. I made ineffectual attempts to become better acquainted through the medium of signs, at which she only shook her head, and again appearing to thank me with Scandinavian fervour, she departed in triumph, with more beautiful smiles on her lips than many a high-born maiden would favour her lover with, for the present of a diamond necklace.

She was a perfect picture of mountain beauty, with a slender form of faultless symmetry, attired in but one simple garment, consisting of a close-fitting boddice of myrtle green, with a skirt of the same material. This was short, displaying an ankle and foot perfect in form, unfettered with shoe or stocking. The dress had no sleeves, only a broad shoulder-strap, leaving her arms bare to the cooling influence of the soft south wind that breathed around us; her hair was rich auburn of the deepest chestnut hue; her skin transparent and wonderfully fair for a peasant girl exposed to the sun; soft blue eyes, and regular white teeth. What a contrast was this simple and unadorned child of the mountain, to the made-up be-flounced and be-crinolined denizens of cities and votaries of fashion. The unaffected girl of Glenveagh, with her naked feet, trod the heather path with a more graceful air than any town-bred beauty.

This was the last day I spent in the glen. Next morning I left my hospitable friend's abode on a jaunting-car, drawn by a mountain pony, which took me to Ramelton, about fifteen miles distant. The wild mountain mists swept over the summits of Doish, Muckish, and Lough Salt, as I passed under their bases. "Lough Salt," quoth the matter-of-fact Britisher, "What an Irish bull, to call a mountain a lough." Even so, and a very fine hill it is, 2,000 feet high, with the strange phenomenon of a Salt lake on the top.

I proceeded from Ramelton to Port Stewart Ferry Station, on Lough Swilly. As we were about to step on board the ferry-boat, the whole sky became blackened, and the passengers looked uneasily at the ominous and lowering canopy. The old skipper, however, made light of the heaviness of the sky, and put off from the shore just as several large drops of rain fell around. The waters of the lough reflected the



darkness above, and I was "half positive" I heard the shrieks of the water wraith, while Campbell's ballad came warningly to my mind—

"Now, who be ye who would cross Loch Gyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"

On we went, and down came the rain in torrents. A black squall howled over the waves, covering us with foam and spray. The rickety mast groaned pitifully, and the heavy tan-coloured sail, which had seen many years service, was split in two. The old skipper made a rush at the flying fragments, but stumbling over a broken oar, fell into the bottom of the barge. The other sailor tumbled over my port-manteau on top of him, and two ladies by my side caught hold of me, in their alarm, doing their utmost to drag me from the rudder, which I had volunteered to govern, and on which our safety principally depended. The barge, however, was too heavy and clumsy to be easily overturned, and defied the power of the gale, the awkwardness of the crew, and the terror of the ladies. After a little drifting, the sailors contrived to catch the tattered sail, and each holding on by an end, we were driven into harbour on the Londonderry side.

I procured a car on reaching the long-wished for shore, and about six o'clock arrived at the far-famed old maiden city, ten miles from the lough, and thus ended my WEEK AT GLENVEAGH.

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## GARDENIA.\*

A POET in this essentially prosaic age does not introduce himself to the public under as favourable circumstances as almost any other candidate for their suffrages. Indeed, we think that he has hardly a "fair field," and unquestionably he meets with "no favour" on the threshold; nor can we blame the reading public for this hesitancy. Perhaps there is no field for attempt so prolific of failure as that of Poetry, which demands, if one would succeed in it, certain gifts which are accorded only in very exceptional cases; and we all know that the Poet is a natural and not an artificial production. Nevertheless, there are few of us whose human perversity has not led them to do a little in this line, beginning with perhaps an Ode to Home on "breaking up," a Valentine, or what not—pioneers sent out by our vanity, and too often treacherously, at all events fallaciously, leading us on to our own confusion, whether we are sensible of it or not. It follows that the numbers of failures, lamentable or ridiculous, may well beget a feeling of distrust, which each aspirant has accordingly to surmount or disarm before his fellow-men will credit him with the possession of this divine faculty. With our eyes fully open to this state of things, and we hope forearm against the contagious prejudice above indicated, we proceed to discuss the merits of the candidate whose name graces the bottom of this page as the author of "Gardenia." Firstly, then, it occurs to us to say, that having read it over we find very little narrative indeed in proportion to the thickness of the volume, which includes some 250 pages, and therefore depends for its success rather on its merits as poetry, *par excellence*, than on the interest attaching to its plot. We hope to illustrate satisfactorily that Mr. Sandes has written few pages which will, on this account, fail to arrest and please any mind with a power of appreciating a heart's history, or of recognising counterparts of its own experiences in the introspective utterances in which they are conveyed. So much generally. Particularly, we may find, as we go along, occasion to take exception to sentiments themselves, or to the more mechanical, but in poetry scarcely secondary, consideration of the modes of expression; for though it may at first seem a startling proposition, we affirm, not dogmatically, but as very decidedly our opinion, that poetry, of which the soul is the ideas and sentiments whose beauty enraptures us, can nevertheless be sadly marred by an infelicitous method of conveying them, even when they really exist. Doubtless the beautiful, even in disguise, is preferable to deformity or even plainness in gold and silken sheen; but it does not follow that beauty can altogether afford to dispense with taste and grace in the artificial but necessary guise in which it presents itself for our admiration.

For this heart's history, then, or more strictly two hearts' history, Mr. Sandes takes the sweet flower Gardenia, or Cape Jessamine, as his type, and, in explanation of the rather fanciful simile which he so

\* "Gardenia: a Poem." By William Stephen Sandes. Dublin: Edward J. Milliken. London: Longman & Co. 1858.

lover-like has detected, we think we cannot more fitly open this notice than in the words of his own first page :—

“Thou flower, whose perfumed beauty to our senses  
Proffers conflicting claims on sight and scent  
Through every single blossom that dispenses  
Two-fold the odour in its compass pent :  
A nature hast thou in itself divided,  
Marking by equal-balanced adverse sway  
Of peach and citron in Gardenia bridled,  
Discord in uniformity's array ?  
Or, err we in our rashness, disuniting  
Elements, each, if severed, incomplete ;  
While, intercourse of mutual aid requiting,  
Perfect in unity two spirits meet  
Where double sweetness consecrates the heart  
Made whole by its according counterpart ?”

We accept the doctrine implied in these lines. Let us by all means believe, and live as believing, that our hearts are not our own, to be garnered up for our own uses, to sour and to wither, but rather that there is for each of us another heart somewhere on its way to meet our own, and that in their meeting and mutual fusion the perfect office of each is to be found; and that so mysteriously are they constituted, that for both there will be much gain—for neither, any loss from the compact. Mr. Sandes “begins at the beginning.” In his prologue he introduces his hero, an infant, all unconscious of the troublous destiny before it—welcomed on the threshold of its career by those powers whose alternating influences on the history of his love that is yet to be, afford the substance of this poem. We are again tempted to give the very next lines to those which we last quoted; they are the opening ones of the prologue :—

“The might of May arising from the plain  
Had burst the winter-bound laburnum shell,  
And down to earth in golden rocket rain  
A thousand showery sparkles shimmering fell,  
Athwart the tissue of whose yellow sheen  
An inward flood of foliage glimmered green.

Where quivering light at noon with coolness strayed,  
Like sunshine through a flowing fountain sent,  
Herself the lucent centrefoil of shade,  
A mother o'er her sleeping infant bent,  
While thought excursive toward the future ran,  
And in the child before her sought the man.”

A world of children is spread out before the tranced gaze of this mother :—

“While ceaselessly above them, and around  
Pursuing silently their floating way,  
Myriads of spirit beings moved along,  
And filled the garden with an airy throng.

. . . . .

Beside her infant one had paused : his brow  
 With orange blossom buds and roses crowned ;  
 His sunny ringlets o'er his neck flowed low,  
 By unconfining garlands lightly bound ;  
 In grace pre-eminent surpassing all,  
 He riveted her gaze with loving thrall.

He stooped, he touched its pillow, when between  
 That spirit and her child was seen to rise  
 Another form of sterner, prouder mien,  
 More awful beauty beaming forth in eyes  
 From whose regard, with cold blood-curdling thrill,  
 Her freezing soul shrunk shuddering, cowed and chill.

No flowers bedecked the garland that was set  
 Around that brow austere in solemn calm ;  
 Amid its thickly-clustered locks of jet  
 The sorrowing cypress and the martyr palm,  
 Darkening a laurel wreath with deeper shade,  
 His majesty-denoting symbol made.

To him the brighter spirit yielded place,  
 In silence rising as the other bent,  
 And, lifting up the child in his embrace,  
 A moment on it gazed with eyes intent,  
 Then gently near enfolded to his breast,  
 One long, close kiss upon its lips impressed.

And at the touch the infant's soul awoke ;  
 Its eyes that gaze encountered ; at the sight  
 From out its lips no cry of terror broke,  
 No gesture of alarm denoted fright ;  
 As of a friend whose secrets it partook,  
 It met that fixed regard with fearless look.

In slumber had her soul from earth been freed  
 For insight on a world here hid from view ?  
 Did what she there had seen forebode indeed  
 Some fate whereof as yet she nothing knew ?  
 Or was it but a vision of the brain,  
 Confounding fancy with delusions vain ?

Before her in his cradle lay her child,  
 Tranquilly sleeping in the shaded light ;  
 And as she looked upon his face she smiled  
 To think that e'er conjecture could unite  
 Such incoherent images to seem  
 Aught to the eye of reason but a dream."

In "THE BLOSSOM," which is the title of the opening part of the Poem proper, the child has disappeared, and the youth commences his tutelage under the caprices of a lover's experiences, which are personified by Mr. Sandes as those adverse spirits who have, as we have seen, set their seals upon him in his infancy. For their sway his young heart is prepared only too well by its own loveward tendencies. We are told that—

"In childhood his thoughts, outrunning their years,  
 Through wayward emotions and purposeless tears,  
 Toward youth's adolescence converging, began  
 To trace out the character marking the man.

As manhood drew nigh, and the boy awoke  
 To learn a new language within him that spoke,  
 A tumult of objectless sentiment reigned  
 In the nature by passion's awakening pained."

And thus he loved :—

•        •        •        •        •  
 "And then on his vacant devotion's throne  
 Installing a sovereign by fantasy shown,  
 He levied from ocean, from mountain, from grove,  
 Fit tribute to offer idealized love,  
 He worshipped the beauty that crowned its brow,  
 He breathed to its deadness a living vow ;  
 And, colouring fancy to passion's red flow,  
 He plighted his truth to an image of snow.  
 But vainly with fervour his vows were paid ;  
 A life-lacking idol no answer made ;  
 His ardour's intensity pined for return,  
 From a heart in its iciness powerless to burn."

This, however, could not last long ; and at length his heart, fretted and starved by the thanklessness of a love that was built but upon fancy and lacked a living object, lighted upon one "whom in childhood he knew" :—

"As thus, through conjecture, his longings sought  
 To fathom the mystery in him wrought,  
 There passed, and repassed, and stood still in his view  
 The figure of one whom in childhood he knew.  
 When last he beheld her, it was while she  
 From girlhood was growing to woman's degree,  
 When beauty's new pride sparkled out in her eye,  
 And the spring-flood of triumphing spirit swelled high.  
 He felt of her keen-witted words afraid,  
 Her laughter his looks more embarrassed made,  
 And, blushing with anger to find himself fooled,  
 He inveighed against fashions where girls were so schooled.  
 He chose to consider what graced her best,  
 Youth's free-hearted gaiety freely expressed,  
 As wholly unseemly ; the weapons of wit  
 He denounced as for woman's light handling unfit.  
 He spoke of frivolity, wondered much  
 How any were found to be pleased with such,  
 Vowing none of her folly but fools could approve ;  
 In blindness of wisdom he moving toward love.  
 They met in the lapse of years again,  
 And, whether his judgment was grown less vain,  
 Or she more the woman, he seemed to behold  
 The face, not the faults, he remembered of old."

This, we conceive, will be recognised as a reflexion of what all of us have felt who have loved, a boyish love. Sneer on, any who

wish—we envy you not who can afford to do so—love is the life of life (this life, be it with reverence said), and must have its youth which passeth away, that the mature love may stand where it had been, and make a man indeed a man, not a child, by its influence—and so,

“His ideal, his icy love,  
Whom he prized all womankind above,  
Slipped quietly out of his heart—she was flown—  
And a true living woman sat there on her throne.”

We incline to think that the description of the growth and ultimate supplanting of the ideal love in the breast of this youth, is a specimen of beauty with very little adornment about it. Its simplicity sits well upon the early part of the history, where we find it. Mr. Sandes has, with a refined taste left it—*simplex munditiis*—rightly judging that it could dispense with the perfectly legitimate assistance of striking simile and vivid imagery, both of which, as will be presently apparent, he has at his command, but he “bides his time.” In Part II. of “THE BLOSSOM” the other, the better half of the perfect flower, is introduced to us. A fair young maiden, innocent of love, builds her “castles in the air” for an ideal other; but even as we have heard that “talking of love is making love,” so she finds her fond imaginings unconsciously applied to herself—

“She starts from her dream in surprise to find,  
While the tale of another was filling her mind,  
That her hand had unconsciously gathered the flower,  
And the pale yellow rose-leaves lie round in a shower.”

She too, then, is proved liable to that vague stir in the heart, that yearning—what shall we call it?—which seems to be a very element in our humanity. The way in which this is managed is an evidence that Mr. Sandes has that delicacy of mind which poetry should never dispense with—

“Fond dreamer, if this should be she whom thou  
Alone in the watch-tower art worshipping now,  
Full long hast thou lingered—if time be yet,  
Haste, seek her out, fly ere to-morrow’s sun set.”

In “The Blossom,” Part III., the ministrings of the tutelary spirit of True Love are introduced in the following lines:—

“The Spirit in heaven ordained a bove  
To bless the unbroken fulfilment of love,  
Was winging his way through the noontide air,  
Keeping guard o’er the beings who lived in his care.”

Mr. Sandes goes on to tell us, in some most pleasing verses, how this spirit passes over happy lovers with a smile and a blessing,

but when he comes upon our two hearts whose happiness is on its trial—

“Down stooping, the Spirit descended near,  
Till the words of the speaker arose to his ear,  
And he knew by their accent the moment had come  
Whose issue all fortune ensuing must sum.”

He listens to the breathing of that “old, old story,” never to be old unto death, his own very essence; he listened and heard it blighted—then

“From the lips of the Spirit there burst a moan,  
As, veiling his eyes at that answering tone,  
Uprose he, and, slowly averting his head,  
For ever from those two his presence was fled.”

We really must get on more rapidly; but we cannot forbear quoting the following lines, which are, perhaps, the gem of this Part, and follow upon a train of conjecture having regard to the influence of disappointment on this true lover's mind:—

“But still, when the midnight hour is past,  
And the heart's casket opens through day locked fast,  
When tears that the waking eye knows not to weep,  
Gather under the lids in the dreamings of sleep.

A soft, sweet, young smile slowly steals o'er his face,  
And his arms seek some phantom they strive to embrace,  
And in accents whose tone sorrow's elegy seems  
Low he murmurs a name never breath'd but in dreams.”

The self-communings of this disappointed heart give Mr. Sandes scope for the display of his rare gifts of finding forms of speech which express some of the most subtle phenomena of a brooding mind as tangibly to our understanding, as though he were dealing with the simple material subjects on which we daily exchange our experiences. If he over-taxes this gift occasionally, and becomes at all involved, it will require very little indulgence on our part to pass such instances, in the words of the old Roman writer—

“Si non erasset, fecerit ille minus.”

In this, the main part of the poem, the lover speaks in the first person, and chooses as his idol henceforth, Liberty—

“Let pride of birth or pride of wealth delight  
The fool that glories in a gilded name;  
With weary finger let Ambition write  
On Honour's tablet vain appeals to Fame.  
In idleness conceived, in folly nursed,  
Let Love feed fires to parch a fevered heart,  
Till disenchantment to its frenzied thirst  
The healing draught of bitter truth impart.  
More dear than cherished love's most fond illusion,  
Source of more pride than birthright's sense e'er gave,  
Of riches more than wealth's untold profusion  
Heaps on the lord who lives his treasure's slave—

From ties of care, from custom's fetters free,  
Unshackled liberty be thou to me !"

Sickened by the fallacy of the hopes which he had cherished, he prays for an insight into *what is*—

" O Thou who framest failure and success,

Grant unto me such gift of clear-eyed vision,  
Unto each motive of my action grant  
Such certainty, that after-life's contrition,  
Mourn not a hollow fraud's too late-found want."

And thus is he answered, thus rebuked—

" Beside my pillow, at the morning hour  
When lighter darkness over earth is cast,  
And instant dreams intensify in power,  
A bright-eyed, haggard, hectic stripling passed ;  
' The mystery that I alone have probed,  
Of truth the fathomed soul, behold,' he cried,  
And, rending off the vest wherein was robed  
His wasted form, he tore from out his side  
A lacerated heart, and held to view  
Each naked ligament, each quivering nerve,  
Inviting me to mark their livid hue,  
And trace the tortured fibre's writhing curve ;  
Till stole a breeze of daylight o'er my bed,  
And, shuddering at its breath, the phantom fled.

To draw from out the living wells of life  
A single drop of Nature's pulsing flood,  
By microscopic skill to prove it rife,  
With foul abomination's monstrous brood ;  
To analyze a flawless diamond gem,  
And preach to him who deems it dear—' Be wise :  
Thy jewel's value learnedly condemn,—  
A chemic charcoal compound cease to prize ;'  
To gather from the world of beauty's prism  
Each coloured beam with rainbow glories bright,  
And bid experience, blending, drop the chrism,  
Anointing dying tints to hueless white :—  
Be such thy lore, thou science of the heart !  
For ever from its creed I stand apart.

I stand upon a precipice's brink,  
And see each flower wherewith my fancy toyed,  
Ungarlanded, in slow succession sink,  
With wasted bloom to flutter down the void.  
With placid smiles, with feigned approving ear,  
By anguish evermore still inly gnawed,  
From wisdom-weighted reverend lips I hear  
Congratulation's accent sharply laud  
One disenchantment more, one hope the less,  
One item added to deception's sum,  
One newer cause for doubting in redress  
Of want's outcrying claims as yet to come  
From Time, uprooting all ere gathered, save  
The mourning violet plucked on pleasure's grave:



Dread power of knowledge, faintly and afar  
 Made manifest unsufferably bright,  
 To eyes that here as yet enfeebled are,  
 Attenuate thy intensity of light;  
 Nor blind me with the swiftly flashing truth,  
 The glimmering of whose dawn I scarce dare scan;  
 For I am but a child of earth—in sooth,  
 'Mid mortal dimness dwelling but a man;  
 And twilight forms—of phantasy, perchance—  
 Have made their twilight habitation dear;  
 Too lovingly a long familiar trance  
 Hath bound me, briefly now to disappear:  
 Its tender thrall thy sudden blaze may break,  
 But kill the blasted sense it sought to wake."

Said we not that our author possessed, when he chose to put it forth, an ample store of imagery, and who will read the above stanzas and deny the assertion? This querulous repining over the vanity of the objects of men's endeavours is extremely beautiful, and is the most natural outpouring of a disappointed heart, though few there be who can, like Mr. Sandes, so realise them as to put them on paper, yet never degenerate to the commonplace. As we have said before, he sometimes becomes rather too exalted, but never lays himself open to the charge of drivelling. Such instances are, however, so rare, that as we run our eye over the pages for a specimen it is again arrested by passages quite free from the imputation, and which it would be a pity to pass over. Here is one—

"One living truth, but one that might endure  
 Beyond its first-found unfamiliar hour;  
 Ay, one illusion, lasting, but secure  
 From intimacy's disenchanting power;  
 An object, be its nature what it would,  
 By winning proved, as seen in search, divine;  
 Wherein belief in some abiding good  
 Outlived a momentary, 'I am thine.'  
 Whate'er I have or hope for, to discard,  
 If so but nearer its attainment brought;  
 To give unsummed, as price of that reward,  
 Wealth, worthless till with sudden value fraught  
 By sense of what its sacrifice could gain,  
 Is all of earth or heaven I ask—in vain."

With all this he has not yet succeeded in killing Hope, though he may look upon her as an agent of the evil one, commissioned to torture his soul. She stands by his side despite of all his hard words, makes herself heard, and wins him over—

"I saw a sunny spot of mountain meadow,  
 Belted by dark-leaved firs in circling row,  
 Whose sombre foliage gave relief of shadow  
 Unto the verdure smiling bright below.  
 I thought of manhood's guardian love protecting  
 Woman's fond trust reposing in his care,  
 A barrier to the world without erecting,

Shielding her weakness from the chill north air.  
 I saw the colour owned by both in common  
 Best by uniting tints complete one plan,  
 And knew the soft endearing faith of woman  
 Perfecting the consorted strength of man.  
 Would one were such to me, I thus to her,  
 As that bright spot, that dark-leaved belt of fir.

What home inhabiting may she abide  
 The day whose advent hourly I rehearse ?  
 Reads she in stars to my research denied  
 The glories of our common universe ?  
 Her half-experience deeming skilled to teach  
 What joy or sorrow wanted in the past,  
 Through paths by me untrodden shall she reach  
 The point ordained for both to meet at last ?  
 Or, side by side, explore we in the dark  
 Through hazards similar one lonely way,  
 The other's presence powerless each to mark,  
 Forbidden mutual succour to convey,  
 Compelled, unconsciously consorted, still  
 Our solitude's probation to fulfil ?"

We think the following lines obscure, though containing a simile drawn from nature :—

" The surface-frozen flood's arrested stream  
 To banks beyond a pathway's breadth shall spread,  
 Till, midway shattering, winter's waters gloom  
 In tranquil ripples closing o'er the dead."

This is a complete simile, judging by the punctuation, and loses nothing by want of context, when we have given the theme it was destined to illustrate, which is this—

" All hope to fuller certainty but grow  
 Annihilation's fuller pang to know."

If we are to allow that the word "hope" was misprinted for "hopes," this last couplet is intelligible, otherwise not, and we find no fault with it ; but how does the frozen stream, and the pathway, and the dead apply ? Again—

" Ye planets, rolling restless as my soul,  
 Too keenly cold your auguries announce  
 The worldly fame obeying such control ;  
 A borrowed brightness I in you renounce—  
 The stars, the planets, fade—there flames above  
 One sun in heaven, on earth one woman's love !"

In a general way, this is also intelligible, but we have a right to expect that it shall all be so ; and to our poor thinking, the lines which we have italicised are very obscure. Perhaps we could make them out, but it would cost us an effort, and that it is not fair to

expect from us. Come, there are spots on the sun. Farther on in his book Mr. Sandes has written the following lines :—

“ ’Twas hard to mark depreciation's tone  
Of measured commonplace, a verdict deal  
On excellence that could to him alone  
Who felt congenially its sense reveal.”

And perchance the want of congeniality of sentiment has caused us to animadvert on these passages. We have nearly filled the space allotted to us with our remarks and “*excerpts*,” as we have known gentlemen to say for whom the word “*extract*” was too simple ; so though we have arrived little further than at “the beginning of the end,” we must close our eyes and ears to temptation, lest we linger by the way, and hasten to the concluding portion of the poem, which is entitled “*THE FLOWER*,” and in which is resumed the metre in which the earlier part, or “*BLOSSOM*,” was written, not we think so pleasing a metre as that of the long middle portion. However, that is of course purely a matter of taste, and there may be more people who will think with Mr. Sandes upon the subject than with us. Here, then, we find our “disappointed man” in the enjoyment of “unshackled liberty,” which has guided him to Egypt. What he has become in his lonely wanderings—what he has been left by his experiences—what he has found in his long quest, and, above all, what he has yet to find ere he can be simply, in one word, *satisfied*, must be read in the work itself ; we regret we have not space to enter now upon the subject. The narrative goes on :—

“ And such, by the discipline taught of Time  
Through fitful endeavour yet upward to climb,  
Was he who, the halt of his journeying won,  
Now stood in the light of that setting sun.

The signs of a life's experience shown  
In the traces of passionate tempests o'erblown  
Marked an age that, unbroken by trial's rude blast,  
From a land of high vantage looked down on the past.

When first had arisen the hope that now  
As ever existent he scorned to avow,  
Yet shrunk from encountering, turning with dread  
From a vista of thought to its presence that led ?”

The Dream in the Desert, at the foot of the Sphinx, contains passages of very impressive writing, whose effect is slightly marred by a fancy which Mr. Sandes—whose mind appears to be imbued with a love for German literature—has for compounding words too frequently, which appears all through this poem, and is calculated to prejudice a reader at first. Thus we have too many such words as “dais-crowning,” “glory-showering,” “earth-arching,” “joy-stirred,” “cloud-gathered,” “high-floodingly life-fraught,” “water-swayed,” and “central-spread.” This should not be. As we have before said, even beautiful ideas can ill afford to clothe themselves in clumsy garments. This mannerism, and the occasional obscurity before alluded to, will

not prevent Mr. Sandes's graceful fancy from being acknowledged by any who have in themselves a kindred spark of appreciation. From this dream, in which the constant Hope plays her unwavering though almost unnoticed part, and which is tinged by her faint dawn-colour throughout, he awakes—

“To the red apparition of Africa's morn  
 Rising over the desert, the silver Nile  
 Reflecting the earliest eastern smile,  
 The Sphinx in unchangeable passionless rest  
 Projecting its shadow afar to the West.  
 To the West—be the omen accepted—by her  
 Who alone its solution hath power to confer  
 On the wanderer's dream, the enigma be read  
 Of life for the living or death with the dead.”

Part II. of “THE FLOWER” lets us into the secret workings of that mighty riddle, woman's heart, as expressed in woman's words. At least, as Mr. Sandes has created his heroine, he can of course do what he likes with her emotions, still we feel that he has treated them naturally. While yet she hopes, and fears to hope, the wanderer returns, and their mutual love, blighted for years by a mistake, then chastened by trial, still

“Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,  
 And yet—oh, more than all—untired by time ;”—

flowers into a happiness of two-fold beauty, as much the child of their trials and adversity as of the simple fact of its being mutual. We have seen it out. Our verdict on the perfect flower is this, that, as we have said in the early part of this paper, the main idea of the simile appears to us somewhat fanciful, but that, putting this out of the question, and conceding a little indulgence to some peculiarities to which we have alluded quite as emphatically as there was any occasion, and which are perhaps more eccentricities than positive blemishes, “Gardenia” has been Mr. Sandes's medium for favouring us with poetry, strictly speaking, of a higher order, and of a more sustained power, than we ever expect to find now-a-days when we take up a volume of modern poetry. We are grateful to him accordingly, and shall welcome his next appearance all the more heartily for our better acquaintance with his style.

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# Sporting Intelligence.

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## HYBERNAL RACING, HORSE-TAMING, AND TURF CHANGES.

THE English people are, in truth, a most speculative race, in their passion for the Turf far greater than that of any other nation in the world, otherwise they would never expose themselves to the inconveniences of going to such places as Lincoln, Nottingham, and Liverpool, when they can learn all about it much more comfortably in their arm-chair by the fire-side, with *Bell's Life* in their hand, a Hudson in their mouth, and a glass of something warm by their side. And, in truth, sporting reporters have always struck us as being a very badly treated race of persons; for let the weather be as cold as in Norway, or as warm as in the Desert, there they must be located in their little stands, hustled about on all sides by trainers and jockeys, and procuring with wonderful accuracy the details of the Steeple-chase or the Race for their employers, who live at home at ease, caring little for the exertions of those who render their property valuable to themselves, and interesting. After a time also the novelty of the rapid changes of scene and company wear off, and one race resembles another so closely, that the Reporter appears to care as little for a Derby as a Plate at Hampton, and is careful only of how quick he can get a report away. Taken for all and all, they are a remarkably honest set of men, and being, it is understood, the worst paid of any on the Press, their "squareness" is the more commendable. We ourselves like deferring our first appearance until Northampton, when the racing magnates assemble for the week at Whittlebury, Althorp, and other seats in the neighbourhood, and come out and back their respective fancies quite as heavily and eagerly as they do at Ascot and Goodwood, and the Ring invariably reckon on an excellent harvest from them. Still there is something about the Grand National at Liverpool, some hidden spring connected with Abdelkader, Mathew, Peter Simple, and Chandler, that irresistibly led us to throw prejudice on one side and our person into a Euston-square carriage, and visit the field of Aintree, consecrated by so many victories.

Our train was but lightly freighted, for the best judges resolved to wait to the last moment, having their suspicions that there was a screw loose with the weather, and preferred being "wired" for, to spending so many hours in the rain, to no other purpose than benefitting the Company's funds. At the intervals of our journey, when we looked up from our rubbers, we owned that the chance of the Steeple-chase being ran became small by degrees and beautifully less, and but for the ridicule of the thing, nearly all would have turned back. However, the hospitable portals of the Adelphi were too near to be avoided, and accordingly we located ourselves under its roof, and by the aid of its

cook and its butler we were enabled to set the weather at defiance. The state of the coffee-room, however, indicated that the interest taken in the Grand National was fast falling away, and instead of the Noble Lords, members of the Jockey Club, M.P.'s, and fashionables, who used to be grouped about the steps, puffing away care, and knocking favourites about like nine-pins, there was not above a dozen tables taken, and those by sporting tradesmen and betting men.

Ireland was but poorly represented both with man and horse; and really with such a hurricane, it is not wonderful the list of absentees should have been so great. Anxious was the discussion of "to be or not to be;" and the decision of Mr. George Payne, the only steward who was present, was awaited as keenly as a judge's number on the telegraph. At last, when the postponement was gazetted, one-third of the visitors went back, like the prisoner in the dock, to the place from whence they came; but, not liking to show the white feather, we remained to the end, although it was as difficult for a sporting-man to kill time in Liverpool, as it is for an ensign in an out-quarter in Ireland. At last, when the Grand National was really put upon the scene, it must be owned that the riders were fairly entitled to the "Order of Valour," as never was ground in worse order, and escapes from falls appeared impossible.

Black Tom, once more a freeman, and not afraid to give his address, looked as well as ever, and his mount was rather fancied, for people will back Oliver across a country, just as freely as they will Fordham at Newmarket. Knight of the Shire seemed to have found steeple-chasing disagreeing with his constitution, for he was as thin as a hurdle, and Tom Moody had no legs. Mr. Merry's couple, Escape and Lough Bawn, were strongly patronised, and the secret of the real Simon Pure was well preserved. The race is now matter of history, and therefore we need not add more than our impression, that the number of falls in it gave it more the appearance of what we had seen at Astley's than a real Grand National; and that to the jumping powers alone of Little Charley it is due, that Cheltenham may congratulate itself on having sent another winner from its downs.

The following week found us at Doncaster, where we were again doomed to disappointment; but the stud-farms of Yorkshire, which are spread about in the vicinity, made us feel the delay less than at Liverpool. As at Aintree, we saw little to record during our stay in the cleanest and prettiest of all Yorkshire towns; but the Hopeful brought out some nice two-year olds; and if Fusee, the winner, was not a roarer, he would be a very promising colt. In Costrel, Messrs. Thornhill and Sextie, who, with their Cambridgeshire winnings last year, have established a stud nearly as large as that of Saxon and Barber, have got a horse that will make great havoc among these stakes, which Mr. Parr, with whom they were formerly so associated, has for so many years farmed. Warwick was but a shadow of its former self—for Trainers do not like the Clerk of the Course, on account of the difficulty in getting the stakes when they win—and the fields were small and bad. Captain Little won, as he almost invariably does do, the Willoughby; and Mr. E. R. Clarke's run of luck, with his famous Vandermeulin, continues inexhaustible; but he must for ever regret his

having scratched him for the Chester Cup, wherein he was so well handicapped as to have been about winning, barring accidents. Horse-tamers are now all the rage ; and one half of the sporting world are supporting Rarey, and the other half Telfer. The former is the aristocratic favourite, as his advertisement will show ; but the latter has the call of the million—probably because he springs from among their ranks, and his fee being only a guinea instead of a tanner, and no guarantees required for secrecy, and all comers heartily received. Both systems are the same, and of the simplest kind ; but it would be unfair to explain them, although “ Argus ” has given a hint of it in the *Post*, and his challenge to Rarey to tame Cruiser, whose history he gave, has had the effect we understand of bringing him over from France to accept it ; and should he be successful—which the Rawcliffe manager deems improbable—he will be entitled to every reward, not only for his sagacity but also for his courage—both of which ingredients must be used with the receipt. Rarey, it is said, is an educated person, with good address, which will aid him in making his living ; while Telfer’s Northumberland patois is much against him in giving an explanation of his system, which ere long will be extant in every hunting and training stable in England.

The betting on all the great races has been singularly dull, and we know of several parties who have given up going to Tattersall’s, because they never see a Derby bet laid, or, indeed, any wagers, except for a trifle, upon some forthcoming handicap ; for the truth must ooze out, that the gentlemen have no money to bet with, and the Legs have only themselves to prey upon.

Clydesdale’s aspect in the market for the Two Thousand has given his friends just cause for alarm ; but we are not disposed to think Mr. Howard has shunted any portion of the large sum he has backed him for, which includes one bet alone of seven monkeys ; and, if his horse was not to go for the race, Sedbury would suffer for it in the Derby, which would, we believe, be quite contrary to the policy of Mr. H., who invariably likes to see his horses favourites for all their engagements. The Peer, on the contrary, is very firm for the Two Thousand, and the Melton folks do not hesitate to state he is the best of the team ; and from all we can learn we are not inclined to dissent from their notions, and shall anticipate his success on “ the great days ” of Newmarket and Chester. For the Derby, the Cock’s friends have ceased their support, while the band of Toxopholites are daily getting more powerful, and the Longranges more diminished. Hadji is fancied much all over the north, and every stableboy of Middleham has his sovereign upon him ; but Gildermure, they say, is not improved an ounce, so that the reputed trial between them may be wrong. Ditto is doing very well, and Sedbury, it is said, will have a better day. But another month will disclose many secrets which are now hidden from us, but which when let out shall be put before your readers by

ST. JAMES.

## YACHTING.

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"The merry May hath pleasant hours, and dreamily they glide,  
As if they floated like the leaves, upon a silver tide;  
The trees are full of crimson buds, the woods are full of birds,  
And the waters flow to music, like a tune with pleasant words."

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THE Spring is upon us, May is at hand—that merry month when land flowers bloom, and "ocean flowers" begin—"To fit out!" ejaculates some grim old mariner, "so avast with your poetry and begin with the prose."

Every succeeding season that opens upon the yachting world is, of course, expected to be the best; but of late years the "noble science" has been so much on the increase, and so many gallant recruits have enlisted beneath the brilliant standards of the pleasure navy, that the success of a season is not looked upon now as problematical, but has become an established, or, as a Brother Jonathan would phrase it—"A real fact!"

A British family, now-a-days, possessed of a promising son or two, would as soon think of being without a yacht as a box at the opera. What?—the ne-plus-ultra of all modern luxuries!—oh, no! "*Quæ fuerant vitia mores sunt*," and so accordingly we *do* the Mediterranean or the West Indies, Cowes or Cherbourg, California or Cape Cod, just as Fancy pricks us with her spur. "Mother of Moses!" as the Vicar of Wakefield (were the poor reverend gentleman now alive) might be tempted to call his "superior moiety," should Christopher Columbus drag his anchors and drive to sea again, what would he say on meeting some of the gossamer-rigged, all legs-and-wings ocean-spiders of 1858? He would probably deliver himself to the Editor of the IRISH METROPOLITAN thus—

"My liege! unaccustom'd as I am to speaking  
In public—an art I'm remarkably weak in—  
I feel I should be quite unworthy the name  
Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,  
Were there not in my breast  
What——can't be exprest——  
And can therefore, your majesty,  
Only be guess'd!"

No matter, however, what the old muff would say (O mores! Columbus?) it is a *very* comfortable, *very* aristocratic, and *very* autocratical mode of travelling; and countries, counties, and sea-coast shires, seen through the brilliant rose-coloured glass which always forms the field lens of a yacht's telescope, assume a novelty and beauty rarely if ever seen through any other medium.

With your wardrobe at your head, your dressing-room at your feet, your bath alongside of you, and a gallant craft bearing you joyfully o'er the summer seas, what hath Care to do in company with the snow-cannased yacht? A fearless crew of old Neptune's sons obey your every word or gesture; earth, air, fire and water are your only enemies, ay,



even they, the kind friends by whose daily aid you live—terrible enemies they are, too, when vexed ; but with your hardy tars at your back, and the pluck of a British yachtsman, why you do get along ; and, as Mr. Mark Tapley might be pleased to remark, “ Jolly under the worst of circumstances ! ”—or

“ Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,  
With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.”

Some men hunt because its the fashion ; others keep race-horses *because* its the fashion, and a *little* more ; coursing, shooting, fishing, cricketing, all in turn have their votaries ; some through passion, others through fashion. Yachting, likewise, but with this exception, that, pursued in its purity as a sport, it is the most manly and noble pastime in the world. Every other sinks into insignificance compared to it, for truly you have earth, air, fire and water to contend against—no child's-play, when the elements become your steed, and you are astride upon the winds—when ocean heaves on high, and opens a mighty “ yawner,” within which you might drop, not quite out of bounds, but still sufficiently so to be bowled out.

One great comfort of yachting is, that wherever you go, “ your house is thatched,” “ your hat is on,” your home is along with you, your rent is paid, and it is the only position in which you can snap your fingers and hurl a most aggravating “ Boo ! ” or any other contemptuous sound that pleases you, at the head of the “ meek and polite (?) ” tax-collector.

We are on the eve of '58, so therefore, royal burgees, arouse yourselves, and let not “ The hand of procrastination delay your signal halliards ! ” Come ! that is—isn't it ?

So therefore now to “ strut our hour upon the stage ! ” Ne'er mind the strict accuracy, we mould such things like timber, to suit our fancy and the hour.

Chopping and changing, building, buying, and bartering, already herald an early and busy season. We find Lord Dufferin the first in the field of purchasers ; he leaves his old ship the *Foam*, 85 tons, for the well-known *Erminia*, 220 tons, and rumour hath it that he is about to circumnavigate the globe ; should such be the case, we may look for some more valuable contributions in yachting literature. The Lancashire Witch schooner, of 94 tons, is now the property of A. H. Davenport, Esq. A letter appeared in *Bell's Life* of the 10th of January, signed “ C. M. ” in which the writer implies that we have arrived at perfection in the science of yacht-building, and that nothing more remains to be done, in consequence of the new yachts having been beaten by old ones. Verily “ C. M. ” we disagree with thee ; very much remains to be done, and perhaps the new yachts may show some fun this year. If the South of England clubs would only show a little more liberality to the yachtsmen visiting their waters, there would be no doubt a larger infliction upon them in the shape of vessels from the St. George's Channel. There is no doubt that, until a universal system of measurement for tonnage, the prohibition of shifting ballast, and a recognized aquatic body similar to the Turf Club be established, together with a universal code of sailing laws and regulations, to be by them promulgated, yacht-racing must always be subject to the fluctuations consequent upon caprice and want

of judicious encouragement. If we had our aquatic Derbys, and Doncasters, and Ascots, under the management of such established laws and regulations as a man might know what he was building for, what tonnage he was building to, and what prize was to reward him, we should see a very different state of things. Now-a-days we go to a regatta: the rules may be improvised a few hours before our arrival, and of which a faint idea is hardly to be procured, even from the printed list, and even that suffers wonderful changes from the lively imaginations of members of sailing-committees, who invariably are in a fuss, when they ought to be cool, at the moment of action; then when a dispute arises, one party are sticking out to award the prize at home, whilst the others go the whole hog for the stranger, because he came the furthest, and thus neither party is satisfied, least of all the "belligerents."

Well, then, at one port we are measured by old measurement along the keel, and at 50 tons; the next, perhaps, we go to, we are measured along the deck, and are made 60 tons of, whilst a third brings us to 55, a fourth allows shifting ballast, a fifth seals you down, and claps a man aboard of you, perhaps, to prevent it, a sixth limits your number of hands, and a seventh cries "take as many as you like!"

Then this is not all: the victorious gentleman, in the flush of success, will do the generous thing, and give his pilot an exorbitant *douceur*; crew are likewise fee'd largely, especially the spare hands, so that the unfortunate outsiders, when they come to square up, have a pretty to-do, and begin to think that, what between new balloon sails, shot bags, and spare hands, yacht-racing is *rayther* an expensive concern. The committees of yacht-clubs should turn their attention to this; but we are sorry to say, in many instances, it is the "club house," and its "cuisine," and the "wines," the colour of the carpets, how the blinds work, and whether the billiard-table is in good order, occupies more of their attention than the purposes for which they are associated.

If we want to bring yacht-racing and yacht-sailing to perfection, let shifting ballast be abolished, let vessels be sailed with their ordinary work-a-day canvas and crews, and with universal rules to guide us, we shall know what we are about, and improve accordingly.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club is the first fixture we perceive in the *Aquatic Register* of "Bell." These early announcements by established Clubs are admirably adapted to facilitate arrangements along the different coasts.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club open the season on the 22nd of May, with a first-class prize of £100, for yachts exceeding 35 tons; and a second-class prize of £50, for yachts exceeding 20 but not exceeding 35 tons; half-minute time allowed for difference of tonnage up to 60 tons; no allowance of time beyond 60 tons; course, from Erith, round the Nore Light Ship, and back. The entries to close at 10 P.M., on Thursday, the 13th of May.

Their second sailing match is fixed for Tuesday, the 22nd of June—for schooners only. First class, exceeding 75 tons, a prize of £100; second class, not exceeding 75 tons, a prize of £50; quarter of a minute time allowed for difference of tonnage; no time allowed beyond 150 tons; course, from off Rosherville, round the Mouse Light Vessel, and return to Greenhithe. Entries to close at 10 o'clock, P.M., on Monday, the 15th of June.

The third sailing match is fixed for Tuesday, the 6th of July; for third-class yachts, exceeding 12 but not exceeding 20 tons, a prize of £40; and for fourth-class yachts, of 7 tons but not exceeding 12 tons, a prize of £30; and provided four start, an additional prize of £10 will be given to the second yacht; half-minute time will be allowed for difference of tonnage in each class; course, from Erith, to the Chapman Head, and back. Entries to close at 10 P.M., on Monday, 28th of June.

The propriety of an extra sailing match, for a prize of £50, to be given in the month of September, to be sailed for by cutters belonging to the Royal Thames Yacht Club only, will be determined upon at the Club Meeting in May.

Of a truth, the Royal Thames Yacht Club bids fair to become *the* Club. Here we have a sum of £380 applied for the legitimate purposes of yacht-building and yacht-sailing, besides their third donation of £10 in aid of the funds of the Royal National Life-Boat Society.

The Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta is fixed for the 13th and 14th of July. Her Majesty has given a cup of the value of £100, to be sailed for at this regatta; and the Committee have it in contemplation to make it a Challenge Cup, to be won twice by the same owner. A purse of 50 sovereigns will be added at each contest; so that the fortunate owner, who wins it twice, will have put £100 additional in his pocket. The remainder of their programme is on an equally liberal scale, including £50 for gentlemen oarsmen; so that there is little doubt the "Ancient" Club will have a numerous-attended regatta.

The Royal St. George's Yacht Club hold their regatta this year in Dublin Bay; and from all that we can learn, they have the materials for one of the most brilliant and successful regattas yet given on that favourite station. Several new yachts have been added to their fleet, amongst which may be enumerated the *Mariquita* schooner, 125 tons, Captain Henry, owner, late of the *Water Kelpie*, 50 tons; a new cutter, of 80 tons, from Ratsey's Slip; and our old friend the *Anaconda*. We trust that our good friends, the Royal St. Georges, will give a schooner prize this season, now that they are adding such splendid vessels as the *Mariquita* to their list. We look forward to see her pitted against the *Lalla Rookh* and *Heroine* with much interest. There is no doubt there will be a large attendance of schooners, and if the Committee judiciously handicap them, a most interesting and exciting contest will be the result; and not as last year, when some schooners would not go for the allowance of time against the *Lalla Rookh*. Let them be sailed in cruising trim, and an entry may be ensured.

The Royal Westerns are adding largely to their fleet, and it is rumoured that their Corinthian matches will be held on the days succeeding those of the Royal St. George's Regatta; nothing definite, however, has as yet been arranged.

The Mosquito Fleet will muster strong in Kingstown Harbour this season, and we understand the Irish Model Yacht Club will have several new clippers added to its list, amongst them one from the stocks of Will. Fyfe, of Fairlie, an out-and-out clipper, if report speaks true: so that between her and the *Bijou*, *Flirt*, *Dove*, and *Electric*, stirring encounters for the "pride of place" may be looked forward to. These are a class of vessels which show much sport in Dublin Bay, and to

whose doings an immense amount of interest is attached. We believe the Committee have it in contemplation to run weekly matches during the season, at a small stake per flag.

The Banba is being lengthened by the stern, and will come out this season fit for any contest; and it is said that our old friend the Champion will emerge from her obscurity, and once more carry the old flag where it so often has waved before; new canvas and longer spars will, no doubt, effect as material an alteration as her lengthening did, but without them she will not do much.

Another old favourite will also re-appear, lengthened and otherwise improved—namely, the Daring.

Of the yachts for sale, we note that splendid schooner the Shark, of 175 tons, built by the far-famed Wanhill of Poole; also by the same builder, the Freak yawl, of 60 tons, built in 1849, newly-coppered and new sails in 1857; that beautiful cutter the Extravaganza, of 48 tons, built in 1856—has five tons two cwt. of lead ballast. These vessels are in charge of Mr. Thomas Wanhill, of Poole, who has also a little 12-ton clipper ready to be launched.

William Fyfe, of Fairlie, has for sale the Stella, 42 tons, with two sets of sails and spars—one set new last year; a new 50-ton clipper, reputed to be the handsomest he has yet turned off his stocks.

A new 35-ton cutter, swift and able; and the Avenir cutter, of 25 tons—a very comfortable little cruising craft, and to be sold cheap.

The Royal Northern Yacht Club have sold their Club yacht, the Orion, for £450. She is to be converted into a fishing-vessel.

The Gauntlet cutter, iron, 66 tons, is also for sale. This vessel has splendid accommodation, equal to that of an 80-ton timber-built vessel, and is a fine sea-boat. She lies in Gourrock Bay, on the Clyde, in charge of Archy Sinclair, master of the Julia yacht. All particulars of her are to be learned from Captain Keane, Secretary to the Royal Northern Yacht Club, 124, St. Vincent-street, Glasgow. It is said she will be sold a great bargain.

The Ranger, iron cutter, 12 tons, greatly improved, with new decks, fittings, &c., is also in the market. This celebrated little clipper lies in Liverpool. Application to the Secretary of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, 113, Grafton-street, Dublin.

The famous clipper, the Cymba, 53 tons, will also be disposed of, fully found with lead ballast, &c.; lies in Liverpool. Application same as Ranger.

The Kathleen cutter, 30 tons; very strongly built, and a splendid sea-boat; lies in Cork Harbour. Application to Captain Samuel Hodder, Ringabella House, Carrigaline.

The Plover cutter, 31 tons; all built of teak, beautifully fitted, and fully found; lies in Gorey Harbour, Island of Jersey. Application to Richard Tetley, Esq., Liverpool.

The Coralie cutter, 35 tons; fully fitted and found. Application to A. E. Byrne, Esq., Liverpool.

The Nimrod cutter, 40 tons; beautifully fitted and found. Application to the Secretary, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, Dublin.

## ENDOWED SCHOOLS OF IRELAND COMMISSION.

It was with a feeling closely bordering on despair, that we first cast our eyes on the four bulky volumes lying on our table, recording the industry and, it might be, the useful results of the labours of the Endowed Schools Commissioners for Ireland. Involuntarily we asked ourselves, could it be possible to compress and digest into a moderate and readable compass the monstrous mass of matter contained in these volumes? Could any amount of patient distillation extract a palatable "article" from such unpromising materials? The attempt, at all events, we were bound to make. The subject is most interesting to every Irishman, and indeed to all who desire for mankind the blessings produced by an early and sound education. We have toiled with good will and unbiassed mind through the wearisome pages of all the volumes, and we shall now endeavour to present our readers with at least a sketch of the information elicited by the Commissioners, and a glance at the recommendations by the adoption of which they hope a material improvement in the education of our countrymen may be effected.

On the 14th of November, 1854, the Queen, in compliance with an address from the House of Commons, by her letters-patent appointed the Marquis of Kildare, the Rev. C. Graves, R. Andrews, Q.C., G. H. Hughes, late Solicitor-General for Ireland, and A. J. Stephens of the English Bar, Commissioners "to inquire into the endowments, funds, and actual condition of all schools endowed for the purposes of education in Ireland, and the nature and extent of the instruction given in such schools, and to report their opinion thereon." Very extensive powers were given, by those letters-patent, to the Commissioners to facilitate their inquiries. They were empowered to call for all records, books, papers, and writings which they might consider necessary in the course of their investigations, and to examine on oath any witnesses whom it might be desirable to interrogate. The powers of the Commissioners were further extended and confirmed by a special Act of Parliament, 18 and 19 Vict., c. 59, and four assistant Commissioners with liberal salaries, and an efficient secretary, were provided to lighten the labours of the five principal Commissioners. The duration of the commission, originally limited to one year, was, by subsequent patents, extended to the 1st February, 1858, and any three of the Commissioners were constituted a "quorum," with power to report their proceedings and suggestions. The Report was signed the very day the commission expired.

Such was the machinery set in motion to obtain all necessary information on this important subject. The inquiry lasted about three years, and the *product* is recorded in the four massive volumes now weighing down our table. The Commissioners seem to have been impartially selected. It was well known that the great majority in value and number of the endowments for schools in Ireland were connected with the Established Church. The majority of the Commissioners were of that religion; but the Roman Catholics were represented by

Mr. Hughes, Q.C., and the dissenting body by Mr. Andrews, both gentlemen of eminence, and attached to their respective creeds. All the Commissioners seem to have been actuated by the most commendable desire to perform their duties with energy and laborious industry, and to the best of their judgments, with impartiality. Let us now proceed candidly to examine the result of their three years' inquiries.

We remember to have read a quaint anecdote which is not inapplicable to the Commissioners. Mr. Popham, when Speaker of the House of Commons, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was asked by her imperious Highness, after an unprofitable sitting of the House—"Now Mr. Speaker, what hath passed in the Commons House?" He answered—"If it please your Majesty, seven weeks." An answer in Chief Justice Popham's strain to the question—what have these Commissioners done? would be—Please your Majesty they have spent three years; they have compiled four immense volumes; they have made the largest and most unreadable Report ever presented to the House; they have recorded, in *twenty-five thousand*! questions and answers, the evidence of three hundred and thirty witnesses, and they have put the public to an expense of many thousand pounds. This is one mode, and not perhaps a very unjust mode, of describing the vast and imposing result of the Commissioners' labours. The entire shews a want of judgment in perpetuating and recording trifles, and trying to give an air of importance, by size and immensity alone, to what otherwise might possess but moderate value. Edmund Burke has said that "designs that are vast only by their dimensions, are always the sign of a common and low imagination;" and this remark applies to a "Report" also. Judgment, thought, condensation, and sagacity can alone produce a short and valuable Report. Time and tediousness only are required to achieve the mass of printing now before us. It would, however, be incorrect to say that the Commissioners have quite laboured in vain. On the contrary, there is much in the evidence which is valuable, and in their Report, which at least deserves consideration. We shall proceed, therefore, to give our readers a rapid sketch of the results disclosed by the oral and written evidence contained in the four volumes, and then glance at the recommendations of the Commissioners.

There are in Ireland now in actual operation, though sometimes most languid, 2,828 Endowed Schools, which came under the scope of the Commissioner's inquiry. Of these more than one-half (1,507) are "vested" in the National Board, or their Trustees. There are also 317 "non-vested" National Schools. The total income of all the Endowed Schools is a little over £68,000 per annum. It will at once be seen how wretched must be the "endowments" of very many of these schools. The total income does not provide an average of more than £24 a-year for each; and, as the estates are most unequally divided, the endowments, in some instances, are merely nominal, some consisting of an acre of land and a small house, in which the humble schoolmaster resides, and teaches a limited, struggling, and intermitting class of children. But we shall attempt to give some idea of the condition of the various classes of schools, and of the abuses which the evidence has disclosed as existing in them.

The several schools inspected or inquired into by the Commissioners,

may be classed under the following general divisions—1st, Royal Schools; 2nd, Erasmus Smith's Schools; 3rd, those of the Incorporated Society; 4th, Diocesan Schools; and 5th, a large miscellaneous collection of more private endowments, which may, for our purpose, conveniently be termed "Other Schools."

First then of the "Royal Schools." These schools were founded and endowed liberally by James I. and Charles I., and have now, therefore, attained the venerable antiquity and respect connected with an existence of 250 years, dating from 1608, when their foundation was determined on and commenced by James I. There are nine endowments, the revenues of which amount to nearly £6,000 per annum; seven only are now in operation. These are—Armagh, Banagher, Cavan, Dungannon, Enniskillen, Raphoe, and Carysfort. The last is an English School the others Grammar Schools. Though there are endowments for Royal Schools at Clogher and Londonderry, they are not in operation. The Archbishops of Armagh have, from a very early period, appointed the masters of the Royal Schools of Armagh and Dungannon. The patronage of the others has been in the Crown. From time to time inquiries have been made into the state of all those schools; and the management of them, as disclosed by the Commissions held in 1791 and 1807, seems, with the exception of Armagh, to have been in an unsatisfactory state. In the year 1791, the only school in an efficient state was that of Armagh. In 1807, some improvement had been exhibited in four of them—Armagh, Dungannon, Enniskillen, and Raphoe. The condition of the rest, where they existed, was deplorable. There was no schoolhouse at Cavan, and the lauds and patronage were trafficked in, and jobbed, with the assent or connivance of the Crown. The master of Banagher School had not a single scholar, and nearly eighty acres of land, portion of the endowment, had been lost through the encroachments of neighbouring proprietors. Cavan, Clogher, and Raphoe Royal Schools were in an equally low state; but the most flagrant abuse of royal benevolence and patronage was in Carysfort School. In 1791, the master was non-resident, and had never kept a school, but was permitted to receive the profits of the estates, paying to some obscure individual, as a deputy, £10 yearly.

This seemed a flagrant abuse enough; but was far exceeded by the Government of 1806, which appointed the Rev. Sir Thos. Foster, Bart., to the mastership of this school. It is almost needless to state that this aristocratic schoolmaster, who enjoyed, in addition to a considerable private income, the profits derived from two church livings, and the income of the school trust-estate, never kept a school at Carysfort, never resided there, and would most probably have felt much offended at being supposed to have any connexion with the low office of school-master, save the receipt of the emoluments.

This case resembled closely that of the mastership of St. Cross, in England, which about the same time, 1808, was bestowed on a noble Earl (Guilford) who for many years enjoyed from his mastership large revenues, and performed little duties.

The present condition of the Royal Schools is, however, of more importance. The past is remediless; gross abuses had prevailed in all the schools but Armagh. There, under the immediate eye and inspection

of the Primate of Ireland, the Royal School seems to have always flourished, and maintained a high character; neglect and more direct abuses had crept into many of the others. Let us see what state the Royal Schools are now in, and whether they have received benefits from the general improvement of the spirit of the age. The Commissioners of 1791 say of Armagh School, "Of this school we cannot speak too favourably." In 1807, the Commissioners stated that no school in Ireland maintained a higher reputation than that of Armagh; and the present condition of the school is reported, by the Commissioners of 1858, to be most satisfactory. Much of its efficiency has resulted from the liberality of successive Primates, who have been its visitors, patrons, and benefactors; and this has been candidly admitted by the Commissioners. The schoolhouse and offices, built between the years 1771 and 1791, cost more than £5,000, of which the sum of £3,000 was contributed by the then Primate. The master's residence was built at the same period, by the liberality of Dr. Gruber, then master. A similar act of liberality on the part of the present Lord Primate is thus noticed, Report, p. 54:—

"In 1850, shortly after the appointment of the present master, the Archbishop of Armagh advanced, interest free, a sum of £3,296 for putting the buildings, especially the dormitories, in a satisfactory state, adapted to the modern system of the most improved schools. This act of liberality of the Primate at once contributed, in a remarkable degree, to the efficiency of the school, and rendered it a model for imitation, as regards its internal arrangements. It is almost unnecessary to say, that it is now in a most flourishing and efficient state."

Of Dungannon School, the Commissioners report that "They consider the state of instruction to be satisfactory. The arrangements made by the master to place a sound English and mercantile education within the reach of such pupils as are not intended for a university course, are creditable to him, and highly useful to the inhabitants of the town." The Royal Schools of Enniskillen (which is the most richly endowed of all) and Raphoe, are stated to be flourishing and well conducted. The others—Cavan, Banagher, and Carysfort—are in the same wretched condition in which former Commissioners found and left them.

Next in importance are the Endowed Schools founded by Erasmus Smith. Smith was an alderman of the city of London, who acquired considerable estates in Ireland during the troubles consequent on the Rebellion of 1641. In the year 1657 he conveyed his estates to trustees, to found five Grammar Schools, which may be characterised as Protestant institutions; and by an Act of the Irish Parliament, in the year 1723, power was given to the governors to devote some of their funds to establish exhibitions and fellowships in Trinity College, and to found English Schools. The estates are considerable, the rental exceeding £7,000 per annum; and four "Grammar Schools" and 140 "English Schools" are maintained, either in the whole or in part, by this endowment. In the year 1791 there were four "Grammar Schools" and four "English Schools" only, supported by the governors; and the Commissioners in that year reported that the governors



had, on the whole, executed their trust with fidelity. They also noticed the efficient and creditable state of three of the Grammar Schools, and that great care had been taken in managing the funds and estates of the charity.

The lapse of half a century does not seem to have improved the character or efficiency of those schools. The Commissioners of 1858, who seemed perhaps to be rather more anxious to detect abuses than observe merit, rather to alter than improve whatever existed, yet appear to have approved of the management of some few of the numerous schools maintained by this large endowment. Perhaps the governors attempted too much with inadequate means, and thus have brought on themselves discredit, if at least we are to trust the sweeping censure passed on them in the fourth volume of the present lynx-eyed Commissioners, who, in page 8, state as the result of their inquiries:—"Thus the governors have not only neglected the primary trust of their Grammar Schools, but have not managed prudently the secondary trust of English Schools, which they have developed to an extent disproportionate to their resources." The attempt was, at least, evidence of a commendable anxiety to fulfil their trust, and might exonerate them from some portion of censure incurred by their failure.

The "Incorporated Society" was founded in the year 1733, and is possessed of an annual revenue derived from landed estates, and money in the funds, of about £8,000 per annum. The original design of the founders of the Society, and for which they were incorporated, was to maintain "a sufficient number of English Protestant Schools, wherein the children of the Irish natives might be instructed in the English tongue and the fundamental principles of true religion." It was essentially a trust for the promotion of the Established religion by means of proselytism, and for many years the Society directed its labours to that object, with but doubtful success. From the time of its foundation, until the year 1832, the Society received large grants from Parliament in aid of its funds. The schools were widely and unfavourably known as "Charter Schools." From the year 1803 a gradual change has been introduced into the management of the Society and the objects of the charity. In that year Protestants were admitted as pupils to these schools. After the year 1825 it became difficult to induce the children of Roman Catholics to attend, and from that time the nature of the schools was changed. "From being schools for the conversion of Roman Catholics, they became schools for the education of members of the Established Church."—*Report*, p. 92. The Society at present maintains eight Boarding Schools and twelve Day Schools. In the year 1839, the Society adopted a system of electing children "on the foundation at competitive examinations. This system has been found to work well, and has received almost unqualified approval. The management of this endowment appears to be very creditable to the governors, among whom are many gentlemen of high educational attainments."—*Report*, p. 97. There is an excellent Training School at Santry, which will well repay the labour of a visit. The Commissioners seem to have been struck with the management of this charitable endowment, and to have bestowed as much praise as they could find it in their nature to give to any institution, into whose abuses more

especially they were appointed to inquire, and the defects of which ~~they~~ were expected to detect or notice. Thus, in page 98 of their ~~Report~~ they say :—

“ We are well satisfied with the state of the Boarding Institutions of the Incorporated Society; and we think that the greatest credit is due to the Society for the contrast that these institutions present to the state in which they were at so late a period as 1825. The Society were not deterred by the failure of the system which they had previously pursued, by the discredit into which the Society had fallen, or by the withdrawal of the large annual grants of public money. They courageously adopted an entirely new policy, and devoted their exertions to turning the great charity they had charge of to the best account, for the benefit of those who could conscientiously avail themselves of it.”

It is rather refreshing to hear praise after so much, and perhaps well-deserved, censure of other institutions.

Alas, for poor human nature! the next class of Endowed Schools presents a remarkable and sad contrast to those of the Incorporated Society. “ Diocesan ” Free Schools were founded in the year 1570; and, after a precarious, fitful, and always puny existence, for nearly three hundred years, are still unimproved and, as we believe, unimprovable. These schools were established and ~~lowed~~ by Stat. 12 Eliz. c. 1, Ir. The appointment of the masters in four of the dioceses—Armagh, Dublin, Meath, and Kildare—was vested in the prelates of those dioceses; of all others the patronage was vested in the Lord Lieutenant; he, too, was empowered to fix the master’s salary, one-third of which was to be paid by the ordinary, and two-thirds by the parochial clergy. The salaries were fixed shortly after the foundation at a sum then probably deemed liberal and commensurate with the value of money and scale of church livings, and continued unchanged from the time they were originally fixed until the year 1824. No surprise need, therefore, be excited at the low and helpless state into which the Diocesan Schools have fallen. The endowment was originally small and most defective in principle. It was a tax which both the visitors and tax-payers had a common interest in evading. The salary of the master is but a small part of the expense of a good free school—one-third was payable by the bishop, two-thirds by his clergy. No adequate provision was made for the repair or even building of school-houses; and thus the benefits hoped to be derived from the establishment of a number of good Model Schools were never realized. Queen Elizabeth was not lavish either in her grants of honours or her grants of lands; and in truth the word *endowment*, as applied to those schools, was rather inappropriate. It was more correctly the imposition of a personal and unpopular tax on a small and poor class (for the clergy were poor), to be managed by the tax-payers for the benefit of others, and without any provision for the collection or due application of it. The result has been what might have been expected. It appears from the Report, which we have so often quoted, that in the year 1791 the whole number of Diocesan effective schools in all the dioceses was only twenty—there should have been thirty-four. In the year 1809 the whole number of Diocesan Schools in operation was thirteen. But a slight improve-

that has been since manifested in these ill-endowed and badly-managed institutions. They have ever been failures. There are now nominally twenty Diocesan Schools, but of these seven are not in operation, and of the remainder one-half were not favourably noticed.

We have thus glanced at the principal endowments for schools in Ireland; of these it would seem that the schools of the Incorporated Society and Royal Schools were the most efficient and the best managed, and the Diocesan Schools incomparably the worst. The smallness of the endowments, not exceeding £1600 per annum for all of this last class of schools, would alone account for their inefficiency; but many other causes combine and assist in producing this result. The difficulty of collecting this small income, of inducing grand juries to build or repair the schoolhouses, the total want of supervision and abuse of patronage, all aided in degrading the character and impeding the working of these schools. It is not necessary to allude to them farther.

This and the preceding classes are intimately connected with the Established Church.

The last division of "endowed" schools is composed of various endowments, and connected with various creeds of Christians. Of some—such as Middleton, Swords, Kilkenny, Drumkeeran, Robertstown, Leamy's, Wilson's Westmeath, &c.—the endowments are considerable, and respectable and fairly-<sup>well</sup>-managed schools have been or are maintained from these revenues, assisted by the payments from pupils. But of many, and indeed the great majority, the endowments are very limited, and even with the assistance of the payments derived from the pupils, are insufficient to support any but the most rudimentary schools, ill-managed and badly attended. In the voluminous mass of evidence contained in the first three volumes of the Commissioners, will be found some rather amusing instances of what an "endowed" school may be, or become, from neglect or other causes. We shall reward our readers for their patience in perusing thus far, by selecting some few extracts from the reports of the Assistant-Commissioners, printed in the third volume.

Raheny Endowed School, p. 45 :—

"This endowment is in a most unsatisfactory state. The school seems a mere sham and delusion. The attendance of scholars is wretchedly small. I found only four children present. The schoolmaster holds the multifarious offices of parish clerk, postmaster, sexton, and bellringer; and receives £8 per annum for part of the Schoolhouse, used as a Dispensary."

Whitechurch Boys' School, p. 47 :—

"I examined the *only* pupil whom I saw present, and found him very backward indeed."

Ballyroan, p. 209.—"The school seems never to have had even a chance of success from the time of its foundation. The charity, *for ninety-nine years*!! previous to 1834, had been involved in litigation, in Chancery, of course. The masters appear to have been sinecurists, or men of small capacity; and the present master, whether by ill-fortune or bad management, belongs to the former class. The school-house is in a state of dilapidation, which may be called disgraceful."

The endowment is about £200 per annum ; and *two* pupils were present when the Assistant-Commissioner visited this wretchedly-managed institution.

Perhaps, however, the most unique establishment is that of "Tom-regan," p. 585, of which the Assistant-Commissioner who visited it reports, that—

"Nothing can exceed the state of neglect into which this school has fallen. The endowment, small as it is, is entirely thrown away at present, and the school is deserted by everybody. The master, from his delicate state of health, appears quite unfit for his post ; and I shuddered with horror at the sight of the cart-whip with which he corrects the boys. The master says he instructs in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and grammar ; but I do not believe this to be true, in point of fact—as he has no books suitable for such instruction. [He would seem to have no scholars either.] He admitted he had no books in use in the school but a Bible and Testament. He had a *mass of fragments* of other books, but no perfect copy of any text-book on geography, grammar, or arithmetic. The schoolhouse is in a state of dilapidation, and the school is unvisited."

Unfortunately but too many instances could be stated of the utter failure of the present conductors of Endowed Schools to realise the intentions of the benevolent founders. Throughout the three volumes may be seen very many cases of gross neglect on the part of patrons, masters, visitors, and trustees. Nor is this the case with regard to private bodies or small endowments only. Private persons and public bodies seem in many instances equally to have neglected their important duties of inspection, and abused their patronage ; and hence the discreditable state into which so many of the endowments have now fallen. Nor are the Commissioners of Education, to whom the Legislature has entrusted most ample powers and important functions, less remarkable than other parties for the ill-discharge of their duties. Nor is this much to be wondered at, when their very intelligent secretary, Mr. Kyle, in his evidence, vol. ii., pp. 96-7, states that "latterly, for the last few years, it has been very difficult to procure the attendance of the Commissioners, and that he has had to make personal solicitations to induce members to attend."

It would be tedious to go more minutely through the uninviting contents of the three first volumes of the Commissioners. The curious reader, who thinks everything gravely recorded by Commissioners, and paid for in a "Blue Book," important, will find pages devoted (vol. i., p. 840, &c.) to the discussion of the interesting point of whether the question, "A herring and a-half for three halfpence, how many for one shilling?" (we used to put it for elevenpence) is an arithmetical question, or only a truism ; and what somewhat surprised us is, that an intelligent witness stated that he did not think that any gentleman who ever sat upon the fellowship bench was able to answer this intricate question!! He may find some interest, too, in reading of the diligent inquiry made by the Commissioners into the pea-shooting and other amusements unchecked at Midleton School during the hours of serious business ; but we cannot detain him by such trifles, or even notice the management of many excellent schools, such as those under the control of

the Christian Brothers and Church Education Society, Wilson's of Mullingar, but at once will pass on to "The Report."

"What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the Prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not." The author of "The Report of the Endowed School Commissioners" had not read these words of the shrewd and witty Thomas Fuller, or mistaking it for praise, he has endeavoured, with no small success, to imitate the Austrian professor. The fourth volume, consisting of some three hundred pages, contains "The Report," giving what is intended to be a summary of the three years' labours of the Commissioners, and of their recommendations for the improvement of Endowed Schools. Were this gift of tediousness, however, the only defect in the Report, it might be pardoned, though "the date is out of such prolixity," as there are many useful suggestions contained in it for providing efficient inspection and supervision of endowments, &c. ; but it is but one, and not the least, of many defects. Indeed we are not surprised at the Report not being an unanimous one. It is the Report of three only of the Commissioners, Mr. Hughes having dissented from it in a short and clearly-written letter, which appears in pages 284 to 286 of the Report, and Mr. Stephens, in a long and able, if not always clear and precise letter, printed separately, and extensively circulated, we believe, at the expense of individuals. The ruling idea of the three Commissioners who signed the Report was, that "mixed education," i. e., the education of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the same institution, was both desirable and practicable in Ireland, and that to effect this desirable result, every trust should be warped, and every effort should be directed. This has led them to define, for the purpose of altering the management, and in a most arbitrary way, what are termed in the Report "exclusive" and "non-exclusive" schools; the first being those into which pupils of only one religious denomination have a right of admission, or where the trustees have power to compel all the pupils to receive religious instruction in their own tenets. They have also, in defiance of the clearest evidence of the intentions of the founders, classed as non-exclusive schools those which really were exclusive, and *vice versa*, and this in a way which indicates a remarkable peculiarity of reasoning or perceptive powers. It is unnecessary to advert to the Royal or Diocesan Schools; by their founders they were most clearly intended to be "exclusive." They were provided for the purpose of instruction in the one religion, then that of the State, and the only religion recognised by law, that of the Established Church. The enlarged liberality of feeling in modern times, by permitting, or rather winking at, some deviation from the intentions of the founders, and tacitly allowing the infringement of the trust in admitting Roman Catholics to the benefits of these institutions, has now induced the Commissioners to class all these as "non-exclusive" schools, the management of which is to be taken from the present trustees or patrons. But what can justify them in their application of these terms to the Rathvilly and Heavy's charities? In the one case, a Protestant testator gave a considerable sum to the Bishop of Ferns, and the minister and churchwardens of the parish of Rathvilly, for the establishment of a school "to be conducted on the most liberal

and enlightened principles, under the care of the said bishop, minister, and churchwardens." In the other case, a Roman Catholic testator bequeathed his property to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Meath and other trustees, to found a school in Mullingar, and desired "that no difference of religion should be the ground or reason for not selecting, excluding, or expelling any child from the benefit of this bequest." Highly honourable to the testator was this language. What excuse can be given for the obliquity of mind which has classed the Rathvilly School as "non-exclusive," and Heavy's, in despite the plainest language which could be used, as "exclusive"? Such glaring errors or misapplications of a theory are to be regretted, and deprive the Report of much of that authority or respect which it might otherwise command.

Space will not permit us to notice in detail the various recommendations of the Report, by which the Commissioners propose to check the abuses arising from want of inspection, and power to superannuate aged masters, &c. One, however, the basis of all, we must allude to, as presenting another instance of inconsistency. We have before referred to the Board of Education, and Erasmus Smith's Board of Governors. It may be stated of them, that many members of each Board are nominees of the Government, and that both Boards are inefficient, and the attendance of governors, save at an election, when parties canvass for votes, and the best canvasser, but not, perhaps, the best or fittest man, is selected to an office, is very irregular. This appears sufficiently from the evidence of Mr. Kyle and Mr. Barlow. The "Report" recommends the abolition of the Board of Commissioners of Education, and the establishment of a new Board, composed wholly of nominees of Government, and that one of them should receive a liberal salary for the performance of his duty; and that in this Board should be vested the control, management, &c., of the Royal, Diocesan and Non-Exclusive Schools, vested in the present Board. Now, if anything appears clear from the voluminous evidence taken by the Commissioners, it is the utter unfitness of the Crown or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland as patrons of persons to be heads of boards or schools for educational purposes. The patronage of all the worthless and ill-managed Diocesan Schools was vested in the Lord Lieutenant; so of the Royal Schools, which failed or languished. The present Board of Education is nominated by the Crown; and we cannot understand how it is likely that the new Board would, in any circumstance connected with its constitution, be at all a more efficient one than that it is proposed to supersede. Even the National Board of Education, appointed wholly by the Crown, and with ample funds at its command, cannot be deemed an exception to our general remark; as Mr. M'Blain in his report says, vol. iv. (Ap.) p. 9:—"I must be permitted to state, that in several instances of the National Schools I have found teachers not at all qualified for their positions and duties, and schoolhouses and rooms quite unsuited to the reception of scholars." We have ourselves very little doubt that the new Board would not be an improvement on the old, and that the paid Commissioners would be appointed through interest and not merit, and that political and not personal considerations would influence the entire working of this body; and to this Board the Commissioners propose to

transfer the management of all non-exclusive schools—the number being unascertained, as Mr. Stephens' Letter, pp. 11, 12, shows, that it is rather doubtful whether the proposed scheme of transfer would include 455 schools, or eleven merely. We incline to think the larger number was intended, but that it was deemed safer by the framer of the Report to suggest legislation by a general definition, capable of most sweeping and confiscating application afterwards, than by a candid enumeration of the particular schools, the management of which was thus intended to be altered. This might awaken remonstrance. The other *seems* shorter, and is less calculated to excite suspicion or opposition. At present it is doubtful whether the proposed scheme is a covert plan of giant confiscation, or an alteration in the management of some few schools, equally innocent and useless.

But another instance we must give of the curious effect of clear evidence on the minds of the Commissioners. We have before noticed the vast superiority from the first of the Armagh Royal School over all the others, and of the increasing efficiency of the Dungannon School. Now the patronage of these has been exercised for more than two hundred years by the Primates; and their liberality, which has tended much to the efficiency of those schools, has in no little degree been caused by their being patrons. The patronage of the Royal Schools, which have been either total failures, or only of late gaining a respectable position, has been in the Crown; yet the three Commissioners recommend, p. 64, that the patronage of *all* the Royal Schools should be vested in the proposed Board, to contribute to their permanent efficiency.

We cannot now notice the various other recommendations of the Commissioners. There is no doubt of the great abuses which have prevailed, and are still but too prevalent, in the management of very many endowed schools throughout Ireland. Flagrant abuse of patronage, neglect, want of inspection of the schools, and mismanagement of every kind, have too often disappointed the benevolent intentions of the founders; and we looked with anxiety to the appearance of the Report of the Commissioners, which we hoped would contain a fair, reasonable, and well-devised scheme for the correction of all abuses, and insuring increased efficiency in these well-intended establishments. Tediumness and trifling, inaccuracy of statement, and an obliquity of perception, have, we greatly fear made their Report as worthless as it is expensive, and have thus disappointed the expectations of all those who, like ourselves, hoped for a well-considered plan of improvement, naturally flowing from the evidence, and thus recommending itself, rather than a report characterized by Mr. Stephens, one of the Commissioners, Letter, p. 29, as "vicious in principle, bad in law, and defective" in not making adequate provision for the better regulation of those noble endowments in Ireland, and which would be a most unjust and unsafe basis for any legislation.

## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD RACE.

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“Though now my voice is seldom heard,  
 I tell thee, stranger, I have sung  
 Where Tara's hundred harps have rung;  
 And I have rode by Brian's side,  
 Rolling back the Danish tide;  
 I know each echo, long and low,  
 Of still, romantic Glendalough.”

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### HER NAME IS INISFAIL, THE “ISLAND OF DESTINY.”

**SHE SLEEPS!** her cheek is pale with the sorrow of ages—and the heart-wrung tear yet glitters beneath the darkly-drooping eye-lash—and the heaving of her bosom falls slow and measured as the wearied ocean, for the storms have swept over her soul.

Long and weary had been her vigil on that lone rock, foam-worn by the rolling water, and her face was ever turned westward, where, far beyond cloud and tempest, lingered one ray of golden glowing light, a memory of her glorious noon.

And the wild storm raved around her, and the red wrath of heaven flashed by her. The salt foam of ocean was wet on her cheek, and rusted on the stringless harp that lay beside her; for one by one its chords had burst, and from each dying note a wild wail of unearthly melody passed through the nations. And that music is the only chronicle of her story: fierce and gentle, like the high blood of the brave; soft, winning, and tender, as the first smile of love; free, brilliant, and flashing, as the humour of her children, it tells of a race who wore, on their proud and open brow, the very bearing of their mother, Nature—terrible in their strength, unmatched in their beauty, intense in their sorrow, reckless and childlike in their joy—alas! too wayward in all.

And still her eyes looked westward; but the storm grew wilder, and the cries of death came up, borne on the blast from below, for her children were falling in the valleys. Dark night overshadowed them, and the hurtling of demon wings was in the air; the hand of famine was ice-cold on their hearts, and the hot breath of pestilence scorched their cheeks. And then an agony came over her, and the closing night enfolded her.

But a gentle breeze came from the east, and cooled her brow, and fanned her fevered head, and she slept. Her sister, younger and stronger, watches over her, bending from her island throne. Much hath she wronged that stricken one, but she hath made much amends.

She sleeps! Dreams she now of the past, or hath she visions of the future? May the just God of nations grant her a glorious awakening!



## THE FLOWER OF THE RED BRANCH.

## CHAPTER I.

HOW THE SUN SET AND ROSE IN THE DAYS OF CONNOR MAC NESSA, KING OF  
ULSTER, B. C. 15.

THE sun was setting red on Carntogher, when the fair-haired hunter left the lake of Favail, and the baying of hounds, and the voices of men, died away behind him through the woods of Calga. All night long the east wind blew cold on his cheek, and whistled through his hair. The old oaks of Calga murmured above his head, the white owl hooted after him, and flapped softly by; the wild deer rose up from his lair with a startled crash, and bounded far before him; the hungry wolves swept across his path in howling packs; but straight as the rays of the bright star that guided him through vale and forest, he held his course. The Finn swelled black as midnight in his way, but he breasted it at the Wolves' Pool, and with unabated breath, pressed right up Gortfinna, for Ardan's was the fleetest foot in Erin save one, and that was Rori's, the King's jester. The grey light of morning was upon the world when Ardan rested on the crest of the mountain, and looking eastward, he saw a bright spot like silver upon the far water of Neagh, and then the hunter bent his head in adoration before the Royal Sun. And his dog Luath, the bravest hound in Uladh, gazed upon him in wonder, with eyes and ears, as was her wont, and laid herself down to sleep beside him, for she knew that this business concerned not her. But when the good hound laid her nose to the earth she was discomfited, and rose up with a whining note, and tracing the ground onwards to the brow of the mountain, she looked down intently, and lifting her head, gave forth a melancholy cry. And Ardan, rising from his prayer, followed her, and looked and listened earnestly, but he only heard the calling of the birds on the heather, and the lowing of the cattle far off upon the plain. And he chid Luath for her folly, and unwinding his sling, he fitted it to his hand, and sprang lightly down the mountain side, and Luath followed him in distrustful submission. But when they entered the woods of Deire Toirc she recovered her spirit, and sprang joyfully forward; then before an open glade she stopped with a sharp challenge, and the light bounding of a deer fell upon the ear of the hunter, and flying into the open space, a noble stag stood full fronting him with branching antler and brown heaving flank. Then whirling the thong round his head, Ardan struck him full upon his broad forehead, and with a high bound in air, he fell forwards on his knees, and ere he could gain his feet, the sharp teeth of Luath were in his throat, and ploughing the ground with his antlers, again he fell forward. But now the white knee of the hunter was upon his side, and the keen knife of the hunter was in his heart, and spurning the turf, he died like a beast of game.

Now, not many bowshots off was the bawn of Angus the shepherd, and Angus was the friend of Ardan. So he broke the stag like a skilful hunter, and tying the carcase by the strong tendons high up in the oak boughs above the reach of the prowling wolves, he threw the best pieces across his shoulder, and held his way toward the dwelling of Angus,

where the blue smoke curled over the trees, and Luath bounded joyfully before him, and Angus met him at the gate of his bawn\* and gave him kindly welcome, and asked what brought him to the forest so early. And Ardan said, "I left the woods of Derry Calga last evening, and the Lake of Favail was brown with ships, and the shores echoed the rough voices of the stranger. The armies of Meva are upon us, and now I want food, and one hour's rest, for I must be before the King in Eman with the close of evening."

And Angus was sad when he heard of the coming of the Firbolg; for he was old, and his bawn was far from any rath, and his sons were with the King in Eman at the feast of Baaltinné. But Ardan bade him fear not, for the Red Branch should water their steeds at Assaroe ere two suns set, and he would bring his friend a score of strong bondsmen from the land of Onaghtma,† who should build him a rath in the forest.

Then Angus laid before the warrior such fare as the wild woods might afford—rich milk, and parched corn, and fresh curds—and he dressed skilfully in the embers a part of the venison which Ardan had brought—and Luath sat by her master, and received her portion; and then Ardan laid himself on the shepherd's bed of fragrant heath, and closed his eyes to sleep, for he had far and fast to go ere night. And again the dog became discontented, and went out with Angus, whimpering and suspicious; and they went down to the gate of the bawn, for the dwelling was upon a hill. But before they reached the gate, Luath raised her voice in the same wild howl which she had uttered on the mountain, and the old man turned to chide the dog; but he opened his mouth only to give forth his death-cry, for three arrows thrilled together in his breast, and calling Ardan in one terrible shout, he sank down leaning on his arm, and the red blood gushed from his mouth. Then the hound couched close on the earth beside him, silent and motionless as she were dead, but the hair bristled upon her back, and her eyes glanced fire on the gateway, and her lips were drawn back from her white teeth in deadly rage. But ere the death-cry failed in the mouth of Angus, two men burst through the gateway, and one bounded over the wall, and the three rushed together like wolves up to the hut where Ardan was sleeping; but as they passed the dying man, Luath sprang with a hoarse roar on the leader. He was a strong-limbed, light man; his face was disguised with the dark dye of the alder, and his mantle was wound round his left arm; and as he held it up to guard his throat, the dog bore him to the ground, and drove her sharp teeth through the garment; and he fell on one knee; but with the broad-bladed sword which he carried in his right hand, he struck the dog twice, so that the blood streamed down her shoulder, yet she would not so quit her hold, but pressed the fiercer for his throat. Then the others turned to help him, but they were stayed by a shout, as of the bursting thunder, and looking upwards, they saw Ardan coming upon them like a flood down Assaroe. Whirling the *ga dearg*,‡ he drove it right through the body of the foremost, nor waited to watch its course, but springing in upon the other, he bent his body so that a spear-thrust

\* Enclosure for cattle.

† The old name of Connaught.

‡ Literally, red javelin.

grated by his side, and catching him by the neck, he drove his keen hunting-skean twice and thrice through his heart, then hurling the quivering body from him, he turned to help Luath. Now, Luath's foe was the mightiest of the three, and tearing himself off from her, so that he wounded his arm and left part of his mantle in the dog's hold, he fled. He was scarce three spears' length in front of Ardan when he turned to fly; the staked enclosure of the bawn rose level with his neck, but he cleared it at a bound. And Ardan laid his hand upon it, and sprang lightly after; and the hound would fain have followed, but striking full upon the fence, she fell heavily backwards, for she was sorely wounded. And Ardan pressed close after his enemy, and flinging away his heavy sword, the fugitive ran lightly northwards.

Now, before they had gone three sling-casts, Ardan saw that he could not come up with his foe, but that he rather lost ground; so gathering together all his power, he made a sudden drive in upon him, as a hound after a deer, but the watchful runner dropped on his knees close on the ground, like a falling hawk, and tripping Ardan, he threw him far along the ground, then rising, he ran swift and lightly eastward; and when Ardan gathered himself up, he saw that he was left far behind, and he was bruised, and discomfited, and angry, so he gave up the chase, and shouted "Coward!" after his enemy, and the mocking laughter of the other answered him, ringing through the trees. Then Ardan returned to the bawn, and running to the old man, he raised his head softly and tenderly, but the life was well nigh gone; and he gazed earnestly on Ardan with his eyes, and he grasped his hand feebly and convulsively, for he would fain give all his white flocks and smooth-sided herds that he might speak one short message; but the wealth of Eman could not buy him a word, for the coming of death is like the first day of infancy—feeble, painful, and inarticulate. And while Ardan looked, he saw the change of death passing over Angus, and he laid him gently back, and his soul swelled up with grief and anger; for he had been in fight, when warriors fell in their pride, and his heart was hard as steel, but never till now had he seen white locks stained with life-blood; then carrying the old man's body, he laid him reverently in his dwelling, and returning to search for Luath, he found her lying where she had fallen, and her eyes lighted when he came, and she moaned feebly, and licked his hand; so he took her to the water—for loss of blood ever brings thirst—and he washed her wounds and bound them, and laid her in the hut beside the body of Angus; and he put food and water by her, being persuaded that she would recover, for he knew that life was strong in her race; and he was determined, when he returned with the Red Branch, to burn the body of Angus and to recover his hound—so he went forth, fastening the door against the prowling beasts. Then with hardened brow he set his foot on the breast of the assassin, and tore out his javelin, and leaving the caitiff corpses to the wolves and ravens, he addressed himself with saddened heart, but untiring limbs, to his lonely journey.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE KNIGHTS OF THE RED BRANCH.

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"I am the spirit of Erin's might,  
 That brightened in peace, and nerved her in fight ;  
 The spirit of Heroes thundering on—  
     Gloriously, gloriously !  
 The spirit of Maidens weeping on—  
     Wildly, tenderly !"

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A THOUSAND fires were twinkling over the trodden plains of Emain, and the hum of multitudes rose up through the calm air ; but far away westwards, Ardmacha, with her fields of yellow corn and dark green meadow, was sleeping silent in the pale twilight. One solitary traveller held his way down by the wood of Keinbaeth. His dress was stained with deep-red spots, and his white skin was torn by the thorns of the forest, and his face was pale and sorrowful. And as he passed forth from the wood, the sweet fragrance of the burning pine-cones came pleasantly to his nostrils, as it floated downwards from the mighty tower where the sacred fire burns for ever, stretching upwards its caressing arms to the gracious sun. And the distant hum of the people fell softly upon his ear. Then his eye brightened, and with quickened step he bounded forwards, till he might distinguish clearly the deep voices of warriors, the baying of hounds, the tinkling of harps, and the light laughter of women. Right before him a troop of girls were weaving wreaths of forest flowers, and one of them, with rich brown hair and laughing eyes, drew the chain which she had woven across his path, saying, "I put thee under solemn '*geasa*,'\* Prince, that thou tell us thy news."

And Ardan answered, "Evil befall me when I refuse so fair a challenge ; the best news I have, lady, is of a lovely maiden who threw roses in the path of a tired soldier." And kissing the flowers, he wound them round his head, and passed laughing on ; but the girl, blushing, fell back among her fellows. The crowds of noisy hurlers, shouting and disputing as they returned from their games, made way before his noble presence. He passed by the camp-fires, where women were dressing venison and boar's-flesh, and men were shaping and mending their weapons ; then by silent groups gathered round bards and story-tellers, listening to the tales of old, the landing of their forefathers, and the glories of Clann Míleadh. But he slackened his pace when he came up with a troop of knights' horses returning with their attendants to the "King's Stables ;"† and he asked the horseboys whether they had seen the sons of Uana ; and one of them answered that the Prince

\* Laying under *geasa* was an ancient Irish adjuration, and sometimes signifies the curse invoked by witches and enchanters on those who refused to comply with their wishes.

† *King's Stables*—the spot retains the name to this day.

Ainlé was even now coming up behind them. And as he spoke, a tall, strong warrior came riding up, holding his heavy wolfskin cathbarr (helmet) in his hand, so that the summer breeze might blow through the heavy locks that clustered to his shoulders. And Ardan turning, said, "Ainlé, my brother!" And the fair-haired rider sprung from his horse, and throwing his arms round Ardan, he embraced him as if he were returned from the dead; for he said it had been rumoured that he lay torn by wild beasts in the forest.

Then Ardan asked how it fared with his brother Naisi. And Ainlé said, "Even as a wild stag in a pitfall, he struggles but to sink the deeper. On the day that he returned from Caen Druim he was preparing to follow thee northward, but the same evening destiny carried him again to the summer-bower in the wood of Keinbaeth, and Deirdré, the King's betrothed, was there; and he came back like one in a dream, but he said that he would wait (to follow thee) till the games were over. And the next day at the shooting he missed the standing-target, so that Clan Usna murmured, and the boys laughed. Yesterday at the boar-hunt we saw him not, but when it was spread abroad that Deirdré had embroidered a tunic for the winner of the wrestling, he came to the field to-day, and he threw the mightiest in Erin before him, as a wild bull tosses the brachounds. Cuchullin and Connal Cearnach remained with him, champions of the day. Then Cuchullin taking him by the hand saluted him as victor, and retired from the lists; but Connal the Unforgiving came sternly on—his broad chest heaving for the struggle; and they met, as a king-stag faces a forest bull. They remained locked while a swift footman might run round the great rath, and Naisi came twice on his knee; then the people shouted, and rising like the wave that swells against Ben Edar, he bore Connal backwards, and giving the right hip, he flung him so that he could not rise or speak while you might run two bowshots.

"Then the people bore Naisi high in air to the Brehon's Chair, where Deirdré sat by the King, and she blushed and trembled when she gave the prize; but Naisi was very pale, and the King's brow gloomed like thunder, and rising, he told Feidlimhe, the arch-priest, to conduct the lady his daughter home, for that the games were ended. And he strode upwards towards the rath, and kicked his favourite dog Cusbrac, so that he rolled out howling before him; and to-night Naisi presides over the feast in the Hall of the Red Branch as victor of the day, but the King comes not to the banquet. I tell thee, Ardan, by the everlasting fire, if Naisi but gives the word we will carry away the maiden without harming a curl of her waving hair, even in the face of Connor Mac Nessa and all Clann Rudri."

But Ardan said, "Hold in thine anger, my brother, we will hear Naisi's will on the matter—Clan Usna must stand or fall together. Alas, Ainlé, I would we had never left the green woods and sunny hills of Caen Druim; we have won glory at Eman, but we have left happiness behind us."

"I tell thee again, Ardan," answered Ainlé, "this is not a time for dreaming. Thou lovest Morna, the King's daughter, and Naisi loves Deirdré, the King's betrothed; therefore Connor hates ye both, and Connor's anger is not like a woman's, to be appeased by wise words.

Last night the arms of Naisi fell in the Hall of the Red Branch, and his sword pierced through the shield from the inner side, so that danger threatens from our own order. For seven days I have not seen Rori, the King's jester, or his two fosterers, and they never yet bestirred themselves but for evil."

Then Ardan told Ainlé how he was set upon in the forest, and how Angus was slain; and thus conversing they went up towards the Great Rath.

The moat lay deep and black round three parts of the rath, and the remaining side was as a wall of rock. But now up the broad eastern causeway were streaming warriors and pages, and slaves bearing burdens, and strangers come from far to attend the games, and to see the glories of Eman. And the King's guards, and the bondsmen, and the attendants of the royal household were lodged in the lower circle, where was also the great hospital. Thence sloped up the green sides of the inner rath, where stood the Great Hall of the Heroes of the Red Branch; there hung their arms on the smooth walls, and there they held their royal feasts when they assembled from all the five kingdoms of green Erin. But far above again towered the palace of the King, and the royal banner of yellow embroidered linen glistened white against the darkening sky. On either side the doorway rose a straight, tall spear, supporting a brazen cresset, wherein burned a bright beacon of pine-resin, that threw around a light like day. Right in the entrance sat the King, and the richly-inlaid tables were before him, whereon he was playing chess (*fitchell*) with Feidlimhe, the arch-priest. His head was bare, and the light fell full upon his haughty features and mighty frame, but his brow was knit darkly, so that his red-brown hair curled low on his broad forehead, and his strong-veined hand was clenched on the table before him.

From within the house, partly hushed as if in awe, came the light-hearted laughter of childhood, and the sweet, low tones of a maiden's voice; and far back in the chamber, but full in the flood of light that shone down the centre, stood a fair child. On his arm he had a mimic shield, in his hand a reed-spear; his hair, of tawny gold, curled round his white forehead; and his cheek flushed bright red, and his dark eyes sparkled, half in wrath and half in laughter, as he struggled in the light folds of a woman's scarf which fettered his limbs. And before him sat a maiden, partly hidden in the king's shadow. She, too, was like the monarch, but she resembled him as the soft, sweet moonlight reflects the fierce glare of the sun. And she flung back her golden curls, and laughed merrily, as she entangled the baby warrior in the winding folds of her scarf. But in the midst of her mirth she started, as a voice without came upon her ear, and her fair brow flushed crimson, and then fell pale as the winter snow. Another shadow was thrown across the floor, and two tall warriors stood before the King. And when Connor Mac Nessa looked up, his cheek also paled, and his heavy brows met, and his strong hand was clenched on the carved chessman, which he held till it was crushed in his mighty grasp. And one of the warriors spoke and said, "May the King's days be like the waters of the Boinn, full, flowing, and prosperous. Ardan, the son of Usna, greets thee. The Firbolg are in Uladh, and their warriors swarm like summer-bees

along the shores of Favail; and this time last evening, when I left the heights of Calga, their camp-fires were spread over the country like the stars of heaven."

Then the King sprang up in haste, so that he overturned the tables and the chessmen upon Feidlimhe, the priest. And he said, "By the bones of Mac Fintain thou bringest fair tidings, son of Usna." And he gave him the right hand, as was the custom between the brethren of the Red Branch, but the King's grasp was hard and cold, like a hand graven in stone. And he called to those within the house to bring forth the goblet of King Cormac, and the King's steward came out bearing the cup. It was of dark, polished yew, and hooped with three circlets of gold, and within sparkled rich wine from the land of the Firbolg, and the King drank and passed the goblet to the warriors, and he bade them announce his coming to the banquet in the Hall of the Red Branch. So the sons of Usna went forth, saluting the King; and as they passed by the hazel-grove, on the west side of the Palace, where were the women's apartments, an aged crone met them, covered in a dark mantle, and she beckoned Ardan aside. But Ainelé said, "Do not obey her, she will put some fearful *geasa* upon thee. By the blessed light, I had rather face ten Firbolg, single-handed, than go into the darkness with her." Then the colliagh (old woman) motioned Ainelé angrily away, and Ardan told him to fear not for him, but to wait at the foot of the rath, and Ainelé would still have answered, but the hag raised her bent form, and shook her hand so menacingly, that he shuddered and went silently down. Then she led Ardan aside into the shadow of the trees, and leaning on her staff, she said in trembling tones—

"Prince, thy star is brightening over heaven; thou art the chosen of a great Queen,\* whose throne is the mightiest in Erin, and on whose like for beauty the sun never looked, and in token of her love she hath sent thee this golden bracelet." And she held forth the glittering gift; but Ardan put it back with his hand, and said,

"Good mother, tell thy lovely Queen to share her throne with one more worthy. My clan is small in Erin, and my brother is thanist† to Usna. I could bring her nought but my single sword."

And the crone answered scornfully—

"Thy heart is cold, warrior, and thine ambition low; the greater the height, the prouder should be the soul of youth to climb it. They lie, then, who say that the blood in the veins of Clan Usna runs the bluest in Erin." And Ardan's pale cheek flushed faintly, but the proud light shone in his eyes, as he said—

"None ever found the blood of Clan Usna false, and Ardan's heart is given where his truth was long since pledged."

And the hag answered—

"Turn, then, and hear the curse which thy faint heart brings on thee." And Ardan turned quickly, for the laugh that fell on his ear was clear as the ringing of a silver harp. And as he looked, the dark mantle

\* Meva, at this time Queen of Connaught, was famous for her power, her beauty, and her intrigues.

† Thanist, heir apparent. Succession was elective, not hereditary.

fell, and showed the sunny hair and lovely face of Connor's daughter. But even while she laughed, the tear stood in her eye, and she said—

“Forgive me, Ardan, for even now my heart smote me, when I saw thy face so pale and sorrowful; but I longed to know if Morna was forgotten, for thou wouldst not look on me when last I saw thee, ten days ago.”

And Ardan said—

“Dear lady, because my best wish for thee was that thou shouldst forget me. Thou art no longer a child, and thy father is wise, and hath chosen a fitting husband for thee. Connal Cearnach is among the bravest of the Red Branch, and his following in Uladh is only less than the King's, while Ardan is but the brother of Naisi.” And the tear stole down Morna's cheek, and her proud lip quivered, as she said—

“Though thou tire of me thyself, thou shalt never hand me to another. Alas! what have I done that thou shouldst send me to Connal the Unforgiving?” And Ardan caught her to his breast, and said—

“I will wear thee here for ever, for there is none like thee in broad Erin.”

The glare of torches and the clashing of arms told that the King was on his way to visit his Knights in the Hall of the Red Branch, and Ardan sprang lightly down the narrow path to join his brother.

The maiden shrunk back in the shadow while the martial train swept by, and she watched them dreamily, as the torches, one by one, went out from sight round the winding roadway, and the echoes of Clann Rudri's war-song, and the refrain of the clashing shields, died away on her ears. But long through that summer-night the stars looked down on a sweet, sad face, and a brow as fair and pure as their own soft light.

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## THE ROMANCE OF ART.

## LOVE AND PAINTING.

Among the many passions which have exercised a powerful influence in the ever-varying and romantic world of artist-life, that of Love occupies a prominent place. Many a strange adventure and hairbreadth escape, many an instance of constancy and devotion, many a successful struggle and development of genius, and—alas! that it should also be so—many a fatal error and degradation of the highest gifts, may be traced to its resistless power. But, upon the whole, its influence upon Art seems to have been beneficial. It has exalted far oftener than debased; and, if it has occasionally urged to crime, or steeped the spirit in sloth and sensuality, it has more frequently stimulated to active, persevering, and meritorious exertions. It may be said to have created three painters, who, but for its promptings, might have lived and died unknown; and, although the spheres of their labours lay far apart, Italy claiming one, Spain another, and Holland the third, there is a remarkable similarity in their histories, which we propose briefly to chronicle for the entertainment of our readers.

The first of these artists—Antonio Solario, surnamed *Lo Zingaro*—was born in 1382, at Civita, near Chieti, in the Abruzzi. He was originally a blacksmith, or rather a tinker, and exercised this calling until seventeen years of age, when a romantic incident induced him forever to abandon it. He had gone to Naples to prosecute his trade, was one day summoned to repair some kitchen-utensils, and, while engaged in doing so, was struck by the beauty of a young female, the daughter of the painter Colantonio del Fiore. The result was that he fell violently in love with her; and, in spite of his servile occupation, had the audacity to aspire to her hand. His pretensions at first amused Colantonio; but, as he continued to press his suit, he at length told him that his daughter should only become the wife of a painter. Nothing daunted by this declaration, Solario asked and obtained ten years to perfect himself as an artist; and, inspired by love, betook himself to the study of design with the utmost ardour. Anxious to obtain the instruction of a good master, he repaired to Bologna, and became the pupil of Lippo Dalmasio—also called Lippo delle Madonne, from his numerous pictures of the Virgin, and the grace with which they were painted. Under Lippo he studied for seven years, and then—that nothing might be left undone to obtain the hand of his lady-love—left his studies and travelled over Italy, studying everywhere the works of the greatest painters, and comparing them with his own efforts. He visited Venice, Florence, Ferrara, and Rome; and at length, when convinced of his own powers, returned to Naples, and, concealing his name, offered himself to paint the portrait of the Queen; in this he succeeded as well, that he considered himself entitled to go to Colantonio and demand the fulfilment of his promise. He was well received, and obtained as the reward of his long and strenuous efforts the hand of her whose love had

originated and supported them. The love which he had conceived in a day made him a painter for ever, and he became one of the first artists of his time. His romantic history, as well as his merits, contributed to spread his fame, and he was soon one of the most popular artists of Naples. Both the Benedictines and Dominicans employed him to decorate their convents; and in a picture which he painted for the canons of the Lateran he has introduced his own portrait and that of his wife, in the midst of a group of saints which surround the Virgin. Like Angelico, and many of the earlier Italian painters, Solario was distinguished for his skill in illuminating. In this way he decorated the pages of several Bibles, and a MS. of Seneca's tragedies, which may still be seen in the possession of the Fathers of the Oratory at Naples. Solario is distinguished for the beautiful expression of his heads, the freshness of his colouring, and the animation of his figures. He also composed with much skill; but the hands and feet of his figures are frequently defective in drawing. He was the founder of a distinguished School of Art at Naples. His finest works are the frescoes in the choir of San Severino, representing in several compartments the life of St. Benedict, and containing an incredible variety of figures and subjects. In spite of four centuries of neglect, these frescoes still preserve something of their pristine beauty. They are especially remarkable for the important part which the landscape occupies. At Naples, as elsewhere in Italy, landscape was originally introduced, in the fifteenth century, as a mere accessory to religious painting; and at first it was not imitated from nature, but borrowed from the school of the Van Eycks at Bruges; and the most important examples of this early practice of landscape now existing in Naples are those frescoes of Solario, which are thus described by a recent observer: \*—"Nature and the creations of men are, however, here represented, not in their sober reality, but in fabulous combinations, which are singularly appropriate to the legends with which they are associated. Here you have a portrait of whatever is most savage or most splendid in a fantastic world; of deserts peopled with anchorites and demons; of porticos, palaces, and convents, the abodes of princes and prelates; of places of temptation, and places of pleasure and disport; of lakes and winding rivers, which reflect the enchanted castles on their cultivated banks, or the beasts of the chase, which approach to drink in the limpid and solitary waters."

The scene now changes from Italy to Spain, and there also we shall find one of her best painters owing his inspiration to the influence of love. Francisco de Ribalta was born about the middle of the sixteenth century at Castellon de la Plana, and studied painting in Valencia. While prosecuting his studies, he fell deeply in love with the daughter of his master, and his affection was returned with equal ardour; but at this time the young artist gave but small promise of future excellence, and his master refused to permit his daughter to marry one for whose abilities he entertained but little respect. The lady, however, was willing to wait; and young Ribalta departed for Italy, determined to strain every nerve to obtain her hand. We have no account of his studies there; but his style in after years shows that he must have

\* Lord Napier—"Modern Painting at Naples."

attentively studied the works of the Caracci and of Raphael. He remained in Italy for three or four years, and then returned to Valencia an accomplished artist and constant lover. His first care was to obtain an interview with her who had waited and hoped so long; and then, taking advantage of the absence of her father, he proceeded to give proof of his matured powers by finishing a picture which had been left on the easel. The father of his lady-love, on returning home, was equally astonished and delighted by the beauty of the finished work, and declared to his daughter that this should be his son-in-law, and not "that dauber Ribalta." The result may easily be imagined: the lovers were soon made happy, and Ribalta's after career justified the promise of this early effort. Commissions poured in upon him, and the churches and convents of Valencia were soon filled with his paintings, as his industry was equal to his genius. He died at Valencia, in January, 1628, and was buried in the Church of San Juan del Mercado. His works are remarkable for power and freedom of drawing, and for skilful grouping and composition, while the best of them are equally admirable in colour; and Mr. Stirling tells us that on one of his pictures being taken to Italy, and submitted to the judgment of an eminent Italian master, he immediately exclaimed, "*O, divino Raffaele!*" mistaking it for a work by that immortal artist. The Museum of Valencia contains some fine specimens of the works of Ribalta—the best of which is a large picture of "Our Lady of Sorrows." Like Solario, Ribalta formed many excellent painters, the principal of whom were his own son Juan, and Josef Ribera, afterwards the head of the Neapolitan School, and the great rival and opponent of the followers of the Caracci.

The third of these love-created artists was Quentin Matsys—so well known in this country by his celebrated picture of "The Misers" in Windsor Castle. He was born at Antwerp, in 1450, and, his father dying early, supported himself and his mother by exercising the trade of a blacksmith until his twentieth year, when he was seized with a severe and dangerous illness, which disabled him from following his occupation, and nearly proved fatal to him. When somewhat recovered from the violence of this attack, he undertook to supply an iron cover for a well near the Castle of Antwerp; and, in the execution of this work, displayed great ability, both in the beauty, delicacy, and high finish of the workmanship, and in the good taste of the ornaments with which he decorated it. For the College of Louvain he also made an iron balustrade remarkable for its beauty. But the exertion required by these labours proved too much for his recently-recovered strength, and brought on a relapse of his malady, which put a stop to all work requiring severe manual labour. It was then the custom that, in a certain annual religious procession, the penitents should distribute to the people little figures of saints designed for the purpose; and a friend, who knew Matsys' skill in drawing, suggested to him that he might employ himself in fabricating these, as a work well suited to his weak state of health. With this advice Matsys complied, and with such success, that he was induced to apply himself steadily to the study of painting, and abandon for ever the trade of a blacksmith. Such is the narrative given by Van Mander of the conversion of the blacksmith of Antwerp into one of the most successful artists of his time. But there

is another and far more interesting and romantic account of his reasons for abandoning the hammer for the pencil, supported also by strong evidence, and which, as a beautiful episode in the history of Art, we would wish to believe the true one. Under his portrait are certain verses by Lampsonius, which impute his conversion to the influence of love; and, upon his tomb in the Cathedral of Antwerp, engraved in letters of gold, is the inscription—" *Connubialis amor de muloibro fecit Apellem.*" According to this account, Matsys fell in love with the daughter of an Antwerp painter, who was not insensible to his attachment, but whose flinty-hearted father, regardless of the affection of two young hearts, refused to give his consent to her marriage with a blacksmith, and declared that none but a painter should take her for a wife. Matsys was young and hopeful, and he was also deeply in love; he therefore applied himself to the study of design with the utmost diligence, and, when he considered himself qualified to compete with his rivals for the fair hand of his mistress, carried one of his pictures to her father, who, charmed with its beauty, no longer refused his consent. This love-story has been made the subject of a comedy by M. Maurice Seguiet, which was successfully performed at the theatre of the Vaudeville in 1799, under the title of "*Marechal ferrant de la Ville d'Anvers.*" We are certain that all our fair readers will believe the portrait, the tomb, and the comedy, in spite of Van Mander, Descamps, Bryant, and their dull, musty, histories and dictionaries of Art. A mere fit of illness could never turn a sooty, horny-fisted blacksmith into an accomplished painter; nothing but love could work such a miracle. At all events, if the story is not true it ought to be so.

Matsys died at Antwerp, in 1529, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. He never visited Italy; and his pictures, though remarkable for minute and careful finish, are cold and dry in manner. They were, however, highly esteemed, even in his own time, and fetched very large prices.

Such is the history of three celebrated artists who owed their fame and immortality to the influence of love; and one cannot fail to be struck with the remarkable similarity in the principal incidents of their lives; the story of the "Blacksmith of Antwerp" being almost identical with that of him of the Abruzzi, while Ribalta's, though a little different from both, has yet a singular resemblance in its main features. But interesting and romantic as are the lives of these painters, they are all exceeded, in variety of adventure and constancy of purpose, by the career of Francisco Vieira, one of the few great artists of whom Portugal can boast. He cannot, indeed, be said to have been made a painter by the power of love; but still it exercised so important an influence on his life, and stamped upon it so completely its character of singularity and romance, that his story may, with great propriety, be included under the title of "Love and Painting." He was born at Lisbon in 1699, and, while quite a boy, contracted a warm friendship for a young girl named Ignês Elena de Lima, the daughter of a noble family, which later in life ripened into a strong, enduring, and mutual attachment. This boyish love was interrupted for a time by a visit which Vieira made to Rome, in the suite of the Marquis of Abrantes, ambassador to the Holy See. At the time of this visit he appears to have been only nine or ten years of age. At

Rome, he laboured diligently in the study of design for nearly seven years, and, when not quite sixteen years old, obtained the first prize in the Academy of St. Luke. He studied in the school of Trevisani, and improved his skill by copying the works of Annibal Caracci, in the Farnese Palace. On his return to Portugal, in spite of his extreme youth, he was commissioned by the King to paint a large picture on the Mystery of the Eucharist, which he completed in six days, in such a way as entirely to satisfy his royal patron, who further employed him upon a portrait of himself, to be used as a model for the coin-dies in the mint. But the favour of the King could not make Vieira forget his early playmate, and he lost no time in repairing to the mansion of the Lima family, on the beautiful banks of the Tagus, where he was kindly received by the parents of Ignez, who never for a moment dreamed that a painter could aspire to mix his plebeian blood with the *sangre azul* that flowed in the veins of the Limas. For a time, therefore, everything went happily, and Vieira spent his days in courting his not unwilling mistress, and in sketching the beautiful scenery around him. At length, however, the parents of the fair Ignez became aware of the monstrous fact that the youthful artist had not only wooed, but won the heart of their daughter, and they lost no time in banishing him from their house, and shutting Ignez up in a convent. John V., the then reigning monarch of Portugal, had a fancy for choosing his mistresses from convents, and Vieira, thinking that he might have a sympathy with his case, lost no time in throwing himself at the foot of the throne, and entreating that the compulsory vows which Ignez had been compelled to take might be cancelled, in consideration of the prior faith which she had sworn to himself. His application, however, was vain. The King probably thought that the nuns ought to be a royal privilege, and refused to interfere in favour of a subject. Nothing daunted by this repulse, the enamoured painter proceeded to Rome, and succeeded in obtaining from the Pope a commission directed to the Patriarch of Lisbon, requiring him to investigate the facts of the case; and the report of this prelate being in favour of Vieira, he was at length made happy by a Papal Bull annulling the conventual vows of the fair Ignez, and authorizing her marriage with her constant lover.\* But here again an unforeseen obstacle presented itself. The painter had neglected to obtain the approbation of the civil power in Portugal previously to prosecuting his suit in Rome, and had thus rendered himself liable to the forfeiture of all his property; and he was, therefore, compelled to remain in Rome for six years longer, until the affair should be forgotten in Lisbon. During this period he was elected a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and was a popular and well-employed artist. At the expiry of the six years, he returned to Portugal to claim and wed the bride for whom he had waited so long, and ventured so much. He found her still confined in the Convent of Santa Anna, and jealously watched by her relations. But Vieira was not a man to be daunted by difficulties or dangers; disguised as a brick-

\* It may be remembered by our readers that a similar dispensation had been granted by a Pope, about two centuries and a-half before the days of Vieira, to the Italian painter, Filippo Lippi, and the beautiful but frail Lucrezia Buti.—See *Ir. Met. Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 635.

layer, he obtained access to the convent, and mingling with the workmen, contrived to obtain an interview with Ignez, and communicated to her a plan of escape, which he afterwards successfully carried into effect, bearing his lady off on horseback, and disguised in male attire. The lovers were, however, closely pursued, and Vieira was wounded by a pistol-shot fired by the brother of Ignez, an injury which he afterwards avenged by generously relieving his wants when reduced to a state of beggary. On escaping from their pursuers, and reaching another bishopric, Vieira produced the Papal dispensation, and he and Ignez were at last married. Their union, so often deferred, was long and happy, enduring for forty-five years. Vieira afterwards resided for some time at Seville, and was subsequently employed by the King of Portugal in the decoration of the vast convent-palace of Mafra, and appointed painter in ordinary, with a liberal salary. He was by far the best native artist, and resided for nearly forty years in the capital, painting with much assiduity and success. Many of his works perished in the great earthquake of 1755, but some of the best escaped. He was a distinguished architect, and a competent engraver, as well as a skilful painter; and, after the death of his beloved Ignez, which took place in 1775, he beguiled his grief by writing and publishing, at Lisbon, in 1780, a poetical autobiography, bearing the somewhat pompous and arrogant title of the "Distinguished Painter and Constant Husband." Upon the death of his wife he gave up painting, and spent the most of his time in a retreat called Beato Antonio, in the exercise of meditation and prayer, dying at Lisbon, in 1783, at the age of eighty-four, "with good men's praises for his epitaph," and a high reputation for charity and devotion.

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Y.

## THEY PARTED US.

### I.

They parted us, but they can never wring  
That love from out our hearts to which we cling :  
They parted us, but they could never bear  
Away one memory that we cherished there.

### II.

They parted us, but they will never know  
The suffering that this heart conceals below ;  
For lip of mine shall never deign to tell  
The agony they wrought by that farewell.

### III.

Then heed them not if they should say they see •  
Me smile on others as I smiled on thee ;  
They know not how I weep, and sigh, and pray,  
For thou, belov'd one, who art far away

### IV.

Or how my memory dwells on bygone hours,  
To which all else are but as fading flowers.  
Thine was the presence that could light my brow  
With smiles of gladness that it knows not now ;

### V.

Like that famed bird whose glorious, glittering wings  
Reflects its radiance when he sunward springs ;  
Outspread and beautiful when day is bright,  
But darkened o'er when folded from his light.

ROONA.

## ASSOCIATIONS WITH ORNITHOLOGY.—No. II.

IN resuming our subject, we shall commence with the gentle and graceful DOVE.

Semiramis, the great Queen of Assyria (reigning about 1250 years before Christ), was said to have been nourished in her infancy by doves. Her name signifies "The Brown Dove," or "The Mountain Dove." She was fabled to have been the daughter of Derceto, the Assyrian Venus, and to the Goddess of Beauty doves were consecrated, as an allegory that mildness and tenderness ought to be associated with loveliness. The fable respecting the birth of Semiramis intimates the obscurity of her origin. Among the ancients, when any persons of humble or of unknown parentage achieved renown, it was always pretended (as a piece of necessary flattery) that they descended from the gods. Semiramis became the wife of Onnes, general of Ninus, first King of Assyria; but that monarch, enraptured with her talents and her charms, took her from Onnes, and married her himself. After his death she usurped the throne from her son Ninias, reigned with great glory, built Babylon, and caused many splendid works of architecture to be erected. Being subsequently murdered by order of her son, she was said to be transformed into a dove.

The Assyrians worshipped the dove as a symbol of the air, and depicted it upon their military banners, to which circumstance allusion is made in the text in Jeremiah, which in our version is rendered, "Their land is desolate, because of the fierceness of *the oppressor*," which in the Vulgate is, "the fierceness of the dove"\* (Jer. xxv. 38.) And again, Jer. xli. 16, which in our version is, "Let us go again to our own people from the *oppressing sword*,"† which in the Vulgate is, "from the sword of the dove."

The people of Ascalon (the reputed birthplace of Semiramis), worshipped doves. The most ancient of the temples dedicated to the celestial Venus was at Ascalon, after which model the people of Cyprus built their celebrated fane.

The Rabbins relate that Solomon bore a sceptre surmounted by a dove, having a golden crown in its mouth, a type of the union of mercy and mildness with sovereign power.

At the second coronation of King Arthur of Britain with his second wife, Guinever (also the second of that name), the Queen was attended by the wives of four British chiefs, each bearing a dove on her hand (perhaps in allusion to Pentecost, about which time the coronation took place). The dove retains its place at British coronations; it is on the sceptre of the reigning Sovereign, and on the ivory rod of the Queen Consort.

Among the Egyptians the black PIGEON was the symbol of a widow

\* \* Facta est terra eorum in desolationem a facie iræ columbæ."

† † Revertamur ad populum nostrum, a facie gladii columbæ."



who would not marry again, for, as they believed, that bird, when it loses its mate, will take no other.

Jupiter, in his infancy, was said to have been fed with ambrosia by wild pigeons, whence they were made harbingers of summer, whose approach they announce by their agreeable cooing among the woods.

According to the classic mythology, two pigeons, which Jupiter had endowed with speech and given to his daughter Thebe, took flight from Egypt: one stopped in Lybia, the other went on to Dodona in Epirus, and alighting there, informed the people that it was the will of Jupiter to have an oracle in that place. An oracle was accordingly founded, and became one of the most celebrated in Greece. The story has been thus explained. Some Phœnician merchants carried away captives two priestesses from Thebes in Egypt; one of them was sold in Lybia, and the other at Dodona, where she caused a small temple to be erected among the ancient oaks in honour of Jupiter (whose priestess she had been in Egypt), and instituted the oracle. The people of the country not understanding her language when she first arrived, said she uttered sounds as unintelligible as cooings, and called her "The Pigeon." Afterwards, when she had learned to speak the Greek tongue plainly, they said the pigeon spoke.

The Greeks fabled that Venus and Cupid having laid a wager which could gather most flowers within a certain time, a nymph called Peristera helped Venus, who thus won the stake, and Cupid was so incensed, that he turned the officious assistant into a pigeon, a play upon the word, which in Greek is Peristera, the nymph's name.

At Eryx, in Sicily, the ancient inhabitants used to observe a time which they called "The Departure," when they said their goddess was departing into Africa, and all the doves and pigeons disappeared, as if to accompany her. After the lapse of nine days, a single pigeon was seen to fly across the sea, like a harbinger, and light upon the Temple, and all the rest soon followed. Then the people celebrated a joyous festival, which they termed "The Return."

Anius, King of Delos, had three daughters, to whom Bacchus gave the power of transmuting everything they touched into wine, corn, and oil. When Agamemnon was going to the siege of Troy, he took them prisoners, intending to carry them with him, that they might supply his army with provisions; but Bacchus changed them into pigeons, and they flew from Agamemnon's power, and took refuge in the Isle of Andros. Thus his fable altered the features of a simple historical fact. The three daughters of Anius were careful princesses, who took care of the contributions of wine, oil, and corn paid into their father by his subjects. Agamemnon demanded provisions for his troops, and took the ladies as hostages till his demands should be complied with; but they made their escape from him into the Isle of Andros.

Among the ancients the WOODPECKER was dedicated to Mars.

Picas, King of the Latins, before the Trojan War, was said to have been an accomplished and handsome prince, and the enchantress Circe, meeting him when hunting in a wood, became enamoured of him; but finding that he would not, for her sake, desert his beautiful and affectionate wife, Canens, she changed him into a woodpecker. The fable is a play upon words, as Picus means a woodpecker. The transformation

is celebrated by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. It is explained that *Picus*, who was a great professor of divination, kept a tame woodpecker, that bird being much esteemed by augurs, and used in their rites. *Picus* having been killed (either accidentally or treasonably) at the chase, and his body not found, he was fabled to have been turned into the bird of his own name.

The brilliant *KINGFISHER*, whose gorgeous plumage renders him almost too oriental-looking for the banks of our streams, was of old consecrated to *Têthys*, daughter of Heaven and Earth, and wife of the Ocean; a pretty allegory of the habits of the bird familiar with three elements—flying in the air, building on the ground, and seeking his food in the waters.

*Ceyx*, King of Thrace, was married to *Alcyone*, daughter of *Eolus*, whom he tenderly loved. Being in great affliction for the death of his brother, *Deucalion*, *Ceyx* went to consult the oracle at *Claros* for means to dissipate his melancholy. On his return he was shipwrecked and drowned; his wife, *Alcyone*, or *Halcyone*, overwhelmed with despair, threw herself into the sea, and the gods in pity metamorphosed both husband and wife into kingfishers (called also *Halcyons*), which became thenceforward the emblems of conjugal love. The common term, "*Halcyon days*," signifying a time of happiness and profound peace, is derived from an old superstition concerning the kingfisher or *Halcyon*, which was fabled to build its nest on the margin of the sea (some said on the surface of the sea), and during the time of incubation, the gods, from respect to *Ceyx* and *Alcyone*, kept the winds and waves lulled into a state of perfect tranquillity. The time called the "*Halcyon days*" was the seven days before, and the seven days after the winter solstice, generally noted for the calmness of the weather, and popularly called, in some places, "*St. Martin's Summer*."

*Columella* gives the name of *Halcyon Days* to a period beginning with the 8th of the calends of March, during which great stillness was observed to prevail in the Atlantic Ocean. Among other superstitions anciently prevalent concerning the kingfisher, it was believed that when dead its flesh would never corrupt; and that if hung up, its breast would always face the north, by some magnetic quality.

*Cicero* and the Emperor *Gordian* wrote Latin poems on the kingfisher, which are not extant; less fortunate in their fame than "*The Metamorphosis*" which *Ovid* has left to us on this subject.

Magnificent like the kingfisher, is the larger and more stately *PEACOCK*, which, however, is more a bird of earth than air—for though it loves to perch on high places, it frequents the ground more than the skies. It was brought originally from India to Persia, and soon found its way into Europe. When *Alexander the Great* first saw peacocks in India, he was so much struck with their appearance, that he decreed a punishment for all persons who should kill or injure them. On their introduction into Greece, the people paid a fixed price for seeing them, and undertook long journeys to behold the wondrous birds. In ancient Rome, the pleasure their beauty afforded to the eye soon inspired the idea that they would give equal gratification to the palate. *Hortensius the Orator* was the first who served a peacock up at a feast, and thenceforward it became a fashionable dish among the Romans.

On account of its splendour and its stately air, the peacock was dedicated to Juno. This Queen of Olympus, jealous of Jupiter's love for the beautiful Io, transformed the nymph into a heifer, and gave her in charge to Argus, who had a hundred eyes, of which two only slept at a time. Mercury, however, at the desire of Jupiter, lulled all the eyes to sleep by the melody of his lyre, slew the slumberer, and delivered Io. Juno, in order to honour the memory of Argus, placed his eyes on the train of her favourite bird. The peacock is engraved on the coins of Samos, where Juno was especially worshipped.

In ancient sculptures, May personified was represented with a peacock standing beside him; and August was shown with a fan of peacocks' feathers in his hand, because the varied hues of that beautiful bird's plumage were considered figurative of the many and various flowers that adorned these two months.

On Imperial coins of Rome, the peacock typifies the consecration of princesses, as the eagle does that of princes. The peacock was figured above funeral piles, as if to carry the illustrious dead up to heaven.

Admired as the peacock was in ancient Italy, the modern Italians have a proverb concerning it, "that it has the beauty of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the stomach of a thief."

Adramelech, the sun-god of Sepharvaim (a district of Assyria), was represented in the form of a peacock. His votaries made their children pass through the fire in his honour.

The family of Pawne (originally of French extraction) bears in its scutcheon three peacocks with their trains displayed, from the French word *paon*, a peacock. This kind of blazonry, when the arms are in allusion to the name, is called by English heralds "*canting heraldry*," and by French heralds "*armes parlantes*," or "speaking arms."

When Henry II. of England nominated his son John (afterwards King) Lord of Ireland, Pope Alexander confirmed the title, and at the same time he sent to the prince a crown of peacocks' feathers; since when it was long accounted unlucky in Ireland to keep peacocks' feathers in the house. But we believe this superstition has become nearly, if not wholly, obsolete.

In the days of chivalry the peacock was in great esteem, and its plumage adorned the head-dress of the noble, the fair, and the valiant: now, by a complete reverse of fortune, the peacock's feather is left to the crazed or the buffoon. Its want of flexibility seems to be the cause of its banishment from modern adornings. Still, though from its stiffness unfit for plumes, we think modern ingenuity might form beautiful trimmings from the different splendid feathers of the Samian bird.

The peacock was of old a dish of high honour at the table of nobles. After being roasted, it was served up in its skin, which, unplucked, had been previously removed; its train was affixed, unfolded and erect; its crest elevated, and a sponge dipped in spirits of wine was set on fire, and placed in its bill. It was carried into the banquetting-room by four serving-men, who elevated the dish so as to be seen by all present before it was laid on the table. It was customary for the knights then to make a vow, "before the peacock," to perform some great achievement in honour of their ladies, or of their Sovereign.

The PHEASANT received similar knightly honours. But among the ancients it was associated with the tragic story of Itys, who was murdered by his mother, Progne (daughter of Pandion, King of Athens)—boiled and served up to his unsuspecting father, Tereus, King of Thrace, in revenge for the cruelty he, Tereus, had practised on Philomela, his sister-in-law, whose tongue he cut out to prevent her revealing his wickedness. But the injured lady made it known to her sister by means of a piece of embroidery, in which she depicted her story, which incensed Progne to the utmost. When Tereus had eaten, his wife threw the head of Itys upon the table, and announced the terrible fact to the dismayed tyrant. The sun is said to have withdrawn his light, from horror at the scene. The gods transformed Itys into a pheasant, to be admired for its fine plumage; Progne into a swallow, that frequents human dwellings as though in remorseful search for her murdered son; Philomel into a nightingale, indemnified by the gift of song for the former loss of her tongue, and hiding herself from the gazer's eye amid woods and thickets; and Tereus into a heepoe (sometimes erroneously rendered "lapwing"), a bird whose filthy habits were considered figurative of the morals of the Thracian King.

Though the HORPOX was thus of bad repute among the Greeks, yet among the ancient Egyptians it was the emblem of gaiety and filial piety, and its head was often represented on Egyptian sceptres, especially on that of Horus, the sun-god; the semicircular erect crest representing a radius, or glory.

Besides the misfortunes of Philomel, the NIGHTINGALE was associated with another melancholy story in classic mythology. Ædo, daughter of Pandorus, and wife of Zethus, had but one son, Itylus, while Niobe, the wife of her husband's brother Amphion, had a numerous offspring. Ædo, jealous of her sister-in-law on that account, resolved to kill the eldest of Niobe's sons; and as Itylus slept with his cousin, she desired him to change his bed, which the youth forgetting to do, he was slain by his mother in mistake for her nephew. Ædo was overwhelmed with grief and despair, and the gods metamorphosed her into a nightingale, to sing the dirge of her child.

Thamyras of Thrace was the most celebrated musician of his era. His poem of "The Wars of the Gods and the Titans," was esteemed superior to all that had been known before it (he preceded Homer), and he was the third person who won the prize of singing at the Pythian games. His fame made him so arrogant, that he challenged the Muses themselves to compete with him. They accepted the challenge, on condition that if he was vanquished he should be at their discretion, to endure what penalty they willed. The Muses gaining the victory, deprived him of sight, voice, reason, and musical skill. He died of grief, and was transformed into the melodious nightingale, gifted with exquisite music to indemnify him for his former sufferings.

Universally admired as is this bird of song, it was once an object of antipathy to an English King. Edward the Confessor, on being solicited for alms, in the absence of his almoner, by an aged pilgrim from Jerusalem, gave to the suppliant a valuable ring. Subsequently this ring was brought back to him by two Englishmen from the Holy Land, to whom it had been delivered by the pilgrim, with the injunction, that on

returning the gift they should inform the King, that the person to whom he had presented it was St. John the Evangelist, in the guise of a pilgrim, and that he (Edward) should die on the 5th of January, 1062. The Confessor upon hearing this, resolved on preparing for his dissolution. He built, in a wooded part of Essex, a retreat, which he called "Have-atte—ye King Bower,"\* (since abbreviated into "Havering-at Bower"), whither he retired for the purpose of meditation and prayer. But he found himself so much disturbed by the singing of the nightingales, that he conceived a dislike to them, and prayed that they might be banished thence; and they were thenceforth no longer heard within the park paling, though resorting in great numbers all round about the immediate vicinity.† The adventures of King Edward and his ring are represented in three or four compartments of the frieze over his shrine in Westminster Abbey.

Among the ancient Greeks the LARK, lively and musical as it is, commemorated an undutiful daughter. Nisus, King of Megara, had on his head a lock of hair of a purple hue, on which his destiny depended; for the Fates had decreed that while it remained unshorn he should be prosperous in all things. Minos, King of Crete, going to war with Nisus, besieged Megara, but gained no advantage till Scylla, daughter of Nisus, seeing Minos riding round the walls of the city, fell in love with him, and in order to conciliate his affections, cut off the fateful lock during her father's sleep. Nisus, on perceiving that his ruin was effected, slew himself, and his kingdom was conquered by Minos; but the latter, scorning Scylla on account of her treachery to her parent, she threw herself into the sea in a paroxysm of shame and sorrow, and the Olympic deities changed her into a lark, and Nisus into a hawk, since which time these two birds have been irreconcilable enemies.

Aristophanes, however, in his wild play of "The Birds," gives the lark, on the other hand, a good character for filial piety. He says, "The lark is the oldest of all things, older than the earth. Her father died, ‡ there was no earth at the time, and the daughter, not knowing where to find him a grave, buried him in her own head."

Acalet, nephew of the great artificer Dædalus of Athens, invented the saw, which excited the envy of his uncle, who had himself invented the wedge, the wimble, and other implements, besides sails for ships. In his jealous rage, Dædalus threw Acalet from the top of a tower, and the gods transformed him into a PARTRIDGE.

Impudence and Contumely were worshipped at Athens under the form of partridges.

On the other hand, the ancient priests of Egypt represented a happy and well-ordered family by the emblem of two red Egyptian partridges, male and female, brooding side by side, for the male bird aids the female in the task of hatching her eggs.

The QUAIL was sacrificed to Hercules, because when that hero was

\* Have-at the ring.

† The nightingales no longer heed King Edward's decree of banishment, and they now sing in the park when it pleases them.

‡ How had the lark a father, if she were the oldest of all things? Is not thus a Greek bull, and of the same species as an Irish one?

slain by Typhon, or the earthly principle (figurative of destruction), Iolaus, the companion of Hercules, restored him to life by placing a quail to his nostrils, and the smell of the bird revived him ; that is, he recovered Hercules from a fit of epilepsy by the smell of a quail, which, according to Galen, was efficacious in that disorder.

Latona, mother of Apollo and Diana, was changed by Jupiter into a quail, that she might thus elude the jealousy of Juno, and fly for refuge to the Isle of Delos, where she recovered her natural form ; but this fable seems to be but a play upon words. Delos was called by the Greeks Ortygia, from Ortyx (*ορτυξ*), a quail. Hence the fabled metamorphosis. According to Solerius, the island was named Ortygia, because it was the first place where the Greeks found quails.

The Romans did not eat quails, esteeming their flesh unwholesome, because they frequently fed on hellebore ; but they kept the birds to fight, as they are very pugnacious ; hence the proverb, "*As quarrelsome as a quail in a cage.*"

Of the Woodcock, Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists* (quoting Socrates), relates the following strange anecdote. The woodcock having been transported into Egypt from Lybia, and having been let loose in the woods there, uttered, for some time, a sound like a quail ; but after the river Nile got low, and a great scarcity arose in which a great many of the natives of the country died, they never ceased uttering in a voice more distinct than that of the clearest-speaking children—"Three-fold evil to the wicked doers." But when they were caught, it was not only impossible to tame them, but they even ceased to utter any sounds at all. If, however, they were set at liberty again, they recovered their voice. . This story seems to be an allegory typifying the restraint that is imposed upon the expression of sentiment and opinion among a people when they have lost their national freedom.

M. E. M.

## LIFE'S FORESHADOWINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD TIMES."

## CHAPTER LVIII.

"WILL Mr. Roach see Monsieur Nichola?"

A light strong step—a frank hearty address—an eye as clear as crystal—you had scarcely known him as he threw open his door and came out. The vacuous look of suffering was gone, and there was the clear, strong intelligence instead.

"One would suppose Monsieur Roach had come in for a property—shall I wish him joy?"

"Do so, Monsieur." Roach held out his hand to him with warmth; Monsieur took it doubtfully.

"I received your letter, and I have brought with me the small deposit that has been lying in my hands."

"Am I indebted to you, Monsieur Nichola, for this loan?"

"No; I cannot tell: it comes from a foolish little friend of yours. In fact, it is a secret, I believe."

Roach started, looked hard at the Frenchman, and reflected for a moment. He did not press this secret further.

"Whoever may have lent it, I shall repay it soon, Monsieur; and you will be so kind as to be the medium once more. I am immediately returning to Paris for the Examinations."

Monsieur Nichola's old intolerant spirit kindled.

"Is the man serious?"

"I start to-morrow."

"You are not so infatuated; I will not believe it."

"Let Monsieur have patience, and he will have proof."

"Permit me to ask you, Monsieur Roach, how you can pay up the fees for the years you have lost?"

"I have paid them long ago. I appropriated my earnings to the hope that is now fulfilled."

"Pardon me, Monsieur, 'twas good money thrown away."

"I hope not. Say, I should hold first place in Science."

Monsieur's politeness failed him—he laughed aloud.

"I am neither surprised nor offended, Monsieur, at your incredulity. You will, I suppose, be in Paris on the 1st with Madame; and if you will meet me, as I come out from the Hall, you may have your laugh out. *Nous verrons.*"

"You are your own master, Monsieur Roach," said the Frenchman aloud. He muttered, as he went away, "It's a pity you are. If I'd my will, the only examination you should undergo should be by a surgeon, as a candidate for a strait-waistcoat."

The first pleasant act in his altered fortunes was to call in his landlady, and to pay her in full. He remained with her about a week longer, and during that time he took much walking-exercise, but was

never observed to open a book. Nevertheless, the red sunrise always fell upon his studies, when none but he were up and awake.

His heart was inoculated with second youth and hope. Thoughts, dull and vaporous of late, had suddenly condensed. His mind grasped largely and firmly again. The livid eclipse had passed on from a bright intelligence, and noon had returned.

Two days before the Examination he quietly started for the train, his carpet-bag in hand. His heart was jubilant as a boy's on that lovely May morning, as he passed along by the woods and the water. Not a cloud was across the highway of the sun—not a trail to his burning glory. White fire fell on every wave or glossy leaf, like that holy sacrificial flame that fell from heaven of old. All Nature praised God that day, and so did the silent psalm of a grateful soul, as it journeyed on to triumph and success.

Perhaps, as Roach paid down the bright silver pieces in the railway bureau, he gave a thought to a certain faithful little friend, to whom he was indebted for this most critical aid. At moments, perhaps, during that headlong journey on the iron road, he fostered an ambitious hope, which he had hitherto conscientiously repressed, that at the winning-post of the career before him, he might find a dear companion—her hand outstretched to him.

Again the stir about the dingy Quartier Latin—again the doomsday and an anxious throng about the Hotel de Ville. Roach mingled in its current, his pulses riotous with fear and hope. He entered the Hall once more, and looked around him on the scene of his misery and humiliation. It was unchanged; the very sunshine on the floor—alternately dying and kindling—seemed to have rested there ever since. There were the formal faces of the Professors round the large table—the damp, yellow faces of the whispering students striving at a haggard hilarity. But, stay! where is the grim Radamanthus? He is not in his place.

A shade of disappointment passed over Roach's face. It was to have been the very zest of his triumph to have coped with that man. Let the man only who disgraced him and refused him mercy be the one from whom he would force justice and honour. He sat among the students, too anxious to speak, and watching the desk of the *Port au* *anes*.

"Where is he—where is Monsieur Moulines?"

"I fear," said Roach, "he will not examine to-day."

"You are not so happy, my friend. *Voilà!* he comes!"

The wind from a rapid figure fanned Roach's cheek—the dreaded Professor was in the Hall, and the murmurs hushed for a moment.

"I am glad," said Roach, in his mind. His eye was full of proud, manly joy, as it settled fearlessly on the merciless examiner. "Be only just, and I shall not need your mercy now."

He was called up by the classical Professor, who remembered him for his former good answering, and he construed fluently and well. He retired to await the summons from Professor Moulines. Man after man went up and returned with various fortune—some with a wandering eye and bloodless cheek, which proclaimed the failure; but still Roach's name was not called. He waited and waited till anxiety grew unspak-



able—till his throat and lips were parched. He grew violently alarmed at last, and a dreadful suspicion shot across his mind, and drew out a sweat of fear on his forehead. Suppose he had been informal in making his payments—that his name was not on the books. The classical Professor had called out no names, but had taken the men as they came up. He might easily, with his tardiness at French, have mistaken another name for his own when the roll was called. Suppose he should have to go forth unexamined. It would be a worse fate—more intolerable still than refusal.

"Monsieur Roche!" said a sonorous voice, like a bell of doom. He started from his agonized reverie—he was summoned to the *Pont aux anes*!

Perhaps it was fancy, but in the look Professor Moulines cast upon him he thought he had perceived a contemptuous recognition, as if he would say, "I remember you. What business have you here again?"

He was asked a question in Algebra, and answered it. The Professor marked him an answer, and asked another.

"It is a simple question," said Roach, in his pride of knowledge.

"Then I will complicate it," said Monsieur Moulines, with a sharp glance at Roach. He did so.

Roach answered hastily, every pulse in his frame was throbbing, and he could not pause to consider.

"Wrong, sir!" said the Professor, with a bitter smile, and marked against him.

Roach received a shock—his confidence was shaken for a moment—he felt the vital necessity of perfect coolness, and, suspending his breath, he gathered all his faculties for the next question. It came; he thought over it steadily—framed his answer shortly and boldly. This time he was right. Many questions followed in Mechanics and Trigonometry, growing harder and harder after each correct reply.

At length Professor Moulines took up a book, and asked him a really difficult mathematical question. Roach's excitement now began to aid him, instead of confusing. He replied, in a few seconds, without hesitation. The examiner looked up, evidently taken by surprise.

"You are right, Monsieur—perfectly right; but your answer is not exactly in the terms of the book."

A curiosity seemed to have seized Monsieur Moulines to test the extent of the student's knowledge. He asked him crabbed questions in the Calculus of Variations; questions on the theory of Precession and Mutation; questions on the principle of the separation of Symbols; growing in wonder, his air of severe precision breaking into short looks of astonishment and approval. Other examiners gathered round by degrees, to listen and watch.

At length the examiner closed the book.

"You have placed yourself beyond competition, Monsieur Roach. It is needless to tell you, you hold the First Place in Science. I shall mention your name to the Committee with the strongest commendation. You will do honour to our University!"

How his heart bounded at these words! He expressed some inarticulate thanks as, contrary to custom, the Certificate of First Place was put into his hands. Happiness nearly choked him; he felt he must be alone before he could let its sparkling current rush in upon him.

The bell sounded for going out—he mingled with the crowd. Rumours had gone about the Hall of the foreigner who had taken First Place in Science on the first day—who had perplexed the Professor by his learning; and their stares fell on him, unconscious and isolated by joy.

He had reached the great flight of stone steps without, when he was suddenly impeded by a portly figure, which caught him by the arm. It was Monsieur Nichola. There was an affectation of good-natured anxiety inclining to sympathy, but beneath glimmered that petty emotion our friends exhibit when their croakings are come true—the little malignant triumph.

It was annihilated by the generous triumph of the student's eye, even as Moses' serpent devoured the serpents of the sorcerer.

"You are refused again. *Mon Dieu*, I told you so."

"And I told *you*, Monsieur, I should hold First Place." He fluttered his certificate laughingly in the Frenchman's collapsed face.

"You jest, Monsieur—you mock me."

"Read this and—be happy," said Roach.

It was pitiful to see Monsieur's mortification, miserably counterfeiting joy. Roach did not stay to detect the hypocrisy. He stalked off abstractedly through the streets—to the wonder of the idle and the inquisitive; he got off into the fields, under the lone blue sky, to think over his happiness.

Would that the old priest were alive now!

#### CHAPTER LIX.—THE STRANGER.

It was the dead of an autumn night—the sky clear from clouds, and quivering with the subtle flame of stars, as if the whole vault lived and palpitated.

A student entered the Observatory, and passed through the dim hall where stood the effigy of La Place—its stone eyes immutably fixed as if on some far ken in space—as if, untainted by envy or earthy littleness, some sublime discovery was dawning on its marble brow.

The student gazed for a moment with respectful sympathy, and fancies stole over him. "Might I one day be like this man! I feel his presence about me. Every one is asleep but me and this stone form. I feel as if he could hear me—as if those lips would move."

He went slowly up to the small domed room. It was a light-built cell, roofed with a moveable dome; a single narrow window opened from the zenith to the horizon, and commanded the four points in turn as you moved the roof round.

It was the twenty-fourth hour by sidereal time, as he placed the equatorial in declination, allowing two minutes for a few arrangements before the planet should have reached the centre of the field. Then he paused ere he moved the dome round.

He is about to see his dream fulfilled—his chimera has proved to be a reality—the Stranger which had visited him in sleep, which had haunted his thoughts and troubled his rest, was about to beam upon him. Once he had seen it before, and mapped it, all unconscious of

the bright fame almost within his hand. Then, indeed, had Fortune swept by him, touching him with her garment-hem.

Many a fine conception, many a germ of discovery, have visited men of retirement and thought. Leisurely have they dallied with it, and ruminated upon it—procrastinating its embodiment from day to day—forgetful of the thousand restless brains toiling hourly on their very track—of the thousand sleepless eyes which scrutinize, from sunrise to sunset, every inch in the demesnes of Science and Literature for something new. So, in perilous confidence, they muse on their secret, and wait—till, some morning, the column of a newspaper, or a goodly foolscap volume, introduces them to their cherished bantling as another man's child. Sorrow is unavailing then; they chose to wait, but the world could not. If Watt had not invented the steam-chamber, then had Stephenson or Roberts invented it instead.

The second-hand of the chronometer clicked the time with a sharp clear throb—the dome moved softly round, and he looked through the telescope.

A lonely orb was in the centre of its field. His mind mounted towards it—he gazed on it with pondering awe. Grand beyond human thought in mass and distance—the Earth's huge brother—thirty hundred million miles away—rushing on—on—in dim cold sunshine! Earth's dynasties passing into forgotten archives—her granite crust wearing and renewing before this silent Orb has wound one godlike year!

He gazed till sight grew giddy—drank his fill of grandeur. He was alone with his planet—every sound was hushed save his slow long breathings, and the spectral click-click of the dead-beat escapement, ever telling the eternal times of the stars.

He left the Observatory at dawn. Envy had no room in his breast, as he went out into the ways of men, after this solemn star-vigil.

#### CHAPTER LX.

**FIVE** years have elapsed, containing some important links in the story, which we shall allow to unfold themselves.

We are at the gate of Moorlands demesne. A gentleman leans on the writhen iron, and gazes thoughtfully down its white, winding approach to where yon gable peeps above the trees. He is clad in light summer-clothes—for it is harvest-time. A broad, sinewy form; muscular face, with straggling whiskers and heavy red moustache; frown-like seams of thought between the brows; a slow, light eye. He seems swarthed by a bluer sky than ours. Small shadows of aspen-leaves ripple over face and figure, for slender aspen-trees are growing where once stood two Titan oaks.

Five years had elapsed, and Roach stood in Moorlands again. A man blessed with worldly success beyond his hopes; victorious in the weary battle of life; with friends, independence, and, best boon of all, the resources of genial labour by which to absorb morbid reflection. He stands here again, and, with all these, not yet content!

The lodgewoman came out with the key, and addressed him as a stranger.

"You don't remember me, Peggy; I have been a long time away. Why have you left Coneyfell Lodge?"

This woman had been rescued by him from a fever-shed when she was dying, and through his influence placed in a comfortable home. Out went the peasant's hard palm, and down streamed the tears in a moment—the enthusiasm of Irish gratitude overpowering her venerative feelings. She welcomed him and blessed him again and again.

"Your mother wouldn't know you, Misther Christie, wid' all that sight of hair on your face. An' how are you? are ye hearty, your honour? Oh, musha, Masther Christie, it's Dick 'ill be proud, and all the poor boys, to see you again! Sure we'd have given you a bonafire if we had only a hint you were coming."

Roach questioned her about the Moorlands family.

"The masther is very delicate, your honour, this while back; he kem up from Dublin with Miss Jay, where he was getting no good of his health. They tell me, Masther Christie, that he nearly spoilt himself with cold wather; and, faix, your honour, the wather never did myself any good, inside or outside. What would you say, your honour, but they put the dear gentleman into wet sheets and soused him wid' pails of spring-wather. And sure you know yoursel', Masther Christie, that's no Christian thratement. He faced back here two months ago, an' a lone time I had of it till they kem."

"And how is Miss Henderson?"

"Musha, Masther Christie, your eyes would wather to look at her, she's so purty; and she's a jewel to the poor. They wouldn't ask greater pleasure now than to be on their knees from morning to evening blessin' her. She's the beautifulest little face—arrah, sir, you wouldn't look at Miss Sidney if you jist clapt your eye once on my darlint Miss Jay. Many's the time, Masther Christie, I've had her in there by the bit of turf, and she used to sit wid' her chin on her hands for me to tell her about yourself."

"About me?"

"Divil a less, your honour. How you tried to save the little white-haired girl, and carried her two miles in your arms as tindher as a mother—and all along of the Carrols and myself. Sure I'd plinty to tell, and she'd never be done listnin' and axin' questions. She has the natur in her, an' no mistake, Masther Christie; a fine young lady like her to be listenin' to stories of the poor."

"Do they see much company, Peggy?"

"Musha, no thin, not a great many, your honour. Mr. Ffrench's family are there 'most every second day. Young Masther George is never out of the house except to be ridin' or walkin' wid' Miss Jay. I hear tell he's coortin', and I don't grudge him that same, for he's a fine, friendly young gentleman. An' are you thrivin', your honour? You'd the widdy's blessing wid' you wherever you went, and that did you no harm. I'd be axin' you if you were married, but if you was, Masther Christie, dear, sure she wouldn't let you grow that big beard."

"I'll call in, Peggy, to see you all as I'm coming back," said Roach, entering the gate which she held open for him, and wending slowly to

house. Arrived there, he sent in his name, and was immediately admitted.

Mr. Henderson was greatly altered; his face had the dull, puffy look of ill-health about it; his sight seemed feeble, and his elasticity was in great measure gone. He came forward with a playful warmth, not mingled with respect.

"Ah, my dear Professor, how do you do? I have been following your career in the French newspapers, which we receive regularly. I have boasted to people that I was once an intimate friend of yours."

"I hope you will be so still, Mr. Henderson. I am on a commission from the Institute to Ireland, and could not resist my longing to visit the old scenes."

"To be sure—it is very intelligible—what associations you must have with this place! I have mine, too—I have mine," he repeated sorrowfully. "You did not see my daughter yet, I suppose. She is at the French's."

"I was doubtful, Mr. Henderson," said Roach, with slow significance, "I was doubtful whether I should visit this house or not."

"If I had heard you had been near this, and had not called, I should never have forgiven you. You must put up here for a week at least, till we lionize you."

"Mr. Henderson, we had a conversation once ——"

"Ah, yes; I do remember you used to be a little chivalrous about Jay. I can assure you it flattered her very much. She's grown up now. Jay has been staying at Mr. French's to-day."

"I don't know how she may have changed since," said Roach gravely. "I cannot say if she would know me or I her; but if she is at all like in character ——"

"Oh, my dear sir, she is quite changed—wholly changed. She has made a great sensation in Dublin. She knows her value, my dear sir—very much admired, indeed. Oh! she's no child now—she's no child now. Well, come now, tell me all about yourself. What, if I may ask, is this commission of the Institute? Some interesting scientific question, of course."

Roach killed the topic on the spot.

"I am collecting all the unpublished details relative to the measurement of the base line along Lough Foyle for trigonometrical survey."

"Ah!—hem!—trigonometrical survey; very interesting, I am sure—hem!"

In the course of the day, as they walked slowly down the avenue, Roach gradually revived the subject, and held to it firmly and unflinchingly, till he had told all that was upon his mind.

"I came here, Mr. Henderson, to speak to you on a certain subject, which I shall use great caution to make as little disagreeable to you as possible—a few words will dispose of it; but as it concerns my stay or immediate departure, you will pardon me for entering on it frankly."

"A long time has passed since I met your daughter, and you assure me she is quite changed. I gave you, as a reason for my leaving your house, that I found my affections were becoming deeply engaged. I may have flattered myself, also, that she would not have repulsed me if I had been base enough to have spoken at that time. I was an inviolated

pauper—perhaps this antecedent tells against me,” he continued, in a tone of quiet self-respect, but not forwardly.

“I have positive and ample independence, and it is different now. I earnestly wish to see her before I would wholly forego the hope I have cherished through a period of friendless struggle with the world. Have I your leave to remain for a few days on this plain understanding? Should she be changed, as you assure me she is——” He stopped, and repeated, with a shade of agitation—“Should she be changed, as she must be—as I should have known, had I not been a fool—I shall leave your house within an hour, and so no harm be done.”

Mr. Henderson heard him out, seeing it to be inevitable; he plucked a laurel-leaf, and twirled it doubtfully—he began to speak and stopped. At length he said playfully—

“But are you not too impetuous, Professor? You have not seen her—you have some vision of the child you met in Paris.”

“Perhaps so; but I have at least been honest with *you*.”

A long silence, which Roach did not attempt to break; then, to his surprise, Mr. Henderson spoke with perceptible emotion.

“Mr. Roach, I am very much changed since you knew me—less selfish and worldly, I hope—more softened to the feelings of others. Constant care will make a child of one at last. Poor Jay has sacrificed herself to me, and been most foolish towards herself; more than once she could have made brilliant matches, and yet, to my infinite pain, she refused decisively in every instance, so that she might continue to live with me. I am now resolved never to control my daughter’s affections, and therefore, if you suppose she has been constant to a childish fancy, I cannot deny your very flattering desire to satisfy yourself as to the fact. But you should know—perhaps it is only fair to tell you—that I am under an impression her affections are already engaged; at least there is a gentleman in the neighbourhood, in every way a desirable connexion, who is very ardently attached to her, and I think it not improbable—I speak in the strictest confidence—that there is—a—some little return.”

“I am content if that be so,” said Roach; “he shall not find a rival in me.”

The matter was dropped between them by mutual consent. They dined together, and Roach gave an account of his altered fortunes; how he had been made Professor in the College Louis le Grand—how his writings had been fortunate enough to attract the attention of scientific men, and had secured for him the bountiful patronage of the Government—how he was elected Member of the Institute, and finally to the proud dignity of President. It was a brief and modest history; he dwelt on his own merits as lightly as possible, and spoke with enthusiasm of the liberal field for labour open to the student in Paris.

After dinner he wandered out into the place to think over old times. Down the walk beside the river, where the moss-stained marble child was blowing bubbles at the fountain. Roach’s childhood is returning. In yonder little wood ran the child Annie, with tossing ringlets. Hark! is that her step in the withered leaves?

He pressed his hand across his forehead as if he suddenly bethought him of the traces of time there.

Ay, poor mortal! the wrinkles are there already, though the scene is like childhood; yet you have battled bravely and grasped your wishes; but life flits on, and the grasp must soon begin to loosen. Ambition is but a sunset-tint on the cold snow. Oh! that life was like yon eternal hill, green and fresh to-day—green and fresh five centuries hence!

He passed on to the seat by the river. The sad witchery of old times was there too. 'Twas like an evening he sat there with Jay, even to the sky-battalions of rooks, small as summer midges, on their blue highway—even to the fleece-like reflexion of the full moon on the water. The wild bank was untrimmed; long purple briars had straggled out to the margin of the stream, longing to kiss the water and dabble in its glassy waves. The river-gnats shot hither and thither on their crystal floor, tracked by arrowy ripples.

His heart was steeped in melancholy; he was overcome by a feverish suspense to see Jay, and to learn his fate from her in a few frank words. He had sown this hope himself, cherished it almost involuntarily day by day and month by month, never reasoning on the improbability of a beautiful woman, surrounded by flatterers, solicited perhaps by many a comely lover, proving constant to her childish passion. In all his labours, this hope was always above him, like a faint silver crescent. It seemed to him that without it he could not have struggled through. It had taken such a hold of his credulity, that even now in his despondency it showed faintly still, and moved him powerfully. There was need of all the strength of a harshly-disciplined nature to restrain him from leaping up and making his way to Mr. Ffrench's, that he might meet her, and trust to chance for an interview.

A sound of vacant laughter comes down the winding walk. He was effectually screened by the trees, and he peered cautiously through the leaves with a sick forboding.

Three figures sauntered slowly down the path—one, the farthest from him, was a fine, full-busted beauty, whom he instantly recognised to be Sidney Ffrench; beside her lounged a tall gentleman, young, slim, and pretty as a barber's Adonis; nearest him was a slight figure whose face was turned away—he knew who that was.

They passed on without perceiving him, and he turned his eyes away. He sat watching how the blush was fading from the little clouds, striving hard to prevent his thoughts from taking shape till he should be far away again, and have cut the cable for ever between him and these fading hopes.

The amber sky brightened up faintly with its last dusky glory before the sun should dip. Hope and Day are dying out together.

There is a step near him; a slight form cast its shadow across the mosses. He looked around, and there stood Jay! almost the same as he had known her. She stood opposite, pale and startled, her lids lifted and her lips apart, as if she were terror-stricken by a fetch—as if that dash of faint sunshine were a stroke of magic that conjured up one from the past. He rose smiling, and greeted her as an old friend; but she was cold and embarrassed. Her reserve certified his forebodings. Hope and Day are dying out together.

"Have you seen my father, Mr. Roach?"

"I have spent the day with him, and I have been wishing to see you."

"Will you come in? I thought I had left a book here, but ——"

"It is early, Miss Henderson. Will you sit by me for a few minutes? We are old friends, you know."

She sat down by his side, grave and confused, never turning her eyes upon him.

"I was thinking, Miss Henderson, just as you came up," he said, with a smile, "how unchanged this scene has remained ever since. Why, this evening appears like a wanderer come back to me from ten years ago. You came up so opportunely to the fancy, that, for a minute, I was so foolish as to think you unchanged too."

"We have been living in Dublin ever since, Mr. Roach, and the place is quite strange to us as well as to you."

He was hurt at her coldness.

"The place is not changed to me, but a friend of mine seems to be so."

She glanced at him hastily, and coloured.

"Indeed, Mr. Roach, I am delighted to see you. Both my father and myself were very proud of your success."

"Yes, I have been very prosperous, and should be very happy."

After a moment's silence, she asked, hesitatingly—

"And are you not, Mr. Roach?"

"Men are very ungrateful, Miss Henderson; and success seldom brings content. One great object fills the narrow line of vision for half their lives, and when God helps them to it, they see another dearer object beyond. I have found worldly prosperity a very lonely, lifeless blessing in the hand. I have no friend to tell me I ~~am~~ happy, and so I begin to doubt the fact. I had a friend, indeed—one who helped me in extremity—who put my foot on the first rung of the ladder—who saw something to like in me when I was a laughing-stock to others; but time has cooled even this friend."

"Who was she?" said Jay, hurriedly.

"Who told you it was a woman? Well, perhaps it was; but I think it was one of the good genii who secretly paid my debts for me—who pitied me when I was very miserable, and who sent me the means of attending the great Examination. She is never out of my mind, whoever she is. I shall travel to the world's end till I find her, to offer her my heart's thanks."

A colour rose to Jay's cheek, like a gleam from the pink sunset. He took her passive hand, and looked earnestly in her face; he spoke with the calm of subdued excitement.

"I think you can tell me her name. For five years past—and those five years have been fifty to me in changes and toil—my gratitude has kept warm to her. Gratitude?"

His eye lit, passion took head, and shook in his voice.

"I have courage to call it by its real name. For five years—ever since your sympathy and goodness to me in my need—I have loved you!"

Jay trembled, and was silent. Oh, for one glance into the beating heart beside him to read the riddle of that silence!



"I have spoken to your father, and address you by his consent ; but I have learned from him how little I have to hope from you."

She tried to speak twice, but the words would not come, this scene was so unreal. She grew incredulous—she eagerly watched the quick waves go by, as if they were his words, and that she would have them stay. The water-moon heaved and wavered ; it seemed some phantom-joy that mocked her, and could never be grasped. A sob burst from her—she had waited and waited, living upon shadows, and God had brought the tardy blessing round to her at last.

At length her voice came, and her slender fingers closed on his confidently.

"I thought you would come—I hoped you would come—I have never forgotten you."

It was enough—this simple confession told all—the words were priceless to him. He wound her to his breast for a passionate moment—'twas worth a realm of friendship or of fame to hold her so, and feel she was his own.

Then they forgot the hours, and sat side by side. Jay was silent, and listened whilst he spoke calm and pleasant oracles of the future.

The rich light waned in the west into faint amber—the sedge banks grew black—the distant trees netted the sky, like fibres of skeleton leaves—a luminous fog crept up the mountain—and all this was repeated in the water at their feet. There was a trance-like lull around, as if Nature listened.

The water-moon came sharply out, wavering in languid splendour ; and on its map lay shadowed the Sea of Serenity,\* like a dim index of the Future.

#### CHAPTER LXL.—TYING UP THE SKIRTS.

MR. HENDERSON heard, with some surprise, of his daughter's long constancy to what he flattered himself was a mere childish attachment, and he endeavoured to temporize for about a week. Finding, however, that Jay's happiness was deeply concerned, and feeling, moreover, that he had committed himself irretrievably, he gave that hearty consent with which relenting fathers-in-law invariably brighten the conclusion of a story, and the wedding-day was named. It became, of course, the talk of the country ; but there was another small event also discussed in connexion with the approaching festival. Young Mr. Ffrench cut Moorlands House, and soon after went abroad, where, it may be hoped, his vanity or his heart, whichever were most severely affected, speedily recovered from the wound. Melancholy seldom takes root in light soil.

After their marriage, Jay and Roach returned to France, and took a beautiful country-house near their old haunts by the Seine. At the top of its quaint roof you might observe a little cupola, in which marvellous sights could be nightly beheld.

\* A large tract on the moon's surface, presenting the appearance, through a powerful telescope, of beautiful green spar.

It is a remarkable fact, that, notwithstanding her enthusiasm for science, Jay could never perform a simple sum in algebra, and with difficulty achieved the first proposition of the first book of Euclid. But if she failed in these important acquirements, she more than atoned for the deficiency. There never was a fonder or truer little wife, never a happier hearthside than that which awaited the Professor, when, after some necessary absence, he would quit the noisy, loveless city, and be whirled off by steam to his home. On such occasions he always arrived by the last train, and used to make a short-cut across the fields, thinking of Jay, and in this dark walk he was guided by a star—a loving home-star.

Jay used to place a candle in the Observatory, so that it could be seen from a distance, and by this trembling love-clue he would steer home.

When his knock came, be sure it would be Jay that would open the door and welcome him. I see her now—the fairy white figure—the strange raven hair braided back from the winsome face, with its large glad eyes and laughing lips. Our good Professor is a close prisoner in the fetters of her arms. All she would have to tell him by the log-fire—and yet it was nothing—only about her rides and walks through the black wood, or about a visit from Madame Nichola, or about her little class of poor children. All that she had to ask, with his hand clasped in both her own—for she heard little news in this secluded corner, save what she might catch from the creak-creak of the rail, the complainings of the woodquest, or the chatterings of the gossip magpie, and that was not much we must all allow.

Letters came periodically from her father and her brother, the latter of whom had grown up healthy, handsome, and endearing. Her father always spoke of Johnny with enthusiasm, and seemed to be passionately attached to him—he had a fond fancy that he could observe many points of likeness coming out between his young son and poor Annie, whom we have now almost forgotten, and it became quite obvious that all his affections were engrossed by this one object.

Jay often tried to persuade them to pay her a visit, and would tempt them by descriptions of her pretty chateau, of her two pretty children, of her garden, and her friends; but Mr. Henderson was never persuaded, as far as we could learn.

Roach's career is public property; he is mentioned constantly in the French papers, and any of our readers who are curious enough may trace his future course for themselves.

We have now followed through many vicissitudes the life of a man of marked character, whose nature was liable to strong warps toward the evil, and toward the good. In its opening there was something that prophesied of his future. An old celestial globe, picked up by chance, is given as a toy to the child—the latent taste is touched with life—the small seed is dropped—Childhood points with an index finger to the path the man should take.

Elements of a surly passionate disposition broke out in his boyhood, and a vigour of character showed itself which stood alone, and threw an influence on those around him. True to these ominous indications, his

early manhood leaves behind it a stormy track. Another pursuit diverts him from his legitimate vocation, and steals away the best years of his life. He is ensnared into a presumptuous love—is maddened by jealousy, that nightshade of our nature. Principle and honour struggle long against passion, till at length insanity, caused by severe physical injury, acts upon his passion, and places a felon chain around his heart. He who does not repel the first whisperings of unreasoning passion, and who trifles with it in its first approaches, is playing with a lion's cub which will grow to rend him.

After a miserable waste of time and energy, again the early bent asserts itself, despite of poverty and mental disease, and, at length, the strong and practical will hews out for itself a sphere.

An ambitious man owes his chance of success to this fact—he lives among triflers and talkers. Misapplied energies and talent surround him. The man who could perhaps have given the world a specific for gout, is dosing away life over Blackstone and Coke. The man who might discover the lost species of the *sumach* on which botanists theorise, or the force of the initial P over which philologists drivel, is perched upon an office-stool, and ornaments his ledger with ferns, or spends his shilling on musty old plays at a stall. The man who might claim our vacant crown of bays builds his languid vision on the chill maintopmast-yard, and is the butt of his shipmates. He who might catch the mantle of De la Roche, caricatures his bishop at visitation.

Nature is baffled as long as guardian, parent, or schoolmaster can baffle her. Her poets, her artists, her soldiers, her doctors, her mechanics, are all taken at tender age, and diligently crammed with the pedantry of the sixteenth century. Their intellects mercilessly compressed in the same relentless mould of dead language for ten years—ten precious years stolen from their life, which is fifty years too short for all they have to do. Nature gagged and manacled from day to day, by old world rules, as she continually pleads for her sons. They must all toil on over the same long, dreary road, with a winker of Latin at one eye, and of Greek at the other.

Hence the crowd of incapables, and hence the glorious field for the ambitious man who recognises his mission, begins in time, and works in silence.

Earnestness has become a cant, and we have all sickened of the word. All violence is mere loss of that steady, effective force engrained in a few men, which gains its end, and benefits mankind. The crowd of us are triflers and talkers, who are regally lavish of our time, as if flesh and bone were immortal. We philosophise at our leisure, and die with our theories on the lips.

If the foreshadowings of character and capacity were recognised early, and the boy were placed on his chosen path, on which to progress from year to year, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, we should have no drones in the hive, and no swollen monopolists of wealth and fame.

Higher foreshadowings there are on which the novelist may but touch, and men trifle with them most of all. Such are the traces of a watchful beneficence, which grants the temporal blessing for eternal ends—such are the hintings of some solemn *denouement* to mortality. These

are continually about us. Men walk beneath their light without noticing them, like the belated traveller who cares not to reflect how his road is roofed by suns and worlds ; or we veil their awful significance in some silly poetical convention, like the child who points up and lisps of the "pretty stars."

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L'ENVOI.

IN the belief that faithful studies from the human heart might possess a peculiar interest for many, distinct from the interest of plot or stirring incident, I have attempted in the foregoing pages to follow up the mental histories of those who move in them, subordinating plot and incident to this end ; and to select my types of character from the minds which I have myself come in contact with, and felt I understood, to the exclusion of letter-press hero and heroine, or aught I might have learned from books. Such has been my aim. In simply stating it, I would in no manner arrogate to myself any success.

I have been obliged to compress the story in many places, which necessitated the occasional adoption of a very sketchy style. The maniac scene on the cliffs of Erris is founded upon fact, and will be recognised by many of my readers.

It is a curious fact, that an astronomer of the name of Lalande actually mapped the planet Neptune long before discovery, supposing it to be a star, and finding its position changed on a subsequent observation, instead of attributing the occurrence to planetary motion, only considered his first observation as inaccurate.

The reader will find in Abernethy's celebrated work, "The Analysis of Melancholy," two or three cases recorded, in which the cerebral phenomenon I have embodied in my story—viz., a temporary extinction of certain overtaxed intellectual faculties—has been known by him to have shown itself in the precise manner I have related, and to have been distinctly attributable, in the first instance, to some physical injury sustained.

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## THE MAD-HOUSE OF PALERMO.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF THE LATE MRS. ROMER.

Palermo, 1844.

HERE I linger on, charmed by the beauties of nature and of art. I have visited all the antiquities with which the island abounds—their enumeration would transgress the limits of a journal. To those who have read Goëthe's account of Sicily, which he rightly designated as the "*Queen of Islands*," every other description will appear pale and cold; but let them come and compare, as I have done, the reality with the poet's delineation of it, and they will admit that he did not over-colour what he had beheld in that happy season of life, when the dawn of genius and the sunshine of youth combined to shed their enchanting prism over all he saw. There is a perfume of orientalism pervading all things here—the atmosphere, the vegetation, the sirocco—that wind of the desert, laden with sand—all recall the East. The physiognomy of the people is Greek, the architecture Saracenic, and there is a picturesque mixture throughout of remnants of the Arab, Roman, and Spanish dominations, which imparts a *bizarre* grace to the locality, and to the manners and aspect of the population.

Perhaps no part of Europe is more uncivilized than the interior of the island still remains; but the capital can boast of one institution at least which might well serve as an example to those countries for which civilization has done so much—I allude to the Lunatic Asylum of Palermo, founded by Baron Pisani, where, for the first time, I have beheld madmen deprived of the horrors which invariably surround it elsewhere. The other day, passing by a large building in the outskirts of the city, my attention was attracted by a Scriptural verse in large letters placed over the entrance—"Tutto è vanità"—and beneath these words of Ecclesiastes were inscribed the following sentences:—

"Dei Matti il numero è infinito,"

And—

"Qui la saggezza stà."

I immediately applied for admission, and was shown over the whole establishment by the directing physician, with an amenity which is peculiar to Italians, and a well-placed and noble pride in the admirable institution he so ably presided over, which does honour to his nature. I have subsequently paid several visits to the Casa dei Matti, and have derived from its enlightened and interesting director much valuable information as to the discipline observed towards its inmates. Here, even in cases of frenzy, violent measures are never resorted to. Those terrible remedies which I have often fancied tended to confirm madness, instead

of curing it, are unknown ; mildness and persuasion are substituted for the lash, the whirling-stool and shower-bath ; and no greater coercion is applied to unruly patients than such as would be adopted to prevent a wilful child from injuring itself. The tastes and talents of the several inmates are consulted, and allowed to assert themselves ; they are employed in whatever calling or accomplishment they prefer, and the walls of the establishment decorated with frescoes executed by them ; the gardens laid out in shrubberies, and labyrinths, and adorned with grottos, fountains, and plaster statues, the result of their labours ; the excellent concerts organized among themselves, and, more than all, the free and fearless aspect of all the patients in the presence of their director, are eloquent indications of the wisdom of the system pursued here, and its happy results. The consequence is, that many recover their reason who, under less humane treatment, might be doomed to pass their lives in a maniac's cell.

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Since writing the above, I have been once more to the Casa dei Matti, some of the inmates of which have already learned to welcome me as an established visitor, and do the honours of the place with as much courtesy and apparent rationality as could be met with in the noblest salons of Palermo. But to-day I was not the only visitor there. Just as I was about to take my departure, a lady and gentleman, evidently freshly arrived, for they were in travelling-dresses, and accompanied by a Jesuit (one of those aristocratic looking members of the order, of which the type is only now to be met with in Sicily), were ushered into the large shaded court, where Doctor — and myself were standing surrounded by a number of his female patients.

The gentleman was past his prime, but possessed of an air of distinction and a benevolence of countenance which years cannot impair. The lady—oh ! hers was a face to rave about, but not to describe ! It was the beauty of an angel, full of blended sweetness and gravity when in repose, but kindling into such varied and eloquent expression when engaged in conversation, that the eye might drink in her thoughts, even though the ear heard not her words. I never before met with a countenance that affected me in the same manner, almost to sadness ; and although I have thought of nothing else since, I could not now define what was the colour of her eyes, or whether her form is as divine as her face ; all that I can say is, that as she glided about, her graceful movements appeared to me to belong to a being of another and a brighter world. She looked very young. Can she be the wife, or is she the daughter of the gentleman who accompanied her ? But this is unknown to me, as well as her name and nation, for although, from the purity and elegance with which she speaks Italian, I might infer that she is a Roman, there is a softness in her voice which no Italian woman possesses, and a spiritualised expression in her countenance which is not the characteristic of Italian beauty.

It was a face to rave about ; but there was that in it, too, that appeared to possess the power of calming the ravings of madness. An English author has observed that “the mind is to be medicined by natural loveliness,” and here was a proof of it. One of the most excited

of the poor lunatics around us, an elderly woman, who had been talking incessantly previous to the stranger's arrival, after fixing her eyes for some moments upon the lovely being, as though fascinated by what she beheld, silently followed her footsteps, and, whenever she could do so unperceived, would stoop down and raise the hem of the young lady's garment reverently to her lips, with an expression of happiness pervading her poor bewildered countenance.

A female patient had suddenly become violent and unmanageable; and resisting the offices of washing her face and arranging her hair, which one of the nurses was performing for her, she fell upon the latter, and beat and scratched her with all her might, until the cries of the assailed, mingling with those of the assailant, caused the uproar which had startled us all. Doctor —— was in a moment on the spot, and as soon as the poor delinquent beheld him, she rushed forward, and throwing herself upon his breast with the confiding *abandon* of a child, with sobs and tears began to make her complaint to him. We had severally gathered round them, and were witnesses to the indulgent patience with which he listened to her broken exclamations. Not a harsh look, not a hasty word escaped from him. He soothed and pacified her as tenderly as a nurse would have done a sick child.

"Povrina!" said the old maniac, drawing the fair stranger aside with the air of one about to confide a secret to her, and compassionately stroking her head as though to bespeak indulgence for the weeping patient, "*Poverina! è matta bisogna compatirla.*"

Never shall I forget the expression of those divine eyes as they bent their pitying glances swimming in tears upon the speaker! They said more eloquently than words could have done—"And shall I not pity *you too*, you who have forgotten to pity yourself, poor unconscious one!"

In truth there was something strangely affecting in hearing madness thus pitying madness in the accents and the semblance of reason.

In a few seconds Doctor —— had succeeded in tranquillizing his charge, and then with mild persuasion he led her to consent that her ablutions should be completed. For a moment she stood irresolute, unwilling to relinquish her grasp of the kind hand that had wiped away her tears, when the lovely lady stepping forward, offered to accompany her.

"Andiamo insieme," she said, extending her hand.

"Sì, cara! andiamo insieme!" exclaimed the maniac, eagerly seizing the fair hand that was offered to her; and allowing herself to be conducted back to the spot from whence she had so violently broken away but a few moments before, she quietly seated herself and submitted to all that was exacted of her.

My visit to Doctor —— had already passed the limits of an ordinary one; I had no pretext for prolonging it, and yet I lingered on, unwilling to lose sight of that charming countenance which seemed to have cast a spell over my feelings as completely as it had done over those of the two brainstruck creatures who hung upon her footsteps; for although discretion forbade me to follow her as closely as I fain would have done, my eyes never quitted the spot she occupied. It would have appeared like intrusion had I joined the strangers' party in their visit of inspection through the establishment; besides, the bow

and the courteous "*con permesso*" of the Director, as he passed me in order to introduce his guests into those departments of it which were already so well known to me, sufficiently testified that *he* at least did not expect that I should accompany them. I therefore remained in the court, determined to outstay the new-comers, in the vague hope that I might learn who they were, as there is a book in the hall of the Casa dei Matti where visitors generally inscribe their names. My patience was rewarded by another glimpse of them as they traversed the court in their way out; the lovely vision turned her sweet eyes upon me, and acknowledged my salutation by an inclination full of grace and dignity. I followed just in time to see that they did not enter their names in the book, and that their carriage bore them away in the direction of the Marino. There our casual rencontre was doomed to terminate; for in the evening, as I slowly drove along the Promenade, somewhat anxiously looking into every carriage that passed, to ascertain whether it contained the beautiful stranger, I was joined by Holden, a young German artist, who scarcely gave himself time to exchange the usual greetings with me before he burst forth into a strain of the most rapturous admiration of an enchanting face and form which had that very evening—but one short hour before—crossed his path returning from the Chapel of Santa Rosalie.

"Figure to yourself," said he, "all that Raffael ever depicted of purest and most divine in his Madonnas—all that Giorgione ever produced of captivating and love-inspiring in his more earthly beauties—and you will have some idea of this exquisite-looking creature!"

I could understand his enthusiasm—I knew of whom he must be speaking—earth could not contain two such! "*Natura la fece, e poi rompe la forma!*" I told him I had seen her, and of the effect that her countenance had produced upon me. I urged him to tell me where he had left her, that I might endeavour to behold her once more.

"She is no longer here," he replied. And pointing towards the bay, where a beautiful English yacht had just weighed anchor, and was unfurling her sails to catch the evening breeze that wafted her out to sea, "I followed her and her father (for such I suppose he is) down to the port, and saw them enter a boat manned by English sailors having "*Sea Flower*" on their hats, which conveyed them on board of yonder vessel, and immediately afterwards up went the anchor, and there they go!"

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## THE MUSEUM OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.\*

Most of our readers are aware that the Royal Irish Academy was founded and chartered about three-quarters of a century ago, with the object of promoting in Ireland the studies of science, polite literature, and antiquities. In addition to annually publishing in its "Transactions" and "Proceedings" various important, scientific and historic treatises, this Institution has, during the last twenty years, acquired, by donation and purchase, a library of valuable Irish manuscripts, and so great a number of objects illustrative of the habits and modes of life of the inhabitants of Ireland in past ages, that its Museum has been for some time universally recognized as the most perfect extant collection of Celtic antiquities. The Museum of the Irish Academy being, however, neither classified, arranged, nor catalogued, afforded but little service to historic investigators, to whom no accurate information was accessible relative to its varied contents. This state of things was long and justly considered to be highly unsatisfactory; and as a general feeling prevailed among the members, that it would be discreditable to the Academy were the British Association, on its visit to Dublin, to find the Museum of the Institution so circumstanced, the author of the present work laid before the Council, early in the past year, a proposition gratuitously to classify, catalogue, and arrange its collection. After careful consideration, the Council, with the approbation of the Academy, committed this difficult task to Mr. Wilde, the result of a portion of whose labours, in the handsome volume now before us, was presented to the Institution immediately previous to the arrival in Dublin of the British Association.

As, in the present state of antiquarian knowledge, a chronological classification could not be fully carried out, Mr. Wilde has adopted *material* as the basis or primary division of his arrangement; and the present part of his work contains a description of all the stone, earthen and vegetable objects in the Academy's Museum.

On the early use of articles of stone, the author makes the following introductory observations:—

"All primitive nations throughout the world, so far as we know—especially those located without the tropics and towards the northern regions—whose maintenance chiefly depended on their courage, energy, and ingenuity, must, in the absence of a knowledge of the harder metals, such as copper, bronze, or iron, have employed weapons and tools of flint and stone for procuring food and clothing, constructing habitations, forming boats and rafts, and in defending themselves from their enemies. They also used stone ornaments, such as necklaces, rings, and pendants. As they acquired a knowledge of cereal food, and became acquainted with agriculture, they

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\* "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Antiquities of Stone, Earthen, and Vegetable Materials, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy." By W. R. WILDE, M.R.I.A., Secretary of Foreign Correspondence to the Academy. Illustrated with numerous Wood Engravings. Dublin: Printed for the Academy. 1857.

employed stone implements to till the ground, to bruise and triturate corn, and to bake bread. Finally, they interred their dead in stone chambers, or collected their ashes in stone urns, and erected over them tumuli of the same material. Upon some of the stones composing these sepulchral monuments we find traces of a peculiar ornamentation, characteristic of the time, and quite unknown during later periods.

"Where the fruits of the earth do not spring spontaneously from the ground, with the natural luxuriance of tropical climates, and thus present, without culture, a sufficient supply of food all the year round, man must of necessity remain a nomad—depending mainly for his subsistence on fishing or the chase—until he has learned to domesticate his prey, and reduce the wild animals around him to his rule. Then he becomes a shepherd; or, as he renders the earth fertile by his labour, an agriculturist. In either case he ceases to be a wandering hunter, and remains more or less stationary, allowing time for the cultivation of those arts which, prompted by necessity and improved by taste, gradually elevate him in the scale of civilization.

"In this primitive state the timber of the forest supplied him with materials for his rude dwelling, and with warmth for fuel and cookery. The skins of animals, which he killed for food, furnished him with clothing; these he fashioned with a sharp flint-flake, or hard stone edged-tool, and bound together with thongs—using as a piercer, point, or needle, the bone of some fish, bird, or small mammal. At the same time the sinews of animals or thongs of skin, with perhaps some glutinous material resembling cement—possibly pitch or resin—enabled him to fix in wooden shafts or handles the knives, spears, and arrow-heads with which he slew and skinned the beasts on which he preyed.

"To project the latter weapon, either in battle or the chase, the flexible branch, shaped by the sharp flint edged-tool, formed a bow, which was bent by a leather thong, or the twisted intestine of an animal. The wooden material—of oak, ash, and yew, fir, hazel, and birch, found in our bogs, and still existing as indigenous trees—which formed the bow, the shaft of the arrow, and the handle of the lance or javelin, has perished centuries ago; but the durable materials of flint and stone remain, and of such implements the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy boasts the most extensive collection which has yet been made of the primitive weapons and tools of the early inhabitants of the British Isles. The elegantly-shaped and highly-finished spear or arrow-head would not be of any service to the warrior or the hunter if he did not possess the means of adapting to it a proper shaft, and attaching it thereto with the necessary ligaments. We may, therefore, fairly commence the description of the flint articles with that of the knife, cutter, or scraper.

"Flint proper, or chalk flint, as distinguished from oolitic chert, is only found in a very few localities in Ireland, chiefly in the counties of Antrim, Down, and Derry; hence we learn without surprise that the great bulk of the specimens of that material have been procured from the province of Ulster. The rarity of flint must have rendered these weapons very valuable in other districts."—pp. 5-7.

The Academy's collection of flint articles comprises flint-flakes, weapons, tools, knives, sling-stones, arrow and spear-heads. The most primitive attempt at a weapon or tool of stone is that exhibited in the flint-flake, the edges of which are generally sharp, meeting at a point at the extremity, while the portion to which the tool was applied is usually chipped, as if it required repeated blows to get it off. The flint-flakes appear to have passed through the three stages of splitting, chipping, and polishing—in the latter process they exhibit an amount of perfect finish exceeding

anything to be found in our modern manufactures in this article. The remote antiquity of flint knives appears from specimens of them having been found among the incinerated bones deposited in the clay urns in our oldest sepulchres, but that they descended to a later date than that usually assigned to them is evidenced by their having been discovered, in some instances, in connexion with metal articles. From incidental notices in our ancient histories, we learn that flintslings-stones, of which specimens are preserved in the Academy's collection, were in general use among the early Irish. Of flint arrow-heads the Museum contains five varieties, and at page 26 we find an admirable engraving of the finest flint spear-head yet discovered. In addition to the articles already mentioned, picks, chisels, and tools are comprised in the flint collection, which numbers in all, nearly 1,300 articles; and no historic document having yet been found containing any allusion to implements of this material, Mr. Wilde assigns them to the very earliest period of the inhabitants of this island, adding—

“It is impossible to resist the conclusion that they all belonged to a people with industrial pursuits, arts, and habits of life identical with those tribes who, at one time, occupied the whole of north-western Europe and the other British isles, as well as Erin. If they possessed a literature, the archaeologist has failed to discover it; and so far as dim tradition lends its feeble light to aid us in the investigation, they appear to have been civilized from without. These propositions, if true, do not militate against the popular idea, first gleaned from the Bardic records and traditions, that Ireland was colonized by an oriental people; they only tend to prove the inhabitation of the island before the arrival of any such civilized colony.

“These flint and stone relics, together with the sepulchral remains of the early races of this island, are to the antiquary what the footprints and fossil marks in geological strata prior to the present, are to the palæontologist, out of which he peoples, with plants and animals, a locality, long antecedent to its primeval inhabitation by man. They are the traces of the first wave of population—the pre-historic data which aid and confirm Bardic traditions. Certain it is, that oriental adventurers from some of the countries surrounding the upper border of the Mediterranean—the original seats of art and learning—passing in ships through the Pillars of Hercules, and coasting along the Atlantic-washed shores of Europe, never could have been a people trusting alone for support in time of peace, or for defence in war, to those rude flint and stone weapons and tools which accident has brought to light, and the labours of the antiquary have grouped together in this portion of the collection. The men who trusted to the flake-knife, chisel, or arrow of flint, and the stone celt, although they might have crossed in their tree-stem canoes, or skin-covered corraghs, from the Continent of Europe to the nearest part of Britain, and from the nearest point of England or Scotland to Ireland, never could have constructed the craft, nor shaped the course of the vessel that launched upon that voyage of discovery referred to by the Irish Bardic historians.”—pp. 31, 32.

From the flint articles used as weapons, cutters, or weapon-making tools, we pass to the objects manufactured from rocks which, though not capable of receiving so sharp an edge or point as the silex, still possess hardness, toughness, and susceptibility of polish sufficient to form serviceable wood-workers and effective weapons.

Of the widely-distributed stone tools or weapons, styled *celts* from the

Latin word, *celtis*, a chisel, the Academy's Museum contains a magnificent collection, numbering upwards of five hundred specimens, a great portion of which, discovered in deepening the river Shannon, from 1843 to 1848, were, with many other valuable antiquities, presented to the Institution by the Board of Public Works.

The form of the common variety of the stone celt resembles that of the mussel-shell; the lower or cutting end is always hatchet or chisel-shaped, and smoothed down to the smallest possible edge, the middle usually swells into an oval, tapering to a rounded point. As the principal tool and weapon in use among the early inhabitants of Ireland, the celt was modified to meet various purposes, and specimens are extant resembling knives and daggers in shape, while in a few instances small spear-shaped or chisel celts have been perforated, as if for attaching to a string. The Academy's collection contains upwards of twenty varieties of size and shape of stone celts, in the manufacture of which nearly every suitable description of native rock has been used, and upon their composition and lithological character much important information, contributed by the Rev. S. Haughton, F.T.C.D., and Professor of Geology in Trinity College, Dublin, has been embodied in the Catalogue now before us.

The stone celts in the Academy's Museum most remarkable for beauty, size, and polish, are those composed of the best materials—flint, porphyry, greenstone, syenite, or felstone. In length the stone celts vary from little more than one inch to twenty-two inches, some being of the most elegant form, polished to perfection, presenting extreme precision and perfect symmetry of outline and proportion, whilst others are rude slate-stones, possessing merely the general character of the implement.

In addition to the celts, the Academy's collection of antique stone articles contains sling-stones, hammers, punches, whetstones, touch-stones, moulds, querns, or hand-mills, altar-stones, chalices, grotesque figures, Scandinavian flint and stone antiquities, and stones inscribed with the Ogham or occult form of writing in use among the ancient Irish. Each of these articles is carefully described in the Catalogue before us, which, in addition to its other merits, is, we believe, the only detailed treatise yet published on Celtic antiquities of stone.

The Eastern Gallery of the Museum contains the Academy's collection of earthen materials, comprising crucibles, antique jars, bowls, smoking pipes, usually, but erroneously, ascribed to the Danes, pavement tiles, glass articles of dress and personal decoration, and small white cubes of porcelain bearing Chinese inscriptions, which have been found in a variety of localities in this country, in such numbers as warrant their being placed in any collection of antiquities connected with Ireland, although the mode or period in which they were brought hither has not yet been discovered.

The most interesting contents of the Earthen Department are, however, the sepulchral urns, very great numbers of which, containing incinerated human and animal bones, have been discovered in Ireland, singly, in small subterranean stone chambers, or aggregated in earthen mounds. "These," says an old English writer, "are sad and sepulchral pitchers, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten

times, and can only speak with life: how long in this corruptible frame some parts may be uncorrupted, yet able to outlast bones long unborn and the noblest pile among us." In form the urns vary from the vase to the bowl-shape, and their decorations consist of rude dots, oblique indentations, raised hoop-like ridges, circular indented lines, or upright horizontal chevrons of a pectinated character.

Of some of the urns the material is a coarse clay, but those of a higher class contain sand and small fragments of stone, while the coating of the interior of the very fine specimens exhibit minute particles of quartz and felspar. The inner surfaces of the Irish urns are generally blackish or dark brown, while the exterior is light red, grey, or brown; the clay-coloured urns exhibit but little trace of fire, and the brown belong to the thinnest and hardest description of pottery.

"It is difficult," writes Mr. Wilde, "to form an unexceptionable classification of mortuary urns, according to size, shape, or ornamentation; and except where other objects besides bones are found therein, such as metallic weapons, &c., anything like a chronological arrangement of them would be impossible. The skill displayed in the construction of the material, or in the formation of the pattern worked upon it, is not, of itself, sufficient to warrant us in assigning to these fictile vessels comparative ages, no more than the remains of earthen materials, from the rudest pottery to the finest porcelain of the present day, could afford the inquirer, some centuries hence, a means for chronologically classifying the pottery of the nineteenth century. The varieties exhibited by these urns may be characteristic of peculiar races, tribes, or persons, or expressive of their cost and value, or of the art of the day. But the first step in inquiring into the comparative ages of these vessels should be a careful personal examination of the excavations either undertaken for their investigation, or occurring accidentally; all the circumstances attending their discovery should be accurately noted at the time and on the spot; and in no instances should workmen be sent to excavate without directions to stop the moment they arrive at a stone chamber, until competent persons are present. We also earnestly entreat those who undertake the examination of tumuli to make themselves, in the first instance, acquainted with whatever is at present known on the subject.

"As already stated, Irish cinerary urns have been found under three circumstances:—In small kists, placed without any ostensible mark, at least at the present day, beneath the surface of the soil, each just sufficiently large to hold one or two vessels. The chamber is sometimes occupied with the urn and its contents alone; in other cases it also contains charcoal and portions of burned bone; and in some instances the flooring-stones have become vitrified upon the upper surface, thus leading us to believe that the funeral pyre was lighted over the grave after it was formed; of this, the charcoal and the vitrification of the stones afford presumptive proof. These small chambers are sometimes found near the surface, or in the periphery of the large tumuli that usually cover cromlechs or surround extensive sepulchral chambers, and appear to be of a much more recent date than the original structure of the tumulus in which they are placed. Such minor interments may have been those of the family or descendants of the persons originally interred beneath; or the place—strong in the odour of sanctity—may have been resorted to as a burial-ground long subsequent to its original formation, from that feeling of veneration which instinctively consecrates the resting-place of the dead. These urns are also found imbedded in the earth, in which case they are generally aggregated in cemeteries upon the sides of hills.

"It does not, however, follow that either cremation or urn-burial was the earliest form of sepulture adopted on this island; on the contrary, there is

every reason to believe that the bodies (of distinguished persons, at least) were interred entire within the chambers of cromlechs, clothed in the costume of the period, decorated with the ornaments suited to their rank, armed with the weapons belonging to their tribe or condition, and accompanied by the bodies of their favourite animals, who were probably sacrificed on the occasion to their manes. Hundreds of these cromlechs stud the face of the country, and many still remain enclosed within their enveloping earth-mounds; the chamber, in each instance, being capable of holding one or more human bodies, either in a horizontal, sitting, or recumbent position. Urns containing calcined bones of men or animals may have been discovered within the cromlech chamber, but the authorities upon that subject are defective, and much yet remains to be cleared up in this inquiry. Subsequently we find the ashes of the dead collected into fictile vessels, and placed in small chambers upon the surface, or within the body of the earthen mound. So early as A. M. 3959, we learn from the Books of Leinster and of Lecan, that the body of Slanoll, son of Ollamh Fodhla, was buried in the earth. But even after the Christian era, we read in one of our ancient topographical Irish MSS., when describing the raths at Tara, that 'the body of Laoghaire'—one of the last pagan kings of Ireland—'was interred, with his shield of valour, in the external rampart in the south-east of the royal Rath of Laoghaire at Tamur, with his face to the south, as if fighting with the *Lagenians*, or Leinster men. Laoghaire, son of Niall of the Nine Hostages, died at Cassi, in the plain of the Liffey, about the year A.D. 458. Eoghan Bel, King of Connaught, was also interred, with his red javelin in his hand, and his face turned towards Ulster. According to a popular tradition, many of these cromlechs are still styled *Leaba Diarmada agus Grainne*, 'the bed of Dermot and Grace,' concerning whom there are many legends still afloat among the Irish peasantry; and also some romantic Finnian tales, descriptive of their history. Cromlechs are in some places called 'Hags' Beds.'

"Urns vary in position, some being erect, and others inverted; their contents, in both instances, consist of fragments of bones, bearing unmistakable evidence of the action of fire. A sufficient quantity of these bones has been examined to prove them human, and we have a large collection of them in the Museum. The body must, therefore, have been burned, and the bones reduced to this calcined condition, before they were placed in the urn; and, from the circumstance already stated, it is probable that the cremation took place upon the spot, and that the charred wood and vitrified stones were the result. Besides these human bones, those of minor animals have been found, but often much less calcined than the human remains; therefore, it may be conjectured that such animals were thrown as sacrifices on the expiring embers. In some cases two urns have been discovered, the one placed within the other; and, in one instance, a small urn was found inverted over two small bones (of the hand and foot), probably of some distinguished person, which were lost in battle. Most of these urns are hand-formed, without the assistance of a wheel, and were probably made at the grave, with the materials most ready at hand, and placed, while in a soft state, within the burning embers, which, with the surrounding hot stones and clay, served as a kiln for baking them. The fact of urns having been found in a bent or crushed condition lends probability to this conjecture; but others were evidently formed with greater care, and appear to have been specially prepared for the purpose."—pp. 170-3.

Seven specimens of the urns found in the Academy's collection are engraved in the Catalogue, and relative to one of them, figured at page 179, Mr. Wilde writes:—

"Beautiful, however, as the shapes and decorations of these vessels un-

doubtedly are, they fall into comparative insignificance when placed beside No. 14, shown by fig. 129, on the opposite page (drawn two-thirds its natural size), which, so far as the published accounts afford us information, is the most beautiful specimen of the mortuary urn, both in design and execution, that has yet been discovered in the British isles. When reversed, the bowl presents, both in shape and ornamentation, all the characteristics of the *Echinus* so strongly marked, that one is led to believe the artist took the shell of that animal for his model. It is composed of very fine clay, and is now of a light brown colour, except where encrusted upon the edge and one side with carbonate of lime, which dripped upon it in a fluid state (possibly for centuries), and which largely assisted to preserve the sharpness of its decoration. It possesses the rare addition of a handle, which has been tooled over like the rest of the vessel. This beautiful little urn stands but 2½ inches high, and is 3½ across the outer margin of the lip, which is the widest portion. Its decoration consists of nine sets of upright marks, each containing three cross-barred elevations, narrowing towards the base, which is slightly hollowed; the intervals between these are filled with more elaborately worked and minute impressions, each alternate space being further ornamented by a different pattern, as shown in the engraving. A rope-like ornament, surmounted by an accurately cut chevron, surrounds the neck. The lip, which is nearly flat, is one of the most beautifully ornamented portions of the whole; a number of small curved spaces, such as might be made by the point of the nail of the forefinger, surround the outer edge, and also form a similar decoration on the inner margin; upon the flat space between these, somewhat more than half an inch broad, radiate a number of very delicately cut lines. It was discovered in 1847, in the cutting of a railway, in a small stone chamber at Knocknecoura, near Bagnalstown, County of Carlow; and contained portions of the burned bones of an infant, or very young child. It was embedded in a much larger and ruder urn, filled with fragments of adult human bones; possibly they may have been the remains of mother and child."

The difficulty of assigning an accurate epoch to those articles recalls the observations of Sir Thomas Browne, who treating, in 1658, of the sepulchral urns then recently discovered at Norfolk, wrote:—

"What song the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietors of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the principal guardians, or tutelary observers. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have formed unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pude, vain-glory, and madding vices."

In the centre of the Eastern Gallery of the Museum are arranged the Academy's wooden and vegetable antiquities, which, although of modern date as compared with the articles of stone, are of much interest as

illustrating the habits of the Irish from the tenth to the seventeenth century.

This portion of the Catalogue is prefaced by the following interesting observations of the author :—

“ Before man had attained that amount of culture which enabled him to convert flint and stone into weapons and tools, we must suppose that he availed himself of the timber of the forest (when so located) to form a club as an implement of protection or offence, to make a wattle for his hut, and to construct from the slender twig a snare wherewith to entrap his prey. But although it is certain that the use of wood was thus, in the very infancy of the human race, resorted to, either alone or in connexion with the flint and stone implements described in the first section, it could not be expected, from its decaying nature, that articles formed from vegetable material could endure, in a climate such as ours, for more than a few hundred years, except when preserved in bog. With the question respecting man's early state in his original habitat, we do not deal; in these examinations we take him as he first appears to us (judged by his remains) in our western islands, uncultured and uncivilized, such as we find him in other portions of the world at the present day.

“ Coeval with, and perhaps antecedent to the first colonisation of the island, but prior to the chief bog deposits, Ireland must have been, from the nature of its temperature, an Emerald Isle—green, fruitful, and abounding in vegetation. History and tradition, confirmed by the existing remains of trees and plants conserved beneath our peat mosses, tell us that it was well wooded. What may have been the order of succession in its forest trees botanists have not decided; but far down beneath the surface of our oldest and deepest bogs, we find traces of the hazel, and trees of the oak, the yew, and the pine, of stupendous size, and bearing evidence of being the growth, perhaps, of centuries, either broken off in the stem, or uprooted and prostrated by the tempests or the floods which swept over these localities, before the mosses, heaths, rushes, and grasses had collected round them, and, in lapse of years, had formed, by compression, what is denominated turf. An examination of the localities in which these and other trees are found, shows us that many of the places now covered by partially decayed vegetable matter were once dry and studded with forest trees, proving incontrovertibly that several of our bogs are of comparatively recent formation. This assertion is further confirmed by our annals, in which we find notices of floods and storms that prostrated woods of gigantic growth. Hazel nuts, acorns, beech-mast, and crab-apples, are frequently referred to in our earliest annals, and leave no doubt as to the great abundance of the trees which produced them. But even within the period of modern history—say three hundred years—we have faithful records of the existence of extensive forests. A few indigenous woods remain; and, besides those trees which may be considered of imported origin, we find there the oak, birch, hazel, yew, ash, and holly, the thorn, apple, sloe, and mountain ash, all of native growth; the fir alone having, it is generally believed, left few representatives, and in most localities none. Whether the alder and the different varieties of willow, popularly known as *sallows*, so widely distributed over the face of the country, particularly around the habitations of man, and also the elder, are of the early native stock, is still questionable.

“ While the substance of the bog mass is composed of numerous species of moss, chiefly the *sphagnum*, with several varieties of rushes, grasses, ferns, and heaths, there have been frequently found, at from four to five feet above the gravel, a strata of broken branches of birch, beech and hazel, although no trunks of such of any great size have yet been discovered; but in rare in-



stances those of elm and alder have been found. It is remarkable that, while the roots of several other kinds of bog timber are frequently found turned on the side, those of the fir are usually discovered in a standing position, with a few feet of their trunks remaining attached to them. Several of these roots are in such positions as to show that they had grown on previously-formed bog, whereas it is said the trunks of the oak and yew, which are found scattered near the verge of the bogs, rest 'mostly on clay or gravel, seldom with a foot of peat between the trunk and the gravel.' These trees 'being almost invariably attached to their roots, form a striking contrast with the fir-trees.' Three varieties of pine, distinguished by their cones, have been discovered, *Pinus sylvestris*, *P. pinea*, and *P. pinaster*; a few successors of the latter are said to exist in the neighbourhood of Tarbert, county of Kerry; and some fine specimens of native *Pinus sylvestris*, not planted by human hand, may still be seen at Coolnamuck, on a hill-side near Carrick-on-Suir, county of Waterford."—pp. 197-9.

Under the wooden and vegetable classes we find ancient boats and paddles, spades, forks, amber and jet beads and studs, horse-trappings, dishes, bowls, and four-sided drinking-vessels, commonly called methers. On the subject of the stockaded islands, called *crannoges*, the vestiges of which have been found in many of our lakes, we are presented with much interesting information in the Catalogue before us, which concludes with descriptive notices of the ancient harps and wooden horns in the Academy's collection.

In the present instance, Mr. Wilde's services to the Academy has been two-fold. He has already completed the arrangements and classification of the departments of the Museum we have noticed, and also produced a work so copious in its details, so adorned with admirable wood-engravings, and embodying a series of such valuable essays, introductory to each class of remains, that instead of being merely styled a "Catalogue," it might more justly be designated a Treatise on the Antiquities of Ireland, as illustrated by the collection of articles preserved in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. Of the vast amount of toil involved in this undertaking it would be difficult to give an adequate idea. Previously to Mr. Wilde's labours the Museum was in a most confused condition; it is now divided into classified departments, every article in which, so far as his work extends, is located, carefully labelled and numbered. On referring to the Catalogue before us we can at once find the peculiarities, and all the information extant in connexion with the history, use, locality, and circumstances of the discovery of each particular object. To supply the latter required a large amount of research, as the Academy did not previously possess either a catalogue or correct inventory of the contents of its Museum; and that the value of our author's work has been duly appreciated appears from the remarks prefixed to this Catalogue by the President, who, after stating that Mr. Wilde "devoted his time and labour to the task with an energy and zeal which entitle him to the warmest thanks of the Academy," adds—

"It is only fair to him to state that the difficulty of the undertaking was greatly increased by the circumstance that, almost during the whole of his labours, the Museum was in the occupation of the workmen employed by the

Board of Works, in putting up glass-cases, &c., as well as in the painting and decoration of the room."

Mr. Wilde, we are given to understand, is at present engaged in arranging and cataloguing the remainder of the Academy's collection, comprising the animal and metallic materials, to his publication on which we look forward with much interest; as, if it equal in execution the volume now before us, his work, as a whole, will be one of the most important of its class extant, and we shall have to thank him not only for having rendered intelligible to us the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, but also for having produced that great desideratum—a copious, accurate, and reliable Handbook of the Antiquities of Ireland.

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### TIME'S TREASURES.

"TIME—on thy broad, expanded wings,  
What dost thou bear?"

"Mine are the Earth's most precious things,  
I gather them everywhere.

"Fast and far down my rapid stream,  
I hurry them along;  
The Lover's hope—the Poet's dream—  
The bright-eyed Maiden's song.

"Deem not that ye can save one flower  
From Time's strong hand;  
For my scythe of keen and matchless power  
Shall sweep them from where they stand.

"There is nought so lovely, and nought so proud,  
So humble, or so sublime,  
Of this world's treasures, but shall be bowed  
By the conquering hand of Time!"

"Boast not, oh, scythe-armed monarch!  
Though the gems of Earth be thine;  
The best thou can'st not call thine own,  
Though contained in a mortal shrine.

"For when Heaven and Earth, like a scroll, have fled,  
And measured is Time's full span;  
Through Eternity's broad, unfading light,  
Shall endure the soul of man!"

BÆ.

## THE SERPENT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Towards mountains which in the far North ascend  
 Sweeps thro' the plain the chilly evening wind,  
 And trembling bends each separate blade of grass ;  
 The rocks before them lengthen'd shadows cast,  
 And the birds slowly sink on weary wings.  
 Upon the lonely waste rides forth a youth,  
 Watching the gold upon the clouds grow pale,  
 Watching the mist that o'er the distance floats :  
 Beside the road he sees a maiden rest,  
 Lonely and motionless, upon a stone.  
 She lifts not up her eyes as he looks down,  
 Moves not the soft, white hands which, folded, lie  
 Upon her lap : there is no stir, save when  
 The wind comes past and dallies with her hair.  
 And the youth gently greets her, and rides on ;  
 Turns back, and greets again : in a low voice  
 She answers him. Again, a second time  
 He turns his horse ; dismounts, draws near to her,  
 And on her shoulder lightly lays his hand.  
 " Maiden, how do I meet thee here alone—  
 How on the road at evening—for I see  
 No semblance of a shelter far or near ?"  
 " Leave me," she said. " Maiden," continued he,  
 " Great is thy beauty ! If thou suffer it  
 I'll give thee place beside me on my horse,  
 Lead thee, a bride, into my native land."  
 Now she lifts up her eyes, and thus responds :  
 " Do not be troubled that I have no home—  
 Let not my beauty render thee less wise—  
 Desire no longer that I should be thine—  
 Continue on thy road as thou hast come—  
 Choose thee a maiden in thy native land,  
 And on our meeting let oblivion fall !"  
 But, spell-bound, and enwrapt by her first glance—  
 " Think'st thou," he said, " I can forget thy face ?  
 That I can choose another after thee ?  
 That I can say 'farewell,' and journey on ? )  
 I promise thee thou surely shalt be wed ;  
 If thou resist I'll seize thee forcibly,  
 For I must lead thee back unto my home !"  
 And her white hands he clasps within his own :  
 But willingly the maiden rises up,  
 And she is lifted to the saddle now ;  
 Twines 'round him both her arms, so are they borne,  
 Swift as the wind, across the open plain.

And as the whistling breeze fled past her cheek,  
 "Hear me!" she said, after a little space;  
 "Better it were that thou should'st fling me down  
 Out of thine arms, and hasten on alone;  
 As thou hast come that so thou should'st return."  
 He only smiled—for fast he felt her heart  
 Beat against his. "Oh! listen, youth," she said  
 A second time. "'Twere better, better far  
 That thou hadst never look'd into my eyes—  
 Far better if thou didst thy dagger draw  
 Out of thy girdle, and so end my life:  
 For when, hereafter, thou wouldst fain be free,  
 My arms shall clasp thee 'round and hold thee fast!  
 "Listen!"—and this time she no more entreats—  
 "I am a serpent, I am not a maid;  
 I am a Yukha.\* Thou hast been allur'd,  
 Unconscious, by mine eyes; yet 'twas thy will,  
 Thou didst compel me, and I raised them up.  
 My arms are circled 'round thy neck perforce;  
 As now I hold thee, youth, I ever hold!  
 My soul hast thou imbibed from my lips—  
 Not that I turn'd or offer'd them to thee;  
 But, as the bee draws from the rose its balm,  
 So hast thou drunk the essence of my life:  
 Therefore my soul is no more mine, but thine,  
 And I must follow thee into thy home;  
 As thy companion will I live with thee,  
 And thro' thy life no other shalt thou choose!"  
 "No other," answered fervently the youth.  
 And now the plain beneath his horse's feet  
 Into the glimmering distance fades away,  
 And thus they reach the home wherein he dwelt.  
 Into his home she steps, making it bright,  
 And at the fire prepares his evening meal.  
 Each day at dawn he left her, and rode out:  
 At eve she cast in haste her spindle down,  
 When, sitting at the door, she heard afar  
 The echo of his horse's hoofs approach.  
 Ever more beautiful when he return'd;  
 Ever more loving when, returning, he  
 Leaped from the saddle, kiss'd her blooming cheek;  
 Ever more charming when, before the hearth  
 Close sitting at his side, she softly ask'd  
 Whether the journey had o'er-wearied him.  
 Well pleased his kinsmen look'd upon his bride,  
 And every guest who sought a shelter there

\* A kind of household spirit, in the form of a serpent, supposed to remain seven years in a family from the time of a marriage, and then to depart, leaving behind it good or evil fortune, according to the treatment it has received from the family during that period. Grimm the Elder mentions it in his "Kinder-und-Hans-Märlchen."

With blessings left the hospitable roof.  
 And so, awaiting his return, she sat  
 One evening ; and he came, but not alone,  
 A stranger rode beside him as his guest,  
 Desiring shelter for the coming night :  
 And she mov'd busily, preparing food,  
 Laid it before him and her husband ; set  
 A well-filled goblet down, and cheerfully  
 Beside the hearth she turn'd her spinning-wheel.  
 But the strange guest, at every mouthful, glanc'd  
 Unseen at her ; with every draught he laid  
 The goblet down, still turning towards her eyes.  
 In silence look'd he, meanwhile, on a ring  
 Which on his hand he wore ; in the bright gold  
 Was set an onyx, well and rarely graved.  
 And in the morning, as the men rode out,  
 Her husband and his guest, stay'd suddenly  
 The stranger first his speed, and thus began :  
 "Oh, woe to thee ! A Yukha is thy wife,  
 And to a serpent hast thou long been wed,  
 Who nightly, unsuspected, shares thy couch ;  
 Who looks expecting to the seventh year  
 When thou shalt be her own, that so she may  
 Suck from thy beating heart the life-blood out !"  
 Firm turn'd the other.—"Is it then for this  
 I gave thee shelter, that thou shouldst disturb  
 The single happiness I know in life ?  
 She is no Yukha, no vile serpent she—  
 She is my gentle wife, my chosen one,  
 And she alone—tho' endless were my years !"  
 "Woe to thy heart," the warning answer came,  
 "For thou art lost !" "Nay truly, *thou* art lost !"  
 The husband cried, "if thou canst bring no proof  
 Of what thou hast declar'd, thou slanderer !"  
 "At once," the stranger said, "behold the proof !  
 Behold the stone which in my ring I wear ;  
 Milk-white at her approach its hue became,  
 And darker grew the figures cut thereon !  
 And I observ'd, and understood the change.  
 She is a serpent, and she drinks thy blood,  
 And as a serpent shall appear to thee,  
 That thou, when thou beholdest it, shall doubt  
 No more, but trembling shall believe my words.  
 Do thou, when sitting at the evening meal,  
 In secret cast, so she perceive it not,  
 Some salt upon the food her plate contains.  
 That evening thou shalt firmly close the door,  
 On every window bar the shutters fast—  
 Yet ere thou thus hast done, bear from the house  
 All water, and all trace of water, that  
 No drop of it in flask or jar be found.

And on the evening after meet me here,  
 And tell me faithfully what thou hast seen."  
 And the man ponder'd all the stranger's words  
 Thoughtfully in his soul. At evening strew'd  
 Upon her food the salt; with care remov'd  
 All trace of water; barr'd the shutters fast.  
 This having done, he lock'd the outer door,  
 And, unperceived, conceal'd its massive key.  
 And now the night was come. Confidingly  
 She rested at his side, and calmly slept.  
 At length there was a stir. Breathless he watch'd.  
 By the faint glimmer on the hearth he saw  
 How slowly from the couch she rose, and crept,  
 Busily groping 'round her, here and there,  
 Seeking for something. Took the vessels up,  
 And laid them down again without a sound,  
 And softly, softly tried the fastened door;  
 Tried then the shutters, firmly barr'd and clos'd,  
 Her movements ever growing more disturb'd—  
 Writhing her hands, and uttering low moans.

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Then, by the glimmer of the dying fire,  
 The man beheld, as breathlessly he watch'd,  
 How suddenly she chang'd. Her lengthen'd neck  
 Stretched slowly upwards, glitt'ring, green with scales.  
 Her arms and feet together disappear'd—  
 Still more distended grew she; greedily  
 Shot from her jaws a forked and narrow tongue:  
 Thrusting it here and there, she writhing reach'd  
 At last the hearth, drew herself up the height  
 Into the darkness: still increasing, stretch'd  
 She to the brook, which close beside the house  
 Murmur'd refreshingly. And now he saw  
 How that she drank, when, through her body flow'd  
 The grateful draught, as, like a worm, her coils  
 With undulating motion swell'd or shrank.  
 And so she drank. When she was satisfied  
 Backward she glided, her appalling length  
 Slow lessening by degrees, till she at last,  
 Free from her scales, stood forth in all that bloom  
 Of beauty which at first had won his heart.  
 Back, softly stepping, stole she to the couch,  
 Bent listening down, and heard his even breath,  
 Noiselessly smooth'd the pillows, and he heard  
 How once again she slumber'd. But awake  
 He lay. Deep through his heart cold shudders crept;  
 And, as again her beauty he beheld,  
 Ever again he thought how horribly  
 Had ris'n and mov'd around the serpent's head.

The stranger at that place again he found  
 Where they had parted. "Yes, I now believe,"  
 Cried he, "thy words; and I conjure thee now  
 To save me!" And the other answered him—  
 "Let her in thy demeanour find no change;  
 For truly thou art lost if she conceive  
 Suspicion in her mind of thee. Wait thou  
 Till next she bakes her bread; and when she lays  
 Into the oven carefully the dough,  
 Then seize her suddenly and thrust her in,  
 Securing well the door. But be thou 'ware  
 Of heark'ning to her when she prays to thee;  
 When she declares that thou hast been deceived;  
 When she adjures thee by thy former love  
 Not to destroy her;—surely thou art lost  
 If thou allow her words to move thy heart.  
 And when the flame shall wholly have consumed  
 Her form, then will I come, her ashes take  
 And scatter them afar before the wind,  
 Lest she should spring, destructive, to new life."  
 And following his friend's advice, he turn'd  
 In silence home; and there his young wife stood  
 The white flour kneading in a wooden trough.  
 Her sleeves were rais'd, so that her arms were free—  
 Her snow-white arms, which mov'd so busily  
 Ever in working. Smilingly she said—  
 "To-day, dear love, I cannot cast my arms  
 Around thy neck. Come then, nor let me quite  
 Forfeit the happiness I so should lose!"  
 Towards him caressingly she turns her cheek,  
 Blooming as blooms a rose—with soften'd tinge  
 Like a peach glowing 'mid the shade of leaves.  
 He kisses it; but coldly through his frame  
 Creeps the remembrance of the serpent's eyes,  
 And of the poisonous tongue, which, midway cleft,  
 Out of the half-closed jaws mov'd flick'ring round.  
 And now she forms the dough. Upon a board  
 She ranges thoughtfully the loaves of bread;  
 And where, behind the house, the oven stands  
 She lightly bears it, pauses at the door,  
 Moving the embers further in, that she  
 Upon the glowing tiles may lay her bread.  
 But he with stealthy steps has follow'd her  
 To where she stands, springs forward, in both arms  
 He lifts her suddenly, and thrusts her far  
 Into the burning heat, shutting the door  
 With strong and nervous hands. Then 'rose a voice  
 Beseeching from within. "Dear Love," it cried,  
 "Alas for me! what is it thou hast done?  
 Have I, then, ever broken faith with thee?  
 Have I aroused thy wrath? Do not I love,

Have I not ever lov'd thee? Did I not  
 E'en weave for thee thy clothes, and softly deck'd  
 For thee thy couch? And in the lengthen'd nights  
 When thou wert sick, have I not cool'd thy brow?  
 Hast thou not often, resting on my breast,  
 Told me of all the greatness of thy love?  
 Hast thou not often bless'd the day when first  
 Thou didst behold, and set me on thy horse?  
 Ah, now I know! Another's word can then  
 So move thy heart? Thou hast put faith in him—  
 In him, a stranger—more in one short hour,  
 Than in thy wife, who now has liv'd for years  
 Faithful to thee—she who has evermore  
 As her salvation watch'd for thy approach,  
 And bless'd thy presence as her bliss supreme."  
 As sing in sultry nights the nightingales,  
 So she laments. Gently and touchingly  
 Sounded her voice; and echoing through his soul  
 Soft as the breath of Spring—through every pulse,  
 Wak'ning a yearning pain, till, half unnerved,  
 His hands relax'd their hold. "Oh, dearly loved!"  
 Fainter the voice resounds, "already seize  
 The flames upon my life! My cheek, on which  
 Thine own has often press'd, my arms, my hands,  
 Are shriv'ling horribly! My aching eyes  
 Are staring in the flames! Ah, 'round my heart  
 They wreath, and lap themselves unmerciful!"  
 Horror enthral him. All the awe he felt  
 When, as a snake, at night he saw her 'rise,  
 Has vanish'd, and her beauty mounts supreme,  
 As o'er the mountain glows the morning sun.  
 A dying hope, a passionate desire  
 Kindles his soul. Already from the door  
 He tears the beam. Out from the scorching heat  
 Heart-piercing speeds a sound. "A serpent, yes!  
 But I first told it thee! A Yukha, yes!  
 Thou knew'st it long! Have I deceiv'd thee, then?  
 Didst not thou, having known it, make me thine?  
 Didst not thou force my fate when I opposed?  
 Hadst thou not, heartless, broken faith with me,  
 Still living by thy side I might have been,  
 Daily becoming that thou shouldst have lov'd.  
 Out of my veins should that have disappear'd  
 Which made our natures twain. I growing still,  
 Without thy knowledge, gradually pure,  
 Without thy knowledge should for evermore  
 Have cast aside the scales and loathsome shape,  
 Which, by the Will inscrutable, were mine!  
 But, cunningly, in secret thou hast watch'd,  
 And, unconfiding, forced me to return  
 Unto that form, which through eternity



Had been remov'd, if unoffending still,  
Trusting the love that guided thee aright—  
Trusting the Heaven which protected thee—  
Thou hadst withheld temptation from my path.  
Clinging, sustain'd, to thy superior soul,  
Should I with thee for ever have escaped  
The powers of Night, which drag me back to them.  
Now, driven downwards, deeper, deeper yet,  
I force thy soul to follow ; nor shall flames  
Dissever thee from me, whom thou hast wed.  
Thy spirit, being mine, I bear below ;  
Desire, consuming thee, shall make thee her's.  
Deep in thy heart my likeness shall take root,  
Sucking all sense of quiet from thy veins.  
For me, all day, remorseful tears shall flow ;  
And, 'wakening from thy nightly dreams of me,  
Upon me thou shalt vainly call, till we  
Meet with each other in the Depths of Night !'  
Then all was hush'd and o'er. Feebly he turn'd  
Back to the house. But he, the stranger guest  
Who wrought her doom, scatter'd her ashes far  
Upon the winds, that, moaning, bore them on.

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## IAGO.

THE method of Shakspeare, when taken in connexion with that transparency of character which Goëthe has pointed out as a peculiarity belonging to his creations, more than to those of any other man, might render the function of interpreter unnecessary, were it not that the art of the Poet is as profound as his characters are vividly conceived and embodied. Shakspeare has supplied his own elements of criticism; and in the analysis that he himself has furnished of those forms which his genius has summoned from the deep, the groundwork of their existence is laid bare before us, while to the individuality exhibited in the dramatic *action* of the character he has added the individuality and life arising from dramatic description. All fields of life lay open to this man's vision—the eternal mysteries of our being, before which all nations have bowed, and which no coming generation shall ever solve, as well as the surface fooleries of society, and the littlenesses of man. He had an eye for them all. He possessed in a degree unsurpassed that faculty of separation which no true artist lacks, but which, rather, if it do not embrace the whole of creative genius, is the intellectual weapon by which the world beyond and within is subjected to the artist's control. No shade of character, no idiosyncrasy escaped him or was ever forgotten. It was fully seen—seen in all its bearings—and stood marked and distinct, *separated* from every kindred trait. Thorough insight is the essential condition of all representation; and hence, to the clearness of his vision, and to this power of separation, we are to trace the transparency of character which the German poet has noticed, and much of that individuality which all the creations of Shakspeare so transcendently possess.

Vast is the Wonderland which this enchanter's genius has revealed. The mighty Homer has only painted for us colossal Greeks, for his was a Hellenic culture, and the beautiful mythology of Greece was the basis and permeating influence of his whole thought and life. Brave, heroic men—men of strong arm and dauntless courage, were the type and ideal of the human character in that young morning of Europe's civilization. Towards such a humanity did the aspirations of the minstrel's genius point, the same in character (but with the loftiness and nobleness which the finer Grecian conception in general, and the idealization of the poet in particular, superadded) as were those which, centuries afterwards, animated the rude warriors of the North, the worshippers of Odin and of Thor. Such was the direction and aim of the highest European culture in the days of Homer, while yet the birth-land of Shakspeare groaned beneath impenetrable forests and malarious swamps—while the flint-flake, or stone circle, or oak canoe were the greatest products of its inhabitants' inventiveness, and long before the amber-gatherers of the Baltic had met Phœnician traders in the English seas. But Shakspeare's genius, seeking a universal culture, rose beyond all modes and limitation. Nothing seems to have passed into his mind in particular, because everything has been received alike. His subtle

spirit penetrated to that mystic source from which all history originates—to the great deep heart of humanity itself, wherein are united, in one vast spiritual brotherhood, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Barbarian, bond and free.

Shakspeare's consummate mastery over every shade of character has enabled him to body forth with full, firm outline the utmost poles of human nature, and one of these is the subject of our present sketch. Much of the vitality of Iago's character is derived from the contrast between it and the imperishable portraiture of Othello. This antithesis arises from no love of contrast on the part of the Poet, but from deep dramatic necessities, which an artist of Shakspeare's stamp could not avoid. Shakspeare could not have drawn the character of Iago or Othello otherwise than he has done, without altering the whole architecture of the plot. Had Iago been more "honest" and the Moor less so; had the Poet woven, however slightly, into the character of the former some of the humanities of life, and abstracted from Othello some of his unsuspecting nobleness and divine dignity, the tragic march of the action had been stayed or diverted. For, while in the multitude of his resources no man has more freedom than the true artist, so, almost paradoxically, no man is more limited by necessity than he. The deeper that genius penetrates into the spirit of life, the more independent of genius its creations become; they spin themselves from the master's hand unerringly onwards to their doom.

Iago is the source of all the action in the tragedy—the hidden fountain from which events arise, form themselves, and flow onwards to completion and consummation. Of vast intellectual power and ready resource, he is able to cope with all the difficulties of his position; slightest accidents become, in his hands, the cûe which leads to the direst results; he moulds all with whom he comes in contact into the likeness of his own desire; even the future becomes almost plastic in his hands, and the divinities that preside over this world seem to minister to his will. Matters are just in readiness for him when the tragedy opens. The train has been laid—events are in progress—the plot is so far prepared and on its way. His nature has received that impulse which it preserves throughout the tragedy; it has reached the second great stage of its development. But we have not, as with Hamlet, an opportunity of judging of Iago's character before this point in his history had been passed—a point which in both opened up new features in their characters, armed them alike with new purpose, and gave to their spiritual effort an outlet and a course. In Iago, however, we find no revulsion—no change of a radical nature. What he was previous to the appointment of Cassio, he remained afterwards. But this appointment wounded him to the quick, and aroused feelings within him hitherto latent, till, like a spirit of evil, with diabolical nerve, he insinuates himself onward to his revenge.

Hazlett's analysis of this character is, we think, scarcely accurate; in some points, certainly, it is not complete. So far as it goes, it describes Iago as he was previous to the injuries he believed that he had sustained at the Moor's hands. But this is not the Iago of the tragedy; nor can we trace Iago's conduct with him to a "meddling perversity of disposition and love of immediate excitement," not even

in the first, and far less in the second; stage of his nature's development. Shakspeare, in laying the elements of his nature, had his eye fixed on the work that Iago was to perform. He required a man of more solidity than belongs to perversity, and one with a sterner purpose than love of immediate excitement affords.

Accordingly, he has conceived a humanized devil; and the question before us is, what mental groundwork did Shakspeare lay, by which the possibilities of wickedness in a man should, in Iago, become dread and terrible actualities? Bulwer Lytton (who has reproduced with considerable modification the general character of Iago, in the person of Randal Leslie, whom he dismisses with the disgrace in which Shakspeare allows Iago to survive), observes to the effect, that to discover wherein lies a man's weakness, is to find out the surest key that will unlock his nature. We think Iago's weakness lay in the coldness of his heart and in his unmitigated selfishness. Incapable of any of the higher emotions that make life bright, and radiant, and glad, and utterly destitute of those sweet humanities that raise and purify every heart, where nobleness, in some degree, still dwells as in a temple, this man Iago would be restrained neither by delicacy of sentiment nor by a high morality, from conceiving any scheme, however black, and prosecuting it to its ultimate issue. He had no passion as an inherent part of his constitution, and his blood never reeled through his cold, subtle brain. He was a man with a theory of his own. He looked upon the world and human nature, and saw little beautiful there; the Graces and the Virtues had no shrine in the soul's temple, and Deformity and Vice nigh ministered alone at the altar of the human heart. The only divinity he worshipped was self. Duty, which for its own sake he loved not, was of consequence only as a means of selfish gratification; and whatever valour he had exhibited in the earlier Cyprus wars, he had taken care should be performed under the yes of Othello himself. He scented preferment afar off. A most disloyal knave from his earliest years—double-faced as Janus; throwing shews of service on his lord, yet keeping his heart attending on himself—his hypocrisy grew out of his selfishness, and he succeeded in worming himself into Othello's confidence and love. All smiles and service in his presence; jealous, as it seemed, and with a simplicity so aptly assumed, that it would have required a nature less reliant than the Moor's to penetrate the veil behind which he had concealed his features. To this Shakspeare has added a spice of egotism, dimly perceptible in the character, and without which it would scarcely have been complete. And the whole nature is placed under the command of a strong and resolute will, which gives the conception vigour and force; and, with the intellectual resources the Poet has conferred upon him, fits him for the work that Shakspeare required at his hands.

But the election of Cassio aroused a new feeling in his nature—that of disappointment. Shakspeare's object was to bring Iago into secret conflict with the Moor; and Othello, therefore, unconsciously stung him in the *tenderest* part. Nothing could have rankled more deeply and keenly in his being than the election of Cassio. Iago's whole game had hitherto been selfish—his schemes began and terminated in himself. He was not bound to the Moor and his country by love and

loyalty; his whole policy was crooked, and his own interests were ever in his thoughts. For these he had planned and wrought; for these he would dupe his General and the Senate; for these he had masked himself behind such a show of honesty, that none had caught a glimpse of the Proteus which the mask concealed. All this increased the sting of his disappointment, and he—naturally prone to hold consultation with his own heart—nursed it into hatred and revenge. Shakspeare has taken care to fortify the unity and truth of the conception by another circumstance which excited the *jealousy* of Iago. Rumour had fixed suspicion upon the Moor. The mere suspicion was enough for his Ancient, so that Othello stood answerable at Iago's bar for two crimes. But it is not passion that predominates. His powers are intensified and concentrated, his nature becomes clearer, and a new impulse and activity are communicated to his whole spiritual force.

Iago's hatred and desire for revenge do not, as we have said, become a passion. His keen, penetrative intellect never loses the power of calculation, and, if opportunities do not present themselves, he has resources within him to create them. His cunning and selfishness would have prevented any display of passion, but Shakspeare has furnished a deeper reason than these in the radical nature of the conception. Iago was *incapable* of passion. He wanted the finer sensitiveness and idealising power that lie at the bottom of a passionate nature, and bestow on it a certain richness of feeling, which, under culture and direction, may lead its possessor to the highest emotional life which mankind can enjoy. Coincident with this deficiency and with the magnitude of the intellectual power, Shakspeare has conferred on Iago a silence of character which his cunning could not want. A much-revolving man, with a deep, silent nature, whose thoughts were buried far down in his inmost heart. Yet his silence is not moody. It has no gloominess in it, impelling him to avoid his fellows. He is not given to solitude, for this would contradict his assumed character; and the swiftness of his faculty rendered concoction and elaboration unnecessary, while his instinctive versatility fitted him for the execution of every purpose. He seems to have possessed a mind capable of a double action, a deep, underworking, innerworking force, powerful in one direction within, but producing a reverse motion on its visible surface. The latter only the world noted. The world did not suspect that Iago had thoughts within him and schemes, lying far beyond the reach of the keenest perceptions. His whole plan of life was concealed. He hid the very silence of his character from mankind; only to Roderigo does he tell it, that he might secure Roderigo's faith in his ability to promote the poor dupe's wishes—a point of some importance to Iago, so long as Roderigo's purse was full. But while he does so, the Poet has illustrated this feature in his character by making Iago, in enumerating his grounds of hatred of the Moor, omit *one* of them—a tender point indeed for Iago to mention to any man. To all others caution and hypocrisy sat warders at his tongue, and no word passed these trusty sentinels unexamined.

Shakspeare has made use of this characteristic to produce one of the finest touches of genius in the whole tragedy, exhibiting at once the

minuteness of his conception, and the unity and harmony, as well as true nature, of Iago's character. It is when Iago's crime was discovered, and he is made to exclaim in the true spirit of the conception—

“Demand me nothing—what you know, you know ;  
From this time forth I never will speak word.”

To the concealed silent depth of this man's heart, the Poet has now added the sullenness and doggedness arising from detected guilt.

The elements which Shakspeare has brought into active prominence are hypocrisy and cunning. So successfully had Iago played his game that Othello, when ordered to Cyprus, left to him the conveyance of his beautiful bride. The Moor knew that a Turkish fleet of more than a hundred sail was on the waters, and were it not that the Poet intended to illustrate the Moor's unbounded confidence in Iago, it would almost seem strange that Othello should trust his Desdemona from his side.

The first point in the development of the plot which Iago's cunning and deep-working villany brought about, was the dismissal of Cassio on the night of their arrival in Cyprus. Iago, in this matter, did not take advantage of any accident. He was moulding and guiding events towards the accomplishment of his purposes. He seems to have induced Othello to issue the proclamation ordering the revels. He managed to place Roderigo on the watch, and laid the command on him. “Three else of Cyprus, noble-swelling spirits, that held their honours in a wary distance,” were joined with Roderigo, and Iago had “flustered them with flowing cups.” His whole policy here is one of consummate craft, and Cassio's infirmity is fortunate for the success of his schemes. We do not know whether Iago had a twofold motive in evading the Moor's question as to the origin of the quarrel. His ostensible position is to seem unwilling to say aught that would injure Cassio, and we have sometimes asked ourselves whether he, with his quick perception, saw that it was a necessary preparative to the dismissal (and not the mere rebuke) of Cassio, that the anger of the Moor should be somewhat excited.

Iago brought about the dismissal of Cassio by a masterstroke of craft not surpassed by the cunning and skill with which he awakens the sleeping world within Othello. Here, however, his course was one of greater nicety and delicacy. Seated squat at the ear of Othello, he insinuates his deadly poison into the soul of his victim, and gloats over the gathering agony that swells within. Iago never pities. Unwavering in his purpose, even the lovely Desdemona, so meek, and still, and beautiful, with her young heroic love, excited no admiration or compassion in this man. He breathed his withering breath on her fair glad life, now sweetened with the holiest of earthly joys, and he saw it shrivel up without a pang. Ah ! gentle lady, little didst thou dream on that stormy Saturday morning, when thy ship first touched “the warlike isle,” that ere the next day's sun had set thy valiant lord should have sworn thy death. But so it is ; for the decree had gone forth, and the Lithûanian fates must rend the thread that unites thee with the stars.

Few things illustrate the peculiar character of Iago better than the

striking difference between his jealousy and that which he excited in Othello. He has described his own. It is a gnawing pain that gives him no rest ; a settled uneasiness, slowly eating its way into his being. He had never *loved*, and would have despised himself if he had ; so that jealousy never warped his judgment, or rendered his brain in any degree unsteady. Nevertheless, he is not callous, and he seems to have demanded an explanation of Emilia. She failed to satisfy him ; but he never dreams of wreaking his vengeance on her. His own jealousy suggested the method of his revenge, and he turns at once, with unmoved coolness to a nobler quarry, the Moor.

On the other hand, Othello is terrific, sublime ; and all the more terrific from the previous repose and unimpassioned calm of his great nature. Serene it seemed to lie, like some Himalayan peak, towering into the region of everlasting sunshine ; but not, like it, into the region of everlasting snow. A quiet, lion-like dignity rests upon him, and removes him far above the shocks and storms that would upset and ruin less gifted men. Shakspeare has endowed him with the noblest of natures, moral and intellectual, with a mind purified from every meanness, with a heart a stranger to every unkindness. Gentle by spontaneous impulse, he has yet a self-reliance and power within ; and modesty, which sits ever graceful upon genius, was the native habit of his mind. His being was attuned to the highest harmonies, and there was in it a reach of emotion and passion that no man before Iago had sounded. But when he ran his fingers over the chords of that beautiful nature, it vibrated with life and agony through its entire compass.

Othello's nerves are of the finest sensibility, exquisitely, but, from his intellectual repose, not easily susceptible. Hence, and with what effect a busy life might have, he was well up in years before he loved ; hence, when he did so, he was more the wooed than the wooer ; but, when the skyey influence broke upon his soul, his love for Desdemona was of the loftiest order. It became poetry—it became a religion. Hence, likewise, the terrible grandeur of his jealousy, and the still more terrible grandeur of his awakened wrath.\* His jealousy is but as the rocking of the earth before the eruption, before the outbreak of that high-streaming lava-tide of wrath which swept himself and his gentle Desdemona to their doom.

How was Iago then to move this man, whose being seemed so complete and immovable. His searching instinct had long noted where the Moor's weakness lay. Othello had seen little of Venetian life, and this circumstance concurs in making that weakness all the more easily assailable ? Free, open, over-confiding, Othello was weak from excess of inherent goodness. A little more insight into character would have saved him, and a better knowledge of men would at least have produced hesitation. But he wanted penetration a little, and had never made men his books. His own guilelessness disarmed

\* Schlegel mentions, as a point of considerable importance, the African nature of Othello, and abstracts from him some of his noblest qualities. If Shakspeare regarded that point as of great importance, it is strange that it never occurs to Iago, and is not hinted at throughout the tragedy.

him of suspicion, and placed him at the mercy of every clever knave that was disposed to dupe him ; and this Iago knew—

“The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so ;”

and probably Iago felt that he was the best illustration of this that could be produced.

His whole plan of assault is deeply laid, and nearly every phase in his character is exhibited—fertility of resource, hypocrisy, cunning, and his matchless knowledge of human nature, as well as an audacity which, but for the blinding passion of the Moor, must have exposed him and his entire plot.\* He insures success by his crafty approaches. With slow and cautious step he steals upon his victim, and with fiendish satisfaction gluts his appetite on the havoc he is working. A glare of exultation is in his eye when he sees that the wreck of a brave soul has been accomplished—a soul that he has sent downward to ruin and the abyss. His caution and cunning, at this stage of his business, are extreme. Seeking, in the first place, to overcome the confidingness of the Moor, he succeeds by provoking his curiosity. He excites suspicion, and fixes it on Cassio—wearing all the while the mask of innocence and honesty. This gained, swift and sudden are the transitions of passion in Othello's mind, from suspicion to jealousy, from jealousy to wrath, from wrath to doubt, to agony, to revenge. His whole being is unfixed. Passion sets in upon him from every side. Order and harmony are driven forth for ever, and chaos, wild-weltering, reigns supreme. Stirred

\* We refer here to the following passage in Act III., Scene 3 :—

“ . . . . I lay with Cassio lately,  
In sleep I heard him say,  
. . . . Cursed fate  
That gave thee to the Moor.”

It was impossible that this could be. This falsehood was uttered, as we gather from internal evidence, on the day (a Sunday) after the arrival in Cyprus of Othello—Othello and Cassio in their respective ships, and Desdemona and Iago in a third vessel. Othello left Venice on the night of his marriage (Act I., Scene 3), and Cassio accompanied him (Act II., Scene 1). Iago conveyed Desdemona on the following day (Act I., Scenes 1 and 3). They all arrived in Cyprus on the same forenoon. In a conversation with Roderigo on the day of their arrival, Iago says to him, “Watch you to-night. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio.” That same night Cassio is dismissed from his office. The morning had broken ; and Cassio did not go to bed (Act III., Scene 1) ; and this was the morning of the day when Iago aroused the Moor's jealousy, and uttered the falsehood quoted. A moment's reflection therefore, on the part of Othello, might have satisfied him of the impossibility of Iago and Cassio sleeping together *since* his marriage.

But this passage contains another contradiction, which a little coolness on



into anarchy and confused strife—each o’ermastering each—all the elements of his mighty heart burst from Reason’s control, and rage with an accumulating fury, like that of the warring of the gods.

The skill with which Shakspeare has conducted the *setting* of this character leads us into a new field of his art, viz., the fine spiritual connexion between the *persons* of the tragedy. Our business, however, is with Iago alone. We have already referred to the contrast which the Poet has drawn between him and Othello, and to its dramatic necessity. This contrast brings each into fuller individuality, and we are better enabled to see them as living realities, with all the wonderful working of their hearts. But Shakspeare required stronger light to be thrown on the character of Iago than this contrast could yield. He had to connect him with *the world at large*, and show him in action where he had no cause of anger, and no motive to revenge. With desires rooted fast in this world, and with self attending as the only moral law, it was to add to the breadth of the character, and to illustrate Iago’s method of *using* mankind, where he could do so with safety, that Roderigo has been introduced. The presence of Roderigo arises from a spiritual necessity. He is not essential to the progress of events, and, on the contrary, increases the difficulty of Iago’s problem. But he fits in so harmoniously to the character of Iago, that the latter stands out from the canvas of the Poet with a sweep of outline more firmly rounded, with a life and fullness of figure more complete and better defined.

To the knave Iago, Shakspeare brought the dupe Roderigo, a simple and foolish man, one easily chafed and easily allayed. The strong and subtle mind that decoyed him, rubbed him up or down as suited its own purposes; and the little spark of honesty and manliness that was

the part of the Moor might have enabled him to perceive. Seeing that it was impossible that Iago and Cassio could have slept together *since* the Moor’s marriage, it was equally impossible that the disclosure put into the mouth of Cassio could have taken place *before* it. We view Iago’s words from the Moor’s point of vision. Before her marriage with Othello, and while it was in Desdemona’s power to marry whom she pleased, Cassio could not speak of cursed fate having given her to the Moor. Had she married the Moor against her wishes, Iago’s lie would have had some semblance of truth. Otherwise it had none, and the double opportunity presented to Othello was lost.

Following up this analysis, but with reference to the architecture of the plot, a point of difficulty occurs, which, so far as we know, has not been noticed elsewhere. The 3rd Scene of the Third Act takes place, as we observed, the day after the arrival in Cyprus. Just before the scene closes, Othello says, “Within these three days let me hear thee say, that Cassio’s not alive.” In the next scene Bianca appears for the first time, when she says to Cassio, “What? keep a *week* away—*seven days and nights*!” How could this be, unless we are to suppose the lapse of a considerable period of time (a week, at least) between the 3rd and 4th Scenes? But the development of the plot hardly admits of this, and there are certain objections to this supposition which seem insurmountable. Cassio’s reason for his absence does not settle the point. But we leave this matter to the consideration of our readers.

in him, he allowed it to smother. He furnished a new opportunity for the exercise of all Iago's faculties, and his death brings before us the unscrupulousness with which they would plan the destruction of any tool that had become useless, and, by its uselessness, dangerous.

With so much accuracy of detail has Shakspeare delineated the character we have attempted to interpret, that its minute finish must be left to the study of the reader. Like everything that emanates from Genius, there is a pervading vitality in it; and we stand in the presence of a great human portraiture, into which Genius has infused its own creative power. The artist never hangs round a creation the semblance of humanity; the likeness grows from within, outward, into action. Art will not permit any other exclusive impress of individuality than this; and it demands, likewise, as a consequence, and, in a great measure, as the law of the artist's procedure, that the construction of the plot seems to emerge, not from the mind of the Poet, but from the deep quick-life of his creation.

So with Shakspeare in the character before us, and hence the free naturalness of the plot, and its fitness to the Iago he has conceived.

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## MRS. STEVENSON'S WILL.

## CHAPTER I.

"I AM now upwards of seventy, and as I cannot look for a much longer continuance of life, I have made my will, and left it in the hands of Mr. Colman. Be assured, my dear Mrs. MacMahon, you are not forgotten in it; you know I have very little to leave, and when it comes to be divided, the portion to each (where there are so many) must necessarily be small; however, it will serve to show what my wishes were had the power been given me to fulfil them."

Such was the substance of the last conversation between Mrs. MacMahon and her cousin of Lissendhu, the wealthy widow of Robert Stevenson. They shook hands and parted for the last time, though neither of them supposed it to be so; and Mrs. MacMahon stood leaning over the low wall which separated her own garden from the road, watching the receding jaunting-car until it was concealed from view by the increased distance. For a much longer time Mrs. MacMahon remained buried in deep thought, when she was at last roused by the voice of her daughter asking what made Mrs. Stevenson mention her will.

"We were speaking of the hardness of the times, and the difficulty of living upon ——"

"*Nothing?*" interrupted Nora.

"Upon small incomes," replied her mother, gravely.

"It is no wonder, indeed, she feels the times hard, when she has only a thousand a-year to live upon," exclaimed Nora, indignantly. "God help those who have not the half part of the fourth of it!"

"My dear Nora, we must not count people wealthy by the actual sum of money they possess. Taste, habit, education, have a great influence over us; and scarcely two people, equally endowed by Fortune, will spend their money alike. You need only look around to assure yourself that a thousand a-year is not *more* in reality for the wants of one person, than a hundred is for those of another."

"That's counting a hundred for each want," said Nora, laughing; "and I think its very true, only we must give the smaller income a lower stand, for I much doubt if there's anyone living who has only one desire."

"You forget Mr. Donovan. I am convinced he had but one wish in the world, and that was to do good to his fellow-beings."

"And, dear mother, was not that *one* the parent of many others? Could he wish to do good acts, and see the necessity of performing them, without at the same time being anxious about the *means*, and wishing for 'such and such things' to enable him 'to do so and so?'"

"Ah! well," exclaimed Mrs. MacMahon, smiling, "the further consideration would lead us deeper into the regions of philosophy than is convenient to travel just now; besides you had better go and prepare for your visit."

"Must I go to Liscarrol?" asked Nora, in a supplicating tone. "Could I not refuse?"

"Refuse!" cried her mother, in the greatest surprise; "refuse Mrs. Stevenson!—have you lost your senses? I never before heard any objection to Liscarrol; on the contrary, you invariably expressed pleasure at the idea; and I am sure you have not less reason now than heretofore—you are as great a favourite as ever with Mrs. Stevenson."

"Yes, and I like to be with her when she is alone. But since Miss Blenkinsop came to live with her, I assure you Liscarrol is very different from what it was. She prevents Mrs. Stevenson being so kind as she would be. I don't get half the presents intended for me, or near so many as in 'the good old times.' Rosamund Brooks is there also, and I am sure you will not say she is an agreeable companion."

"No; but you are very safe when Esther is absent."

"Ah! nothing but downright necessity could bring anyone to Liscarrol when she is there. Her satire is so pungent, and herself so perfectly careless of consequences, that no one is free from her attacks. A person does not mind a little raillery now and then, but who can bear to have everything they do or say turned into ridicule? I often wonder how Mrs. Stevenson can put up with her."

"This is all very true, and I know you speak from what you call 'bitter experience,'" said Mrs. MacMahon, with a smile; "but medicine is good for us, however nauseous it may be; and in every bitter cup presented to us, we should seek for the drop of honey."

"Ah, then, indeed we might search long enough for a drop of honey in a cup of Esther Brooks; it would end very like Ally Corrigan's hunt after gold in the old abbey beyond, when she nearly brought it down about her ears, and had all the neighbours laughing at her."

"Nora! Nora!" cried Mrs. MacMahon, in a deprecating tone, "take care you are not infected."

"Mother, dear, surely it is only the truth," replied Nora, earnestly; "but I'll go and prepare for my travels." And she turned into the house.

The cottage of Owen MacMahon was situated in a wild part of Inishowen, not far from the rude gap of Mamore (one of the three famous defiles of Ireland), and close to Stoker Bay—through which the noble waters of Lough Swilly pass into the mighty Atlantic. Several years had rolled away since he first took possession of the cottage, and yet little was known about him, more than that he had retired from business, and intended to devote the remainder of his life to the pursuits of husbandry. Perhaps there was nothing further to hear; though it was hinted that failure in a lawsuit was the first cause of his retirement, and that rather straitened circumstances, joined to a large family, were likely to keep him in it. It was said, also, that he kept himself too much aloof from his neighbours, and that, though courteous to all, he was intimate with none. Several took serious umbrage at this; but there were others, better judges of human nature, who could make every allowance for the sensitive feelings of a man obliged to move in a sphere to which he had evidently been unaccustomed; and who shrunk from the proffered civilities of wealthier neighbours because he could not return those civilities in kind. But the poorer classes had reason to bless the

day that MacMahon came among them. His open hand was ever ready to follow the dictates of his warm heart; and though his benevolence was frequently restricted by prudence, yet it went forth with a blessing upon it, and it fulfilled its mission to do good. The simple peasantry have often said they would "rather have a stone of meal from the house of MacMahon, than a sack from another—for sure its given with good will; an' isn't the sixpence of the mistress more than three times as much from them that's better able to give it!" Happy was the man or woman who got a "hansel" at Urrisbeg before setting off for the market—they were certain of luck that day. So the blessing of the poor rested on the humble homestead of the MacMahons.

Of a very different description was the benevolence of Mrs. Stevenson. Lavish of her gifts, she poured them into the laps of those who needed them not, as well as those who did; and it often happened that the former received the aid which went to purchase some *fancied* luxury, whilst the latter were refused the relief necessary for the alleviation of *real* wants. Her visits and bounties to the MacMahons were alike periodical, but they were not the less welcome on that account; and though the proud spirit of Owen often rebelled, when he felt himself put almost on a par with the parish paupers, yet new frocks for the children at Christmas, and a ten-pound note to his wife, were things not at all to be despised—no more than the other odd helps of different kinds which found their way from Liscarrol, though it must be confessed they were not always given in a manner likely to enhance their value. No present was sent to Urrisbeg of which the inhabitants were not made fully sensible that it was a great favour bestowed on them, and for whose receipt they were expected to show the deepest gratitude; until even Mrs. MacMahon (who was not wont to complain) expressed a wish that they could live without the help of her Cousin Stevenson, for that such heavy exactions upon their grateful feelings were very likely to wear them out.

But there were other recipients of Mrs. Stevenson's bounty whose feelings on the subject were not so nice. These were the Brookses, the widow and children of her nephew. The most fulsome flattery was given by them in such doses, that it was marvellous to an ignorant spectator how they had the face to offer, or she the faith to swallow. But vanity is a weakness to which the *greatest* minds have been subject, and Mrs. Stevenson had one of the *least*; therefore she might be pardoned for her gullibility.

Almost from her childhood Rosamund Brooks had resided at Liscarrol, and was treated as a daughter by Mrs. Stevenson, who had never had any family of her own. But it was not easy to satisfy the Brookses. The eldest sons had got commissions in the army, the youngest was sent out to India. Two daughters had been married, and every effort was making to have a third provided for; and all through their aunt's interest or money, or both together. Yet they were like the horse-leech's daughters, continually crying, "More!" Of course they looked upon the MacMahons with a jealous eye; and as it is a law of Nature that all spoiled favourites should become the scourge of those who spoil them, Mrs. Stevenson was sometimes actually afraid of holding intercourse with Urrisbeg; and though she had a great affection for Nora, and

would have been glad to have had her frequently in her house, she rarely asked her there when Rosamund was also its inmate: she, however, always took advantage of the absence of the latter, to send for Nora.

The Brookses were not slow to perceive this; and, fancying that loneliness was the cause, they procured a kind of companion, who would also act as housekeeper, under pretence that Mrs. Stevenson's time of life required her to give up a little more to her own ease. The world, however, is apt to judge harshly of what passes before it, and no one is blind to the faults of their neighbours: therefore, Mrs. Stevenson was the only person who did not see through this manoeuvre of her relatives, or give them credit for something else beside consideration for her comfort. In the present instance it was, strange to say, by the wish of Rosamund Brooks that Nora was invited to Liscarrol. What her ulterior motive might be for such an uncommon act, no person could guess; but that there was one, everybody felt assured. The very servant who drove the car could not help saying, "It's not often you're at Liscarrol, when Miss Rosamund's there; but they say it's not the fault of the misthress, for sure you would never leave it if she could do as she liked herself. Ah, then, Miss Nora! isn't it a pity to see a nice ould lady like her so led about by them that doesn't care three straws for her?"

"They must care more than that, Hugh," said Nora, with a smile; "or, if they don't, they are very ungrateful."

"That's just what they are, then," rejoined Hugh Cannay, giving the horse a touch with the whip that made it start. "I would as soon expect," he added in an under tone, not so low but that Nora could make out the sense of his speech—"and it would be just as likely too—that I would some day meet the warriors of Aodh Mor coming out of the hill of Aileach, where they have been sleeping so long, as see one of *them* thankful for anything.\* *Ough!*"—and, pushing his hat firmer on his head, he shook the reins, and flourished the whip with a look which expressed more than the English language was capable of doing.

Nothing further was said on the subject. The beautiful vale of Clonmany lay behind them, and, from the crest of a hill they were ascending, Nora looked back upon the fruitful spot, with its chain of noble mountains standing like watchful sentinels, and its broad sandy bay opening out into the Atlantic. She could even hear the thunder of the waves as they fell at measured intervals, and fancy the peculiar harsh grating sound they made as they retired from the steep pebble-beach of Kirneagh. The car descended the abrupt hill which shut in the smiling valley, and their onward road lay through a wild and rugged glen. Huge crags lifted their grey heads: some tall, peaked, and naked; others, in an almost endless variety, started up, clothed in the pale lichen or brown moss, while tufted heather, and the delicate flowers of the campion, rang a merry peal on the breeze; or, it might be, a feathery fern sprung from some rift in the rock, and waved its graceful head like

\* A favourite legend among the people of Innishowen is, that a troop of Hugh O'Neill's horse lies ready harnessed for battle, but cast into a magic sleep under the hill of Aileach, where the princes of the country were formerly installed.

the plumes of a warrior. Here and there a few stunted hazel and dwarf oaks rose from out the thick underwood, and the dark green leaves of a holly-tree glittered in the sunbeams, contrasting strangely with the barren rock by its side. Further on a solitary hawthorn threw its gnarled branches, like huge arms, over a tiny well, as if it were the guardian-spirit of the place, and its office was to preserve the crystal waters from pollution. All such spots were, in the language of the peasantry, "gentle places," and woe to the unhappy wight who even *thought* of their desecration.

Often as Nora had passed through this glen, it still seemed new to her; and each time she discovered something which had before escaped her observation. The road now skirted the borders of two little lakes, looking like bowls of liquid silver, each enclasped by a ring of emerald. For these lakes Nora had an especial affection; she loved their clear waters, which mirrored every passing cloud, and their green borders, fringed with water-lilies and other moisture-seeking plants, among whose woven roots and thick-spreading leaves the numerous wild-fowl found a ready hiding-place for their young. She loved, too, the brown hill rising from the opposite margins of the little lakes, and, looking down kindly upon their fair bosoms, seemed bent upon protecting them from the wild storms Slieve Sneacht, in his anger, sometimes sent rushing through the glen.

A sweep of the road hid her favourite spot from the eyes of the watchful Nora. A little further still another sweep, and the glorious Lough Swilly burst upon her sight, with its boundary of magnificent mountains. She had not long to enjoy this view when the car stopped before the gate of Liscarrol, and Mrs. Stevenson, Rosamund Brooks, and Miss Blenkinsop came out to welcome her.

## CHAPTER II.

THE greetings at breakfast next morning were as cordial as those of the last night. Rosamund Brooks was all smiles and sunshine, seemingly determined to show that if any cloud arose and cast its shadow over the scene, it should not be sent by her. Miss Blenkinsop's attempts at wit were noisy as usual. Mrs. Stevenson looked pleased, as she always did when others were happy; and as the petty jealousies and intrigues of the Brook family were an almost continual annoyance to her, she was glad of any cessation, no matter how short it might be. In the present instance she had a more particular cause for satisfaction in the belief that she enjoyed the pleasure of her favourite Nora's society, without running the risk of calling down a storm upon the head of either. For too often it happened that kindness bestowed on Nora brought forth very bitter fruits to herself; and, with respect to her young friend, a goodnatured act had the effect of one of those pieces of artillery fired by mariners when they wish to disperse a waterspout; it diverted the wrath of the Brookses from herself, only to fall in heavy showers upon the family at Urrisbeg.

Nora was vexed that she could not feel kind towards Rosamund; her mind was full of doubts respecting the causes for such unwonted behaviour in her cousin (for such, though distant, was their relation-

ship to each other); she could not divest herself of the belief that there was a secret reason for it, that a something was to be gained, and she felt as a person will who knows that his neighbour is cheating him, and yet has no remedy, for he cannot point out any single cause for suspicion which would be satisfactory to a third person, though in his own mind there is a host, any one being amply sufficient to condemn. Her manners, therefore, were tinged by the conflict of her thoughts; there was now and then a sort of hesitation and restraint which said plainly, "I doubt your good intentions." Rosamund saw this at once, but it only made her more determinedly bent upon going through the task she had imposed upon herself; and she seemed so earnest in her good nature, that Nora called herself at least twenty times that day the most ungrateful of human beings.

"Look here, Nora," said Mrs. Stevenson, "I bought these books the other day, and I give them to you now; or, if you let them stay till I read them, I shall send the parcel to Urrisbeg."

"Oh, I am so much obliged to you," replied Nora; "keep them, of course, until you have them read, and I shall be very glad to see their dear faces afterwards."

"I'll not detain them long—you know I read quickly; and I shall take care nothing happens to them."

Nora repeated her thanks, but she had a misgiving on her mind concerning the books ever reaching her; for she remembered a certain accordion given her by Mrs. Stevenson, which, though she had actually had in her own possession, was yet sent for to Urrisbeg under some pretence, and never found its way back again. Several times Nora had dropped hints on the subject, but they were unnoticed; and once she had the hardihood to intimate a desire for its restitution, but Mrs. Stevenson evaded the conversation so skilfully that she felt it was useless to say more. Nora was, of course, much disappointed at the time, and her vexation was afterwards increased considerably by seeing her own accordion in the hands of another, wealthy enough to have purchased a dozen for herself had she liked. No wonder Nora had her doubts about the books.

The weather was delightful. The "Donegal Summer" was just beginning. August had nearly verged into September, and the golden-grained valleys were deepening in beauty, and the dark crimson heath of the glorious mountains was growing darker, and the shadow of the first step of Autumn was falling upon the woods. This is the tourist's "palmy time," and numerous are the pleasure-parties now enlivening the scene. On one side of Lough Swilly pic-nics are constantly forming from the ruins of that ancient temple of the Sun upon Greenan Hill, the era of whose foundation is lost in the mist of antiquity, to the romantic Bay of Mulroy, in the wilds of Fanet; even the cliff of Ards, and Horn-Head, which last lifts its majestic brow full 829 feet above the ocean, are not free from the daring steps of the wonder-seeking multitude. On the other side the merry laugh rings through the ruins of Aileach. Delicate feet are climbing the rugged gap of Mamore; curious eyes are gazing into the holy-well of Malin; and busy hands are seeking those beautiful pebbles found on the dangerous shelving beach, not far from the "Pillar of Malin," the most northern point of Ireland.



Mrs. Stevenson determined to follow the general example, and planned an excursion to the Glenalla mountains ; a few friends were invited to accompany them, and full of the determination to enjoy themselves, the party embarked for the opposite coast. 'Twas a lovely day, with just enough of air to ripple the surface of the otherwise slumbering sea, and render the aid of oars unnecessary. Shoals of Medusæ were basking in the sun—

“Some in huge masses, some that you may bring  
In the small compass of a lady's ring ;  
Figured by hand divine—there's not a gem  
Wrought by man's art to be compared to them ;  
Soft, brilliant, tender, through the wave they glow.”

Nora repeated to herself these lines as the boat glided through the living crowds, and she looked at their infinite variety of size, and the exquisite beauty displayed in the painting of the smaller kinds. Flocks of puffins, undismayed by the approach of the little bark, were diving and feeding their young. Here and there the wing of the seagull glanced like silver in the sunbeams, and as they drew near the opposite coast, whole clans of sea-birds and wild pigeons looked down upon them from their resting-places on the ledges of the almost inaccessible cliffs ; or some, more timid than their neighbours, terrified by the shouts of the boatmen, flew for refuge, with loud cries, to the clefts of the precipices, or found a welcome shelter in some of the many caves approachable only by water, whose roofs are adorned with stalactites, and festooned in some places with plants which love coolness and shade. The sea in the vicinity of the caves was of an emerald green, and though of great depth, yet so clear, that the sandy bottom was plainly discernible, and a crab was now and then seen issuing from amid the delicate rose-pink leaves of the beautiful *spotted Nitophyllum*, and hurrying off upon some business which apparently required great dispatch ; or else walking leisurely along as if meditating a visit to his neighbour.

The boat anchored in one of the many bays indenting this coast, and the party having landed in safety, it was agreed that those who, like Mrs. Stevenson, preferred level ground, should stroll along the beach, or inspect the Fort at no great distance, while the rest climbed the mountain, and made acquaintance with a certain lake at its opposite side. Nora was one of the latter, and with a light heart and step she began the ascent. Much laughter was elicited by the stumbles of those not accustomed to the dry slippery grass, or the tall heather ; full many a slide was taken never intended by the climbers, and many a shout was given at the false step of a companion, from the very person whose turn was next to come. Nora was among the first to reach the summit, and throw herself amid the “brown braken ;” but it was not merely to rest after the toilsome ascent, though even an experienced mountaineer might be pardoned for that, nor yet to laugh at her leisure over the mishaps of her less active or less fortunate friends, whose labour was but half over. She had a poet's heart and a poet's eye for the beauties of nature, and the magnificent panorama spread out before her

filled her with rapture. Like all who feel deeply, she felt in silence, and her senses became so enthralled by the enchantment of the scene she was surveying, that even had she not placed herself apart from the crowd, their noisy admiration would have possessed no power sufficient to disturb her.

Perhaps few of my readers ever heard of, and still fewer have visited, the country to which my tale introduces them ; but if there are any of the latter, they will acknowledge that the view upon which Nora gazed had every combination of beauty and grandeur the most fastidious eye could desire. Mountains of various shapes, some with their little loughs like cups of crystal, lying at their feet ; old castles, some half hidden by the umbrageous woods, others standing out in bold relief on the bare crest of a lofty hill ; a distant city with its "towers and temples," its ramparts and memorial pillars ; whitewashed villages with their neat churches dotting the banks of two noble lakes, with their attendant rivers both emptying their waters into the ocean ; vessels passing in the distance, of all sizes, from the stately American merchantman to the taut little revenue cruiser, and boats of almost every description, from the gay pleasure bark, with its snowy sails and dancing penons, to the humble punt of the solitary fisher.

Until lately the county of Donegal has been a sort of "terra incognita." Even at the present day, the tourist passes through its principal towns and sees whatever is thought worthy of notice in their immediate vicinity ; but many a wild glen and rugged mountain-pass, many a holy well and ancient castle, whose time-worn battlements, clothed in ivy, and rich in historic recollections, are never seen—nay more, are never even heard of. It is with them, as with the quiet and lovely characters of the earth, who pursue their noiseless course unnoticed, because that course is noiseless. For among the great bulk of mankind but very few are gifted with just perceptions of the truly beautiful in animate or inanimate nature. Most persons are content to take things just as they find them ; to jog on the same beaten path was trodden by those before them ; to gaze upon the same scenes and converse with the same persons others have looked at and spoken to, without their ever dreaming that the mountain range at whose feet they are travelling may conceal a vale of exquisite loveliness, well worth the toil of reaching ; or the cool exterior and everyday conversation of their companion hide streams of the richest thought, flowing from a mind which pours forth its treasures for those only who have the skill to seek, and the understanding to appreciate them.

But I confess I would not have it otherwise as regards the people of Donegal, for it is a question how far the influx of visitors would benefit them, or whether the introduction of new manners and customs, of, it may be, more *enlightened* ideas, could increase their happiness, or be a just equivalent for the loss of their present simplicity and honest truth.

One of the party, in possession of a fishing-rod, had hurried on to try his fortune at the lakes—the rest followed more leisurely. The geologist and the botanist might spend days in profitable examination and enjoyment of their tastes in this neighbourhood ; but as neither were present, Nora and her companions crossed the level top of the mountain, and paused a while to look around them ere they attempted the almost per-

particular descent. Beneath them was a little amphitheatre of hills enclosing two tiny lakes, each something more than a quarter of a mile in circumference, and divided by a narrow tongue of land. Their margin was barely broad enough for three people to walk abreast; and fresh, and green, and beautiful it looked, notwithstanding the hot weather; and well it might, for, saving a couple of hours in the day, when the meridian sun glared down upon it, some part of it was always in shade.

"Look to the right!" cried one of the gentlemen, "there is a still in full work; if any person wishes to taste the real mountain-dew, he may have it in perfection now."

All eyes were turned to the spot indicated, but no one could see anything except a very faint grey smoke issuing apparently from a heap of weeds placed on a slant of the hill as if to be burned for manure.

"Is that a still?" exclaimed Rosamund Brooks in amazement. "Why we passed many such fires to-day, and were they all burning on the same account?"

"Oh no, they were not *still* fires," replied the first speaker, Mr. O'Donnel, to whom every spot of ground for miles around had been familiar from his childhood. "They were lighted by the herd-boys to roast their potatoes. But see, there is a man coming out of the hut."

"I cannot discern a hut of any description," replied Rosamund; "I see nothing but heather and weeds."

Mr. O'Donnel smiled as he said, "If you are not afraid, let us descend and prove who is right; for unless I mistake, that man is an old acquaintance of mine, by name Con O'Dogherty, a knowing hand at making poteen. Many a droll story he has told me of his escapes from the Revenue. But unless you can speak Irish, you need not attempt a conversation with any idea of receiving pleasure or instruction (for he knows only a few of the commonest English words), though, could you talk to him in his own language, you would receive both; for Con possesses an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and is full of the traditions of the country."

"You make me quite impatient to see him nearer," said Rosamund.

"There's nothing striking in his appearance, I assure you; indeed he is quite an ordinary looking man, and any person unacquainted with him would suppose him very dull, and quite different from the entertaining fellow he is in reality. But we are losing time; there's a long walk before us if we intend to skirt the mountain instead of returning by the way we came, so pray let us proceed. And, ladies, keep a good look out," continued Mr. O'Donnel, smiling, "and take firm hold of the heather, for I am sorry to say that, from the nature of the ground, we of the 'rougher sex' can give very little assistance."

"I declare," exclaimed Rosamund, "I don't like the appearance of the mountain at all; it looks so steep, I'm quite afraid to venture down."

"It seems to me much as usual, so I shall make the attempt," observed Miss Blenkinsop, who always liked to push herself forward, and who, with praiseworthy carefulness, had tucked up her dress preparatory to putting her resolutions into practice. Others followed her example, and at length all, with the exception of Rosamund, were on the move. She still stood irresolute, until O'Donnel, whose attention had been attracted elsewhere, called out—

"I know Miss Rosamund you don't require help; you ought to be as good a mountaineer as myself."

"Does it not look very steep to-day?"

"To me it appears much as usual; I never see any difference except in wet weather." And Mr. O'Donnell offered his hand to Mrs. Montague, an English lady, who was paying her first visit to Ireland. She gladly accepted it, for having come from one of the flattest counties of her native land, this sort of travelling was new to her. Rosamund Brooks could scarcely conceal her vexation. For a length of time she had been doing all in her power to flatter Mr. O'Donnell, who was a middle-aged man, of good property, into a regard for her; she had even begun to fancy herself successful, but this was the mere whisperings of vanity; he had too much penetration to be deceived by the kindness of Mrs. Stevenson, and too much discrimination of character to be ignorant of Rosamund's unloveable one. Any familiarities he indulged in, were those of an old acquaintance, and every one but herself could see that all attempts in that quarter must end in a total failure.

Hiding her chagrin as well as she could, Rosamund followed the general example, and after great difficulty to some of the party, they reached the level ground at last. Con O'Dogherty (for it was he) approached to welcome them to his territories, and a warm greeting passed between him and Mr. O'Donnell, after which the latter said—"I suppose, Con, you are doing a little business for yourself in the old trade?"

"The very same, your honour," he replied, with a broad grin.

"Are you not afraid?" asked one of the party.

Con's grins grew broader as he replied in imperfect English—"Sure fwhat would I be afraid of?—the boys aren't on the mountain for nothin'." Then turning to O'Donnell, he continued in Irish—"A pretty fright I got a while ago from that gentleman who's fishing yonder."

"How was that?" asked O'Donnell in the same language.

"Why, I came out of the house, and, chancing to look up at the hill, I saw a figure leaning on what I took for a gun, staring down at me. Sure enough I got a start. Thinking a guager was in it, I had just settled to throw the still into the lough, when he shouted, and waved his handkerchief. So I knew there was nothing to dread, and I waited quietly till he came down."

"I wish he would speak so that we could understand him," exclaimed Miss Blenkinsop; "he might as well be talking Chinese."

"Or Greek," added Rosamund Brooks, who piqued herself upon her knowledge of tongues; "or German, or Italian."

"Or, in fact, *any* language but your own," said Mr. O'Donnell, laughingly. "Shall I tell him so?"

"Indeed you may, if you like."

Con looked a little indignant at first; but he said quietly, "Ask the lady what is the use of her French, and Spanish, and German to her now, in the heart of her own mountains, and in the middle of her own people? Would any of them bring her a cup of water on a hot day?"

The two ladies only replied "Pshaw!" to this, and turned away, while Con looked after them with a droll expression of countenance.

"Ah, then! doesn't the quality give themselves great trouble with

their learning? Troth it's an admiration to me how much they know that's of no manner of use to them."

"You forget, Con, that many go abroad, and their knowledge is of service to them then."

"Ay, but more stay at home," said Con. "Sure don't I know," he continued, with a look of unqualified contempt, "they come and *sign* to me for a drink of water, as if God had given them no tongue to ask for it in their own sweet language. Shame on them!"

"Shame, indeed!" was uttered by Nora, earnestly but involuntarily. She had been an attentive listener during the foregoing conversation, but spoke now for the first time; and Con, turning towards her in delighted surprise, took off his hat with true native politeness, exclaiming, "The blessing of Heaven on you, lady! Ah! if there was more of your sort, it's a different people we'd be."

One of the party begged O'Donnel to ask, "Was he not afraid some of those present would inform on him?" He replied, "Not at all; the *real* gentry would not be guilty of such meanness;" and added, that many a time they had fallen in with him, when he was busy enough; and sportsmen had taken shelter with him from a storm on the mountains, as Mr. O'Donnel himself had done; but he was never the worse for the like of *them*. He concluded by inviting his auditors, in his broken English, to enter the hut. All by turns peeped in, but the clouds of smoke were so dense, they could only see what Rosamund called "a huge pot like a cauldron," seated on a heap of burning turf; some nondescript vessels at one side, whose use could only be guessed at by the uninitiated; and a boy, whose occupation was the constant replenishing of the fire.

Con deeply lamented his labours were not far enough advanced to permit his visitors to judge of the proficiency he had attained in the art of distilling, and offered, if they only waited one hour, to give them "what a king might be proud to taste." Time, however, would not permit; so bidding him farewell, they parted with regret on both sides; and, skirting the lakes, passed through a gorge, where they overtook their friend, who was carrying a basket of fine trout, the fruit of his piscatory toils.

They continued a winding course, having the mountain they were descending on their left, and spread out before them a country whose wildness was diversified by scattered hamlets and a few gentlemen's seats. A little river, or a lough, glistened now and then as the sun shone upon it, and the distance was bounded, as all views in this part of Donegal are, by rude, though not unpicturesque, mountains.

The day still kept beautifully fair and calm. The lizards were basking in the sunbeams, and more than one hare had been seen peeping out from its form amid the brushwood. No single sound was predominant over another; all were blended and softened in that one universal hum of Nature, so well known to those who have felt its influence, but so difficult to describe. Of our pedestrians there were a few who could enjoy this harmony, and the party gradually separated into small groups of two or three.

Suddenly, through the deep stillness, a wail broke upon the air—so wild, so almost unearthly, that the startled listeners stood rooted to the

spot in a kind of terror. Again and again it was repeated ; now it rose loud, shrill, and agonising ; and then died away in a long wail of such deep and heartfelt anguish, that many of the party could not restrain their tears.

"It is the keen," whispered O'Donnel, in answer to Mrs. Montague's look of distress ; and he pointed to a crowd of persons turning the base of the mountain, directly in the path they were themselves pursuing. Something they seemed to be carrying was covered with a white sheet, and the steps and attitudes of the bearers were those of men bending under a heavy burden. The scarlet cloak, and bright kerchief tied under the chin, are not yet wholly banished from the hills of Innishowen ; and, contrasting with the grey frieze coats of the men, they added much to the effect of the picture. Louder and louder sounded the keen, as the crowd came nearer ; and now the voices of men and women could be heard blending together, and soon the very words were distinguishable ; and at last the outline of a human figure was plainly discerned beneath the sheet which covered it. One, who seemed chief mourner, was an old woman, whose head was white with the snow of many winters ; her grief, though not noisy, was of the most poignant description, and thrilled to the very hearts of the excited listeners. Nora covered her face to hide her tears, and Mrs. Montague, who had never before witnessed such a depth of passionate sorrow, could not resist the infection, but wept in silent sympathy.

O'Donnel joined the mourners for a short distance, and, when he returned to his party, gave them a brief account of the meaning of the painful scene of which they had been the spectators.

About one week before a small boat, with a single fisherman, had left its snug little creek, and gone down the lough to pursue its usual course—for its master's avocation, at that season of the year, was fishing ; and there was one spot where he thought he had always the greatest luck, where the finny tribe were most plentiful, and where he had the least difficulty in ensnaring them. Brian MacSweeney was the sixth and only remaining son of Maurian M'Laughlin (in Donegal, among the lower orders, the name of the husband is not taken by the wife—she keeps that of her father), born in much pain and suffering, after the death of her husband, who fell a victim to a fever then desolating the country like a pestilence. Two sons were also swept off by the same contagious disease, and four little infants were left, with their widowed mother, to struggle through the hard world as they best could. But Providence did not desert them ; as Maurian many times said, "I never knew what it was to want a meal's meat for myself or the children, since God gave them to me. Glory be to His name !" To the best of her abilities, she brought them up in decency, honesty, and strict accordance with the rules of her religion. In chapel or fair, the whole barony—nay, the whole county—could not produce four such other young men as themselves. They were matchless in the athletic games of the peasantry ; they were the best hurlers, the best wrestlers, the best dancers—but, above and far beyond all, they were the very best of sons. They managed their mother's farm with the greatest skill and prudence ; and when the season for wrack-gathering approached, their boat was first to put to sea. No wonder the widow

was proud of her goodly sons—perhaps she was too proud of them—perhaps she began to think more of the gifts than the Giver. Be that as it may, they were each, by the mysterious decrees of Providence, taken from her in the flower of their manhood. One was drowned by the swamping of a neighbour's boat; another sunk beneath the ravages of small-pox; a third died from hurts received while helping to extinguish a fire which had broken out on the premises of their landlord, and threatened his whole property with total destruction; the fourth, and last, perished, it could not be well told how—but it was supposed that, after fishing as much as he required, he had scaled the cliffs for pigeons' eggs; and his foot slipping, or his hand losing its hold, he had been precipitated on the rocks beneath, and then suffocated by the waves before he had time to recover from the stunning effects of his fall.

Evening came, and night drew on, but still Brian Mac Sweeney did not return to gladden the heart or lighten the home of his mother. Who shall describe her agony when days passed without bringing tidings of the lost one, notwithstanding the exertions of the neighbours, whose sympathy was deeply excited and whose efforts to discover him were unceasing.

A week had gone by in fruitless endeavours, when this very morning his body had been found wedged in a crevice of rock, and partially hidden by wrack thrown up by the sea. His boat was anchored partly within the cave at whose mouth he was himself lying; in this the distressed finders placed his remains, after wrapping them in a cotamore or great coat, and taking the boat in tow, they reached, late at noon, the bay Brian had left so light-heartedly that unhappy morning when he bade his mother adieu for the last time, and which he was destined never again to look upon with his earthly eyes.

The news of the finding of the body soon reached the native hamlet of the deceased; but the bereaved mother was last to hear of the event. It were vain to attempt a description of her state of mind when the tidings were broken to her. Dreadful as her former uncertainty had been, the truth was yet more terrible. Hope will not desert the heart while there is a shadow of probability to rest on; nay, it sometimes goes beyond that, and is the child of our very fears. There is no sky so dark but it can shine through it: be the lustre ever so feeble, it is there. In the world's wilderness it is the one flower that never wholly dies; it may droop or wither for a while, but always springs up again into being, more vigorous perhaps for its partial decay. It is only when the journey of life is nearly finished that the hopes of life begin to fade. So with Maurian M'Laughlin: as long as there was no tidings of her son, she *hoped in fear*; but when she heard of his discovery, every feeling was swallowed up in the agony of grief. As far as this world was concerned, all desires were at an end; there was nothing further to wish for, nothing further to hope. With the calmness born of despair, she went to look upon the remains of her once goodly son, and with tearless eyes raised the keen which was immediately echoed by her sorrowing neighbours.

Nora and her companions completed their descent of the mountain while listening to this short but painful history; and, as if for the purpose of adding to its interest, ever and anon the mournful lament was

borne towards them by the mountain breeze, gradually softening in the distance in a manner indescribably touching. They were met on the way by one of the boatmen sent in search of them by Mrs. Stevenson, who began to wonder at their lengthened absence. This induced them to quicken their steps, and they soon reached the appointed rendezvous where their expectant and somewhat impatient friends were awaiting them. A cloth was already on the green sward, and a tempting array of viands was displayed. They were a merry party, notwithstanding the melancholy scene of which so many of them had lately been the spectators. Perhaps among them all there was only Mrs. Montague, Nora, and O'Donnel, upon whom it made any really serious impression, so hardly do we to our ourselves realize the sorrows of others.

The shadows of the tall mountains were lengthening as the party set sail homewards. The cool breeze of evening had arisen, and the little bark danced lightly over the rippled waters of Lough Swilly. Bright shone the evening star above the brown brow of Raghten, and as time proceeded, numberless silvery compeers, attendants on

“ That orb'd maiden, with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the moon,”

broke through the fleecy clouds, too thin to hide them, and looked down with their myriads of gleaming eyes upon the fair and beautiful scene beneath them. It was an evening such as poets love to picture, when the soul drinks in the glories of earth and sky, and never feels satisfied with gazing; when, if the longing after eternal loveliness was never before felt, it may now for the first time seize hold on us and teach us that the yearning for immortality is inherent in man's nature.

Without any accident the boat anchored in its own snug creek at Liscarrol, and its still merry crew—merry in spite of all the fatigues of the day—repaired to Mrs. Stevenson's to partake of supper ere they parted for the night.

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## THOUGHTS ON FISHING AND FISHERY LAWS.

ON the morning of the first of last March we took down our rod from the pegs on which it was resting since last September. There had been a hard frost during the night, and the thermometer stood at  $28^{\circ}$  outside the bedroom window ; it was, moreover, blowing a fierce gale from the east. Our better-half insisted on our being muffled with a thick great-coat, and with many injunctions not to catch cold, we sallied forth to the river.

The water was rather too high for angling, but as clear as a spring well. The gaffer had managed to get a few killoughs,\* and we knew from experience that, with clear water and a hard easterly, nothing better could be done than to spin a natural bait, and after fishing for about two hours, a heavy fish was hooked, but in a few minutes he snapped off the spinning-tackle and some inches of *old* gut. Reader, if you ever go fishing, let nothing induce you to trust to an old casting-line. Either purchase or make a new line, and throw all the last year's ones into the fire. They may appear strong enough, and the gut may look *only* a little brown, but let nothing tempt you to use them ; you would not, I am sure, for a dozen lines, feel the annoyance of losing one fish through carelessness.

It was too bad, after braving the cold, to lose our fish ; but having made a vow respecting old gut, we put up another line, and began fishing with renewed vigour. However, it was no go, and about twelve o'clock it commenced snowing, and at the same time blowing a perfect storm, so that we were obliged, from sheer cold, to give up fishing and run home.

After drinking a glass of cherry-brandy, which was by no means unnecessary, we sat down by a comfortable fire, and in a little time, as was natural, our thoughts reverted to fish and fishing. As there was a good deal of speculation about a new Fishery Bill, we revolved in our mind the alterations which, from many years of experience, we considered should be made in the old Fishery Laws.

Lord Derby, in his ministerial statement, when speaking of a Reform Bill, said that it was impossible to please all parties ; but how much more difficult is it to frame a Fishery Bill that will satisfy the fishery owner and the angler ? All that can be done is to pass such a measure as in the opinion of all fair, honest, and intelligent men will tend to make the salmon increase instead of decrease.

Doubtless almost every one who takes a real interest in the improvement of our fisheries knows that, by one of the provisions of the present law, the Commissioners of Fisheries, when the necessary funds are placed at their disposal, are obliged to sanction the construction of passes over mill-weirs for the migration of salmon and trout. There are some rivers in Ireland in which, a few years ago, salmon were almost exterminated ; but by the construction of fish-passes over mill-weirs, the

\* *Loach lobitis barbatula*.

fish are now fast increasing. If, however, a river be barricaded against the progress of the salmon in their migrations from the sea, by a fishery weir, no pass can be formed, unless the owner of such weir gets compensation.

Many persons who have closely studied the natural history and habits of salmon, and whose opinions on fishery questions deserve attention, say that certain baronies should be taxed in order to raise funds for the construction of fish-passes. The tax, in almost every case, would be very light on each landholder, and such a way of providing money for the above-named purposes is certainly worthy of consideration.

We have been hearing all our lives of the unfairness of meddling with what are called vested rights, and fully admit the principle; but we protest against contorting this cry into an excuse for monopoly. We exclaim against the injustice of not allowing the upper heritors to get a share of the fish which the Great Giver of all good intended they should have; and we have no hesitation in saying, that whenever sufficient funds for the purpose are collected, passes for the migration of fish should be constructed over fishery as well as mill-weirs. It should not be considered that the erection of a salmon-weir, without an open pass for fish, even though that erection may have taken place more than twenty years ago, should confer a vested right; but it should be thought and felt that it was an usurpation, and that a great wrong had been done to those who were prevented from enjoying those benefits which nature and the ancient fishery laws intended for them. Until fishery and mill-weirs are placed in the same category, the law will be imperfect, and in many cases a mere dead letter.

We have for years given every attention to the subject of our inland fisheries, and it appears quite clear to us that so long as salmon are prevented from migrating freely at all seasons, all legislation is an utter absurdity. Year after year some of the upper proprietors of rivers closely watch, during the winter months, the few fish which, when there was a deluge, have (after desperate attempts) managed to surmount the perpendicular weir. We can only apply to these men the following words:—

“*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis apes.*”

\* Very few of the fry of those salmon, when grown to maturity, will escape the cruives and nets. We know a fishery owner who some years ago was building a weir. On being asked why he was constructing it perpendicular at the lower side, he answered with charming ingenuousness—“If I sloped it, the fish could run up the river, and of course get away.” We heard also of an owner of a salmon fishery who stated, some little time ago, that it would pay him well now and then to fish his nets weekly during the close time, as the value of the salmon killed illegally would far exceed the amount of the sum he would be fined.

The old fishery laws laid it down as a basis to start from, that in every case where a weir was erected across a river, a pass for salmon should be left in the deepest portion of the stream—thus providing for the wants of the upper proprietors, and the perpetuation of the salmon race. The curse of absenteeism, however, stepped in: proprietors of

land neglected their duties and their interests, and the owners of the fisheries gradually encroached upon their rights, until the passage of the fish to the upper waters was entirely debarred before the commencement of close time.

The question now is, Are the ancient rights of the proprietors of the land to be considered forfeited, because they have unwittingly allowed the stealthy usurpations of the lessees of the fisheries to exist beyond a certain number of years? Is the existence of a great national interest to be perilled, in order to swell for a short period the pockets of one class of men, for the most part interlopers?

We say temporarily, because it is scarcely to be expected that the upper proprietors will long continue to protect the spawning-beds if debarred the rights that the ancient statutes, which were dictated alike by nature and common sense, secured for them. Once let the exasperated landowners decide that if they are not permitted to enjoy their just rights, so neither shall the tidal proprietors fill their purses, and the race of salmon will cease to exist.

Nor is this combination to be deemed improbable—coming events cast their shadows before; and even now, to those whose ears are attuned to such things, the growth of a mighty tempest may be heard in the distance. Can we not then effect some compromise before exasperation has worked destruction? For instance, might it not be rendered imperative to open the rivers at 6 o'clock on Friday morning instead of Saturday, as at present, in all cases where the ancient fish-pass does not exist, fixing the minimum penalty for evasion of this rule not less than £50; for it is a well-known fact, that in many rivers the proprietors of the cruives will, on the smallest pretext, keep in their boxes during the prescribed time, trusting to favour or the chapter of accidents to escape with a light fine, whilst filling their pockets with a heavy take.

Salmon are destroyed in great numbers in mill-courses, at all stages of their growth, especially during the droughts of summer, when nearly all the water of the river is turned on the mill-course. Then are the small fry caught in thousands in nets and baskets, more especially in the smaller rivers, where the mill-luts are narrow; and the spent salmon, that have hitherto escaped the poacher's spear, are there cut to pieces by the mill-wheel, or enclosed in the miller's scoop-net.

Unfortunately, it is most difficult to devise any mode of preventing this, as no fence to stop them can be erected in the water above the mill that will not, at least, give the miller an excuse to say that it inflicts an injury on his milling power; and, in fact, there is no doubt that it would do so, by collecting weeds and dirt, unless he exercised a supervision, and employed an amount of attendance, that could scarcely be expected from him. But this is by no means all the damage done by mills—for when running from the sea, more especially in the larger rivers, the salmon are apt to collect in the mill-course below the wheel, partly attracted by the particles of food that are found there, and partly, no doubt, as a resting-place before they shoot the weir. To drop a net across the lower end of the course, and turn the water off the wheel, are the work of a few minutes; and some idea of the extent of the destruction thus occasioned may be formed when we state,

that, on one occasion last year, a miller on the Shannon captured no less than thirty prime fish.

Now, this is an evil that may be obviated without damaging the milling powers: an iron or wooden rail is still inadmissible, as, for the reason before given, it would, unless daily cleared, throw back water on the wheel. There are, however, more ways of killing a cat than hanging him; and so in this case, although a rail cannot be erected, yet the suspension of a long purse-net at the end of the mill-stream, with an opening at the lower end sufficient to allow the glotson and getson of the river a ready exit, could not damage the milling powers, and would, at the same time, by its swagging in the stream, frighten the ascending fish, and cause them to seek, if not a more comfortable, at least a safer, resting-place.

The cause of the decrease of grouse on the Scottish moors has been largely discussed of late, and we think, along with others, that it is to be attributed to over-shooting. Comparing fish with fowl, it is clear that, in very many cases, the reason salmon have diminished in number is that they have been over-netted. Too many fish have been destroyed in the open season, and enough have not been left for breed. All fixed engines, such as stake-nets, cruives, &c., should be made illegal. Numbers of salmon could be captured by means of draught-nets, and the markets might be well supplied by their use alone. At present the mesh of the nets is far too small. The clause respecting the size of the mesh is so ridiculous, that we cannot refrain from quoting part of it. It states, "That the size of the mesh, as prescribed by the first-recited Act, is too large, and permits the escape of great quantities of valuable fish, and that it should therefore be made smaller." We suppose, in alluding to the escape of quantities of valuable fish, it is meant that they are suffered to pass to their rightful owners, the up-water proprietors. We confess that we are surprised the Fishery Commissioners do not try to get this most absurd and unfair clause altered. No salmon or sea-trout under four pounds should be captured in nets, for we hold it to be a great mistake not to allow as many of the grilse as possible to migrate and to deposit their spawn. The grilse, as it is well known, are more numerous than the large fish, and if they were not destroyed in such great numbers, they would form a large accession to the breeding-fish. If we killed nearly all our calves and lambs, there would soon be a scarcity of cows and sheep.

Again, in small rivers, salmon and sea-trout are taken during the night in nets, for in the summer, when the water is low and clear, fish only run between the hours of sunset and sunrise. By watching the shallows at this time, the ripple of the fish can be seen as it swims up the stream, and a net is run out above the salmon, and in a minute he is enclosed. It will be clear from this, that net-fishing should be prohibited in small rivers between the hours of sunset and sunrise, as scarcely any staff of bailiffs could prevent such a practice of capturing fish as has been just described. Indeed, we doubt if the Commissioners of Fisheries should not be empowered to make net-fishing by night illegal in rivers under a certain size.

There has been a great outcry raised against cross-fishing, and we are no advocates for this mode of fishing, but we must say its destructiveness has been grossly exaggerated. It would be absurd and unjust to prohibit cross-fishing, so long as net-fishing in the fresh-water portions of rivers is lawful. Every one is aware that more salmon are taken by nets and cruives during one week of the summer, than by all the cross and single fishers in the whole season. We hope, therefore, that the senseless cry against cross-fishing will be no longer heard while nets are not prohibited. Anglers, as Mr. Stoddart truly says, are the best preservers of salmon, for they are so frequently on the banks of rivers, that they are brought at times in contact with all kinds of poaching, and they have it in their power to do much to prevent the fish from being killed unfairly.

From the middle of summer until the season closes, the angler will not unfrequently kill salmon of a brown hue. Those are fish which came into the fresh water in the spring. Many of those salmon, which have lost that bright silvery appearance which is one of the characteristics of a clean-run fish, are excellent when boiled in the ordinary manner, but they are all admirable if kippered. We strongly recommend our angling readers, when next they take such a salmon as we have just described, to kipper him according to Mr. Stoddart's first receipt, and if the fish, when cooked, is not pronounced *ne plus ultra*, we are greatly mistaken.

Considering the present position of the angler, we are for extending the open season for angling until the 1st of November on most rivers. Certainly a few fish, which are not in prime condition, will be taken by the rod; but what are a few among the large number which should be suffered to escape the cruives and nets? On nearly all rivers a very small quantity of salmon are captured by the rod during the summer. The weather then gets too fine and bright, and the water gets low. After May the angler only enjoys a day's sport now and then, when the weather breaks. At the very time when the rod-fisher is obliged to cease from his favourite amusement, the net-owner is taking hundreds of fish. The angler should then certainly be allowed a month's open time more than the fishery owner. He will repay any supposed injury he has done by the detection and prevention of poaching. We were informed by a noted *black fisher*, that he once killed (with a gaff) twenty fish in one night on their spawning-beds. They who exclaim against giving the rod-fisher even one month's more open season than the fishery owner, would be horror-stricken if they knew the deeds of poaching which have come under our notice in former days, and which have been mainly put down by the watchfulness of the angler.

Some salmon-fishers, in their zeal for their sport, think that trout should, in a great measure, be destroyed in salmon rivers, as they devour quantities of roe and young fry. That trout do feed to a great extent on salmon-roes there is no doubt. Persons who have speared salmon when depositing their spawn, can tell of the vast numbers of trout which are eagerly watching for the ova as fast as they are shed by the female fish. We saw, no later than last season, a trout of less than

a pound, out of the stomach of which nearly a score of small fish about an inch in length each were taken. After examining them closely, we came to the conclusion that they were certainly young salmon. We have ourselves frequently captured trout which were gorged with salmon-roe; but notwithstanding all the proofs that trout are injurious in salmon rivers, it must, at the same time, be remembered that many persons prefer trout to salmon fishing, and that they enjoy their amusement fully as much as he who loves the nobler sport. It would not be fair, then, to destroy trout in salmon streams, because they do some injury. Trout-fishing should be lawful until the end of October. The angler would kill many large trout during that month. They certainly would not be in very good condition, but they would afford excellent sport, and, while amusing himself, the trout-fisher would at the same time be doing a service to the salmon river, by killing numbers of fish which would take neither fly nor worm during the hot summer months. We confess that we derived true satisfaction in days gone by, when, after the heats of summer were over, we were allowed to angle the whole of that most delightful of months, namely, October. We always look back to those days with pleasure; others, too, probably will experience the same feeling.

Let us now say a few words respecting the artificial propagation of salmon. We are of opinion that in cases when fish have nearly been exterminated, it may be necessary to breed them artificially; but wherever they have a free passage at all seasons, we think that there will be a sufficient number to keep up a good stock without resorting to artificial means. If salmon are prevented by weirs or other obstructions from migrating, we see no manner of use in attempting to propagate them in the way just mentioned; for, after the fry are permitted to escape and proceed to the sea, they will, when grown to the size of grilse, try and return to the fresh water, but coming to a weir their further progress will be stayed. What object, then, would be gained in this case by allowing a number of fry to migrate to the sea, when they could never return to the fresh water in order to spawn?

It is evident that no artificial mode of increasing salmon, that no protection during the close months, will avail so long as weirs are existing without passages being formed over or through them. We hear continually of Conservators being elected for such and such rivers; under the present system their office is a nullity, for what efforts will be of use while there are walls which effectually hinder the fish from proceeding to their spawning-beds.

The policy, too, is as short-sighted as it is selfish; for the fishery owner in many cases, when his takes of fish are getting smaller and smaller by degrees, thinks that the close time is too long, and that too many salmon escape from him. It never enters his mind that he has captured for a series of years, during the open season, far too great a number of them, and that a sufficient quantity are not left to breed.

We hope ere long to see a Fishery Bill passed which will remedy the weir nuisance. The angler's and the up-water proprietor's interest must at length be attended to, and no one class must be suffered to monopolize nearly all the fish. It will be seen by looking over the lists of the

funds for fishery purposes which are raised in any district, that the anglers' licenses have created a much larger sum for the above-named purposes than the licenses for cruives and nets. The anglers, then, should get a fair share of the salmon ; for, as we have shown, they not only personally prevent poaching to a great extent, but also provide a very large fund for paying bailiffs and constructing passes over mill-weirs. We expect that the rights of all will be regarded, and in a few years rivers in which salmon and sea-trout are now indeed *rari pisces* will be well stocked. The angler will then joyfully wield his rod which he had for years laid uselessly by. His eyes will again be gladdened with a sight of that silvery fish which he deplored as nearly extinct.

But such a halcyon state of things is not to be expected without much opposition from the monopolists, which must be met by energy and perseverance on the part of the reformer ; nor can he expect without ceaseless agitation to recover for himself the enjoyment of that innocent amusement from which he has been long debarred by unjust and one-sided legislation.

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## THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.\*

"**THE Life of George Stephenson**" has a twofold interest: a personal interest, far exceeding that of ordinary biographies; and a social interest of peculiar importance, inasmuch as it exemplifies the efforts and achievements of mechanical invention in connexion with the establishment of railways. Few men, in modern times, have had a more remarkable career; and it has been the fortune of scarcely any to have a more competent biographer. Dr. Smiles has executed his undertaking with consummate skill, and such complete success, that it is not easy to conceive how it could possibly have been done better. His industry in the collection of facts and illustrative incidents, his tact and judgment in arranging them, his thorough knowledge of all scientific and other collateral matters having a bearing on his subject, and his perfect mastery in the art of elaborating his materials to the ends of effective representation, are alike unexceptionably praiseworthy. His book, indeed, so well and admirably fulfils its object, that there is hardly anything to be said of it except in the way of eulogy.

Of the man George Stephenson, whose struggles, endeavours, and performances are therein so faithfully and graphically recorded, there is much that might be said in the way of no less hearty commendation. To speak of him, however, in the way of eulogy or laudation, comes not within our present purpose. It will be more interesting to our readers, if we trace the leading particulars of his life, the circumstances and conditions in which his genius and character were developed, and the special achievements by which he won for himself honour and distinction among the men of his generation. The singular energy and perseverance, which were mainly contributive to his success, are impressively illustrated at all points of his advancement; so that, though our delineation must be necessarily brief, it can hardly be wanting in instruction and attractiveness.

The account given of Stephenson's early years is as interesting as anything of the kind we ever read. Yet it was by no means a pleasant life to live. There was nothing picturesque or graceful in it—nothing that could be shaped into a pleasing or poetical description. It was rough prose from the beginning—stern reality; manifested in many hardships and few enjoyments. He was born among the ashes and dust-heaps of a small colliery village, about eight miles from Newcastle—the village of Wylam—in a house still standing, and still occupied by colliery labourers. The 9th of June, 1781, was his birth-day; and when he first opened his eyes to take conscious notice of his whereabouts, it was to find himself in a dull unplastered room, with a clay floor, and the bare rafters visible overhead. Robert Stephenson, his father, was familiarly called by the neighbours "Old Bob;" his mother's name was Mabel—a woman of somewhat delicate constitution, nervous

\* "The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer." By SAMUEL SMILES. Fourth Edition, Revised, with Additions. London: Murray. 1857.



in temperament, and troubled occasionally with the "vapours." But those who remember her concur in asserting that "she was a rare canny body," which is the highest praise of a woman Northumbrians can express. When little George was born, there was already, toddling about the clay floor, another little fellow about two years old; and ultimately the family increased to as many as six children—all of whom were honestly supported upon Bob Stephenson's wages of twelve shillings a week. "Old Bob" was fireman to the pumping-engine at the Wylam Colliery, and he continued in a similar position during the rest of his working life. There was no sumptuous faring in that household, we may be sure, where eight persons had to subsist on twelve shillings a week, which was even not always regular. One can easily believe an aged neighbour, who remembers them, and says, "They had very little to come and go upon—they were honest folk, but sore haudden doon in the world."

In his rough Northumbrian way, "Old Bob" was rather a genial kind of man. He was of slender, attenuated frame; but, withal, an exceedingly amiable person, and was long borne in recollection for his curious love of nature, and his fondness for romance. His son's biographer tells us:—

"He was accustomed, while tending his engine-fire in the evenings, to draw around him the young people of the village, and to feast their imaginations with his wonderful stories of Sinbad the Sailor, and Robinson Crusoe, besides others of his own invention. Hence he was an immense favourite with all the boys and girls of the place, and 'Bob's engine-fire' was always their favourite resort. Another feature in his character, by which he was long remembered, was his strong affection for birds and animals of all sorts. In the winter time he had usually a flock of tame robins about him, and they would come hopping familiarly round the engine-fire to pick up the crumbs which he saved for them out of his slender dinner. In summer time he went bird-nesting in his leisure hours; and one day he took his little boy George to see a blackbird's nest for the first time. Holding him up in his arms, the boy gazed with wonder into the nest full of young birds—a sight which he never forgot, but used to speak of with delight to his intimate friends, when he himself had grown an old man."

While a boy at Wylam, Geordy Stephenson led the ordinary life of working-people's children. He played about the doors, went bird-nesting, and ran errands to the village. In course of time he came to carry his father's dinner to him while at work; and he helped to nurse his younger brothers and sisters at home—for, as truly said by his biographer, "In the poor man's dwelling every hand must early be turned to useful account." The worst of it was, none of the children ever went to school; the family was too poor, and food too dear, to admit of that.

Among the miscellaneous occupations of the elder children, one was to see that the younger ones were kept out of the way of the coal-waggons, which were then dragged by horses along the wooden tram-road immediately in front of the cottage-door. Wooden railways were used early in Northumberland, and this at Wylam was destined to be the first on which a locomotive engine was set travelling. "At the time, however, of which we speak, locomotives had scarcely been dreamt of; horses were still the only tractive power; and one of the

daily sights of young Stephenson was the coal-wagons dragged by their means along this wooden railway at Wylam."

With such out-looks and employments eight years passed over; after which, the coal having been worked out, the old engine was pulled down, and the Stephenson family, following the work, removed from Wylam to Dewley Burn, where the Duke of Northumberland (to whom most of the property in the neighbourhood belongs) had opened a new pit. Here George Stephenson first began to work for weekly wages.

"A widow, named Ainslie, then occupied the neighbouring farm-house of Dewley. She kept a number of cows, and had the privilege of grazing them along the waggon-ways. She needed a boy to herd the cows, to keep them out of the way of the waggons, and prevent their straying or trespassing on the neighbours' 'liberties'; the boy's duty was also to bar the gates at night after all the wagons had passed. George petitioned for this post, and to his great joy he was appointed, at the wages of two-pence a-day."

The employment was light, and he had plenty of spare time on his hands, which he spent in such pastimes as bird-nesting, making whistles out of reeds and scrannel straws, and erecting Lilliputian mills in the little water-streams that ran into Dewley Bog. But his favourite amusement at this early age was erecting clay-engines, in conjunction with a playmate, named Tom Thirlaway. "They found the clay for their engines in the adjoining bog; and the hemlock which grew about supplied them with abundance of imaginary steam-pipes. The place is still pointed out, 'just aboon the cut end,' as the people of the hamlet describe it, where the future engineer made his first essays in modelling. This early indication of a mechanical turn may remind the reader of a similar anecdote of the boy Smeaton, who, when missed one day by his parents, was found mounted on the roof of the cottage, fixing a puny windmill."

As the boy grew older, he was set to leading horses at the plough; and he used afterwards to say that he rode to his work in the mornings at an hour when most other children of his age were fast asleep in bed. From this he was advanced to turnip-hoeing, and other feats of farming-work, for which he was paid the increased wages of fourpence a-day. After a short time, he grew ambitious to be taken on at the colliery where his father worked, and where also his brother James, two years his senior, was employed as a "corf-bitter," or "picker"—the duties of his calling being to clear the coal of "stones, bats, and dross." His wages were now raised to sixpence a-day; and ere very long he began to earn eightpence, as driver of the gin-horse. In that capacity he was employed at the Black Callerton Colliery, two miles from Dewley Burn, whither he went early in the morning every day, and did not return till late at night. "Some of the old people of Black Callerton still remember him as a 'grit bare-legged laddie,' and describe him as being then 'very quick-witted, and full of fun and tricks.' As they said, 'there was nothing under the sun but he tried to imitate.' He was, besides, usually foremost in the sports and pastimes of youth." The love of birds and animals, which was noticed in his father, was also strong in him. Blackbirds were his especial favourites. He knew all their nests between Dewley and Black Callerton; and when the young birds were old enough, he would take them home with him, and feed them, and let

them fly about the cottage, unconfined by cages. "One of his blackbirds became so tame that, after flying about the doors all day, and in and out of the cottage, it would take up its roost upon the bed's head at night. And most singular of all, the bird would disappear in the spring and summer months, when it was supposed to go into the woods to pair and rear its young, after which it would reappear at the cottage, and resume its social habits during the winter." This went on for several years. George, in the meantime, had also a stock of tame rabbits, and was celebrated in the neighbourhood for the superiority of his breed.

While driving the gin-horse, he fixed his eye upon a higher situation which he wished to obtain next, namely, that of being assistant-fireman to his father at the Dewley engine. His only fear was that he should be considered too young for the work. He got this desired promotion at the early age of fourteen, and along with it the advanced wages of six shillings a week. Ever since he had modelled his clay engines in the bog, it had been his ambition to become an engineman, and here was a step upwards. He used to relate, however, that when the owner of the colliery came round, he was wont to hide himself from sight, lest he should be thought too little a boy for the post, and the wages he was earning.

The coal at Dewley Burn being at length worked out, the Stephensons removed to a place called Jolly's Close, a few miles off, where another mine had recently been opened. The joint earnings of the family were now rapidly increasing. Most of the children were able to bring in something. James and George, the two eldest, worked as assistant-firemen; and the younger boys were employed as wheelers or pickers on the bank-tops. The two girls helped their mother with the housework. Their united incomings amounted to from thirty-five shillings to forty shillings a-week; and they were thus enabled to command a fair share of the common necessities of life. But, owing to the war with Napoleon, provisions in those years were getting extremely dear; so that money did not go so far as it had done formerly. Wheat rose from fifty-four shillings to a hundred-and-thirty shillings a quarter. Taxes on all articles of consumption were very heavy. Hence, upon the whole, it was still hard to live. The Stephensons, however, appear to have continued in pretty regular employment, and to have struggled on together without much actual suffering. George, at the age of fifteen, was thought competent enough to be entrusted with the post of fireman to an engine, on his own account, a little engine lately set up at a place called the "Mid Mill Winnin," where he had for his associate and assistant a young man named Bill Coe, with whom he worked in that capacity for about two years. But the Mid-mill engine being a little one, the nominal increase of dignity was not attended with any increase of wages. George's ambition was to attain rank as soon as possible as a full workman, and earn the regular twelve shillings a-week. He had even thoughts of rising from the employment of fireman to that of engine-man, with its accompanying advantage of higher pay. And this was about the sum of his ambition.

Though never working less than twelve hours a-day, he found time for some amusement. It was one of his pastimes to compete with his associates in lifting heavy weights, throwing the hammer, and putting

the stone. "At lifting heavy weights off the ground from between his feet, by means of a bar of iron passed through them, the bar placed against his knees as a fulcrum, and then straightening the spine, and lifting them sheer up, Stephenson was very successful. On one occasion, they relate, he lifted as much as sixty stone weight in this way—a striking indication of his strength of bone and muscle."

When Mid Mill Pit was closed, George and his companion were sent to work another pumping-engine, near Throchley Bridge. While there, his services were adjudged worthy of man's hire. One Saturday evening the foreman paid him twelve shillings for his week's work, and told him that he was from that date advanced. On coming out he announced to his fellow-workmen his good fortune, declaring, with flushed face, and in a tone of triumph, "I am now a made man for life!"

In another year he had got a-head of his father, being appointed engineman at a newly-opened mine, his father acting under him in the capacity of a fireman. George was yet only seventeen years old—a very youthful age for the position he was now occupying. His duties, nevertheless, were successfully performed. He assiduously applied himself to the study of the engine and its gearing, taking the machine to pieces in his leisure-hours, for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts, and thereby soon acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working. While thus employed, he gained, by slow degrees, the character of a clever and improving workman. Whatever he was set to do, that he endeavoured to do well and thoroughly, never neglecting small matters, but aiming at being a complete workman at all points; thus gradually perfecting his own mechanical capacity, and securing, at the same time, the respect of his fellow-workmen, and the increased confidence and esteem of his employers.

But at this point he began to be aware of a serious impediment which, unless it could be overcome, would hinder him from making much further progress as a skilled workman. To advance any considerable degree further, it was necessary to obtain a measure of scientific information, such as is derivable from books. But, unluckily, George Stephenson had never learnt to read; he was eighteen years of age, and did not know the English alphabet. Somewhat discouraged by his want of scholarly attainments, but by no means disheartened, he now resolved to try whether it was possible, at so late a season, to learn this wonderful art of reading. He was certainly bent on learning it if he could; and with this purpose he took himself to a poor school-master, who was striving to pick up a living among the colliers. The name of this worthy was Robin Cowens; his place of residence the village of Walbottle, where for some time past he had kept a night-school for the benefit of all comers. George began by taking lessons in spelling and reading three nights in the week. Threepence weekly was the sum paid for this amount of teaching. Though the teacher was not very apt at his calling, George, being hungry for knowledge, and most eager to acquire it, shortly learned to read with tolerable success; and by the time he was nineteen, he had also learned to write his name in a bold round hand.

In the winter of 1799 he found it convenient to change his teacher for one of somewhat higher qualifications. A certain Scotch dominie, named Andrew Robertson, set up a night-school in the village of New-

burn. It was more handy for George to attend this seminary, as it was nearer to his work, and not more than a few minutes' walk from Jolly's Close. Besides, Andrew had the reputation of being a skilled arithmetician; and the mystery of figures was a branch of knowledge that Stephenson was now desirous of acquiring. He accordingly began taking lessons in arithmetic of this learned pedagogue, paying for so doing at the rate of fourpence a-week. Andrew Gray, the junior fireman at the Water-row pit, began at the same time; and he has since told Mr. Smiles, that George learned "figuring" so much faster than he did, that he (Andrew) could not make out how it was "he took to figures so wonderful." Although the two started together from the same point, at the end of the winter George had mastered the rule of "reduction," while Andrew Gray was still grappling with the difficulties of "simple division." "But George's secret," says his biographer, "was his perseverance. He worked out the sums in his by-hours, improving every minute of his spare time by the engine-fire, there solving the arithmetical problems set for him upon his slate by his master." Having always a number of sums set for him beforehand, to be studied out as opportunity favoured, he made rapid progress, and soon attained a very creditable proficiency. "Indeed, Andrew Robertson became somewhat proud of his pupil; and shortly afterwards, when the Water-row pit was closed, and George removed to Black Callerton to work there, the poor schoolmaster, not having a very extensive connexion in Newburn, went with his pupils, and set up his night-school at Black Callerton, where they continued their instructions under him as before."

The arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic being thus to some extent acquired, George Stephenson felt himself in a position to become a better qualified and more independent workman. He had been simultaneously learning the art of "brakeing"—a process connected with engine management requiring much caution and attention, but which cannot be explained to the uninitiated without entering into a long description. On removing to Black Callerton, in 1801, he was appointed brakesman at the Dolly Pit there, with wages averaging a little short of a pound a week. To add something further to his income, he employed his evenings in mending shoes, and afterwards tried his hand at shoemaking. He was stimulated to undertake this extra work by the desire to save a little money; which desire was to all appearance instigated by an attachment he had at this time formed for a respectable young woman of the village, named Fanny Henderson. "Fanny," we are told, "was a servant in a neighbouring farmhouse; and George, having found her a high-principled young woman of excellent character, courted her with the intention of making her his wife, and setting up a house of his own." Amongst his various mendings of old shoes at Callerton, he was on one occasion favoured with Fanny's shoes to sole. Delighted with the work, he took extreme pride in executing it in a first-rate style. "A friend of his, still living, relates that, after he had finished the shoes, he carried them about with him in his pocket on the Sunday afternoon, and that from time to time he would whip them out and hold them up to sight—the tiny little shoes that they were—exhibiting them with exultation to his friend, and exclaiming, 'What a capital job he had made of them!'" No lover was ever more entranced by love-lock, glove, or handkerchief, bestowed by a beloved one in token of

affection, than was George Stephenson by these dainty new-soled shoes.

Out of his earnings from shoe-mending at Callerton, the young man contrived to save his first guinea. Habitually sober and steady, he had now become a standing example of character to the other workmen. He never missed a day's wages by idleness or indiscretion. On pay-day afternoons, which occurred every alternate Saturday, when the workmen at the pit usually kept holiday, some spending their time at public-houses, and others in the adjoining fields, cock-fighting and dog-fighting, Stephenson, instead of either drinking or playing, used to take his engine to pieces for the purpose of obtaining insight and practical acquaintance with its details; and he made it a rule to clean all the parts and put the machine in thorough working order before leaving it. Thus his knowledge of its powers and of its mechanism became gradually complete, and he had the satisfaction of understanding its whole action and capabilities.

Meanwhile, he still enjoyed the exercise of agility and strength, and occasionally indulged in those vigorous and adroit feats for which, as we have seen, he had gained a reputation. For once in his life, too, he gained the credit of being an expert boxer, and administered a sound chastisement to the greatest bully of the neighbourhood. Ned Nelson, a roystering pitman, took offence at George's manner, as brakesman, of drawing him out of the pit, and threatened to kick him to a certain remote unmentionable locality for his alleged clumsiness. Stephenson defied him to kick him at all; whereupon Nelson challenged him to a pitched battle, and the challenge was accepted. Great was the excitement at Black Callerton when it was known that George Stephenson was going to "feight" with Bully Nelson. Everybody said that George was certain to be killed; for Nelson was a "great feighter," and was understood to have never yet met with his match. The young men and boys, with whom Stephenson was a favourite, came round him in the engine-house, with wonderment, inquiring if it was really true that he was "goin' to feight Nelson?" "Ay—never fear for me; I'll feight him," said George. For some days before the contest, Nelson left off work to go into training. Stephenson worked on as usual; went from a day's labour to the field of battle, and, with his wiry muscles and practised strength, after a few rounds, thrashed his adversary. It was the only encounter of the kind in which he was ever engaged. It is cited in illustration of his personal pluck and prowess, as being thoroughly characteristic of the man. He was the very reverse of quarrelsome, but he would not be put down by any tyrannous brute-force; and having no other way of dealing with the overbearing pitman, he brought him to reason by the only argument he could understand. When, in after life, he came to contend with the bullies of the railway world, he manifested, in another form, the same courage and daring, and taught them, in their turn, that he was not a fellow to submit to any unreasoning domination.

Not long after this memorable pitched battle, George Stephenson, having "by dint of thrift, sobriety, and industry," saved as much money as would enable him to set up housekeeping, entered without further dallying into the state of wedlock with Fanny Henderson. This event took place at Newburn Church, on the 28th of November,

1802, George being then in his twenty-second year. After the ceremony, the happy pair proceeded to the house of old Robert Stephenson and his wife Mabel, at Jolly's Close. This visit paid, they prepared to set out for their new home at Willington-quay, where George had lately been appointed brakesman to an engine standing on Ballast Hill. They went in a homely, old-fashioned style, though one quite usual in those days, while as yet there were neither macadamised roads or railways. Two stout farm-horses were borrowed of a friendly farmer, each being provided with a saddle and a pillion; and George having mounted one, his wife seated herself on the pillion behind him, holding on by her arms round his waist. Robert Gray and Anne Henderson, in like manner, mounted on the other horse; and in this wise the wedding-party rode across the country, passing through the old streets of Newcastle, and then by Wallsend, to their home at Willington-quay—a long ride of about fifteen miles.

It was only to an upper-room in a small cottage beside the Ballast Hill that George took his bride, but both were content with their dwelling for the present, and lived together very pleasantly. Thirteen months after, their only son Robert, the present engineer, was born there. The husband's daily life was that of a regular, steady workman. While sitting by his wife in the evenings, however, he was usually occupied with some mechanical experiments. He got to work on the problem of perpetual motion, and constructed the model of a machine by which he thought he could secure it. Though the experiment failed, it was the means of sharpening his faculties, and of leading him on to more practical inventions. But much of his spare time was still occupied in mending and making shoes, whereby something was added to the income of the household. Moreover, an accident occurred about this time which had the effect of directing his industry into a new and still more profitable channel.

"The cottage chimney took fire one day in his absence; the alarmed neighbours, rushing in, threw bucketfuls of water on the fire; some, in their zeal, mounted on the ridge of the house, and poured volumes of water down the chimney. The fire was soon put out, but the house was thoroughly soaked. When George came home, he found the water running out of the door, everything in disorder, and his new furniture covered with soot. The eight-day clock, which hung against the wall—one of the most highly-prized articles in the house—was grievously injured by the steam with which the room had been filled. Its wheels were so clogged by the dust and soot, that it was brought to a stand-still. George was always ready to turn his hand to anything, and his ingenuity, never at fault, immediately set to work for the repair of the unfortunate clock. He was advised to send it to the clock-maker, but that would have cost money; and he declared that he would repair it himself—at least he would try. The clock was accordingly taken to pieces and cleaned; the tools which he had been accumulating by him, for the purpose of constructing the perpetual-motion machine, enabled him to do this; and he succeeded so well that, shortly after, the neighbours sent him their clocks to clean, and he soon became one of the most famous clock-doctors in the neighbourhood."

After having lived three years as brakesman at Willington-quay, George Stephenson removed to Killingworth, where he was made brakesman at the West Moor Colliery. He had scarcely settled down

in his new home, ere he sustained a heavy loss in the death of his wife. Their married life had been very happy, and he felt the bereavement sadly. Shortly afterwards, he received an invitation from some gentlemen in Scotland, to go and superintend the working of one of Bolton and Watt's engines, at certain works in the neighbourhood of Montrose. Accepting this call, he left his little boy in charge of a neighbour, and proceeded on his journey on foot, carrying his kit upon his back. He was absent about a year, receiving rather higher wages than usual, and contrived to save twenty-eight pounds to carry back with him to Killingworth. During his absence, however, a serious accident had happened to his father. While engaged inside an engine making some repairs, a fellow-workman had inadvertently let the steam in upon him, which, striking him in the face, blinded him for the remainder of his life. George coming home from Scotland, paid the old man's debts, removed his parents from Jolly's Close to Killingworth, and supported them until they died. He meanwhile resumed his situation as brakesman at the West Moor Pit, but with prospects less promising than he had hitherto experienced. The condition of the working-classes was then very discouraging. The war pressed heavily upon industry, and severely tried the resources of the country. Dear bread, lowness of wages, and scarcity of work, led to extensive discontent, and serious riots occurred in Manchester, Newcastle, and various other places. The constant drawings for the militia were a source of great vexation to working men. Amongst those who were drawn in the year 1807-8 was George Stephenson, who had to spend the remains of his savings in procuring a substitute. He then felt himself so disabled in his fortunes, that he thought of emigrating to America, and would certainly have gone, had it not been that he could not raise money enough to take him out. Speaking afterwards to a friend of his sorrows at this time, he said—"You know the road from my house at the West Moor to Killingworth; I remember when I went along that road, I wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

It was a slight advance in independence, although no advance in fortune, when Stephenson, at the age of twenty-seven, joined two other brakesmen in taking a small contract under the colliery lessees, for brakeing the engines at the West Moor Pit. There being two engines at work night and day, two of the three men were always in attendance, yet the average earnings of each did not amount to more than 18s. or 20s. a-week. To eke out his income, Stephenson was always doing something in spare hours. His son Robert was growing up, and he was determined on giving him the best education within his power, having in his own case experienced the disadvantage arising from a deficiency of instruction. Stinted as he was for means at this time—maintaining his parents, and struggling with difficulties—this resolution to provide a proper culture for his son must, as Mr. Smiles says, be regarded as a noble feature in his character, and strikingly illustrative of his thoughtfulness and conscientiousness. Many years after, speaking on this matter, he said:—"In the earlier period of my career, when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labour under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal train-



ing. I was, however, a poor man; and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbours' clocks and watches at nights after my daily labour was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."\*

While engaged as brakesman at the West Moor Pit, Stephenson suggested to his employers various little improvements in the engine-tackle and other apparatus of the pit which, on being tried, turned out very convenient and successful. His opinion on points of mechanical difficulty thus came to be considered worth attending to, and he was frequently consulted on occasions of slight emergency, when the matter in hand did not seem important enough to call in a regular engineer. In the year 1810, an opportunity occurred which enabled him to exhibit his skill and ingenuity in a new direction, and in a manner which raised him to a position of considerable local credit and distinction. A new pit was sunk, called the Killingworth High Pit, where an atmospheric engine, originally made by Smeaton, was fixed for the purpose of pumping out the water from the shaft. Somehow or other this engine failed to clear the pit. It went on fruitlessly pumping for nearly twelve months, and began to be regarded as a totally incapable concern. Stephenson had gone to look at it when in course of erection, and then observed to the over-man that he thought it was defective; he also gave it as his opinion, that if there was much water in the mine, the engine would never keep it under. Of course, as he was only a brakesman, his opinion on such a point was not considered worth much, and no more was thought about it. He continued, nevertheless, to make frequent visits to the engine, to see "how she was getting on." From the bank-head, where he worked his brake, he could see the chimney smoking at the High Pit, and as the workmen were passing to and from their work, he would call out and inquire "if they had gotten to the bottom yet?" and the reply was always to the same effect—the pumping made no progress, and the workmen were still "drowned out." One Saturday afternoon he went over to the High Pit to examine the engine carefully. He had been turning the subject over in his mind, and after a close investigation, he seemed to satisfy himself as to the cause of the failure. When he had done, Kit Heppel, who was sinker at the pit, said to him—"Weel, George, what do you mak' o' her?" "Man," said George, in reply, "I could alter her, and make her draw; in a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom."

This conversation was reported to Ralph Dodds, the head viewer; and Dodds, having sought help from all the engineers in that part of the country without result, and being now almost in despair, determined to give George's skill a trial. At the worst, he thought, the man could only fail, as the rest had done. George was therefore authorized to do what he considered needful. Selecting his own workmen, he set to work, took the whole engine to pieces, reconstructed it with improvements, and really did, in a week's time after his talk with Heppel, clear the pit of water. Mr. Dodds was particularly gratified with the manner in which the job was done, and made him a present of ten pounds. More than this, he appointed him engineman at the High Pit, on good wages,

\* Speech at Newcastle, 18th June, 1844, on the opening of the Newcastle and Darlington Railway.

until the work of sinking was completed. The job lasted about a year. Stephenson's skill as an engine-doctor, meanwhile, became noised abroad, and he was called upon to prescribe remedies for all the old, wheezy, and ineffective pumping machines in the neighbourhood. The regular engineers called him a quack; but there was no denying that he perfectly understood the constitution of an engine, and that he often effected cures when the regular men were beaten. One day as he passed a drowned quarry at which a windmill worked an inefficient pump, he told the men "he would set up for them an engine no bigger than a kail-pot that would clear them out in a week." This promise he fulfilled; the quarry was pumped dry in a few days, and soon Stephenson's local celebrity in such matters became considerable, and went on increasing.

While thus engaged in curing pumping-engines, and making himself generally of service as a practical engineer, George continued diligently to employ his evenings in self-improvement. At this time he became associated with a young man named John Wigham, a farmer's son, who was also bent on advancing himself in knowledge. John was a good arithmetician, and was willing to teach Stephenson something of what he knew. Under Andrew Robertson he had never mastered the rule of three, and it was only when this new preceptor took him in hand, that he made any decided progress towards the higher branches of arithmetic. Wigham had acquired some elementary knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy, and possessed a volume of Ferguson's Lectures on Mechanics, which proved a great treasure to both students. They used to make experiments together, and thus test the accuracy of what they read.

"One who remembers their evening occupations, says he used to wonder what they meant by weighing the air and water in their odd ways. They were trying the specific gravities of objects, and the devices which they employed, the mechanical shifts to which they were put, were often of the rudest kind. In these evening entertainments, the mechanical contrivances were supplied by Stephenson, whilst Wigham found the scientific *rationale*. The opportunities thus afforded to the former of cultivating his mind by contact with one wiser than himself, proved of great value, and in after-life Stephenson gratefully remembered the assistance which, when a humble workman, he had derived from John Wigham, the farmer's son."

The engine-wright at Killingworth having been killed by an accident, George Stephenson was, in 1812, appointed to the vacant situation, at a salary of £100 a-year. He was now in a measure relieved from the daily routine of manual labour, and advanced to the grade of a higher-class workman. It might be inferred that he had now the command of greater leisure; but, it seems, his leisure hours were more than ever devoted to work, either necessary or self-imposed. He devised many improvements in connexion with the colliery, which were the means of saving both time and labour. He invented machinery whereby the number of horses employed in the pit were reduced from a hundred to about fifteen or sixteen; and he was constantly hitting upon some ingenious scheme or other which tended to diminish the difficulties or expense of the mining operations entrusted to his inspection.

In his own humble dwelling-house he had also been making im-

provements from time to time, till from being a single apartment on the ground floor, with a garret overhead that was reached by a step-ladder, it grew into a comfortable four-roomed tenement, supplied with almost every convenience. He took great pride, too, in his cottage-garden, and was renowned for the magnitude of his leeks and cabbages. To protect his garden-crops from the ravages of the birds, he invented a strange sort of scarecrow, which moved its arms with the wind; and he fastened his garden-door by means of a piece of ingenious mechanism, so that no one could enter it but himself. His odd and eccentric contrivances of all kinds excited much marvel amongst the Killingworth villagers. "Thus, he won the women's admiration by connecting their cradles with the smoke-jack, and making them self-acting! Then he astonished the pitmen by attaching an alarm to the clock of the watchman whose duty it was to call them betimes in the morning. . . . He also contrived a wonderful lamp which burned under water, with which he was afterwards wont to amuse the Brandling family at Gosforth, going into the fish-pond at night, lamp in hand, attracting and catching the fish, which rushed wildly towards the subaqueous flame." His cottage was a curiosity-shop of models, engines, self-acting plans, and perpetual-motion machines—which last, however, with all his ingenuity, baffled him, as every invention of the kind had baffled all previous experimenters.

The year 1814 may be presumed to have been a memorable one to Stephenson, inasmuch as, on counting up his savings in this year, he found he had accumulated £100. The money was in great part the produce of his earnings in over-hours, and had been saved up with the object of putting his son to school. This year, accordingly, Robert was sent to Mr. Bruce's academy at Newcastle, where he began to be trained in a course of sound elementary instruction. His father was now a comparatively thriving man, well respected wherever he was known, and looked upon by all as a person of excellent sense and shrewd ability. The son was worthy of the father. He made rapid progress in his school studies, and spent his leisure time in reading in the library of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, to which he induced his father to subscribe for him, at the rate of three guineas a-year.

"On Saturday afternoons," we are told, "when he went home to his father's at Killingworth, he usually carried with him a volume of the *Repertory of Arts and Sciences*, or of the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, which furnished abundant subjects for interesting and instructive converse during the evening hours. Then John Wigham would come over from the Glebe farm to join the party, and enter into the lively scientific discussions which occurred on the subject of their mutual reading. But many of the most valuable works belonging to the Newcastle Library were not permitted to be removed from the room; these Robert was instructed to read and study, and bring away with him descriptions and sketches for his father's information. His father also practised him in the reading of plans and drawings without at all referring to the written descriptions. He used to observe, 'A good drawing or plan should always explain itself;' and placing a drawing of an engine or machine before the youth, he would say, 'There, now, describe that to me—the arrangement and the action.' Thus he taught him to read

a drawing as easily as he would read a page of a book. This practice soon gave to both the greatest facility in apprehending the details of even the most difficult and complicated mechanical drawing."

The connexion of Robert with the Philosophical Society of Newcastle brought him into communication with the Rev. William Turner, one of the secretaries of the institution. That gentleman took an early interest in the studious youth from Killingworth, with whose father also he soon became acquainted. He cheerfully and even zealously helped them in their joint inquiries, and did his utmost to satisfy their eager thirst for scientific information.

About this time the subject of locomotive engines was occupying the attention of certain scientific persons, and it was naturally a subject that very readily recommended itself to the notice of George Stephenson. It was as yet generally regarded only in the light of a curious and costly toy, of comparatively small practical value; and Stephenson was one of the first, if not the very first, to perceive the full nature and importance of its capabilities. Wooden railroads were already common in the neighbourhood of the collieries, but as yet they had only been worked with horses. Latterly, however, various experiments had been made upon them with locomotive engines. One had been tried upon the Wylam tramroad, which went by the cottage in which Stephenson was born. George brooded intently upon the subject, worked out for himself the theory of their construction, and made it his business to see one of the new engines in operation. The one on the Wylam tramroad he frequently visited and inspected; and after mastering its arrangements and observing its mode of working, he did not hesitate to declare that he could make a better one—one that would draw steadier, and work more cheaply and effectively.

On bringing the matter under the notice of the lessees of the Killingworth Colliery, Stephenson was authorised to construct an engine in accordance with his own particular notions. Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, had formed a high opinion of his skill, from the improvements he had effected in the machinery of the mines, and provided him with money. There was great difficulty in finding mechanics at that period sufficiently qualified to perform the work; and the best man Stephenson could get was the colliery blacksmith, who, though an excellent workman in his way, was quite new to the business now entrusted to him. By his means, however, and the aid of a number of rough hands still less competent, the engine was built at the West Moor workshops in the space of ten months. On the 25th of July, 1814, its powers were tried upon the Killingworth Railway. "On an ascending gradient of 1 in 150," says Dr. Smiles, "the engine succeeded in drawing after it eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight, at about four miles an hour; and for some time after it continued regularly at work. It was indeed the most successful engine that had yet been constructed."

The name given to this engine was *Blutcher*; and although it was considerably superior to all previous locomotives, it was nevertheless a somewhat clumsy and cumbrous machine. Stephenson noted its defects, and resolved to construct another in which they should be avoided. In conjunction with Mr. Dodds, who supplied the necessary funds, he took out a patent in February, 1815, for a new locomotive,

and in the same year a greatly improved engine, called *Puffing Billy*, was set to work on the Killingworth Railway. According to Dr. Smiles, who minutely describes its mechanical construction, this engine contained the germ of all that has since been effected, and may be regarded as the original type of our present locomotives. In particular, it embodied a discovery which was peculiarly Stephenson's, and without which the steam locomotive could never have been practically successful. The first locomotives let off their waste steam into the open atmosphere; but it occurred to Stephenson to carry the waste steam up the chimney, whereby the draft was much increased, and the intensity of combustion in the furnace consequently augmented. The power of the engine was by this expedient doubled. Combustion being stimulated by the blast, the generation of steam was immensely quickened, and the effective power of the engine augmented in precisely the same proportion.

Thus at the end of the year 1815, George Stephenson had outstripped every competitor in the field of locomotive invention. Henceforth he did not disguise his opinion that the steam-locomotive was destined to supersede every other tractive power, and to come into universal use over the world. For lack of opportunity, however, he made no further progress for the present. His attention was, meanwhile, directed to the mitigation of an evil to which the collieries had always more or less been subjected. Explosions of fire-damp were frequently occurring, and were commonly attended with fearful loss of life and dreadful suffering to the colliery workers. Calamities of this kind several times happened in the Killingworth pits. One in 1814, of a very terrific nature, led Stephenson to ponder on the possible chances of preventing such occurrences. He began to exercise his ingenuity towards the discovery of a miner's safety-lamp. By a mechanical theory of his own, tested by experiments made boldly at the peril of his life, he arrived at the construction of a lamp, less simple, though similar in principle, to that which was about the same time devised by Sir Humphry Davy. It seems that Stephenson and Davy were, unknown to each other, working during the same year on the same problem. Stephenson's solution was arrived at a few weeks earlier than Davy's, and upon this circumstance there subsequently arose a great and unpleasant controversy. Into the particulars of this controversy we cannot enter. Suffice it to say that both lamps were original inventions—their constructors having no knowledge of each other's proceedings. Davy received immediate honours and a high reward for his discoveries, while Stephenson's merits were scarcely recognised; but eventually, after a careful investigation of his claims, he was honoured by a public subscription of a thousand pounds; and his lamp, called the "Geordie," is still in use in the Killingworth Pits, where it is reckoned superior to the "Davy."

From 1815 to 1820, Stephenson's time was mainly devoted to the engineering business of the colliery. But during this period his attention was almost constantly directed to the improvement of his locomotive, which every day's observation and experience satisfied him was still far from being perfect. *Puffing Billy*, though it did very well, was nearly as expensive in the working as horse-power. Other engines, which had been tried elsewhere, were generally abandoned as failures. There was no expectation anywhere that steam-locomotives could ever be made to answer economically. Stephenson alone retained his con-

viction that they must eventually supersede all other tractive power. He saw, however, that perfection in the travelling-engine could not be attained unless it could be made to run on a perfected rail. Engine and rail he spoke of as "man and wife," and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive always went hand-in-hand with contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. We need not here enter into the mechanical details of his proceeding: it may be enough to say that in his work at rail and engine he made gradual and continual progress; every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor, and every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some element of strength and firmness, rendering it more and more adapted for its purpose. By degrees he succeeded in overcoming all the most important difficulties, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing his locomotives travelling on the Killingworth Railway, drawing heavy weights at five or six miles an hour, at an expense which entirely settled the question of their comparative economy.

The practical superiority of this railway over all others that had been attempted, was some years in getting recognised, but it came gradually to be known among the neighbouring coal-owners; and in 1819 the Hetton Coal Company resolved to lay down a line about eight miles long between their mine and the River Wear. Stephenson was applied to to act as engineer, and willingly undertook the enterprise. The nature of the ground and the unwillingness of the Company to undertake expensive levellings, obliged the adoption of heavier gradients than suited the locomotive; and hence he advised the working of much of the railway by stationary engines and inclines, leaving but a part of the line to be done by locomotives. The inclines were self-acting, the full wagons descending drawing up the empty ones. The line was three years in progress, and was successfully opened on the 18th of November, 1822. On that day five of Stephenson's locomotives were at work, the speed at which they travelled being about four miles an hour, each dragging after it a train of seventeen wagons, weighing about sixty-four tons.

The Killingworth Railway was of seven years' standing, the Hetton line was drawing towards completion, and George Stephenson was forty years old, when one day, in the year 1821, he heard that a Bill had passed through Parliament for the formation of a railway between Darlington and Stockton. The principal promoter of this line was Mr. Edward Pease, a Darlington Quaker; and so many of the Company belonged to the same religious denomination, that the line was designated, and is still called, "The Quakers' Line." Thinking that here was an opportunity for getting his locomotives into use on a larger scale, Stephenson made it his business to go over to Darlington, with his friend Nicholas Wood, the viewer, to see what could be done. Accordingly one day, about the end of the same year, the two strangers knocked at the door of Mr. Pease's house, and sent in a message that some persons from Killingworth wanted to speak with him. They were invited in, and asked to explain their business. Wood, as being the readiest spokesman, introduced himself, and turning to his companion, stated that his name was George Stephenson, a person who had had some experience in the laying out of railways. On entering into conversation with his visitors, Mr. Pease ascertained that

Stephenson had a wish to be employed in the construction of the Darlington and Stockton line. Mr. Pease liked the man's appearance. "There was," as he afterwards remarked, "such an honest, sensible look about him, and he seemed so modest and unpretending." He spoke in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district, and described himself as "only the engine-wright at Killingworth—that's what he was." Mr. Pease told him his plans, which were all founded on the use of horse-power, he being satisfied "that a horse upon an iron road would draw ten tons for one on a common road, and that before long the railway would become the King's highway." Stephenson, however, boldly declared that his locomotive was worth fifty horses, and that moving-engines would in course of time supersede all horse-power upon railroads. "Come over to Killingworth," said he, "and see what my Blotcher can do; seeing is believing, sir." Mr. Pease promised to go; meanwhile, he signified a willingness to avail himself of Stephenson's services, saying, "I may observe to thee, that if thou succeed in making this a good railway, thou may consider thy fortune as good as made."

After some preliminary inquiries, Stephenson was appointed engineer to the Company, at a salary of £300 a-year. Surveys were taken, calculations made, and the line was constructed. It was nearly four years in hand, but was opened at length for general traffic on the 27th of September, 1825. The speed attained by the engines was twelve miles an hour—a rate then unexampled, and to nearly all the world a matter of astonishment. The line was successful beyond all anticipation; passengers' traffic, which had hardly been contemplated, swelling the profits immensely. The dividends paid to shareholders being beyond all calculation, an encouragement to the projectors of railways arose which made them popular, and the belief in the practical benefits to be derived from them extended rapidly throughout the country.

There being now some likely demand for locomotives, Stephenson, in partnership with Mr. Pease and another member of the Society of Friends, set up a locomotive-factory at Newcastle, where a body of mechanics were trained to the work of engine-building, and better engines soon began to be made than any that had been theretofore constructed. Stephenson put into the concern the thousand pounds given to him by the coal-owners for the invention of the safety-lamp, which, with another thousand advanced by his two partners, served to start the factory.

Through all the stages of his advancement, Stephenson was furthered by a steady and unwavering perseverance. This was his motive principle, and the successes he achieved by means of it pointed him out to everybody concerned in railways as the man on whose efforts the effectual establishment of the railway system was dependent. The question as to whether steam-locomotives were capable of being generally adopted was about to be determined by a proposed line between Manchester and Liverpool. The projectors of this line having heard much of Stephenson, and seen his engines at work at Killingworth, invited him, as the fittest person known to them, to undertake the survey. On entering upon this work he encountered endless obstacles, such as any one possessed of less determination and persistency could hardly have overcome. The proprietors of the lands through which the railway was to pass confronted him with the most dogged opposition. The prejudices of

the farming and labouring classes were fiercely excited, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the levels could be taken. On that part of the line which passed through the properties of Lord Derby and Lord Sefton, the opposition was extremely resolute:—

“At Knowsley,” we are told, “Mr. Stephenson was driven off the ground by the keepers, and threatened with rough handling if found there again. Lord Derby’s farmers also turned out their men to watch the surveying party, and prevent them from entering any lands where they had the power of driving them off. Afterwards Mr. Stephenson suddenly and unexpectedly went upon the ground with a body of surveyors and their assistants who outnumbered Lord Derby’s keepers and farmers, hastily collected to resist them, and this time they were only threatened with the legal consequences of their trespass. . . . The same sort of resistance was offered by Lord Sefton’s keepers and farm-labourers, so that only a very imperfect survey could be made of the line where it passed through those two noblemen’s domains. The obstructions placed in the way by these means prevented borings being made of the soil at Knowsley Moss, which was afterwards made a ground of objection to Mr. Stephenson’s estimates when the Bill came before Parliament. . . . The principal opposition, however, was experienced from Mr. Bradshaw, the manager of the Duke of Bridgewater’s canal property, who offered a vigorous and protracted resistance to the railway in all its stages. The Duke of Bridgewater’s farmers obstinately refused permission to enter upon their fields, although Mr. Stephenson offered to pay for any damage that might be done. Mr. Bradshaw positively refused permission in any case. The survey through the Duke of Bridgewater’s property was consequently made entirely by stealth. Mr. Stephenson, afterwards describing the difficulties which he had thus encountered, said:—‘I was threatened to be ducked in the pond if I proceeded, and, of course, we had a great deal of the survey to take by stealth, at the time when the people were at dinner. We could not get it done by night: indeed, we were watched day and night, and guns were discharged over the grounds belonging to Captain Bradshaw to prevent us.’”

When, in spite of all difficulties, the survey was effected, there was a no less formidable opposition to be encountered, on the Bill for forming the line being brought into Parliament. Stephenson was the principal witness to be examined in Committee, and the success of the project was dependent on his evidence. He said afterwards, he was not long in the witness-box before he wished for a hole to creep out at! “I could not find words,” he adds, “to satisfy either the Committee or myself. I was subjected to the cross-examination of eight or ten barristers, purposely, as far as possible, to bewilder me. Some member of the Committee asked if I was a foreigner, and another hinted that I was mad. But I put up with every rebuff, and went on with my plans, determined not to be put down.” It was Stephenson’s task to prove what the public opinion of that day held to be impossible.

“The self-taught mechanic,” says his biographer, “had to demonstrate the practicability of accomplishing that which the most distinguished engineers of the time regarded as impracticable. Clear though the subject was to himself, and familiar as he was with the powers of the locomotive, it was no easy task for him to bring home his convictions, or even to convey his meaning, to the less-informed minds of his hearers. In his strong Northumbrian dialect, he struggled for an utterance, in the face of the sneers, interruptions, and ridicule of the opponents of the measure, and even of the Com-



mittee, some of whom shook their heads and whispered doubts as to his sanity, when he energetically avowed that he could make the locomotive go at the rate of twelve miles an hour! It was so grossly in the teeth of all the experience of honourable members, that the man must certainly be labouring under a delusion."

The account given of this Parliamentary examination extends over many pages, and forms an entertaining episode in railway history. It is amusing, at this date, to see the puerile and absurd objections that were then urged against railways by sensible and highly cultivated persons, who had had no experience of their working. All this, however, must be passed over here. The Bill, as most people know, was in the first instance defeated; though, as the promoters had no design of giving it up, it was brought forward again the next year, and passed. Mr. Stephenson was now appointed engineer of the line at a salary of a thousand pounds a-year.

No sooner was this appointment conferred on him than he removed his residence to Liverpool, and made arrangements to commence the works. He began with the "impossible"—to do that which the most distinguished engineers of the day had declared that "no man in his senses would undertake to do"—namely, to make the road over Chat Moss! The drainage of the Moss was commenced in June, 1826.

"It was, indeed," says Dr. Smiles, "a most formidable undertaking; and it has been well observed that to carry a railway along, under, or over such a material as the Moss presented, could never have been contemplated by an ordinary mind. Michael Drayton supposed Chat Moss to have had its origin at the Deluge. Nothing more impassable could have been imagined than that dreary waste; and Mr. Giles (an eminent engineer) only spoke the popular feeling of the day when he declared that no carriage could stand on it 'short of the bottom.' In this bog, singular to say, Mr. Roscoe, the accomplished historian of the Medicis, buried his fortune in the hopeless attempt to cultivate it. Nevertheless, farming operations had been for some time going on, and were extending along the verge of the Moss; but the tilled ground, underneath which the bog extended, was so soft that the horses when ploughing were provided with flat-soled boots, to prevent their hoofs sinking deep into the soil."

We may judge of the difficulties of Stephenson's undertaking from what he said of it, many years afterwards, at a public meeting at Birmingham:—

"After working for weeks and weeks," said he, "in filling in materials to form the road, there did not yet appear to be the least sign of our being able to raise the solid embankment one single inch; in short, we went on filling in without the slightest apparent effect. Even my assistants began to feel uneasy, and to doubt of the success of the scheme. The directors, too, spoke of it as a hopeless task, and at length they became seriously alarmed, so much so, indeed, that a board-meeting was held on Chat Moss to decide whether I should proceed any further. They had previously taken the opinion of other engineers, who reported unfavourably. There was no help for it, however, but to go on. An immense outlay had been incurred, and great loss would have been occasioned had the scheme been then abandoned, and the line taken by another route. So the directors were compelled to allow me to go on with my plans, of the ultimate success of which I myself never for one moment

doubted. Determined, therefore, to persevere as before, I ordered the work to be carried on vigorously, and to the surprise of every one connected with the undertaking, in six months from the day on which the board had held its special meeting on the Moss, a locomotive engine and carriage passed over the very spot, with a party of the directors' friends, on their way to dine at Manchester."

The idea by which he was influenced in assuming that a safe road could be carried across the floating bog was this—"That a ship floated in water, and the moss was certainly more capable of supporting such a weight than water was, and he knew that if he could once get the material to *float*, he would succeed." That his idea was correct is considered to be proved by the fact that Chat Moss now forms the very best part of the line of railroad between Liverpool and Manchester. Nor was the cost of this part of the line expensive, the cost of formation amounting only to £28,000, and it was Mr. Giles's estimate that the work could not be done for less than £270,000!

During the progress of these works there was no lack of ridiculous rumours more or less constantly afloat respecting their certain failure, and the total impossibility of their ever being successful. The drivers of the stage-coaches, whose calling seemed in peril, brought the alarming intelligence into Manchester from time to time, that "Chat Moss was blown up!" "Hundreds of men and horses had sunk in the bog, and the works were completely abandoned!" The engineer himself was declared to have been swallowed up alive, and "railways were at an end for ever!" The originators of these alarming reports no doubt wished they might be fulfilled, and as they did not seem improbable to others, they were easily enough credited. The majority of people knew nothing about railways—they were yet affairs of mystery, and few were disposed to believe in them till they had seen them put to the proof. Stephenson, meanwhile, regardless of all absurd rumours and gainsaying, went on steadily with his work, and in due season had the satisfaction of seeing it accomplished.

It was far advanced towards completion before the Directors had determined as to the kind of tractive power to be employed upon it. They were divided in their opinions between horses, locomotives, and fixed engines. These last had many advocates, and the locomotive very few. Eminent engineers who were consulted reported unfavourably on its merits. Stephenson was almost unsupported in urging its adoption. He alone had confidence in its powers, and understood what it could be made to do. He had a long contest with the Directors ere he could bring them round to his views. Influenced, however, at length by his persistent earnestness, not less than by his arguments, they resolved to offer a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine which, on a certain day, should be produced on the railway, and perform certain specified conditions in the most satisfactory manner.

Four engines were eventually entered for the competition. On the 6th of October, 1829, the trial-match came off at Rainhill. One is not surprised to learn that "there was as much excitement as if the St. Leger were about to be run." Many thousand spectators looked on, amongst whom were included the "beauty and fashion" of the neighbourhood. Out of the four engines entered, two were withdrawn as not

fulfilling the conditions, a third broke down on trial, and the only one that stood every test and succeeded was George Stephenson's *Rocket*. Its performance is thus described by his biographer:—

"The engine was taken to the extremity of the stage, the fire-box was filled with coke, the fire lighted, and the steam raised until it lifted the safety-valve loaded to a pressure of fifty pounds the square inch. This proceeding occupied fifty-seven minutes. The engine then started on its journey, dragging after it about thirteen tons weight in wagons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained by the *Rocket* during the trial trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. The average speed at which the whole of the journeys were performed was fifteen miles an hour, or five miles beyond the rate specified in the conditions published by the Company. The entire performance excited the greatest astonishment amongst the assembled spectators. The Directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success; and George Stephenson rejoiced to think that, in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, his locomotive system was now safe. When the *Rocket*, having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the close of its day's successful run, Mr. Cropper—one of the Directors favourable to the fixed-engine system—lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, 'Now has George Stephenson at last delivered himself!'"

The *Rocket* embodied all the improvements which its constructor had been led to make, one by one, in the course of his fifteen years of previous experience. It differed from his early engines at Killingworth in one essential feature, the boiler being what is called "multitubular," which is the description of boiler still in use. The "steam-blast" and the "multitubular boiler" are indeed the two grand inventions of Stephenson's life, and form the very soul of the locomotive. "From the date of running the *Rocket* on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway," says Mr. Robert Stephenson, "the locomotive engine has received many minor improvements in detail, and especially in accuracy of workmanship; but in no essential particular does the existing locomotive differ from that which obtained the prize at the celebrated competition at Rainhill." At that date safe travelling at the rate of twenty or thirty, or, if needful, fifty or sixty miles an hour, was rendered possible to mankind.

George Stephenson was forty-eight years of age when this, the grand achievement of his lifetime, was accomplished. He lived to the age of sixty-seven years, finishing his course on the 12th of August, 1848. During these nineteen years he saw the development of the railway system in England, and throughout the world, with all its wonderful results. He himself, in conjunction with his son, laid down most of the lines in the kingdom, or was consulted in regard to their formation. His biographer well and pleasantly delineates his on-goings during these last nineteen years, when fame and fortune both were made, and he was modestly enjoying their advantages in his comfortable retreat at Tapton, in the vicinity of Chesterfield. In his latter years he lived the life of a country gentleman, enjoying his garden and his grounds, and indulging

that love of nature which, through all his busy course, had never left him. His hospitality was very great, and many were the friends who visited him at Tapton House. With them he would fight his battles for the locomotive over again ; and he was never tired of telling, nor were his auditors of listening to, the lively anecdotes with which he was accustomed to illustrate the struggles of his career. He would frequently invite to his house the humbler companions of his early life, and take pleasure in talking over old times with them.

“ He never assumed any of the bearings of a great man on these occasions ; but treated such visitors with the same friendship and respect as if they had been his equals, sending them away pleased with themselves, and delighted with him. At other times, needy men, who had known him in youth, would knock at his door, and they were never refused access. But if he had heard of any misconduct on their part, he would rate them soundly. One who knew him intimately in private life has seen him exhorting such backsliders, and denouncing their misconduct and imprudence, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. And he would generally conclude by opening his purse, and giving them the help which they needed to make a fresh start in the world.”

He liked to visit Newcastle, and on such occasions would go out to Killingworth, and seek up old friends ; and if the people whom he knew were too retiring, and shrunk into their cottages, he went and sought them there. Striking the floor with his stick, and holding his noble person upright, he would say in his kind way, “ Well, and how’s all here to-day ? ” To the last, he had always a warm heart for Newcastle and its neighbourhood.

George Stephenson, indeed, was “ one of Nature’s gentlemen,” and exhibited in his conduct all the characteristics incident to that patent of nobility. He did not think himself a genius, or seem to believe that he had done anything which other men, equally laborious and persevering as himself, could not have accomplished. He used repeatedly to say to the young men about him—“ Do as I have done—persevere ! ” He held that by perseverance all difficulties might be overcome. His life was a splendid commentary on this text ; and though we recognise in him powers of resource and combination which are not to be expected in ordinary men, we may justly commend his example—his cheerful persistency and steadfastness of purpose—to the study and imitation of all who may aspire to be distinguished by worthy or great achievements.

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# Sporting Intelligence.

## ~~~~~ SPRING RACING.

It was with pleasure we wended our way to Northampton, because the weather had become a great-coat less cold, and we knew we should witness racing in earnest, and none of those hankey-pankey tricks which throw such odium on the Spring Meetings. Northampton, your readers should know, is one of the cleanest and neatest county towns we came across in our travels ; but, as a sporting quarter, it has gone down of late years—especially since Mr. George Payne has left Selby, and given up the Pytchley, which he did in such style as we seldom see in any establishment at the present time. Probably Lord Stamford and Ashton Smith are the only Peer and Commoner that can come up to it ; but still the remembrance of the golden age of hunting haunts our recollection, and we sigh when we think over the glories of the past. Lord Spencer's death, of course, told a little on the attendance in the Steward's Stand ; but still the Upper Ten Thousand numbered in sufficient force to maintain that Goodwood and Ascot character which of late the Meeting has attained. The sport was, as we always see here, admirable, and Borderer's winning the Northampton one of those strange flukes which exhibits the glorious uncertainty of the Turf, and gives such zest to its pursuit. He was originally intended for the Metropolitan, but his part owner, the well-known sporting baker of Gracechurch-street, having been recommended by Fordham to run him to hedge some heavy bets he had taken about him, he telegraphed for him, and, to his great surprise, won six thousand by him. Certainly such riding we have rarely seen during our experience in racing as the manner in which the Bantam managed this horse—as, at one time, he looked near a quarter of a mile off his horses, and the nearest approach to such a sight that occurs to us is Alfred Day's steering Buckthorne for the Ascot Stakes. The defeat of Happy Land by Kelpie naturally created some sensation among those who had trusted the former with their money for the Derby ; but he was more in Smithfield than racing condition, and ran all over the course fighting with Fordham, suffering himself to be beaten very easily. Mr. Parr, although he won the Two-Year Old Stake with Stockham, thought Merryman, the other horse, to be so much better, that he put Nat on the latter instead of the former—a circumstance which so nettled the great Newmarket jockey, who thought advantage had been taken of his name, that he refused to ride for him afterwards, and quite a coolness exists between Mr. Parr and the other jockeys, as he gives out his lads can ride quite as well.

Croxton Park, where we went next, was more animated than usual ; and when the Duke has put off his sable robes, and Belvoir is full

of company, Croxton will re-assume that air of gaiety which at one time it wore, and which Whyte Melville has so felicitously described in the pages of "Digby Grand."

Newmarket Craven Week will never be forgotten by those who were obliged to be present at it; and great coats were as welcome, both to pedestrians, equestrians, and carriage folks, as they were to our brave Guards in the Crimea. The great match between Kent and Anton was talked of more than any other race, and lots of money was depending upon the result. Kent, home-trained by the portrait-painter, Mr. Sextie, had no more flesh on him than a greyhound, and consequently could not climb the hill at the finish like Anton, who swerved twice at least; and if Alfred Day had not struck him over the head the second last time, he would never have won; and Sir Robert Peel would have dropped a larger sum of money than he would have liked—although the Stable stood five hundred in the Stake, and several private friends a hundred each. The winner has another match with Rosa Bonheur, after which he and Kent will run on a par as geldings. In the Newmarket Handicap we saw what the Frenchmen can do with English horses, English trainers, and English jockeys—as Monarque, one of the handsomest horses we have seen of late years, won in a common canter, Nat stealing a march upon the two boys on Wouverman and Worcester, which delighted the old hands, and reminded one of the days of Buckler, Chifney, and old John Day. Owing to the severity of the weather in Yorkshire, all the north country horses were short of work, and to that circumstance we may attribute the beating of the great Middleham cracks, Vidette and Ignoramus, by Arsenal and Odd Trick.

York Spring was a good Meeting as far as sport was concerned; and the Rawcliffe sale, which was prophesied to be a failure, went off with great spirit, the Flying Dutchman's stock being in great demand with some of the Yorkshire trainers; and when this horse has good mares sent to him, he is bound to get race-horses. The most noteworthy facts here was, Charles Peek's grey horse, Physician, coming out and beating Kelpie and Antiquary in a canter, and getting first favourite for Chester cup; and Mons. Dobler, who was to have won both Cæsarewitch and Cambridgeshire, in a canter, for Mr. Drinkald was, owing to his cowardice, beaten a head, for that very good stake, the Great Northern Handicap.

The Metropolitan Day at Epsom, from its fineness, put one in mind of the Derby, and there were plenty of horses to run for every race in the card. The French again threw in with Mademoiselle Chantilly, who was in superb condition, and as quiet as a sheep; and they made almost as great a certainty of the long race with Monarque, who broke down opposite the Grand Stand, just as he was going to tackle Telegram and Worcester. Lord Chesterfield's horse was beautifully ridden, and his lordship was so excited, he joined himself in the cheering which greeted the winner; and noblemen of Lord Chesterfield's stamp win so rarely, that universal satisfaction seemed diffused around when the red-and-blue jacket was seen first past the post.

Newmarket Spring Meeting, just being held while these notes are placed on paper, was never celebrated in such favourable weather, the sun being as powerful as in July, and the heath quite as hard.

The defeat of the cracks for the Two Thousand, and the assumption by Fitzroland of the premiership for the Derby, has created an immense sensation. The pace made by Happy Land was terrific, chiefly on account of a suspicion hinted at to Fordham by Lord Ribblesdale, that he meant to pull his horse for Clydesdale, of which there was just as much probability as of his becoming a member of Parliament, and which so aroused the temper of the little article, that he replied, they should soon see what he would do; and thereupon, went sailing along four lengths first, down the Bushes Hill, in rising which he was caught by Fitzroland, who, splendidly ridden by Wells, won very easily by a length. The Peer was outpaced, to John Scott's great mortification, as he regarded his winning a certainty; and Clydesdale had a check, which was a sufficient excuse for the manner he had been peppered by the Ring, who were unflinching in their opposition to him to the last moment. Fitzroland is a very clever horse, and was amiss all last year, having had a ringbone, which is now completely cured. Sir Joseph Hawley did not win more than two thousand on him himself, as he was beaten in his trial with Beadsman a few days previously; but, just prior to the race, having had a gallop with Van Dunck, Wells was so pleased with him, that he backed him again for the Derby and for the race; and if he keeps well until Epsom, he may turn out another Teddington.

Before your next impression the Derby will have been decided, and the great riddle solved. To attempt to solve the mystery now, is too much for anyone to attempt; but if your readers stand upon Toxopholite, Hadji, Fitzroland, Happy Land, and Eclipse, they will, in all reasonable probability, have no reason to complain of having followed the advice of

ST. JAMES.

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#### UNIVERSITY FOOT-RACES.

These races, having been postponed from the 20th of March, will come off on Friday, the 21st of May, under the management of a most able, though rather youthful, Committee. Some few alterations have been made in the programme—viz., the absurd and ridiculous “hop, step, and jump” has been completely done away with, and the “standing high-leap substituted. A sack race has been introduced as a wind-up—and very good fun a well-contested sack-race is, as those who have ever seen one can testify. This, we must confess, is an improvement, as the former races decidedly required some little variety. Last, but not least, a “hurdle” race, open to all qualified to ride as Corinthians, furnishes an entirely new feature, and one which reflects great credit on the liberal spirit of the Committee. These additions and emendations will, we think, be well received by the public, with whom these races have ever been popular, for they serve to show that the Committee are not averse to improvement, as is too often the case with conducting bodies.

## YACHTING.

"THE sea ! the sea ! the open sea !—  
 That is the place where we all wish to be,  
 Rolling about on it merrily !'  
     So all sing and say  
     By night and by day,  
 In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,  
 In a sort of coxcomical roundelay ;—  
 You may roam through the city, transversely or straight,  
 From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,  
 And every young lady who thrums a guitar,  
 Ev'ry moustachio'd shopman who smokes a cigar,  
     With affected devotion,  
     Promulgates his notion,  
 Of being a 'Rover' and 'Child of the Ocean !'  
 Whatever their age, sex, or condition may be,  
 They all of them long for the 'wide, wide sea !'—  
     But, however they doat,  
     Why set them afloat  
 In any craft bigger at all than a boat—  
     Take them down to the Nore,  
     And you'll see that before  
 The 'wessel' they 'woyage' in has made half her way  
 Between Shell-Ness Point and the Pier at Herne Bay,  
 Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,  
 They'll be all of them "heartily sick of 'the sea !'"

—INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

I HAVE frequently been heartily amused at the truth of "Bard Ingoldsby's" description of some of our amateur seamen. They are indeed a wonderful race, and many exhibit individual traits of perseverance and courage, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, that in any other cause would entitle them to the "Victoria Cross."

I had the pleasure of knowing once a distinguished *outsider* of the "Pleasure Navy," who possessed a fine yacht, but was as innocent as to which end ought to be designated the stem or the stern as a Gibraltar man is of being called a "rock scorpion." He kept his fine craft in magnificent order, and with an undeniable crew, and a nice easy life they had of it ; pleasant little pic-nics to various little out-of-the-way coast-nooks, and the mainsail always furled before sun-down, in order that the "burgee" and "ensign" might come down with the flash of the evening gun. Such an orderly, comfortable, well-to-do appearance as she had—no nasty wear-and-tear, wind-and-weather look about her ; her crew, too, it was so refreshing to see the amount of tobacco-smoking they put up with ; and her skipper—there never was such a nautical dandy afloat—never disgraced himself by touching a rope, patronised shirt-sleeves as being the most comfortable attire to appear beside his master on the quarter-deck ; and rarely was that peculiarly delicate-stemmed clay-bowl, 'yclept a "London straw," absent from his ruby lips. Sir Reginald was ruled by his skipper, and was made to select



his company ; for the latter would as soon see *Elderly Nicholas* go on board as a thoroughbred rough-and-ready yachtsman.

One unlucky day Sir Reginald asked some ladies on board ; they were accompanied by a plain-looking gentleman, under a very plain name. One of the young ladies was particularly fascinating, and, I regret to be compelled to say, equally inquisitive. There was not a rope in the ship that she did not question her gallant host about—the sails, the boats, the guns, underwent minute scrutiny ; but who could find fault with such a beautiful tormentor ? There was no one present that could tell the difference ; and as the skipper did not volunteer to correct any mistakes that did not concern him, so therefore Sir Reginald drew largely on his imagination, and invented such a catalogue of strange names, and went through so many abstruse evolutions, that the ladies were struck with admiration at his nautical education, and voted unanimously that he was destined to fill a high position in the maritime state, nothing short of First Lord of the Admiralty. A champagne *dejeuné* finished up the festivities, and then his fair tormentor re-opened her fire, by declaring she *would* and *must* have a sail !

What was to be done ?—nothing but a bold face, and take the consequences. So Captain Brass was summoned from out of his comfortable cabin, where he had been dispelling *ennui* with the last number of *Bell's Life* and his "London straw," and ordered to get under weigh for a short cruise. Had a shell fallen on the deck the worthy skipper could not have been more amazed. Under weigh indeed ! oh, no !

The mainsail was coated up nice and dry, the awning was rigged, and every preparation had been completed for a lazy day ; and, in the little by-play which ensued, it was confidently asserted that the words, "See 'em blown first !" were used, with a rather strong expletive indicative of a strong desire to know if somebody thought him, Captain Brass, a *sanguinary* fool ? Now it was probable that some men, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, and who are possessed of very bad, hot tempers, would have served Captain Brass as St. Dunstan did the aforesaid Elderly Nicholas, that is, by administering

"A whack

Where the base of the tail joined the small of the back."

But Sir Reginald being young in years, and moreover of a temperament gentle as a sucking-dove, he smiled upon him the smile of peace, and persuaded his crew to give the ladies a row in the gig, and to allow him to steer, which compromise was surlily acquiesced in by Captain Brass, who muttered something about "Never any time to get things ship-shape—no end of such knocking about !"

Shortly afterwards Sir Reginald chanced to be down coast, at a certain spot, *where a few* of the "hard laid" sort most do meet. In the dusk of the evening he entered the Club House, and, from amidst a cloud of smoke, he heard a hard, wiry voice delighting a few bronzed gentlemen with the story of the visit on board the "*Juanita*." From the glimpse he got of the speaker's face, he fancied he had seen him previously, when all at once the features of the quiet, taciturn man who had accompanied his lady-visitors flashed across his memory. The shouts of laughter which momentarily arose induced the poor young baronet to retire at once, but it was so dark he might as well

hear the story out ; so, ensconcing himself in a corner, he lit a weed, and laughed himself at the story of himself, as it was told by one of the best mimics of his day, and a regular sea-dog into the bargain.

Withdrawing silently, he neither got in a passion, nor vented his feelings in any manner, save lighting another cigar, which he puffed with intense vigour. Ten minutes more saw him on the deck of his fine cutter, but instead of going quietly down to his cabin, as in olden times, all hands were ordered on deck. Captain Brass was aroused from his slumbers. Stern, quick, short orders, were shot forth with determined vigour. The crew saw something unusual was up, and Captain Brass saw it was all up with him too. The vessel was speedily under weigh, and a hard, stormy night was put through after a fashion that made all hands quake. For three months the "Juanita" remained about that station ; she seldom came to an anchor, and was always seen creeping in from sea by break of day. She gradually assumed a hardy, determined, work-wicked look ; her crew withal were merry, light-hearted fellows ; her captain was observed to be particularly smart, and always wore his jacket now on the quarter-deck ; but her owner was the mystery. Nobody could think this was the young know-nothing old "Hardquarter" had so graphically caricatured. The men swore he was a devil incarnate, for he was never so happy as in the middle of a gale ; and it was not lying on the deck he was then, but at the tiller, or lending a hand to rouse here, or pull there, or pricking off the chart, or learning something or other of the craft of yachtsmanship. Brass, too, had undergone as great a change—was ready for getting under weigh at ten minutes' notice, the spars never required two days to scrape now, and the gig was not getting a diurnal coat of paint. Sir Reginald has got through the hawse pipes now, and many a Roland he gives old Hardquarter for his Oliver.

Others there be who will cruise from Dursey Island to Doomsday, and never care more than to know that the wine-lockers are full, the cook in rude health, the steward salubrious, and the shortest run from one port to another.

But we are proud to say that the majority of our yachtsmen of the present day are something more than mere passengers on board ; and, whilst not indifferent to the substantial recreations which life renders necessary at stated periods of the day, yet still their nautical abilities do extend beyond the circumference of a gold-band, and that the brightness of their buttons is oftener dimmed by salt than by soda-water.

A few more weeks now, and the gay craft will muster strongly on the different stations.

We perceive that yachting interests are progressing in the colonies. At Sydney there was a Regatta held on the 30th of January. The Mayor presented a handsome silver cup to be contended for, to which were added a sweepstakes of five guineas each. There were six entries, but only four came to the starting-buoys — viz., the Annie Ogle, the Surprise, the Eclipse, and the Enchantress. The Mischief and the Frolic did not put in an appearance. After a well-contested match, the Annie Ogle, of 17 tons, was declared the winner. She was built by Mr. Reynolds in the colony.

## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD RACE.—No. II.

## THE FLOWER OF THE RED BRANCH.

## CHAPTER III.

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“Long, long ago, beyond the misty space  
 Of twice a thousand years,  
 In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,  
 Taller than Roman spears;  
 Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,  
 Were fleet as deers.”

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A HUNDRED torches blazed in the Great Hall of the Red Branch, glancing brightly from the shining arms that hung on the walls, and lighting up the many-coloured banners that drooped above them; and all up the long tables glittered the rich spoils of the stranger. Strong mead foamed in bright-hooped quaighs of polished yew, and the dark wine of the *Firbolga*\* sparkled in silver and brazen goblets. Long will Erin look ere she behold again the peers of those who met that night beneath that royal roof-tree. On hard-fought field and rolling wave they bought their right of entrance. There sat “*Celtehar of the Battles*,” and “*Laeghairé the Victorious*,” *Munremar*, *Cethern*, and the grey head of royal *Amergin*; there were the seven noble sons of *Fergus*, and three fair princes of the blood-royal of *Ulster*—*Cormac the Strong*, *Glaisné*, and *Irial*. There towered the giant bulk of *Connal Cearnach*, his dark locks clustering on his broad forehead like a curled wild bull. Next him rose the graceful form of *Athairné*, the sweetest poet, but the haughtiest heart, in Erin. His gold armlets clashed as he swept his harp with easy, flying touch, while, with dark flashing eye, he sung how *Leinster* mourned her insult to his pride, for which her best blood drenched the heights of *Edar*,† and her gallant king fell beneath the victor arm of *Connal*. Above him sat *Cuchullin the Generous*, after the sons of *Usna* the fairest form and noblest soul of all the Red Branch. There, too, scowled the low brow and fierce small eyes of *Barach*, the son of *Leidé*; he was brave as a hungry wolf, but he was as greedy too, and would give blood for gold. And many a hero more was there, whose name still lives in Erin’s song, though his green cairn, long ages since, is level with the lowly sod. Far up the hall, but full fronting the wide entrance, rose the massive stone chair whereon the winner of the games was wont to take his seat as master of the feast. On either side of it sat *Ardan* and *Ainlé*. But whose is the noble form that towers between them

\* *Fir-bolg-iri Belgici*, or *Belgæ*. The *Celtic*, or *Belgic*, inhabitants of Gaul, who also colonised many parts of the British isles.

† *Ben Edar*, now the Hill of Howth,

like a royal pine? His heavy chestnut locks cluster to his shoulders, and the calmness of inborn majesty rests on his broad fair forehead, and his full eye sparkles with noble thoughts, as, bending forward, he listens to the swelling song of Athairné—"Gentle, brave, and beautiful, there is none in Erin like thee, Naisi, flower of the sons of Usna; and the sons of Usna are THE FLOWER OF THE RED BRANCH."

As the clear sweet voice of Athairné ended, the wild notes of Clann Rudri's war-song came pealing through the doorway. Then the warriors rose up in their places, and, amidst the clash of shields and ringing clang of sword-blades, the King of Ulster entered the Hall of the Red Branch. The royal diadem glittered on his brow, and the folds of his fallin (mantle) were fastened on his breast by a torque of massive gold; and though dark thoughts gathered in his eye, and knitted his brow, he looked, in every step, a monarch, as he strode up the hall to the King's seat, midway on the eastern side. Standing on the uppermost step, he glanced round proudly on that noble assembly, and, raising himself to the full height of his mighty stature, he said—

"Princes and warriors, your keen blades have rusted long in boars' and wolves' blood, but I have tidings whereat they will brighten in their scabbards. The dark ships of Meva the Wanton are ploughing our waters, and her savage hordes are trampling our soil. But already the eagles of Rathlinn are screaming for blood, and if they be not glutted before another moon, the shame lie with the Red Branch. Let a leader be chosen to-night, for the clans must be mustered, and the hosting must move northward with the breaking dawn. When next we meet, my heroes, it must be to choose a wearer for the crown of Connaught."

When the king ceased speaking, then pealed forth a shout that shook those lofty rafters, and taking the golden cup from the hands of Cuchullin, he drank the *doch-an-dhurrus*; and, as he strode down the hall, his glance met the scowling eye of Barach in one dark meaning look. And so he passed forth from the Red Branch.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE IMBAS FOR OSNA.

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"By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers  
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

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THE king's couch of fragrant heath was laid in the entrance-chamber of the Palace, and over it was spread the rich broad skins of the forest deer; but the king's thoughts were not such as bring sleep to innocent toil. The torch above his head flickered in the night breeze, and its

wavering light fell on a man that stood before him. He was tall and strong-limbed, his face was stained with the red dye of the alder, and his left arm was bound in the folds of a blood-stained mantle; he was speaking fast and earnestly, and there was a cursed look of hatred in his eye, and his lower lip quivered with bitter malice—

"After he had slain my fosterers with his sling, we fought till our swords were shivered, and the ground was trampled round us as by two mountain bulls."

"But methinks, friend," said the king, "thou hast left small mark of thy prowess upon thine enemy; he was here to-night, and not a curl is shorn from his dainty head."

"Because the cursed hound hung on my left arm, and well-nigh tore it from the socket. But he will never boast again of Luath's speed, for I left the brute wallowing in her heart's-blood beside old Angus."

"Thou hast thy revenge, then," said the king, with a cold dark sneer; "the dog's life is fair *eric*\* for thy two foster-brethren."

The strong frame of the other trembled with passion.

"Never! May the pale fire wither me if I leave his track by night or day, in field or forest, till I leave him on his back stark and stiff, as poor Muirhis and Donal Roe are lying now, with their cold eyeballs staring up into the night!"

"Cherish thy vengeance, then, and practise thy shooting," said the king. "Hence! get food and sleep, and put on thy fool's face again, for I have other work for thee to-morrow."

Then the man went forth, muttering between his set teeth; but the king lay long with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed motionless on the ground; and the pine-torch burned low, and flickered, and went out; and the cold white moonlight streamed into the chamber. Then the king looked up, and a strange shudder passed over him; and, wrapping himself in a mantle, he went forth, and looked out into the night.

One solitary camp-fire was glimmering far down upon the plain, but all the world beside was sleeping in the calm moonlight. And the gentle murmuring of the night-wind through the woods came up to his ears like the long-forgotten memories of the past; and with a heavy sigh he turned towards the path that led down the rath side. But even as he came near the hazel grove, his heart bounded, stood still, and then throbbed like thunder in his breast; and a tingling shiver passed over every limb, and the cold drops burst out upon his brow. And yet a stouter soul than Ulster's king's ne'er rose in danger. What is it appals him now?

Gliding slowly under the shadow of the wood came a figure clothed in a dark mantle, but the broken moonlight glanced through the trees on a fair pale face and golden hair. It passed inwards towards the women's gate.

"Speak!" cried the king hoarsely; "why dost thou come?"

Rage struggled with horror in his face, and then clenching his teeth, and raising his javelin—though it trembled in his hand like a reed in

\* *Eric* was the term, in the Brehon code, for the compensation exacted for criminal offences. Capital punishment was not in use.

the tempest—he hurled it at the figure as it passed through the dark entrance. The weapon struck the strong oak door-post with a heavy jar, and the next day the strongest man in the royal guard could not tear it forth.

But the king sprang madly down the pathway, and, well-high falling over the drowsy sentinel on the outer causeway of the rath, he rushed out into the plain. There he halted suddenly, as if in shame for his headlong flight; and facing fiercely round, he looked up defiantly, as though he would dare pursuit. But he only saw the rath, with its white buildings rising fair and tall against the dark sky, and, turning, he bent his steps, pondering deeply as he went, to the great fire-tower by the old wood of Kimbaeth.

Thrice the height of a tall man from the ground was the level of the dark entrance, and the king ascended slowly the broad wooden steps that reached it, and struck loudly on the strong oaken door with the hilt of his skean. A shrill voice from within answered quickly, demanding his name and wishes, and the king said, "Connor Mac Nessa would speak with Cathbad the Seer." Then the heavy bars fell, and the door opened slowly inward, and a yellow glare mingled with the pale moonlight.

The roof of the chamber was lofty, and the walls were hung with curtains of dark red linen. On the floor lay many strange and unwarlike implements, and a great white owl flapped softly round the wall, as if disturbed by the presence of the stranger. An earthen pan in the centre of the room, placed on a small pillar, and filled with resin and goat's-fat, blazed like a torch; and by its light an aged man was tracing mysterious signs on a blackened board. His eyebrows and hair were white as the drifted snow, and so was the beard that swept his girdle; but the fire of undying youth was in his black full eye, and his spare tall frame was straight as an ancient pine. Not so his strange companion. Though eighteen returning summers had ripened his mind beyond the common strength of manhood, they had but stunted and deformed his body. His head scarce reached to the king's girdle as he stood before him; his limbs were small and delicate, and his face was pale, but full of the thoughts of his soul, as a mountain lake reflects the shadows of the sky.

None knew whence came Cahal Caoum. But it fell on a day, three winters back, that Naisi the son of Usna was returning from the chase. A chilling breeze swept the northern moors, and roared through the ancient forests; and as Naisi came down through the waving pines of Gaira into Eman's sheltered plains, he heard loud voices and laughter before him, and he saw a crowd of men and women, and bare-legged noisy boys, jostling and pressing round the sacred well of Iska Bán. Upon the great stone that rises above the well, there sat a little shivering figure, with crooked body, and limbs as small and slight as those of a mountain kid. The biting breeze pierced his scanty clothing and shook his delicate frame, and he gazed with wonder and terror on the fierce wild faces round him; and by his side was perched a solemn white owl, who blinked on that assembly with sad and reflective wisdom.

A low-browed dark man, with twinkling black eyes, came near the little creature, and leaning his hands on his knees, bent forward to examine him, timorously yet curiously, even as a young hound first ap-

proaches a dead wolf. Then turning to the expectant faces round, he said, "'Tis he; he passed through Orion two moons since, and the Tamh\* followed him, so that the people died like murrain-stricken cattle."

Now the speaker was one who charmed diseases, and compounded physics from bitter herbs and other nauseous things, and he had well nigh slain all the sick in Uladh with his filthy potions; but (as is the custom with the ignorant) the more he slew, the more the remainder feared him, and believed in him; so they drew back shudderingly from the boy. A little chubby child had crept close to the stone, and he looked up wonderingly into the old young face, and put his small plump fingers in the hand of the outcast, white and thin it was, and almost as small as his own.

But the mother caught her son, and drew him back in wild terror. "The God protect thee from the evil eye, my child!" she cried.

"The cursed imp will pollute the sacred well; let us drag him forth!" said a big *brugaidh*,† pressing back timorously against the crowd.

And another said, "He is one of the remnant of those black sorcerers of the Tuatha de Danaann,‡ and the foul bird beside him is his fellow; they always go twain, and will change their shapes even while you are watching them. Let us send for Dubthach the priest, to exorcise him."

"No need to send so far, said a bold-looking boy, with a mischievous laugh; "here is Rori the jester, who can do it as well."

"Ay, Rori, Rori!" cried the people. "Let Rori curse the imp."

Then Rori came, with his cheeks drawn in, and his eyes turned up, and his body puffed out, after the manner of Dubthach the priest. And the boys clapped their hands and laughed; and, raising his voice, in a loud and lamentable tone he poured forth an incantation in a strange and unknown tongue. Then, going close to the wanderer, he placed one hand roughly in the thin soft curls of his hair, and thrusting his head back thereby, he ceased his exorcism, and spat in the boy's face. Then the little creature sprang to his feet, an angry red spot burning in each pale cheek like a stormy sunrise, and his eyes swimming in tears, though his lips curled with bitter indignation, and, clenching his small hand, he struck Rori full in the face.

"Ha!" cried the jester, "the cursed rat would bite; we must draw his teeth. Here, boys, we will fix him up for a mark for your shooting, and this handsome bird shall reward him that hath the truest eye."

But as he stooped to seize the boy, a hand, as of iron, grasped him by the shoulder, and whirling him round, threw him backwards, so that he stumbled and fell among the people; but, rolling over like a wild cat, he rose in an instant, and turned pale with fury upon his assailant.

Towering above them all by the head, but graceful as a sapling oak, with heaving chest, and forward foot, and flashing eye, stood Naisi the

\* *Tamh*, pronounced Thaur—Plague. These visitations were common, according to our early history.

† *Brugaidh*—Farmer or stockowner.

‡ The *Tuatha de Danaann* were said to have been a race of sorcerers who opposed the landing of the Milesians in Ireland, scattering their fleets by magic storms which they raised, but they were afterwards subdued by the invaders.

son of Usna. And the jester quailed before that royal form like a beaten hound.

Then Naisi stooping took the boy's hand; but the cunning man who charmed diseases, cried hastily, "Touch him not, noble sir; he will wither thy bones and fire thy blood with subtle venom."

And Naisi answered, "Nay, friend, it is not my destiny to die by poison, since I recovered from the filthy death-broth which thou gavest me, when I lay wounded at Dundalgan."\*

Nevertheless, the words of the man moved him so that he drew back his hand; but the boy turned his full clear eye upon Naisi, and in that glance two noble souls read each the other. And, raising him gently, the son of Usna took him in his arms; and the owl also knew, by his wisdom, that he had found a friend, and, flapping up softly from the stone, he perched with boldness on Naisi's shoulders. Then the people, as is their wont, changed like the summer breeze, and shouted for Naisi, and blessed him for his kindness; and he went, with his strange burden, to the dwellings of Clan Usna. So Cahal Caoum dwelt with the sons of Usna, and, because he was wise and gentle, the people loved him; for the sons of Usna were loved by all the men of Erin, save alone by Clan Rudri, which was the royal clan, and hated them for their favour with the people. But when Naisi and his brothers went to the wars, they delivered Cahal to the keeping of Fedleihm, the arch-priest; so he dwelt in the Fire Towers, with Cathbad the Seer; for they had found in him the gift of prophecy. Now Cathbad and the owl slept by day; but in the night they were wakeful and full of wisdom.

So the king found these three in the red chamber of the Fire Tower, and he bent his head before the Seer, and said, "Father, the moon of Baaltinné is waning white in the west, and the time is arrived for reading the unborn destinies of the future."

And Cathbad fixed his calm, piercing eyes steadily upon the king, and answered, "The birds sing sweetly at noon in the wood of Kimbaeth, and the kids bound playfully on the plains of Ardmacha, because they know not of the coming winter; but the labouring bee toils ever by reason of his knowledge, and the prize of his toil brings him but death and pillage. King of Ulster, the clouds on thy brow are not those which, like the summer mist, enfold the brightness of the young morning. Alas, man! if that which is within thy present vision thus presses down the wrinkles on thy forehead, how wilt those bear the future. I can give thee knowledge, but I cannot give thee endurance."

But the king answered, "He who has dared to look on the unburied past fears not the dreary future. A memory of bygone years has come to me this night, unbidden, which thy darkest vision cannot blot out."

Then Cathbad shook his head sorrowfully, and bade the king sit down in silence, and he said, "We will seek the Imbas for Osna."†

\* Now Dundalk: it was the residence of Cuchullin, a famous hero of the brotherhood of the Red Branch, and cousin to the Sons of Usna.

† The Imbas for Osna was a mode of divination among the ancient Irish (resembling modern measmorism) wherein the dreamer was visited with second sight.



And, setting Cahal with his face towards the east, he placed in his hands a small silver shield, burnished so that it shone like sleeping water, and told him to look earnestly therein ; and he placed his hands on Cahal's head, and thus they remained long in silence, and Cahal's eyes closed in heavy sleep. Then the Seer took the king's hand and laid it on Cahal's, but the boy cried out and thrust it back quickly as though it wounded him, and the Seer asked him why he did so, and he answered, " It is the hand of one who hates those whom I love."

Then the Seer beckoned to the king to remain motionless, and he said to Cahal, " Look now to the east, to the Rath of Eman, and tell me what thou seest." And the boy's eyes were closed in sleep, but he answered, " I see the Great Rath, and the Hall of the Red Branch, and the king's house, but the Hall of the Red Branch is cleft in twain, as by heaven's fire. And within it I see three pale, long-haired corpses. And the women are keening over them ; but I cannot know their features in the darkness. And far up in heaven, in the blue sky, right over the palace, I see a fearful cloud all glowing angry red. Slowly, slowly, it sinks upon Eman." Then he shuddered, and said, " There is a vein of blood ! 'tis streaming down the white walls ; I hear it plashing on the stones ! But now I can see no more, for the dark red mist is hanging even to the ground."

Then Cathbad said, " King of Ulster, hast thou heard enough ?"

And the king's face was pale and rigid as though he had been dead, and the cold drops glistened on his brow, but his mouth was set hard and firm, and his lips curled scornfully, as he said, " He hath well learned his task ; let him finish it. I would hear of future ages."

And Cathbad's face was stern and sad ; and he remained long silent, with his hands on the boy's head. And then he said, " Look now towards Eman, and tell me what seest thou ?" And Cahal answered slowly and whisperingly, " Eman is no longer. The plain is a forest, and the places of the Green Rath is a low brown hill. And there is no pleasant sunshine, but a leaden cloud over the land. And I hear the clash of swords and the cries of death, and anon the roar of flames. And I see strange flashes of lurid light." And he muttered lowly to himself, and then became silent.

Then, after a space, Cathbad asked him again, " What canst thou see now ?" And he answered, shuddering, " Blood, blood ! blood and flame." And, with a fearful cry, he awoke, and, looking up at Cathbad, said, " Master the shield is clouded to-night. I can see nothing," for he knew not that he had slept.

But the Seer answered, " Thou hast seen even too much, boy, get thee to sleep." Then, looking upon the king, he saw that the veil of inward thought was upon his eyes, and he forbore to speak. So the king sat long like one in a trance ; but when the grey light of morning glimmered through the eastern window, he rose and went forth, but spoke not.

## THE ROMANCE OF ART.

## CARAVAGGIO AND RIBERA.

Two great schools of painting exercised a paramount influence on Italian art for a period of about one hundred years, extending from the middle of the sixteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth. At the commencement of this period, Art had for some time been declining, except in the schools of Venice; mannerism and affectation had replaced the pure and fervent faith of the earlier masters, and the deep love of beauty and high sense of the dignity of their vocation which had animated those who succeeded them. From this state of degradation, Painting was for a time raised up by the efforts of a number of great men, belonging to the Eclectic and Naturalist schools, whose views of Art and methods of working were diametrically opposed, and who were actuated by the strongest feelings of jealousy and dislike towards each other; feelings which manifested themselves not only in the fair and natural rivalry of striving to surpass each other in pictorial excellence, but also, in the case of the Naturalists, led to the employment of the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup, ever too ready instruments of Italian vengeance, but which should never have disgraced the peaceful and beautiful art of painting. Bologna was the principal seat of the Eclectic school, established by the Carracci; Naples of the Naturalist, founded by Caravaggio and Ribera. The aim of the former was to collect into one perfect and harmonious whole the various beauties observable in the works of the great masters of the brightest era of Italian art; that of the latter, to imitate nature with absolute and indiscriminating fidelity, copying her defects as well as her beauties. Selection was the guiding principle of the one, imitation of the other; and in both there was truth and vitality, mixed up with falsehood and conventionalism. The Eclectics forgot that invention and originality are the very soul and essence of genius, which, fettered by cold and formal rules, and set to gather from this school its style of drawing, from that its method of colour, and from a third its system of chiaroscuro, soon becomes lifeless and mechanical, and loses that individuality and power which ought to characterise it. The Naturalists forgot that indiscriminate imitation, however successful, is but low and second-rate art, and that the object of the highest efforts of painting ought to be, to produce in the mind of the beholder those emotions which the sight of the original would call forth, rather than to deceive him by the production of a momentary illusion induced by fidelity of colour and power of chiaroscuro. These two schools were, as we have said, animated by mutual and bitter hostility; but, in spite of this, they exercised considerable influence upon each other, so that the works of some of their followers bear such a strong resemblance to both, as to render it somewhat difficult to determine, by external evidence alone, to which school they actually belonged. Both also produced great painters; among the first of whom stand Caravaggio and

Ribera, the founders of the Naturalist school of Naples, whose lives are characterised by that variety of incident and strangeness of adventure which entitle them to a place in the Romance of Art.

Michael Angelo Amerighi was born at Caravaggio in the Milanese, in 1569, a place which is also remarkable as having given birth to Polidoro Caldara, a painter of great and graceful genius. Both of these artists were of lowly birth, and carried mortar in their youth, elevating themselves from that servile occupation solely by the force and energy of their genius. The father of Caravaggio followed the trade of a mason, and was accustomed to prepare plaster for the use of the fresco-painters at Milan; and his son, being thus early introduced into the company of artists, and having their works constantly before his eyes, soon became inspired with a passion for Art, while his natural genius was so extraordinary, that, without systematic study, without the teaching of any particular master, without a knowledge of anatomy or of the antique, but solely from an attentive and a loving examination of nature, he rapidly became a great painter. Nature, indeed, was his goddess, devoutly and constantly worshipped. He painted from her alone, without selection and without addition, giving the ugly and the mean as well as the beautiful. During four or five years, he devoted himself to portrait-painting, and his likenesses were distinguished for their power and truth. He imitated defects as well as beauties, and carried this slavish adherence to nature into the higher department of historical painting. On one occasion, some fine antique statues were pointed out to him as the fittest models for one who aspired to become a great painter. His only answer was to point to the passers-by, and assert that nature had given the best models. Then, in order to give point to his words, he called to him a gipsy who happened to be in the street, led her to a tavern, and there painted an admirable picture of her, in which she is represented in the characteristic act of fortune-telling.

Caravaggio entertained a very high opinion of his own talents as a painter, and affected to despise the works of his contemporaries; and this haughtiness, together with his violent temper, made many enemies, and involved him in frequent quarrels, in consequence of which he was obliged to fly from Milan and take refuge in Venice. There he derived very great benefit from the study of the works of Giorgione, and some of the pictures which he painted at this period are much superior, in point of harmony and softness of colouring, to the darker and more striking works of his later years. After making some stay at Venice, he repaired to Rome; and, being too poor to pay for a model, was reduced to the necessity of working in the atelier of the Cavalier Guiseppe Arpino, who employed him in painting flowers and fruit, in which he displayed extraordinary excellence and truthfulness of imitation; painting, among other subjects, a jar of flowers sprinkled with the freshest dew, in which the transparency of the glass and the water, and the effects of reflected light, were most exquisitely portrayed. He, however, disliked this sort of work, and soon left Arpino and entered the studio of a painter named Prospero, who praised him everywhere, and, at the same time, derived considerable profit from the works which he executed whilst in his school.

It has always been one of the principal aims and triumphs of painting to give the utmost possible roundness and relief to objects depicted on a flat surface, and to present these objects in the most effective manner, as Nature herself does. This gift Caravaggio possessed in the highest degree; his chiaroscuro is powerful and telling, and his colouring, in general, truthful and harmonious. He was in the habit of admitting the sun only by a single aperture placed at a considerable height, thus causing it to pass through the darkened atmosphere of his studio; and, in this way, he obtained a great breadth of shadow, powerful relief, and the utmost brilliancy for his narrow lights. His shadows, however, are often too dark, and there is too much brown in his half-tints and carnations, which gives to many of his pictures an appearance of obscurity. "His figures," says Lanzi, "inhabit dungeons, illuminated from above by only a single and melancholy ray. His backgrounds are always dark, and the actors are all placed in the same line, so that there is little perspective in his pictures; yet they enchant us, from the powerful effect which results from the strong contrast of light and shade."

The character of Caravaggio was coarse and violent, and seems to have borne a considerable resemblance to that of his Spanish contemporary, the elder Herrera, one of the greatest artists of Andalusia, but whose ungovernable passions drove first his pupils and then his own children from his house. Caravaggio was constantly engaged in some quarrel, and was always ready to appeal to the sword, in the use of which he was well skilled. He challenged the Cavalier Giuseppe Arpino, who excused himself on the ground that he was not bound to meet an inferior in rank; and, in a broil at the racket-court, he killed a young man on the spot, a homicide which compelled him to quit Rome and to take refuge in Naples. He afterwards went to Malta, where he was introduced to the Grandmaster Vignacourt, of whom he painted a magnificent portrait, and also executed for the Cathedral a noble picture of the decollation of St. John. For these works he was rewarded with the knightly cross, to which the Grandmaster added a rich gold chain and two slaves. He might have remained at Malta in possession of affluence and public approbation, had not his passionate temperament involved him in a quarrel with a noble knight of the order, in consequence of which he was thrown into prison; from which, however, he contrived to escape and make his way to Sicily, where he remained for some time, supporting himself by the exercise of his art, and then crossed the straits to Messina. But misfortune dogged his steps. He revisited Naples, intending to remain there until the Grandmaster, to whom he had sent a fine picture, should consent to pardon him. One day, however, he was attacked by some soldiers near the door of his lodging and wounded in the face; on which he determined to embark immediately in a felucca which was bound for Rome. But no sooner had he reached the shore, than he was arrested by the Spanish guard, who mistook him for another person for whom they were lying in wait. By them he was conducted to prison, but liberated after a short detention, on the mistake being discovered. In the meantime, however, the felucca, with all his property on board, had set sail without him; and thus reduced to despair, and a prey to grief and anxiety, the un-

fortunate artist wandered along the shore, exposed to a burning sun, until he reached Ponte Ercole, where he was attacked by a malignant fever, which in a few days terminated his romantic and stormy career. He died at the early age of forty, in the year 1609, a year which also witnessed the deaths of two other great Italian painters, Frederigo Zuccherò and Annibale Caracci.

In manners, dress and appearance, Caravaggio was coarse and careless, and had for a pet a huge dog as rough as himself. He was fond of a tavern life; and it is related of him that on one occasion, having no money to pay the score, he defrayed it by painting a sign for "mine host," a resource to which several of his brethren of the brush, of like habits, have since been compelled to resort in similar emergencies. Caravaggio, undoubtedly, stands at the head of the Naturalists; he recalled Art from mannerism to truth, and his school does not afford an instance of a single bad colourist. Annibale Caracci used to say of him "that he did not paint but grind flesh." He has indeed often erred from his want of refinement in choice of subjects, and too great love of striking and violent contrasts of light and shade; "but," says an eminent critic,\* "as long as the picture of 'The Entombing of Christ in the Chiesa Nuova at Rome' may be appealed to; as long as the 'Pilgrims kneeling before the Madonna with the Child in her arms,' of 'Saint Agostino at Rome,' shall retain their tone, or the 'Infant Jesus,' once in the Spada Palace, crushing the serpent's head, shall resist the ravages of time, it will be difficult to produce in similar works of any other master or any other school, from Leonardo down to Rembrandt, a system of chiaroscuro which shall equal the severe yet mellow energy of the first, the departing evening ray and veiled glow of the second, or, with unimpaired harmony, the bold decision of masses, and stern light and shade of the third."

We shall now, for a short time, follow the fortunes of Guiseppe Ribera, better known by his Italian designation of "Spagnoletto," or the little Spaniard, given him when he first came to Italy, on account of his youth and small stature. He was almost equally popular in his own time in Spain and Italy, and disputes with Caravaggio the honour of being the greatest master among the Naturalists. He was born on the 12th of January, 1588, at the small town of Xativa, situated in one of the most delightful districts of Spain, overlooking the plain of Valentia, that green and smiling paradise of fruits and flowers, where the Albarda and Guadamar sparkle like silver threads amidst the foliage, and the white country-houses seem like sails on a sea of verdure. Domenici, indeed, in his "Lives of the Neapolitan Painters," has claimed Ribera as an Italian, and has attempted to fix his birthplace at Gallipoli, on the Gulf of Otranto; but the indefatigable and accurate Cean Bermudez has settled the question by discovering the register of his baptism, which shows that he was born at Xativa. His parents intended him for one of the learned professions, and sent him to prosecute his studies at the University of Valentia; but the strong natural bent of his genius led him to neglect his studies, and become a pupil in the school of Francisco Ribalta, where he showed much promise of future excel-

\* Fuseli—Lecture vi.

lence. At a very early age, however, he seems to have left Spain, and made his way to Italy; and we find him at Rome, almost destitute of the means of subsistence, but still, with the strength of will which characterised him, seeking for improvement as an artist, by copying the frescoes on the exterior of the buildings. One morning a cardinal, who was passing along in his coach, observed a poor ragged lad absorbed in drawing; and, on examining his work, was so much struck by the ability which it displayed, that he provided him with good clothes, and lodged him in his palace. That lad was Ribera, who, in his dependent and servile, though comfortable position, found himself less happy than when, clad in rags, he had copied frescoes in the streets of Rome. He felt his powers of application weakened by a life of luxury, and the withdrawal of the stimulus to exertion, and therefore quitted the household of his generous protector, and returned to poverty and independence. His talents and originality soon began to attract attention, and mark him out from the crowd of young aspirants to pictorial distinction. The bent of his genius at first attracted him to the powerful and striking manner of Caravaggio; but a study of the works of Raphael and Annibale Caracci, at Rome, and of those of Coreggio, during a visit which he paid to Modena and Parma, improved and softened his style; so that some of the pictures which he painted while under the influence of their example, are among the most graceful and agreeable of his works. One of the finest specimens of this his early manner is the "Deposition from the Cross," in the sacristy of San Martino, at Naples,\* a noble painting, which rivals the best specimens of Italian art. But the manner of Caravaggio, with its striking contrasts of light and shade, and its true and forcible imitation of nature, was more suited to the genius of Ribera, and more calculated to attract the vulgar eye; and to it he soon returned, and remained faithful for the remainder of his career.

At this period Rome was overcrowded with artists, many of whom were men of high talent; and Ribera, looking around for a field in which there was less competition, and further induced by a quarrel in which he had got involved with Domenichino, left the Eternal City, and repaired to Naples. Even at this time, he was so poor that he was obliged to leave some of his clothes in pawn to pay his score at his inn, and to obtain money for the journey. But better fortune was in store for him; at first he obtained employment from the *ripenditori*, or picture-dealers, one of the richest of whom, seeing in his works a sure promise of future success, offered him his daughter in marriage; and the poor foreign artist thus obtained a handsome and well-dowered wife, and a father-in-law who could secure him a fair field for his future exertions. Ease and affluence, however, instead of relaxing, stimulated his energies, so that he was soon acknowledged to be the best painter in Naples, and one of his works attracting the viceregal notice and approbation, the road to fashion and fame was thenceforth a smooth one. He had painted a picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, with an angel bearing to him the martyr's crown, and had placed it on a fête-day in a public place adjoining the palace; the power and truth of the painting

\* The Carthusian Convent of St. Martino contains the most valuable specimens of the Neapolitan school of the seventeenth century.

attracted an admiring crowd, and the Viceroy, observing the unusual concourse from a balcony, sent out to inquire its cause, and on learning it, desired that the picture should be brought for his inspection. It was accordingly placed, before him, and he was so struck with its extraordinary merits, that he bought it at once; and learning that the artist was a Spaniard, immediately appointed him the court-painter, with a salary of sixty doubloons a month. Thus elevated by genius, and supported by powerful patrons, Ribera soon became absolute dictator in all matters connected with Art in Naples, and we wish we could say that he made a good use of his power. But, on the contrary, history has recorded that he terribly abused it, and made it a means of gratifying personal malice and paltry jealousy. Indeed the state of Art in Naples during his time, furnishes perhaps the most disgraceful scene in the whole annals of painting.

Ribera was the acknowledged head of the Naturalists, and determined to prevent, by every means in his power, the interference of artists belonging to other schools, and especially to the Eclectic, with anything connected with painting that was to be executed in Naples. His principal followers and partisans in this nefarious plot were two ruffianly painters—Bellisario Correnzio, a Greek, originally formed in Venice in the school of Tintoretto, and Giambattista Caracciolo. The former of these had a fertile imagination and wonderful rapidity of hand; but his disposition was insolent and overbearing, and he was known, through jealousy, to have poisoned Luigi Roderigo, the most promising and amiable of his pupils. He had also been guilty of another disgraceful action which caused the death of one of Italy's greatest artists. Annibale Caracci had arrived at Naples in 1609, charged with the decoration of the churches of Spirito Santo and Gesù Nuovo; and, in order to give a specimen of his powers, had painted a small but beautiful picture of a Madonna, which was submitted to the judgment of the Greek and his faction, and pronounced by them to be an inferior production. The tasteless Jesuit fathers, however, transferred the commission from the great Bolognese to his envious detractor, upon which the former, justly indignant at their breach of good faith and at the slight offered to his genius, set out for Rome in the hottest season of the year, and soon after his arrival died from the effects of fatigue and exposure. Such were the heads of the "Fazione dei pittori," or factions of the painters, who made the brightest era of Neapolitan art, so far as regards the talents of those who signalized it, the darkest and most disgraceful, on account of the scandalous artifices and infamous crimes with which it was polluted.

A committee had been appointed by the Neapolitans, with the title of "Cavalieri Deputati," to superintend the decorations of the great chapel of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, which contains the two celebrated flasks of the congealed blood of the saint, whose annual liquefaction tests the faith and inflames the piety of the inhabitants of that "fidelissima città." The Cavaliere Arpino was first chosen for the task; but he had no sooner commenced it, than he was assailed with abuse, and all kinds of persecutions and menaces, by Ribera and his two ruffianly associates, and at length driven to take refuge with the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. The celebrated Guido succeeded him; but

he fared no better than his predecessor, his servant being waylaid and severely beaten by hired bravoës, and he himself warned, that if he ventured to proceed with the decoration of St. Januarius, a similar fate was in store for him, upon which he judged it prudent to throw up his commission, and fly from Naples. Gessi, an able scholar of Guido, then applied for and obtained the post of honor and danger, and arrived in Naples accompanied by two assistants named Battista Ruggieri and Lorenzo Menini. Scarcely however had these assistants arrived, when they were inveigled on board a galley, which immediately set sail and carried them off, nor could their master, though he made repeated inquiries, both at Rome and Naples, obtain any intelligence of their fate. He then, like his predecessors, abandoned his task in disgust and despair. Ribera and his friends now thought their triumph complete, and indeed the frescoes were now assigned by the committee to Corenzio and Caracciolo, and the altar-pieces reserved for their chief, Ribera; but before they could begin their labors, the committee, repenting of their weak compliance, withdrew the commission from the ruffianly triumvirate, and assigned it to the famous Domenichino, who reluctantly accepted the perilous task, for which he was to receive the munificent reward of 100 ducats for every whole-length figure, for every half-length 50 ducats, and for each head 25 ducats. He was also further guaranteed by the committee, and by the Spanish Viceroy, the Count Monterey, against the violence of Ribera and his faction. But all was in vain; he was not, indeed, openly assailed like his predecessors, but the voice of detraction and malice was constantly raised against him. His character was calumniated, his talents undervalued, ashes were mixed with his colors, and no means left untried to render his existence miserable and drive him from his post. The Viceroy was induced to commission pictures from him for the King of Spain, which were carried to the palace half finished, and there retouched and altered by Ribera at his pleasure, and then, in that mutilated condition, sent off to Spain. Thus exposed to perpetual persecutions and misrepresentations, Domenichino left his noble picture of "The Martyrdom of St. Januarius," and fled to Rome; but he was induced to return by his employers, and additional precautions taken to secure his safety. After his return, he made considerable progress with his work, but at length sunk under the renewed persecutions to which he was exposed, and died in 1641, not without strong suspicions of poison. It is some satisfaction to know that Ribera and his gang did not, after all, gain possession of the chapel, for which they had striven with such determination, and loaded their souls with such a weight of crime. Caracciolo died the same year as Domenichino, Correnzio two years later, and Ribera executed only a single altar-piece from the history of St. Januarius; while a stranger—Lanfranco, a pupil of the Eclectic school—executed the fine frescoes of the dome, and finished the chapel.

But the jealousy and vindictiveness of Ribera were not confined to artists of rival schools. He also persecuted with the utmost bitterness Massimo Stanzione, one of the greatest ornaments of Neapolitan painting, and who in some of his works, such as the pictures in the Chapel of St. Bruno, in the Carthusian Convent of San Martino, manifests an elevated beauty and repose, a noble simplicity and clearness of



line, and an excellence of colour, not often found united in the productions of his school. On one occasion in particular, Ribera allowed his jealousy of this artist to drive him to commit an act of singular meanness. Stanzione had painted over the principal entrance of San Martino a dead Christ between the Marys, which had become somewhat obscured; and Ribera, having persuaded the monks to allow him to wash it in order to restore its brilliancy, applied a corrosive liquid which almost entirely ruined it, in consequence of which Stanzione, on being asked to repaint it, positively refused, saying that such a scandalous piece of treachery deserved to be perpetuated to the lasting disgrace of its perpetrator.

Historians are at variance with regard to the later years and death of Ribera. Dominici gives one account of the termination of his eventful career, whilst Palomino, and his Spanish biographer, Cean Bermudez, furnish us with another entirely different. The following is the Neapolitan version of his story. When Don John of Austria came to Naples, in 1648, to quell the rebellion of Masaniello, all pushed forward to pay their court to him, among others Ribera, who invited him to a magnificent musical party, at which the young prince beheld and fell in love with Ribera's beautiful daughter, Maria Rosa. He even found means to make an avowal of his feelings, overwhelmed her with protestations and presents, and at length succeeded in inducing her to become his mistress. Afterwards he removed her to his palace, then to Palermo, and finally placed her in a convent in that city. The proud spirit of Ribera fretted and chafed under this affront, which the high rank of the seducer prevented him from avenging; and his temper was further irritated by the reproaches of his wife, who upbraided him with having himself introduced the Prince to their daughter. Life became odious and insupportable to him, and at length he one day left his country-house, under pretence of going to Naples, and from that time disappeared without leaving any traces of his fate. This happened in 1649, when he had only attained his 56th year.

Such is the narrative of Dominici. On the other hand, Palomino states that he died at Naples in 1656, aged sixty-seven; and Cean Bermudez asserts that his life at Naples was one of uninterrupted prosperity and success: that he was the favourite of successive Viceroy's and the acknowledged sovereign of Art; that he maintained a splendid household, visited and received the best company in Naples, and that his wife rode out in her own coach with a waiting gentleman to attend upon her; and he also assigns the year 1656 as the date of his death. This, upon the whole, seems the more correct account, though there is a species of retributive justice in the other upon one whose talents were almost equalled by his crimes.

In the delineation of martyrdom, in the expression of rage and physical agony in a truthful and forcible manner, Ribera has few equals. He revelled in such painful and revolting subjects; and his "Saint Bartholomew flayed alive," "Cato of Utica tearing out his own bowels," "Ixion on the wheel," and many other pictures in various galleries of Europe, are equally remarkable for masterly handling and power of expression, and for the depraved taste which could select and gloat over subjects so horrible. Ribera was an admirable portrait-

painter, and has left us many specimens of his excellence in this department of Art. His chalk and pen sketches are highly finished and much esteemed by collectors, as are also his etchings after his own designs, one of which is a spirited equestrian portrait of Don John of Austria, with a view of Naples in the background. Although diminutive in stature—whence his appellation of Spagnoletto—Ribera was possessed of great personal attractions; his complexion was dark, his features well-formed and pleasing, he wore his hair in long flowing locks, and his air and mien were dignified and imposing. He used to spend six hours of each day in the labours of the pencil, and give up the rest of his time to visiting and amusement. He had considerable social talents and conversational readiness and wit, of which the following anecdote affords a favourable example. On one occasion he was talking about the philosopher's stone with two Spanish officers, who boasted that they possessed the secret of the transmutation of metals. "I, too," said Ribera, "have discovered that mystery; and if you will do me the honour of calling on me to-morrow, you shall see the process." The officers were punctual to their appointment, and found the painter working upon a half-length figure of John the Baptist; upon which they inquired when he was to show them the promised secret. "Wait a moment, gentlemen," was the reply, "and you shall be satisfied." He then sent for his servant, gave him the picture to carry to a collector, and desired him to lose no time in coming back. On his return, he brought to Ribera ten Spanish pistoles as the price of the painting, who, placing them on a table before his visitors, thus addressed them—"Behold my secret! Thus it is that I make gold."

Y.

“LONG AGO.”

Bright-winged hours of young Life's gladness,  
 How swiftly ye did fly!  
 When Sorrow waved her wand of sadness,  
 Ye did die!  
 And now the moan of anguished woe  
 Breaks mournfully  
 On Mem'ry's joyous dream of long ago,  
 So long gone by.

Long ago! oh! how its music falls  
 In gently soothing tone!  
 Shifting the past to present, it recalls  
 Days long gone;  
 Brings back the loved of former years,  
 The idol'd one;  
 Again smiles on us through Love's sweet tears,  
 Nor weeps alone!

Long ago! The wild glad dreams of youth  
 On our souls return!  
 Again the pure fires of hope and truth  
 Brightly burn;  
 Again we trust, nor suspect deceit,  
 Nor think, forlorn,  
 Roughly awakened from those dreams to meet  
 Cold bitter scorn.

Long ago! and its sweet voices sound,  
 Now softly blending  
 The tones that once made our spirits bound,  
 Glad ascending,  
 Up to the realms of perfect delight,  
 With sad airs lending  
 That mournful cadence that dews the sight  
 With tears descending.

Long ago! shall we in heaven  
 Look back on long ago,  
 To marvel how our hearts were riven  
 By passing woe?  
 Shall we see its pure, bright dreams fulfilled,  
 The mystery know,  
 Why our hearts now joy, now agony trilled,  
 In time long ago!

## DYING OF LOVE.

## CHAPTER I.

"Is CAPTAIN BARTON at home?"

The propounder of this commonplace question was a young man of about five-and-twenty, well-made, well-looking, and well-dressed. Whether his eyes were blue or hazel, his nose Roman or Grecian, we leave to the imagination of our readers; and his hair, like the tresses of Benedick's model woman, "shall be of what colour it please God." We are not preparing his passport, so the above description is amply sufficient. A well-looking, well-made, and well-dressed young man is independent of such petty details. Well-dressed, however, in one sense of the word, he was not, though his clothes were good clothes, and his tailor was evidently unexceptionable. The garments appeared to have been thrown on rather than put on. His waistcoat was buttoned irregularly; the buttons were not the right buttons in the right place. The topmost button and the lowest buttonhole had each been divorced from its legitimate partner, and the others followed suit "in a concatenation accordingly." His tie was anything but tied. It seemed to have got round his neck of its own accord, and to have failed in attempting the knot. And, finally, his hat was unbrushed; a symptom, were the converse of Shakspeare's rule to hold good, that the sweet youth was *not* in love. Whether the converse held good in this particular instance is a question he himself will decide.

"Is Captain Barton at home?"

"At home, sir!" said John, in a tone of considerable surprise.

"Yes, at home. Is your master at home?"

"At home, sir!" Then more decidedly, "Oh, yes, sir, he is at home; but he is in bed."

"In bed, is he? Is he ill?"

"Oh, no, sir, he is quite well, but he is not up yet."

"Why, what o'clock is it?" asked the visitor, furnishing himself at the same time with the desired information by consulting his own watch. "By Jove, it is only ten o'clock!"

"Only ten, sir!" observed John, in a corroborative tone; "and master never rises till twelve."

"True. I know he never does. Is he awake?"

"Don't know, sir, but I'll go and see."

"Never mind, I'll go myself."

And, pushing past the servant, he ran up the stairs, and opened a bedroom door.

"What o'clock is it, John?" growled a sleepy voice from the bed.

"Barton, my dear fellow, I beg your pardon for this intrusion, but you will excuse me when you know the reason."

The sleeper rubbed his eyes vigorously, and stared at his unex-

pected visitor. He then raised his hand to the watch-pocket which was suspended over his head, drew the dial from that receptacle,

“And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Said, very wisely, ‘It is ten o’clock.’”

“I know that,” cried the other, “I know it is only ten o’clock. But I have not been able to sleep last night ——”

“And you accordingly won’t let me sleep this morning. I don’t see the reason of that proceeding, Seymour. However, I am wide awake now, so let’s hear what’s in the wind. Anything wrong, eh?”

“Everything is wrong,” replied Seymour.

“Everything wrong! Well, that is comprehensive enough, at any rate. Has your banker broke?”

“No, no; it has nothing to say to money.”

“Have you been goose enough to fight a duel, and unlucky enough to kill your man? Even with *us* that kind of thing has gone out, you know; so it is absurd you civilians keeping it up.”

“Nothing of the sort I assure you. The only life I am likely to take is my own.”

“My dear Seymour, what is the matter? I hope nothing serious has happened. Sit down here and tell me all about it.”

Barton stretched out his hand to the chair which stood beside the bed, and flung a pair of what second-class young ladies would probably denominate unmentionables, but which we will more delicately call trowsers, into the middle of the room. Seymour took the chair so unceremoniously cleared for his reception, and sat for some minutes in silence. When he did speak at length, it was in a semi-tragic tone which almost made his listener laugh.

“I am the most miserable man in existence.”

Barton looked at the most miserable man in existence, as if the inspection would disclose the cause of the misery. He saw the ill-adjusted coat, the wrongly-buttoned waistcoat, the abortive attempt at a tie. He could draw no inference from the fact of the hat being brushed or not, for the hat had been placed out of his view; but he saw that the hair it had covered was in the latter predicament, and that the chin was as yet innocent of the razor. Seymour had not lost his money. He had not fought a duel. Plutus and Mars had nothing to do with the difficulty; the misery did not lie at their doors. Venus must be the deity who had made all the mischief, and the Captain was much relieved by the discovery. He at once saw, as he thought, how the land lay.

“Pooh!” said he, “your cousin and you have had a lover’s quarrel, that’s all. Such accidents will happen, even in the best regulated families. Go back, man, and make it up with her, and don’t waken me at cock-crow the next time you are sulky with your *fiancée*.”

“We have had no quarrel,” said Seymour. “I wish to Heaven we had.”

Barton stared.

“Yes,” repeated Seymour, “I wish we had had a quarrel. There would then be some excuse to give the world.”

"Excuse! Excuse for what?"

"Excuse for breaking off the match. But what must the world think of me now? What must all my friends, all her friends, think of me? There is no one who hears it but will despise me. I must despise myself. Oh, Richard, I am very, very unhappy!"

"This is a bad business, indeed," said Barton, "a very bad business. I had no idea such a thing could have happened. And the wedding fixed for next month, too! I never knew anything so scandalous, so contemptible."

"I cannot contradict you," said Seymour. "Even you perceive the contemptible position in which I am placed, and if *you* despise me, what must other people do?"

"What do you mean, my poor fellow, by my despising *you*? I am sorry for you, devilish sorry, but I cannot see for what I am to despise you. It is your cousin I despise, and whom every one must despise. It is not your fault that she has jilted you."

"Jilted me!" exclaimed Seymour, "jilted me! Oh, if she had only but jilted me!"

And he jumped off his chair, and walked about the room in great agitation, tripping himself in the trowsers which lay in the middle of the room.

"Oh, if she had only jilted me, I should be the happiest man in the world!"

The idea of the most miserable man in existence being suddenly converted into the happiest by his *fiancée* jilting him was a puzzler. Dogberry's lamentation that he had not been written down an ass was the only case like it on record.

"Barton," said Seymour, solemnly, disentangling his feet from the trowsers, and returning to his place by the bedside, "I would give every shilling I possess in the world to have been jilted by my cousin."

"Well," said Barton, in utter astonishment, "this *is* funny. I never before knew any man who wished to be jilted by a woman, and that the very woman he was in love with. Here is your cousin, as pretty a girl as any in London: you have been engaged to her for years; you are going to be married to her in a month; and you are now running about my bedroom, spoiling my best trowsers, and wishing that your cousin had jilted you!"

"I am not going to be married to her in a month."

"Well, in two months, in three months, what matter when. You will marry her some time or other."

"Never!"

"Never marry the woman you love, and who loves you?"

"She don't love me."

"When did she tell you that, Seymour?"

"Any way, I don't love her," said Seymour, doggedly, "and that's more to the purpose."

"You don't love her!"

"No."

And you have been boring me about your love for her God knows how long, and making yourself, if I must tell you the truth of the matter, a very considerable ass about it."

"Ass, indeed! Donkey that I was! I know it."

"So it was all a sham, a farce—was it? You never cared for the girl?" asked Barton.

"I *did* care for her," answered Seymour. "But ——"

"But what?"

"But I *don't*."

"Whew!" whistled Barton. "Then it is *you* are jilting her."

Seymour was silent, and his countenance exhibited a combination of shame and annoyance; shame at the confession which was given by his silence, annoyance at the harsh word by which Barton had expressed the truth. Yet he had just heard without resentment the same word applied to his cousin, and had declared his earnest desire that she had merited the application of the term.

"And pray," asked Captain Barton, "when did you make this grand discovery?"

"Exactly two months last Thursday," was the prompt answer.

"Upon my word," said the other, laughing, "you are wonderfully exact in your chronology. I am surprised you do not specify the hour as well as the day."

"I could do so, if I chose," said Seymour; "ay, and the very minute I first saw her."

"You must have a precious good memory then, for I imagine you first saw her when she was a baby. You were brought up together—were you not?"

"How stupid you are!" said Seymour, "I am not talking of my cousin at all."

"Whew!" again whistled the captain, as the truth flashed upon him. "I'm blest if you are not in love with some one else."

"Of course I am," answered Seymour. "I thought you understood that already."

"Seymour," said Barton, gravely, "this is an ugly affair, and I wish I could see you safe out of it."

Seymour took his hand and pressed it warmly.

"You are my best friend, Dick," said he, "it was for that purpose I came to you this morning. Yes, see me safe out of it; go to my uncle and appease him; go to poor Emma and comfort her, and I shall never forget your kindness. Do this, Dick, and you will make me happy for life; and, what is more, you will make another happy, whose happiness is dearer to me than my own."

This was not precisely the way in which Barton contemplated seeing his friend safe out of it. He tried to persuade him to act like a man of honor and sense. He pointed out to him the outrage on propriety he was about to commit; the cruelty of acting towards his cousin in the manner he proposed; the well-merited contempt with which he would be received by his friends.

"And even if I should succeed in appeasing your uncle, which it is very problematical that I should, how on earth could I comfort your cousin ——, unless, indeed, I were to marry her myself? That would certainly smooth matters," added the Captain, complacently, as if there could be no doubt about the business. "But no, I could not marry her. Quite out of the question, Seymour. There are some things

which even the most devoted friend is not called on to do, and this is one of them. I admire your cousin very much, and have a great regard for yourself, but I cannot marry her even to get you out of this scrape."

The gallant Captain spoke as if he had only to propose and be accepted. The coolness with which he assumed that it rested with himself alone to take the place in the lady's affections was not a little amusing. But he was perfectly sincere in the assumption. He really believed that he was irresistible to any woman whom he chose to address. He had nothing to do but go in and win. With many good qualities he combined the most egregious vanity, and his imaginary or possible conquests fully equalled those recorded in Leporello's celebrated chronicle. Of late, however, though continuing strong, he had suddenly learned to be merciful. Since he sold out of the army, about two years before, he seemed to have renounced his allegiance to Venus as well as to Mars. He withdrew himself almost completely from the society of ladies; and if by chance he found himself in company with an attractive young woman, he kept aloof from her as if she had the plague. This he did on principle; not for his own safety, he alleged, but for her's. He had no heart to give, and it was unfair to allow her's to be engaged. Where and how he had lost his heart he never told, and no one knew, but of the fact he left no one in doubt. All were made aware that he was in truth a "blighted being," that the hopes of his life were crushed, the cup of his happiness embittered. But the details of the blight he never confided to any person, not even to his intimate friend Seymour.

"Anything but marry your cousin. That I cannot do. I will never marry anyone. But, seriously, you must think twice before you break this engagement of yours. To say the least of it, it is very selfish on your part. To gratify a whim ——"

Seymour started to his feet in indignation. Barton took no notice of the impatient gesture, and quietly continued his observations.

"To gratify a whim, a foolish fancy for another pretty face, you are about to inflict a very serious injury on Miss Collins! Your engagement is universally known, and has been known for several years. Only for that engagement, she might have been long ago advantageously settled. You have kept away many a man who otherwise would probably have addressed her, and now, at the last moment, you are coolly turning round and deserting her; and all, I repeat the word, all for a foolish whim about another woman's face. I did not believe you were so selfish. You think of your own selfish gratification of the moment, and do not care for the injury it may inflict upon another. You are really very selfish in this matter."

"I am not selfish," replied Seymour. "If I were, I would marry Emma. I am not thinking of myself; I am thinking of Mary. Emma will care comparatively little about it."

"About what? About being jilted?"

"Well, jilted if you like. She will not die if I refuse to marry her."

"I never said she would."

"But if I marry Emma, Mary will ——"

"Will what?"



"Die!"

"Stuff!"

"No, it's not stuff. She told me last night she would. Oh, the misery of last night! 'Till yesterday she never heard of my fatal engagement to my cousin. I never could bring myself to tell her of it. Day after day I postponed the disclosure, though I knew it must be made at last. But she heard of it yesterday from some good-natured friend, some d——d good-natured friend; heard of it for the first time. The shock nearly killed her. I never before knew how much, how deeply she loved me. I was the first man, the only man she ever loved. Oh! Richard, you do not know what it is to be so loved."

"Don't I though?" interrupted Barton, in a tone of offended vanity. "Who has a better right, then? Blighted, disappointed ——"

"Yes, yes, I know all that; I know you have yourself suffered, though you never told me particulars. But you do not, you cannot know what it is to have a woman actually dying for you, as Mary will die for me. She will die if I marry Emma. She says she will. I thought she would have died at the time. I never saw any one so moved, so prostrated, as when I confessed she had been rightly informed. She did not at first believe it. No, Barton, you cannot realize what my feelings will be when I shall know she has died for my sake. You may think such a catastrophe never happens in these days, but you are wrong. You may think it impossible that any woman could die of love in the middle of the nineteenth century. But Mary will die, and I shall be guilty of her murder. You may laugh at me if you will ——"

"I laugh at you!" exclaimed Barton, starting up into a sitting posture—"I laugh at you! God forbid."

"You are very kind," almost whimpered Seymour, his feelings moved by the marked sympathy which his friend evinced for him in his troubles, "very kind indeed, as you always are."

And he again pressed Barton's hand which this time returned the pressure.

If there is one bond more than another which knits friends together, it is sympathy with each other's sorrows. It is stronger than the *idem velle*, *idem nolle* of the Roman historian. An honest grasp of the hand, a single tear glistening in the eye—these will affect us to a greater degree than an act of solid, substantive kindness. Mere conventional expressions of condolence will not do. They are shams Grief detects at a glance. True sympathy is a jewel which can never be counterfeited—a diamond which will not be represented by paste. Sympathy, to have even the appearance of value, must be real. The energy with which Barton started up in his bed, the warm grasp of his hand, and the earnestness of his manner, convinced Seymour of the sincerity of his sympathy. And Seymour felt the more grateful from a latent consciousness, after all, that his own conduct was not quite free from censure.

"You are very kind, indeed, Dick, very kind. I was afraid you would have laughed at the idea that Mary would die for my sake. To say the truth, I should once have myself laughed at the idea of any one dying of love. But I did not know Mary then. Until I knew her, I

could not conceive the depth of a woman's first love. Emma and I were brought up together more like brother and sister, and I doubt whether she ever felt more than a sister's love for me. She had been educated with the idea that I must be her husband. She would probably honour and obey me; but love me—no, she never could love me as Mary loves. Mary loves as a woman should love, earnestly, devotedly; and, better still, she never loved any one before, I would not value the affection of a woman who had ever cared for another man."

"Nor I," said the Captain. "I would not value the affection of a woman who had ever permitted another man to talk to her of love, even though she were indifferent to him all the time. It would take the bloom altogether off the peach."

"Exactly what I think," said Seymour; "and it is this which constitutes one of the greatest attractions of Mary. I was the first man she has ever allowed to make the slightest allusion to the subject. And only think of her loving me! Only think what it is to be the object of a first and only love! You cannot know what it is to be the object of such a love."

"I told you already that I know it too well," interrupted Barton, again, rather shortly. "I know it, perhaps, better than you do—better than you ever can know it—better than anyone ever can know it. I was once myself the object of a woman's first and only love. And now, my dear fellow, you understand why I could not laugh when you spoke of a woman dying for love."

"She died, then?" inquired Seymour, much interested in the information.

"She did," said Barton. "Do not ask me *how*. She died, and that is enough. I knew she would—I knew she never could have survived me."

The gallant Captain appeared in the full possession of his vital powers, and as little like a dead man as could be. His raising the point of the impossibility of the lady surviving him seemed, accordingly, rather superfluous, seeing that the survivorship, if any existed, was clearly on the gentleman's side. *Nemo est hæres viventis* is a well-known legal maxim, and is as true of the survivor as of the heir.

"Survived you!" repeated Seymour; "why, it is you who have survived her. What do you mean by saying that it was impossible she ever could have survived you?"

"I mean what I say. She told me she never could survive me, and she kept her word too well."

"But," persisted Seymour, "she died, and you are alive. I do not know what you are at."

"Have you breakfasted?" was the abrupt reply.

"Breakfasted! No. How could I have breakfasted? I had no appetite."

"Well, I have. A man must eat, whatever happens. So please ring the bell for shaving-water and breakfast. Your own chin, too, would be improved by a razor."

"I know it would," answered the other, "but I could not shave this morning. I was in such a state of wretchedness, that I might have cut my throat if I had attempted it."

"Bah!" said Barton, "I never cut my throat, and why should you? When *my* hopes were blighted, I shaved as regularly as ever. No gentleman should leave his dressing-room without shaving, whatever misfortune befall him. If it ever be your fate to be hanged, my dear Edward, shave on the morning of your execution. Shaving-water and breakfast for two, John," he continued, as his groom of the chambers answered the bell. "And when we have breakfasted, Seymour, you shall hear what has made me the blighted and disappointed being you behold me."

## CHAPTER II.

THE mixture of sentiment and conceit, of romance and reality, which characterised Barton's conversation, would have afforded much amusement to any indifferent auditor. A blighted and disappointed being walking into a capital breakfast, swallowing with the greatest relish no end of coffee, rolls, eggs, sardines, mutton-cutlets and marmalade, is rather inconsistent with our preconceived ideas of a gentleman labouring under such an affliction. In any other circumstances the absurdity might have struck Seymour. A fellow-feeling, however, makes us not only wondrous kind, but wondrous blind. Seymour saw in Barton only a victim of the misfortune impending over himself. He saw a man who had suffered shipwreck in the vessel in which he himself was now embarked; a man whom a woman had refused to survive, however little merit she had in refusing to perform such a manifest impossibility. He felt all the interest in the story he was about to be told, which one sick man feels in the symptoms detailed by another.

"Yet should some neighbour feel a pain  
Just in the parts where I complain,  
How many a message would he send?  
What hearty prayers that I should mend?  
Inquire what regimen I kept,  
What gave me ease, and how I slept?  
And more lament when I was dead,  
Than all the snivellers round my bed."

So says the Dean of St. Patrick's (not the Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Pakenham). Seymour looked with great interest on his "neighbour" in the present instance, and anxiously awaited the promised history. He thought Barton would never have finished breakfast. Roll after roll, egg after egg, cutlet after cutlet, disappeared down the blighted throat, and his nine cups of coffee equalled Chloe's nine cups of tea. But all things must come to an end, even as did the sermon last Sunday. Breakfast was at last over, and the Captain lighted a cigar.

"Have a weed?"

"No, thank you."

"Smith was blackbeamed yesterday at the Club. I told him when he was put up that they would blackbeam him on account of his name. There are some men in the Club who have an objection to the name of Smith, and regularly blackbean every fellow who bears it. I am sorry

they blackbeaned Smith. He is not a bad fellow, in spite of his name. You know Smith, don't you?"

"Yes—no—I really forget."

"You met him several times with me. He dined here in your company last week."

"Oh, yes, I believe so. I remember. But you promised to tell me about —, about your own affair."

"Oh, my history! So I did. Well, you shall have it, though it is only reviving unpleasant recollections for myself. *Infandum regina*, or something of the sort, as we used to say at Harrow. I little thought, when we were at Harrow, that I should ever be what I am now. Hang it, this cigar is going out!"

The Captain took a long and strong pull at the Havannah.

"Smith has first-rate cigars, wherever he got them," observed Barton. "He has promised to get me some of the same kind. I hope the blackbeaning won't put it out of his head, that's all."

"Well, but —," suggested Seymour.

"Well, but what?"

"I don't want to hear anything about that confounded Smith."

"Oh, *you* object to his name also, do you?"

"No, I don't object to the name of Beelzebub—I only want to hear your story."

"Ten thousand pardons," said Barton. "I was nearly forgetting the story. Here goes then. You remember when the regiment returned to England?"

"It was, I think, two or three years ago," said Seymour.

"Two years and six months," said Barton. "It was then I first met her. I remember the day, the very minute I first saw her, as vividly as if it were but yesterday."

Seymour thought of the sneer produced by his own chronological accuracy, but said nothing.

"I was in town, you may remember, on leave, shortly after we returned to England. During that time I was frequently in the habit of riding into the country about London."

"And got a fall which gave you brain-fever," remarked Seymour.

"Exactly so," said Barton. "Well, I was one day riding through a green lane, which branched off the high road to Barnet, a few miles from town. As I was pacing leisurely along, a butcher's-cart came suddenly after me, driven at the furious rate at which butchers' boys usually drive. I remember, too, that I was nearly spilt, for my horse was young and nervous, and was frightened by the clatter behind him. The boy grinned as he rattled past me and saw the mischief he had caused, driving only the more furiously, and trying to touch my horse's legs with his whip. The lane made a sudden bend beyond the place where he passed me, and he was immediately out of sight."

Another pull at the weed.

Seymour thought this an uncommonly strange beginning for the story he expected. A meeting with a butcher's boy did not afford much opportunity for the sympathy he was prepared to reciprocate. It was more like the conclusion of Master Slender's wooing of Anne Page—

"I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a

great lubberly boy"—than the commencement of a tale of sentimental love.

"I was very angry with the young ruffian, and followed him instantly, determined to lay my whip across his shoulders. I knew I should overtake him in no time, and resolved to make him smart for his insolence; but on wheeling round the corner of the lane where he had disappeared, I saw a sight which drove all thoughts of vengeance—vengeance on my own account at least—out of my head.

"A lady was kneeling in the middle of the lane, bending over something on the ground. Her straw hat had fallen beside her, and her hair had escaped from the band which had confined it, and completely covered her face. But though I could not see her features, I could her figure, and a more perfect shape I never beheld. I reined in my horse, and sat motionless in the saddle, astonished at this extraordinary apparition."

"Come," thought Seymour, "this promises better than the butcher's boy."

Barton re-lighted the cigar, which he had allowed to go out, and proceeded with his story.

"She was so wholly engrossed by the object of her solicitude, that she did not at first perceive me. But a sudden gust of wind caught the light straw hat which lay beside her on the ground, and rolled it under my horse's feet. This startled him as much as the butcher's cart had done. The noise caused by his gambols attracted her attention, and she raised her head. If her figure was beautiful, Edward, what shall I say of her face? It was absolutely perfect. I never saw anything so lovely. As she put back with both her hands the hair which had fallen over it, and, still retaining her kneeling posture, fixed her large blue eyes upon mine, she looked more like a beautiful monumental effigy than a creature of flesh and blood. Her face was as pale as marble. I gazed on her and she on me, but neither of us spoke. Then a vague feeling of superstitious awe began to creep over me. I fancied that I was in the presence of something not belonging to this earth. It was the kind of adventure one reads of in a German legend, and I confess that I actually was very far from comfortable at the moment. Just imagine meeting a beautiful woman on her knees in the middle of a lonely lane, gazing at you intently with the most woe-begone and miserable countenance, her dishevelled hair floating wildly about her shoulders, her hands clasped like those of a saint in a picture—just fancy such an adventure occurring to yourself, and tell me what you would think of it?"

Seymour could not tell what he would think of it. It was, at all events, the most romantic incident he had ever heard of in real life.

"Romantic indeed," said Barton. "By Jove! I shall never forget the queer sensation I experienced that day. I was almost inclined at one moment to turn my horse's head round and ride for it. I did not know what might happen next. I might be bewitched in some frightful manner before I could tell where I was. I did not know but that the lovely object before me might suddenly turn into some frightful hobgoblin, and tear me limb from limb. I give you my honor all this passed through my head on the occasion, absurd as you may think the idea. But, though I felt inclined to save myself, as the French would

say, I could not stir from the spot. And this frightened me the more. I was fascinated, spell-bound, by those large blue eyes. So there I sat, and there she knelt, and the deuce a word did either of us utter."

"This was certainly a strange adventure," said Seymour.

"By Jove! you may well say that. It was a very strange adventure."

"But the mystery was, of course, explained?"

"It was. When I was able to take my eyes from the pale, sorrowful face, I saw it all. A little Skye-terrier, apparently dead, was lying stretched on the ground. The whole thing was clear in an instant. The scoundrelly butcher's boy had driven his cart over the dog, and had killed him on the spot.

"I at once dismounted and advanced to the lady. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'the dog is not very seriously hurt after all?'"

"'Oh my poor, poor Skip is dead!' was the only reply, and she burst into tears over the motionless body of her favourite.

"I was almost inclined to cry with her for company, but refrained. Instead of doing so, I proceeded to investigate the state of Skip. A low moan as I touched him showed that the dog was alive. I took him in my arms, and carefully examined him all over. No bones, I found, were broken; but the wheel had gone over his body. As I pursued my diagnosis, the animal's consciousness began to return; and, looking up in my face with the trusting earnestness of expression peculiar to the eye of the dog, he gently licked my hands.

"'He is not much injured,' I said, 'he is only bruised and stumped, and will be all right in a day or two.'

"'You don't say so?' she cried, starting from her knees and clapping her hands like a child. 'Oh! I thought he was dead; I thought my darling little Skip was killed.'

"And she kissed the animal's hairy face in the most tantalising manner possible.

"Thus, my dear fellow, commenced our acquaintance. This was the beginning of the happiest period of my life, though the happiness was of short duration. In one brief month I lost her for ever. One brief month blighted my bliss and blasted the blossom of my life."

Having delivered himself of this alliteration, worthy of ancient Scandinavian Scald, the Captain paused to take breath and to light a second cigar. We may here remark that his personal appearance gave a very inadequate idea of a blight. So far from the blossom having been blasted, he seemed in fuller blossom than ever. His face was perpetually blushing celestial rosy red, which Milton calls Love's proper hue; and another celestial similitude might have been found in the stars with which good living had studded the firmament of his visage. He had always been inclined to take Falstaff as his model rather than Cassius; and the inactive life he had led for the two preceding years, the late hours he kept, and the heavy breakfasts he ate, to say nothing of his other refections, had produced their natural effect on the Captain's outward man, originally leaning by nature to obesity. On the whole, he looked as little like the blighted flower he described himself as any gentleman possibly could. He was not, however, a solitary instance of the absence of self-knowledge in the matter of personal appearance. The most remarkable cases of optical delusions take place before the

looking-glass of our dressing-rooms. Of all the "gifties" which are least frequently bestowed on us, the "giftie" which was wished for by Burns is the rarest.

Seymour, notwithstanding, was quite ready to look on his friend with his friend's eyes, and had listened with the greatest interest to the adventure which Barton had related.

"Well," said he, "go on with your story; I am very anxious to hear the result."

"I was afraid," answered Barton, "that I was tiring you with the prolixity of my details; but I need not tell you the impression which is made on a man's mind by the first meeting with the woman whom he loves. We never forget it, Edward."

"No, indeed," observed Seymour; "I first met her at Swan and Edgar's."

"Oh!" said Barton, half contemptuously at the unpoetic character of the trysting-place—"At Swan and Edgar's was it?"

"Yes, purchasing a shawl. She was trying it on when I first saw her, and I was at once attracted by her shape. Such a figure you never imagined. And then her features, Barton; you never can think what a sight met my eyes when she turned round. But please go on with your own adventure," said Seymour, suddenly observing a slight shade of discontent or offence passing over the blighted face. Bloated, perhaps, would have been the more appropriate epithet. But no, it did not as yet merit the term, though it probably has deserved it by this time.

"The adventure in itself," said Barton coldly, "was trifling enough. A dog run over by a butcher's-cart is a commonplace incident. Such things happen every day I fancy."

He was evidently a little huffed about the episode of Swan and Edgar.

"Did you carry the dog home for her?" asked Seymour.

"No; she carried him herself."

"But you accompanied her home?"

"No; she would not allow me."

"How strange!"

"Provoking, at all events," answered Barton, suddenly recovering his good humour. "I was, of course, anxious to know where she lived, and improve the acquaintance so singularly made. But she begged me so earnestly not to press my offer of escorting her, that I could not, in politeness, force my company on her further. I could not, however, help urging her to tell me her objection. Her aunt, she said, with whom she lived, would not like to see her accompanied by a stranger."

"Under the circumstances," I argued, "your aunt could not see anything wrong in my carrying your poor little dog home."

"Oh, you cannot guess how particular she is," was the answer; "nothing would shock her ideas of propriety more than to see me walking with a strange gentleman."

"She would not eat me, I suppose, or you either," I said, laughing. "Is she such a terrible dragon?"

"Not exactly," said the fair unknown; "but she would never let you into the house again."

" 'She could not shut this green lane against me, however.'

" 'Not against you, but she could against me. She would never let me walk here again if she knew that I had met you to-day.'

" 'Then you walk here often?' I asked.

" 'Every day.'

" 'Shall you walk here to-morrow?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'At what hour?'

" 'Why do you ask,' was the reply.

" 'Because—because—' I stammered, not liking to say abruptly that it was because I wished to meet her again. My companion came to my assistance.

" 'I know,' said she, 'you wish to hear how my little Skip will be to-morrow after his accident.'

" 'That's it exactly,' I exclaimed, 'I am so fond of dogs. Poor little fellow,' I continued, stooping down and kissing the long hair which covered the animal's face, 'I hope you will be quite well to-morrow.' And as I kissed him, a strange thrill shot through me, and I thought of Tennyson's line—

" 'Our spirits rushed together at the meeting of the lips.' "

" 'What!' cried Seymour, in dismay, for he thought his friend had suddenly taken leave of his senses—"What! at kissing a dog!"

" 'You forget,' remarked the dog-fancier, "that his mistress had kissed him a few minutes before."

" 'I see—kissing by proxy.'

" 'It was scarcely soon enough to kiss in any other way,' said Barton, gravely. "But the time came when proxies were abolished, and when Skip was forgotten by both of us."

" 'The next day I was on the same spot, a full hour before the time when she said she would be there. Skip was not with her, but it was long ere I knew it, and did not indeed observe his absence till she reminded me of my inattention.'

" 'I thought,' said she, archly, 'it was to inquire for my little dog that you came here to-day, and yet you have never once alluded to him?'

" 'Where is he?' said I, looking round.

" 'Where is he, indeed!' she repeated. 'I feel little obliged to you for the interest you have shown in his welfare. I don't think he will leave a card on you with "thanks for kind inquiries." You are very ill-natured—very!'

" 'She looked so lovely, so bewitching, so perfectly irresistible, that I could not any longer restrain my feelings. I told her at once all I felt. I poured out a declaration of the love with which she had inspired me at first sight. I talked a great deal of poetic nonsense, I am sure—you know I am a bit of a poet, Edward. There are some little things of mine in the *English Metropolitan Magazine*, which are not—a-hem!—in short, I have read worse. And if I could show any of the poetic spirit sitting in this chair by myself, with nothing before me except pen, ink, and paper, what might not have been expected from me on



such an interesting occasion as this, with the blue sky above me, and the green trees waving over me, and woman, lovely woman, smiling soft approbation of my suit!"

"She approved of it, then?" asked Seymour.

"Of course she did," answered Barton, a little surprised at the question. As we have before hinted, he believed himself absolutely irresistible. "Of course she approved of it. She confessed that I had made an equally favourable impression on herself; and that, for the first time in her life, she knew what it was to love. I caught her in my arms, and — It was not the dog I kissed this time. And there, beneath the arch of heaven, did we plight our troth. The green lane has ever since been to me a sacred spot—an oasis in the desert which the rest of the world has become to me. You can understand this feeling, Seymour; you who have loved like myself."

"That I can," cried the other lover. "I can fully enter into your feelings on the subject. I never go into Swan and Edgar's without looking at the counter where —"

"Now, for mercy's sake, let us have no more of Swan and Edgar's. Do you mean to compare a miserable shop in a smoky town with the scene of nature which is consecrated in my memory?"

"I am not a poet, you know," said Seymour submissively. "Besides, had your meeting taken place where ours did, you would have looked on the miserable shop with very different eyes. It is the person and not the place which is the principal thing in such matters. But, please go on with your story. I am very much interested in it."

"Whereabouts was I in it?"

"You had just caught her in your arms."

"Oh! yes. And she did not repel me. Her hat again fell off her head, as it had on the previous day; her long hair again escaped, and hung in wavy tresses over my shoulders; her blue eyes again met mine, but not with the same sad expression. And if a tear did dim their brightness, it was not a tear of grief for the supposed death of her four-footed favourite. It was now a tear of joy, of innocent, maidenly delight in the new sensation which her heart had experienced. I had now taken the place in her affections which was heretofore tenanted by Skip. From henceforth I was all in all to her; the sole object for which she lived, the object for which she died."

Seymour trusted he should at last have his curiosity satisfied about the survivorship.

"You said," hinted he, "that she told you she could not survive you."

"She did," replied Barton. "Often and often during that month did she tell me that she could not live without me. She was perpetually expressing her fear lest the regiment might be ordered abroad again, and said she could not shake off the presentiment that I should be killed in some engagement. And she declared solemnly that the bulletin of my death would be the signal of her own."

"Almost what Mary said to me yesterday," remarked Seymour. "She told me that the announcement of my marriage with Emma would be the signal of her own death."

Barton was too full of his own sentimentalities to pay much attention

to the observation. He proceeded to inform Seymour that every day for a month he met his *inamorata* in the same place, and spent several hours with her on each occasion ; but that she never would allow him at any time to accompany her home. All would be spoiled if her aunt knew of the acquaintance. The old lady, she declared, would lock her up if she had the least idea that her niece was in the habit of meeting any stranger in her walks. As she was entirely dependent on her aunt, she would not run the risk of losing her favour unnecessarily. Barton's private income was not at present sufficiently large to enable him to support a wife and family, and his pay as a lieutenant in a marching regiment (he had not then got his company) did not go very far in supplying the deficiency. All that they could do, then, was to swear unalterable constancy, and wait for better times.

"By the way," said Seymour, "you never told me her name."

Barton answered by taking a hair-locket from round his neck, and handing it to his friend for inspection. On the back was the word "Minnie." Beneath the name was the word "Died," followed by the year of the death, but with a blank for the day and the month.

"Minnie!" repeated Seymour. "Minnie what?"

"I never knew her surname. I only knew her as Minnie."

"God bless me!" said Seymour, "did you never ask? How funny! And you met her every day for a month?"

"I did ask her."

"And she refused to tell you? That was rather suspicious. Mary told me *her* name the first day I saw her."

"She refused to tell me certainly, but it was in this way. She said that if I knew her name I would find out her residence, and that I would be certain to come to the house. I declared I would not attempt it, but she persisted it was best to be on the safe side.

"Now," asked she, 'if I did not make my appearance here to-morrow, what would you do if you knew where I lived? Would you not come straight to my aunt's house?'

"I am afraid I could not help it," answered I. 'I could not live one day without seeing you.'

"There," said she, laughing, 'you see how right I was in refusing. Besides, it will be much more romantic, and you are so fond of romance. You will be much more devoted to me, as the Mysterious Lady of the Lane, than if you knew I were a Miss Thomson or a Miss Johnson. I am half sorry myself that you told me your own name. I will try and forget the Barton, and think of you only as Richard. Let us be Richard and Minnie to each other until ——'

"Until we are both Richard and Minnie Barton," I added, finishing the sentence she had left uncompleted.

"If that day ever comes, Richard. But I have a presentiment that I shall lose you ; still, if I do lose you, I shall never, never survive you. I know I never shall."

"She was ever talking of this presentiment. The very last day I saw her, her mind appeared fuller of it than ever. I had succeeded in disabusing her of the idea of my being killed in battle, as it was most unlikely that the regiment would be sent abroad for some time, having so recently returned to England. My horse, then, became the *bête noire*

of her imagination. He was so untrained, so unmanageable, she knew that some accident would befall me. The very last day I saw her, I was a few minutes late in keeping my appointment, and found her in an agony of terror. She was convinced that I had been thrown from my horse, and that I was lying a mangled corpse by the roadside. The animal, in truth, was unusually skittish that day, and very nearly threw me in reality, though I am not a bad rider, as Minnie rose suddenly from the bank where she had been waiting for me. She made me promise, at parting, never to be late again. She never could again endure the misery of suspense she suffered during those few minutes of my delay; and I promised I never would again offend, and I pressed her in my arms, and I imprinted a last kiss on poor Minnie's lips. I never saw her again. Her presentiment proved true at last. My horse took fright as I was riding home that afternoon through the Edgeware Road. I was thrown on my head, and, as you know, very nearly killed. Brain-fever ensued, and it was three before months I left my bed."

"Now I understand it," said Seymour. "Minnie thought you were killed, and —";

"And died. Yes. The first day I was allowed by the physician to go out, I drove to the old place of meeting. She was not there of course. I did not expect she would have been. But I spent the day in making inquiries in the neighbourhood. I described poor Minnie, told all I knew about her; but no one could give me information on the subject. No one knew of any old lady and her niece occupying any house in the vicinity. No one had ever heard of any one called Minnie. Some people remembered having observed a young lady walking in the lane I have spoken of, but they did not know who she was, or where she lived. I returned to town that day in a state of misery I cannot describe.

"The next day I went again, and the next, and the next, but still with the same result as on the first day. For six months I pursued my researches, until the people in the neighbourhood began to look on me as an escaped lunatic. Everyone laughed at me the moment I appeared, and the boys would run after me and hoot me. I wandered like a ghost up and down the lane where my departed Minnie used to walk with me. But she never appeared again. Never again did I see her graceful form gliding towards me through the trees, or hear the sweet tones of her voice. Never again were those blue eyes lifted to my face with looks of earnest love. How could they? Those eyes were closed for ever, and closed on my account. Minnie had died for me, as she had said she would, and I was henceforth alone in the world, a blighted and miserable man."

"Still," said Seymour, after a pause, "you never actually knew that she was dead. For aught you can tell she may be alive at this moment."

"I did actually know it," answered Barton, in a voice which made Seymour start. His sentimental affectation of manner was suddenly gone, and he spoke in tones of real feeling. "I did know it, I do know it. The worst remains to be told."

He rose and walked about the room in great agitation. Seymour looked after him with surprise. After walking rapidly backwards and forwards for several minutes, Barton resumed his seat.

"Edward," said he, "as I have told you so much, I will force myself to tell you all. But it is a part of the story which I never, when I can help it, allow my own thoughts to dwell on. The recollection is too horrible.

"Six months after my illness, I was wandering as usual in the lane. Suddenly I heard a man shouting from the end of a field at some little distance from where I was walking. My heart leaped into my mouth, for by some unaccountable instinct I connected the circumstance with Minnie. I leaped over the hedge and rushed across the field. In a moment I stood beside the man. He was looking intently into a pond — a deep, dark, green pond — half covered with rotting weeds. There, floating on the surface, was a human body."

"Good God!" exclaimed Seymour, "it was Minnie."

Barton covered his eyes, as if the body were still before them.

"I shall never forget the fearful sight," said he at length, in a hollow voice. "The body was in an advanced state of decomposition; the face, the glorious face, half eaten by eels — Oh, good heavens! the recollection almost drives me mad."

And he buried his head in his handkerchief, and Seymour heard his suppressed sobs.

After some time Barton resumed —

"She had been evidently in the water for months, no one could tell how long. I had been in bed for three months, and it was almost another before I was allowed to leave the house. Nearly four months had thus intervened between the day I last saw her and the first time I visited the lane after my illness. At what particular period of those four months the fatal step was taken I cannot tell. It may have been the first day of my absence, it may have been the last. For aught I can tell, she lingered on for months in all the heart-sickness of hope deferred, listening day after day for the sound of my horse's hoofs, and returning heart-broken to her home. But nothing was known. There was an inquest of course. The verdict, was "found drowned." No one knew who she was; I did not know myself. She was "Minnie," and she died for me. I knew no more.

"So you see, my dear Edward, I have sad reason for my belief that a woman can die of love."

[*To be continued.*]

## ASSOCIATIONS WITH ORNITHOLOGY.—No. III.

THE true Egyptian IBIS was long supposed to be extinct; but Cuvier has identified it with the existing bird called in the East *Abou Hanes*. The ibis was greatly venerated in Egypt on account of its killing serpents, and when dead it was embalmed as a mummy, and honourably interred. To kill an ibis, even accidentally, was punished with death. When Cambyzes, King of Persia, was besieging Damietta (anciently Thamiatis), in Lower Egypt, he placed several ibises in front of his army, and the Egyptians were, in consequence, afraid to use any of their weapons, lest they should slay the sacred birds; and thus they suffered the town, which was the key of Egypt, to be taken.

The ibis, when viewed in a particular position, sitting with its breast advanced, and its head concealed under its wing, resembles the form of the heart, which the Egyptians considered to be the seat of all intellect; wherefore this bird was supposed to preside over all sacred and mystical learning, and was accordingly dedicated to Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus, the Egyptian Mercury, who taught laws and letters to Egypt. It appears frequently on the Egyptian monuments; and the deities, Osiris (or the active and holy principle), Isis (Wisdom), his consort, Anubis their son, and Thoth are often represented with ibis heads.

The Abou Hanes is considered to be the same as the ancient white ibis. The beautiful red curlew found at Demerara, South America, is called the scarlet ibis.

The classic ancients made the COCK the companion of many of their deities. It was dedicated to Apollo, the sun-god, because its comb was thought to resemble rays, and because it announced the approach of day. Homer calls Apollo Alector, i.e., the cock. Alectryon, the youth who was charged by Mars to watch for the coming of Apollo, and apprise him, fell asleep on his post, and was turned by his incensed master into a cock, which has ever since taken care to redeem the error. This bird was also consecrated to Mars, and his warlike sister, Bellona, on account of its bravery, and on account of its proclaiming its triumph over its antagonist with a trumpet-like voice; for this latter reason Favine, the old French herald, says that the cock in blazonry takes precedence of the lion. It is often sculptured standing at the feet of ancient statues of Victory.

It was associated with Æsculapius, god of medicine, as the type of vigilance so necessary to a physician; and it was attributed to Mercury for the same quality, so much needed by that busy god in his many avocations. On Gnostic gems, especially those that were curative amulets, a human figure is often engraved, having the head of a cock and the legs of a serpent, the reptile denoting Prudence, and also Renovation, from the annual renewing of its skin.

A cock, with an ear of wheat in his bill, was an emblem of Sylvanus, as Hercules Rusticus. The bird was sacrificed to Night, because its voice disturbed and drove away the sable goddess.

Cock-fighting, that brutal and demoralizing practice, is of ancient

date, even from the time of Themistocles.\* Seeing two cocks fighting, he was so much struck with their pertinacity and courage, that in order to give an example of those qualities to his countrymen, he instituted an annual combat of cocks, the exhibition of which became a law at Athens, where coins were sometimes struck bearing a cock crowned with palm. We think that for this institution Themistocles deserved the exile to which, for other and less just causes, he was condemned by the jealous and fickle Athenians.

Another people of Greece, the Elians, placed the pugnacious bird on the helmet of their Minerva.

Aristophanes, in his play of "The Birds," calls the cock "the Persian bird," and says that he ruled Persia before any of its kings, and that "on this account, even now, like a great king he stalks about with a towering tiara on his head."

Ancient soothsayers made use of a cock in a species of divination called allectryomancy. The letters of the alphabet were written separately on cards, which were spread on the floor of a room, and a grain of barley was laid on each card. A cock, previously prepared by magical incantations, was turned loose into the apartment, and those letters from which he picked the barley were combined to form names, or words, which were believed to be prophetic. The Emperor Valens having disgusted the Byzantines by his tyranny, some persons met together in private to discover by divination who should be his successor on the throne. They performed the ceremonies of allectryomancy under the direction of the Philosopher Iamblicus; and the cock designated the Greek letters Θ. Ε. Ο. (th. e. o.) The secret, however, transpired, and Valens, transported with anger and alarm, put to death great numbers of innocent persons bearing the names of Theodore, Theodosius, Theophilus, &c., in the hope of destroying his predicted rival. Iamblicus, dreading to fall into his power, poisoned himself. Among the victims of the imperial vengeance was Theodore, an excellent general, to whom Valens had been indebted for the suppression of a formidable insurrection in the African provinces, and whose services were thus ill requited. By a singular coincidence Theodosius, afterwards surnamed the Great, the son of this slaughtered Theodore, was called to succeed Valens in the empire, when the latter was defeated and slain by the Goths near Adrianople, A.D. 378.

Notwithstanding the honours paid to the cock, he was sometimes considered of old as an emblem of parricide, because he does not scruple to attack and beat his own father; and when a parricide was punished by drowning (as the law was), a cock was enclosed with him in the sack. It was from this association with parricide that the custom of "cock-throwing" at Shrovetide took rise, to mark abhorrence of the crime; for anciently morals and manners were taught by types and illustrations.

The cock was long attributed as a national symbol to France, from a pun, *Gallus*, a Gaul, *Gallus gallinaceus*, a cock; and certainly from its strutting, conceited, yet lively and martial character, it was an appropriate emblem of a Frenchman. Over the principal entrance at Blen-

\* Born about 514 before Christ.

heim, the architect, Sir John Vanburgh, has allegorized Marlborough's victories over the French by sculpturing the British lion tearing to pieces a cock. This device has been greatly censured for its bad taste. From the great disproportion between the animal and the bird, the former seems, instead of achieving an honourable victory, to be exercising an unnecessary cruelty on a victim too much his inferior in size and strength to be considered an antagonist. Some one of the wits of Queen Anne's time (we forget which) wrote an epigram on the occasion :—

## EPIGRAM.

" Had Marlborough's troops in Gaul no better fought,  
Than Van, to grace his fame, in marble wrought,  
(No more in arms than he in emblems skill'd),  
The cock had driven the lion from the field."

But our old enemies and new allies may now say with Molière, "*Nous avons changé tout cela*" (*Malade imaginaire*). The cock is superseded in France by eagles and bees, and such like "*Idées Napoléoniennes*."

In the Scandinavian mythology the cock, at the last day, or twilight of the gods, awakens Odin's horses, and by his cries proclaims the approach of the evil genii.

The Rev. Dr. Macknight says—"In remembrance of the crowing of the cock, which brought St. Peter to a sense of the great evil he was guilty of in denying his Master, the practice (it is said) began of placing weather-cocks upon towers and steeples"—no doubt as a visible admonition. Fish, arrows, &c., used as vanes, are modern innovations.

Though the ancients considered the crowing of a cock an auspicious omen, they held the crowing of a HEN to be a most unlucky portent. There is an Irish proverb, that "a crowing hen, and a woman who whistles, should not be allowed about a house."

The Sidonian goddess Astarte was represented under the figure of a hen covering her chickens, in allusion to the protection of Divine Providence. To Tecla, the ancient British goddess of Wealth and Medicine, a hen was sacrificed by female convalescents, and a cock by male. Subsequently, in Christian times, a hen was offered to St. Vitus on his festival day, June the 15th.

Among the birds from which the Roman augurs drew their omens, the sacred CHICKENS were the most esteemed. They were procured from the Isle of Eubœa (now Negropont), and were kept in coops, under the care of a person called the "Pullularius." When they were to be oracularly consulted, food was thrown to them, and auguries were deduced from their manner of receiving it. If they ate it, the omen was favourable, and especially so if they flew upon it greedily, and dropped bits from their bills in their eagerness. But if they refused it, and scattered it about, or trod it under foot, the portent was so evil, that any enterprise which was projected must be at once abandoned. The signal defeat of Flaminius by Hannibal, was attributed by the Romans to their General having persisted in fighting with the

Carthagenians despite the refusal of the sacred chickens to eat—an augury which the courage of the warrior led him to despise. Another Roman general, Claudius Pulcher, provoked at the obstinacy of the chickens, commanded them to be thrown into the sea, exclaiming, "If they will not eat they shall drink." He engaged the enemy, but his defeat riveted the superstition in the minds of his credulous countrymen. Cicero, in his work on divination, has ridiculed the absurdity.

The MAGPIE, busy, prying, impudent, pert, loquacious, mischievous for mere mischief's sake, has ever been accounted the symbol of a gossiping, slanderous busy-body; and has been viewed as a bird of ill omen. No wonder, when the character it typifies is the most dangerous in the world. To hear a magpie chattering was, among the ancients, a sinister omen. The Irish peasant considers it an unlucky bird to meet, but, nevertheless, bows to it over his left shoulder most punctiliously, to gratify it by this show of respect, and thus avert the evil dreaded from the rencontre. Just so in the world do people bow, and smile, and give courteous greeting to human magpies, in the idea of conciliating them, and blunting the keen edge of their tongue. Apropos of "tongue," we incline to think that, from the proverbial expression, "a double tongue," applied to deceitful gossips, originated the cruel and useless custom of slitting magpies' tongues, in order to make the bird speak better, which it does *not* do.

Tradition declares the magpie to be under the special protection of Satan, and the parallel with its human imitators still holds good, for *these*, as well as being the most mischievous, enjoy the most impunity of all other evil-doers, by some defect in the human *morale*. The Scandinavian witches, at their initiation, were required to curse earth, air, and water, and all their inhabitants, except the magpie, the protégé of their master.

But we really feel a latent superstition stirring in the Celtic half of our blood, and are waxing fearful of provoking Mrs. Magpie—so, like our peasant countrymen, we haste to appease her with a little homage, and, accordingly, we here declare that we consider the magpie a very handsome bird (notwithstanding the adage, "handsome is that handsome does"). The brilliant white, the shining black, the rich purple of its plumage, the elegance of its shape, and the vivacity of its movements render it an ornament to the landscape. Now, with this grain of incense to its beauty, we hope to avert its ill-will. We have learned a lesson from the anecdote of the two French ladies (under the old regime) who fell out, and loaded each other with aggravating epithets utterly proscribed by bon-ton. The quarrel was à l'outrance, quite un-make-up-able—the most zealous mediators failed. At last a noble relative of the belligerents came forward, first taking care to be fully assured that in the wordy war neither of them had called the other ugly—that, he knew, was alone the unpardonable sin, and, as it had not been committed, he did not despair of a reconciliation. He saw each of the fair combatants apart, and persuaded each that the other was jealous of her charms, which she saw and acknowledged. They met, embraced, and became thenceforward models of female friendship.



In the palace at Cintra, near Lisbon (which was first a Moorish castle, and then a convent, of which John I. of Portugal made a royal residence), is a hall called *Sala das Pegas*, the Hall of Magpies. The frieze and ceiling are painted all over with magpies, each bird holding in its beak a scroll with the words, *Por bem*—i. e., “for good” (meaning “for no harm”), a fancy which originated thus: John the First, a valiant king of the fifteenth century, who, on the death of King Fernando without a son, saved Portugal from the grasp of Spain by his signal victory at Aljubarrota, was married to an English princess, Philippa of Lancaster, daughter of John of Gaunt (“time-honoured Lancaster”) by his first wife, and sister of our Henry the Fourth. Once it happened that his queen, coming suddenly into the hall, surprised his Majesty kissing one of her maids of honour; but he excused himself to Philippa by assuring her it was *por bem*, which was almost equivalent to the “*Honi soit qui mal y pense*” of the English Order of the Garter. The anecdote transpired; the court ladies chattered like magpies; and the king, in order to rebuke them, caused the hall to be painted with the birds they imitated, each bearing the king’s apology in her mouth, and thus making him an *amende honorable*.

There was in the time of the old wars, in the days of Napoleon I., a camp anecdote current among French and German soldiers, which is now perhaps almost, if not quite forgotten; for we do not think History’s muse has condescended to keep the record, though it relates to no less a personage than Prince Joseph Poniatowski, nephew of the last King of Poland, a brave general in the French army, and a great favourite with Napoleon. During the French campaign in Germany, in 1813, a German or Polish gipsy used frequently to come to the camp to cast nativities, and tell soldiers their fortunes. One day, Poniatowski came upon a group listening to the sybil, and he chid them for their superstition. The gipsy looked up, gazed steadily at him for some moments, and then told him, that from the lines in his physiognomy she perceived that it was his fate to die by an “*elster*,” which word signifies, in German, a magpie. The prince ridiculed a prediction so little in character with a soldier engaged in a hot campaign, and rode away. Shortly afterwards the battle of Leipzig was fought (October the 19th). Poniatowski displayed his usual valour and military skill; but when he saw that the French were totally beaten, and that neither courage nor conduct could retrieve the day, he galloped to the swampy banks of the river that watered the scene of strife, intending to swim his horse across. He plunged in—man and horse were swept away by the current, and both perished. The name of that river is The Elster. Thus the prediction, like the Pagan oracles, bore a double meaning, and was fulfilled in a sense different from that in which it was understood.

A near relative of the magpie, the pragmatic JACKDAW, is quite as noisy as her cousin, but not so handsome; neither is she so unlucky, nor so audacious. Once upon a time (saith mythology) she was a Grecian lady. Minos, King of Crete, made war upon Egeus, King of Athens, who had slain his son, and invaded his territory. Arne, an Athenian of noble birth, but ignoble disposition, was bribed by the gold of Minos to betray to him an important citadel, of which her father was the governor. The gods, in punishment for her treachery to her country,

transformed her into a jackdaw, which still betrays an innate desire to appropriate any thing that glitters like metal. Its Latin name, *monedula*, is said to be derived from *moneta*, money, on account of its propensity.\*

THE GUINEA FOWL was (according to mythologists) another Greek lady, an unfortunate mother named Cōmbē, whose unnatural sons conspired together to kill her; but the deities in pity metamorphised her into a guinea fowl, that she might escape from them by flight; and to this day she incessantly proclaims aloud her name, "Com-be, Com-be, Com-be!" but English ears mistake it for "Come back, Come back!"

In ancient sculptures February is personified as a female pouring water out of an urn, and holding a DUCK and a fish, to denote the wet weather usual in that month.

On the occasion of Sir Francis Drake defeating the Spanish Armada, some wit of Queen Elizabeth's Court wrote the following quatrain, punning on the victor's name:—

#### EPIGRAM.

"Fortune! to England friendly still,  
Continue these mistakes;  
Still give us for our Kings such Queens,  
And for our {<sup>Dux</sup>  
Ducks} such Drakes."

Esacus, the eldest son of old King Priam, tenderly loved the nymph Hesperia, who did not reciprocate his affection. When flying from his presence one day she trod on a serpent, was bitten, and died, and Esacus was so much afflicted that he cast himself into the sea, where he was changed into a wild duck. Some mythologists say, a didapper; but we suppose the point is not very material.

What a strange and almost magic charm dwells in the voice of summer's ever welcome harbinger, the Cuckoo. It is but monotony—monotony dwelt on and prolonged; yet we hear it not only without weariness, but with a delight deepening at every repetition. Let the human voice repeat the same tones, or the same words, be what they may, but for a few times, and how impatient we become. It is not so with the voice of Nature (nature apart from human life)—*that* has, indeed, a superhuman spell. We not only endure but love its monotony. We listen to the measured chaunt of the cuckoo, to the gurgling of the brook, the murmurs of the ocean, the rustling of the trees, not merely unwearied, but soothed, lulled, enchanted. The name of the cuckoo is, in many, we might say most, languages derived from the beloved sound of his flute-like call—as, *coucou*, French; *cuculo*, Italian; *kukku*, German; *cuchillo*, Spanish; *cuco*, Portuguese; *cuac*, Irish; *cuculus*, Latin; *kokkuz*, Greek, &c.

The cuckoo was one of the "Almanack Birds" of the ancients.

- \* "Impia prodidit arcem  
Sithonis, accepto, quod avara poposcerat, auro  
Mutata est in avem, quæ nunc quoque diligit aurum,  
Nigra pedem, nigris velata monedula pennis."—*Ovid Metam.*

His pleasant voice commanded the commencing of harvest in countries with warmer skies, and more early seasons, than ours. Aristophanes, in his drama of "The Birds," says—"The cuckoo was once king of all Egypt and Phœnicia; for whenever he cried cuckoo! then the Phœnicians would set to reaping their corn."

The great thunderer, Jove, did not disdain, once upon a time, to take the form of this bird, in order to interest the feelings of Juno when he was wooing her for his wife. During a violent storm he assumed the shape of a cuckoo, trembling with fear and wet with rain, and flew for refuge to Juno, who, filled with compassion, cherished the fugitive; and her heart, thus softened by pity, was prepared for love, when Jupiter presented himself as her suitor in his own proper figure. We must understand this story as an allegory, viewing Jupiter in his human and historical character as king of Greece and its Isles, who employed the good offices of a confidant (typified as a cuckoo) to conciliate Juno after some lover's quarrel, symbolised by the storm, from which the suitor was represented, by his friend, as having suffered so much grief and distress that he was again taken into favour by the offended fair.

The RAVEN, on account of its sepulchral-sounding voice, was one of the sinister birds of the Greeks and Romans. Its effigy was sufficiently malefic to Great Britain and Ireland when it flew on the banners of those ruthless invaders, the heathen Danes. Hence it became in these Isles a bird ominous of death and mourning. The Danes revered it, because they believed that their chief deity, Odin, was attended by two ravens, named Hugin and Munin (Thought and Memory), who informed him of everything passing on earth—a beautiful poetic idea. Thus, among the classic ancients, the raven was dedicated to Apollo on account of its supposed supernatural wisdom, and its skill in divination. According to an old northern superstition, if an infant were fed out of a raven's skull, when he grew up he would understand the language of birds.

When St. Vincent, a deacon of the Church of Osca, now Huesca, in Spain, suffered martyrdom, about A.D. 303, in the persecution by Diodetian, his corpse was exposed outside the walls of Valentia, where he suffered, but a raven (as attested by various writers of the time) protected it from the ravages of beasts and birds of prey. When the Moors conquered Spain the Valentians fled from them, and carried away the relics of the martyr to that Spanish promontory called from him, Cape St. Vincent. In the eleventh century Alfonso Henriquez, by his decisive victory at Ourique, broke the power of the Moors, and founded the kingdom of Portugal, and then caused the remains of the martyr to be transferred to Lisbon by sea. Two ravens were observed to follow the vessel the whole way; in consequence of which they were adopted into the civic arms, and two tame ravens were always kept at the Sé, or ancient Cathedral of Lisbon.

Pliny relates that a tailor in Rome had a raven, which he taught to pronounce the names of the Emperor Tiberius and the members of the imperial family, and to perform many tricks, which attracted a crowd of customers to his shop. A neighbour, envious of the tailor's good fortune, killed the unfortunate and too-accomplished bird; but the

Romans, indignant at the mean and cruel act, inflicted chastisement on the perpetrator, whom they compelled to compensate the tailor for his loss ; and they gave the raven a magnificent funeral.

The raven is a long-lived bird : Hesiod says it lives nine times the life of man. Some ingenious collector (or inventor) of Irish bulls has related that a Paddy, having heard that a raven would live for two centuries, procured one and kept it, in order to see "if it really would live so long." But, unfortunately, the story is *not* Irish but Greek, and is as old as the fifth century ; it is told by Hierocles, the Alexandrian, in his "Facetiæ," and the hero of the jest is the Scholasticus, or silly buffoon.

The saucy, vivacious SPARROW enjoys, notwithstanding the homeliness of its plumage, the mythological honour of ranking among the birds dedicated to Venus, and of being employed to draw her car. The Persians taught sparrows to hawk for butterflies.

These pert little birds figure in an old legend of the town of Cirencester, in Gloucestershire. This place (saith the legend) was a stronghold, well walled and well guarded, in the days of King Brute, an era so remote that we do not pretend to date it. The inhabitants lived at their ease, believing their town impregnable. A foreign prince, said to be from Africa, bearing the name of Gormund (a very Saxon-like appellation for an African), came and besieged Cirencester, [which for seven years defied all his assaults. At length he observed (and his perceptions seem to have been rather slow) that the roofs of all the houses were thatched, and numerously peopled by sparrows. He commanded his soldiers to catch as many of these birds as possible, to fasten lighted combustibles upon them, and then to let them go. The poor little sufferers flew at once to their nests, and of course set the town on fire ; and, in the confusion and dismay that ensued, the besiegers entered and took the place. The stratagem might be clever, but was too cruel ; and, we are well pleased to say, that there is great reason for doubting the truth of the story.

A philosopher in the first century, Apollonius Tyaneus, professed to understand the language of birds (perhaps he had been fed from a raven's scull). As he was one day sitting with some friends, a sparrow came and chattered to a number of birds before the window. The sage affirmed that it was inviting its companions to repair to a particular spot where a mule had just overturned a cart of corn. The visitors hastened to the place mentioned by Apollonius, and found the load of corn scattered about as he had asserted.

The HERON was, among the Romans, a kind of second-rate phoenix. When Æneas and his followers burned Ardea, the chief city of Turnus and the Rutilians, the heron sprang from its ashes. But as a burnt child dreads the fire, so it seems does a singed heron ; for ever since its birth of fire, the bird delights in the opposite element, and lives in the vicinity of waters.

The WAGTAIL was once a nymph, and a somewhat designing one—the daughter of Suadela, or Persuasion. She practised on the affections of Jupiter by magic arts, but Juno turned her would-be rival into a wagtail. In all incantations relating to love and jealousy, the Greeks

invoked it by the name of Iunx; and the Enchantress Circe used its flesh in her spells.

The **THRUSH** was much prized by Roman epicures, who fed it on figs and fine flour: presents were made of fat thrushes, bound round in the form of a crown.

Ere we concluded our ornithological notices, we might have been expected to speak of the royal eagle; but as the king of birds, as the chosen emblem of various nations, it has attracted so much attention from historians, poets, and naturalists, that we fear they have left us nothing to glean after them—nothing to offer that would not be too trite and familiar; and we may say the same of the owl, the vulture, and other principal birds which have been adopted into national blazonry. So here we take our leave of the reader, and close our **AVIARY**.

M. E. M.

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## LOVE AND WILL.

## I.

As stirs Spring's pulse in the bosom  
 Of the torpid wintry earth,  
 When April, warm tears weeping,  
 To violets gives birth :

## II.

So stirred the heart in my bosom  
 That day she passed me by ;  
 Seeing me not, my radiant Queen !  
 With the stately step and eye.

## III.

She is lovelier than the lilies,  
 And white and proud as they,  
 And I am poor and lonely ;  
 But she'll love me yet—one day.

## IV.

This to my heart I promised,  
 So all my thoughts and will,  
 And all my soul and spirit  
 Concentred to fulfil.

## V.

Just this one darling object,  
 This sole and vital aim ;  
 It held me waking, sleeping,  
 Ever and aye the same.

## VI.

And still she did not know it,  
 Nor know me, nor take note  
 Of the quiet, stilly shadow  
 That stealthily would float

## VII.

Behind her in the sunshine,  
 Pervading all her days,  
 Waking, waiting, watching ever  
 Over all her words and ways.

## VIII.

Years went by ; there came a lover—  
 There came many ; but this one  
 Alone seemed like to win her—  
 Still I waked, watched, waited on.

## IX.

I knew my lily loved him,  
 I knew he loved her, too ;  
 Yes, loved as men call loving,  
 Just loved as most men do,

## X.

Twice, thrice, ten times in a life-time.  
 Was it such a love as this  
 Could fill her heart and fill her life,  
 And link her soul to his ?

## XI.

Then came quarrels, clouds, reproaches,  
 Brief truces, strife again.  
 Was I cruel, heartless, selfish,  
 To triumph in her pain ?

## XII.

To watch with hope and longing—  
 For the day, I knew, would come  
 When my lily should grow lonely  
 Once more in her old home.

## XIII.

Perhaps so—Love *is* selfish ;  
 Yet the love *he* had to give, !  
 I knew was so unworthy,  
 So unmeet she should receive !

## XIV.

So they parted, and, as ever,  
 I hung about her home,  
 And waked, and watched, and waited,  
 For I knew my day would come :

## XV.

And at times I saw she noted,  
 With a careless, listless air,  
 The quiet, stilly shadow  
 That floated everywhere.

## XVI.

Winter passed—spring mornings ripened  
 Into glowing days of June ;  
 August sheaves lay full and golden  
 'Neath the large warm harvest-moon.

## XVII.

That was yesternight. Together  
 We stood—her warm hand fast  
 I held. Resistless Love and Will  
 Have made her mine at last !

MARGUERITE A. POWER.

## THE IRISH BRIGADESMAN:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

*By the Author of "Whitefriars," "Mauleverer's Divorce," &c.*

### CHAPTER I.

SARSFIELD, LORD LUCAN.

SHOUTS and uproarious cries, yet apparently, even to those to whom the language was one of unknown barbarism, of enthusiastic joy and welcome, in Irish tones, rang along the streets leading from the Castle to the Thomond Gate of Limerick.

"Glory be to God, and His brightness on your honor's lordship's pathway, for ever and ever, and a bit at the end of it!" burst in native Erse, or English almost as peculiarly national in vehement accentuation and forms of expression, from scores and scores of lips, as the wild soldiers and still wilder rabble who composed the principal part of the Irish Jacobite garrison of the city, in the memorable "Year of Sorrow," 1691, crowded to the doors and exits of their quarters and dwellings in the narrow streets and darksome, pestilential alleys of old Limerick, to witness the passage of their beloved leader, Patrick Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, on the first occasion of his presenting himself in public after taking possession of the military government of the town, in conjunction with Monsieur d'Usson, General of the French Allies of the last of the evil-starred Stuart kings of Great Britain and Ireland.

On this day King James the Second's Lord Deputy of Ireland, Richard Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel, finished characteristically his career of revelry and debauchery, in consequence of an apoplexy brought on by excessive indulgence in the pleasures of the table, a few days previously at a feast. And the death of this "like-master-like-man" Viceroy had permitted the complete lapse into worthier hands of the little authority his indolence, and the universal contempt into which his failures and vices degraded him, allowed the favourite of the fugitive sovereign to retain among the Irish Jacobites.

Of these latter, the defeated and shattered forces were now collected from many scenes of slaughter and overthrow, within the walls of Limerick, the last town of any strength or consequence that remained in their hands. It was about a month from the date of the great battle of Aughrim, which had proved in the most terribly decisive manner the superiority in the field of the arms of the "Dutch usurper," as William III. was called and considered by the adherents of the father-in-law he had dethroned. And this day we speak of was rendered one of additional agitation and alarm in Limerick by the appearance of the advanced guard of the English army. Numerous bodies of glittering and well-appointed cuirassiers, lightening menacingly along the horizon, announced the approach of conquerors whom violent party animosity, and



the injuries and insults of a civil war which had now raged for upwards of three years, inspired with the most merciless hostility. The speedy formation of a siege might be looked for, in which the only hope of the Irish royalists or rebels, as they were alternately styled by the contending factions of the rival kings, must lie in protracting to all those extremities of resistance of which the defence of Londonderry by the opposite party had given an example terrible in its sufferings, however glorious in its results. Yet, as we have commemorated, no sooner were the soldiers and people of Limerick aware of the presence of the beloved chief, whom they knew they were to accept as the very symbol of a determination to this effect, than every trace of despondency and terror vanished, and they crowded around him with an impassioned gratulation that among other nations would only have been bestowed upon the warrior who had actually rescued them from the great peril and adversity in which they were plunged.

This vainly heroic partizan of a doomed cause was accompanied by a retinue of officers, all mounted, but on sorry nags, that looked as if they had been jaded and starved into mere anatomies by a long course of severe service and light provender. Sarsfield's steed, however, still retained a degree of fiery action, or his own unflagging and high-lifting spirit communicated itself by some magnetism to the poor beast, whose dark shaggy coat showed the seams of several frightful, half-healed gashes of the sabre. It curvetted proudly along under its burden, snorting the foam from its dilated nostrils in many a haughty toss of the head among the thronging populace. The new Governor meanwhile acknowledged the uproarious tokens of his popularity by raising his buff-gloved hand to his plumed hat, bowing, smiling, and uttering a thousand good-humoured, sprightly observations to the exulting multitude, that crowded like billows round the keel of some stately vessel on his way. Above all, to the women—even to the most haggish, unsexed-looking beings of the half-savage populace of the city, who loaded him with blessings and enthusiastic commendations as he passed—he had unnumbered laughing gallantries and cheerful exchanges of salute and compliment to offer.

“The Lord reward him for the sparkle of the dear comfort in his eyes! The angels keep the bullet from his breastplate, that shines with the true heart in it more than the steel! Good luck and long life to him, whatever comes of us and our children and theirs, to the beginning of eternity!” are but poor samples of the glowing benedictions and expressions of rejoicing good will that accompanied the progress of the popular Irish hero through throngs whose appearance combined every variety of physical misery, that starvation, wounds, and rags, could assist in forming—even among those whose possession of pikes, rusty muskets, and the tattered remains of uniforms, indicated of a class not likely to allow itself to fare the worst in a community.

In personal characteristics the famous partizan leader was fashioned to command the regards and homage of a rude people, accustomed to bestow their admiration chiefly on those qualities of body and mind which give their possessor a visible and tangible superiority. Sarsfield was tall, and powerfully made; his features were large but well formed, animated and soldier-like in their expression—presenting, like his cha-

racter and descent, a combination of the Saxon and Celt, which, if ever thoroughly effected by the fusion of the two races in Ireland, will possibly produce one destined to be its fittest and happiest possessors. But the leader's eye was his most remarkable feature: it flamed with the beam of the eagle's on a sunset mountain crag! His voice was deep-toned, mellow, and gently loud as the flow of a mighty stream, while on occasion it could rise over the din of battle, or of popular uproar, with the thunder of those same waters hurled headlong from lofty steepes amid the jagged and shaking rocks.

So looked and so demeaned himself of his person, Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, as he rode that fifteenth day of August, 1691, under a continued course of popular ovation to the Thomond Gate of Limerick. And a dulled echo of the shouting city followed him and his escort far on their way, as they passed, with a hollow rattle of the horses' hoofs, over a drawbridge, under the massive portcullis which admitted upon the solid arches of masonry over the Shannon, uniting Limerick with the County of Clare.

"Well, Henry, what say you now? Are they so utterly worn out, hopeless, heartless, craven—ready to give in at the first squeak of old Ginkell's penny Dutch trumpet?"

Sarsfield thus addressed an individual of his retinue, apparently an officer of rank, whose dissatisfied, debauched, and cynical expression formed a marked contrast to the flushed and noble elation of his own, as he looked back and their glances encountered.

"By G—d, my lord, you must have the lost art of reanimating the dead, to see how you have roused the poor, aghast, miserable devils out of their dejection!" the person addressed replied, in what was then considered the proper profane military style. "'Oons, I believe if you were on Kilcommodon Hill, you would make the stinking corpses there, which even the wild dogs wo'not gnaw at any longer, start up all alive, and snatch their rusty pikes and muskets from the red bog they lie wallowing in, to shoulder arms in your honour! How the fiend do you manage it, General? By wearing your own hair like an Irish savage instead of a horse's, in a civilized French periwig?" And the speaker fantastically wreathed his forefinger in the curls of an immense bush of hair that hung in thick corkscrew twists in a prodigious frizzle all over his shoulders and corset down to his soiled white silk scarf.

"I trust I have obtained, and still keep my influence with our poor people by better means than subserviency to their outlandish customs and prejudices, Colonel Luttrell!" replied the General in a somewhat hasty and offended tone.

"Ay, indeed, my lord! By achievements which, if performed on any of the great stages of warfare, such as the Rhine or Italy, would confer on you the reputation of one of the greatest commanders of the age!" said the smooth subordinate, while a treacherous smile played in the corners of his thin, purple lips.

"It might be so, Luttrell, but my destiny is cast in with that of this remote and obscure land, which I hope yet to restore to all its ancient glories and freedom!" the General replied, in a familiar and softened tone; for this brave soldier was also a very vain one, and habitually

under the influence of the oily adulation Henry Luttrell employed in working him to his own ends.

"Ah, if you would but listen to reason, General!" muttered the latter.

"Remember! You know I have forbidden you, Henry, ever again to presume to speak to me of the possibility of coming to terms with this 'clement' Prince of Orange of yours! As to entering into his service—accepting the high command which you imagine he would be so ready to confer on me—only that I know you are jesting altogether in the matter—schoolfellow and friend of mine as you have been so long, if I thought you had any other prompting than your own desperation of our chances, and mistaken zeal to do me service, I would hand you over to the Provost-Marshal, Colonel Luttrell, as indifferently as I would the meanest kerne in my garrison caught doing the enemy's errand in it!"

"And your lordship would be quite right, *à la Brutus*, understood?" replied Luttrell, with affected heartiness. "But where are we going now?"

The party had reached the mounds of a strong earthwork erected to defend the approach to the bridge, whence they were now challenged by a sentinel. Without at the moment replying to this question, Sarsfield gave the word, and led the way through the fortified enclosure into the open fields beyond.

"I intend to visit the camp, and announce in person my accession to the supreme command," he then observed.

"Supreme! with that gibbering Frenchman meddling at every turn!"

"Let him take care," said Sarsfield, warmly, "or I will send him home to his operas and fine ladies in Paris, that he is always whimpering about, much sooner than even he can desire!"

"If it were this instant, he has fair leave from me, and all who really wish well to the cause! He lost us Athlone and Galway while he was studying the folds of a cravat," Luttrell replied, with eager acquiescence. "But as to visiting the camp to-night, my lord, I think you ought to allow some time for your friends to prepare you a fitting reception, for I have told you in what cursed dull dumps our horse continue, that it's enough to take the courage out of a lion to see them snivelling and lamenting over their fate in being put out of the walls, as they think, in the way of worse danger."

"Danger!—on this side the river, where, I trust, if our cavalry does but half its duty in the guard of the fords, so much as an orange coloured butterfly shall not presume to flutter for months!" said the General angrily.

"By the Lord, I think, if it did it would set them all a-scampering! They can't away with the mangling they got from those d—d blue troopers of the Dutchman at Aughrim, do what we will to comfort them!" returned Luttrell.

"I am sure, Colonel, you have not taken the right way of late with them, going among them with the hangdog, desponding look I have observed you wear very often when you are riding your rounds!" said Sarsfield.

"I can't help my looks, General ; I never was a man to feign other than I felt," replied Luttrell, doggedly ; "and I have not concealed either from yourself or the rest of them that I consider our game as bad as lost, and that our only chance is to throw over the tables, and have a scramble at the stakes."

"As you would avoid worse consequences, then, Colonel, I advise you to keep your opinion to yourself where we are going!" returned his commander, with a very stern and menacing expression.

Luttrell bit his lip and kept a sullen silence for several minutes. He turned, however, his horse's head implicitly with Sarsfield's towards the encampment alluded to in their conversation, which now appeared in view, covering a considerable space in the champaign country before them. It was almost exclusively of cavalry, three or four thousand in number, by whose means the Irish commanders hoped to sustain their communications with the County of Clare, and to defend the passage of the Shannon at the few points near Limerick, where it could be crossed without great difficulties in the width and force of the stream.

This camp, which was certainly rather an extensive one, from the large tract of country to be covered, was defended by some inartificially constructed entrenchments and palisades, planted with a few pieces of cannon. It occupied the foreground of a chain of hills which rose like a heavy sigh of the earth in the dun distance. The lines of outposts, and pickets along the banks of the river, were marked by the smoke and glow of peat-fires under the evening sky. Very few tents were visible, materials of civilised warfare being very scarce in the Irish army. But multitudes of huts, that emulated in variety of wretchedness the hovels inhabited by the peasantry, gave the whole the aspect of a Hottentot kraal rather than of a regular military encampment.

Sarsfield and his escort had scarcely turned towards this point of military interest when both he and they were startled by the sudden apparition of a tall, gaunt figure that seemed to rise from the depths of a swamp which bordered both sides of the grassy causeway they had now entered upon.

There was still a broad belt of orange-tinted crimson glow in the western horizon. But it was growing dark and shadowy in every other direction ; and the figure was certainly one which, in the broad daylight, would have been calculated to awaken dismay. It was that of a man who resembled nothing so much as one of the athletic cannibals of the then unknown islands of the Southern Ocean, in the sinewy proportions of his half-naked, tanned, and leathery-fleshed framework of mortality ; and as little less savage was the class this man might be fairly said to represent considered by the English, and even by their own countrymen and co-factionists of the towns, and other more orderly and disciplined levies on the side of James the Second. They were principally clansmen of the Irish chieftains—men almost in a state of primeval nature, untaught in any of the arts or comforts of civilised existence—whose only principle of military efficiency was implicit obedience to the orders of their hereditary masters. That is to say, on all occasions but where it was most necessary—for they hardly ever displayed any courage or conduct in the field ; and though they made up a show of strength which gratified the arrogance and supported the pretensions of their

leaders, their only real use was to ravage, and officiate as a wild kind of commissariat in the supply of the army by plunder and devastation. In making excursions into an enemy's country, cattle-stealing, fire-raising, throat-cutting, these semi-savages had acquired a reputation, under the designation of Rapparees—which in their own acceptance meant only volunteers—that has not died out in the interval of a hundred and seventy years, and keeps all subsequent exploits of Rockites, Ribbonmen, Whiteboys and Croppyboys under some shadow of eclipse.

Our specimen was attired only in some tatters of mud-coloured frieze fastened with a straw band round his waist, in which was stuck a long bare knife, called a skene. He carried a pointed stake, blackened in the process of hardening by fire, which might have served Ulysses to put out the one enormous eye of the Cyclops. Cover for head or foot the Rapparee had none, save the shocks of red hair, coarse as cocoa-nut fibre on the former, and natural mocassins of his own hardened skin on the latter. But the first glance at this formidable phantom gave the worst impression; a second, and its haggard, abject visage and crouching attitude, dissipated somewhat of the alarm such an uncouth and sudden apparition, in times so disturbed, might well arouse. Yet Sarsfield kept his hand on a pistol in his holster as he perceived the fellow come and place himself in his way, so as to compel him either to rein up his horse or ride over him. He adopted the former alternative, though not without some hesitation, which was heightened into anger when he found the grim figure made no attempt to remove the obstruction it occasioned, but began muttering and gibbering in some strange, unintelligible tones, with a great variety of gesticulations, probably intended to eke out the purport of its attempts at articulate speech.

"Is he begging, and has some Connaught farmer cut his tongue out for telling where his grain was hidden?" said Sarsfield. "Do not harm him, Kilrush! the poor wretch seems inoffensive enough."

"He is trying to speak Saxon with only a Celtic tongue in his head. Speak in Irish, man, instead of twisting your jaws like an ape at a nut too hard to crack! We can both understand you, if you don't come west of all rational sounds!" said Luttrell, in that language; and the Rapparee, who had in reality been labouring hard to deliver himself in one with which he was by no means familiar, burst out in a torrent on finding he was likely to be understood in his native dialect.

"I am Fhad Redmond of the Cows, from the land of the dark rainbow of the O'Neil! I came on an errand of death, faster than the cloud on the wind, from the noble Roderick, my lord, to the hero of the battles of the land, within the walls yonder! But the sons of the scarlet breast refused me admittance, because in my haste I forgot to demand of my chief the word of power. Yet they told me the leader of the battle came forth ever once in the day—and I have hungered and thirsted with the bittern and the frog, two sundowns, awaiting his approach, that I might do the bidding of my master, The O'Neil! And does not Fhad Redmond of the Cows look now on the devouring light of the cloud of battle, the launcher of the clattering whirlwind of the broad-bosomed steed?"

"I am Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, Governor of this town, and General of the Forces of his Majesty King James the Second, in the city

of Limerick. And now pray tell me, in as few and as plain words as you can muster, my good Pat Redmond, what you want with me?" said the commander, impatiently, annoyed by Luttrell's undiagnosed merriment at this wildly-elevated manner of address.

"She can speak Sassenach too, herself, too, tevil fetch her!" returned poor *Fhad*, perceiving he had offended in some way, and imagining his Irish was not properly understood. And he then proceeded in such English as he could command, much in the tone of a man translating from one language into another. "The masther is dying! The great O'Neil himself lies stretched on the bed of the White Sleep! Hy Nial is going to the place of the narrow darkness, drained by the red lips of his wounds, as the bloody jaws of the wolf drink up the life of the fiercest ram, on some dark hill side, far from the straining eyes of the shepherd and the dog! The sword of the foe at Aughrim loosened his veins till they flowed like streams from the hills after a night of storms! It is the last breath he is drawing, please your honor, and he sends me tiv ye with the word in my mouth—If ever ye have feasted the ravens of death together; if ever ye have shared your dark mantles on the field of the frozen blast; if ever ye have been as brothers in your love! if he drew you back from the black mist of fire on the day of the bursting cannon at Kellunamona, come to him now, that he may utter his last words and wishes in his battle-brother's ear and heart!"

"Is Sir Roderick so bad then?—so *very* bad? Of course, if he desires to see me, I will come. Luttrell, what say you?" Sarsfield responded, with the ready warmth of kindness which contributed as much as any of his greater qualities to endear him to a people so sympathetic and impulsive in all their sentiments as those he swayed.

"I am agreeable to anything in preference to a visit to that wo-begone camp of ours, though I suppose Sir Roderick O'Neil's death-thraw will not be at all a pretty spectacle to witness," said Luttrell, with a shocking levity that evidently disgusted the General.

"I have no doubt he can dispense with your attendance upon it, sir, as I can with any further such unfeeling comments on the misfortune of men who have fought and bled so valiantly for the cause whose livery we both profess to wear! Where is my poor friend lying, good fellow?"

"In a chamber of the Holy Ruin, beyond the hills," was the reply of the wild messenger, pointing to the range of near elevations on which the last brightness of the sunset crowned the purple robes of the twilight with golden fire.

"Quin Abbey, does the flighty savage mean?" exclaimed Luttrell. "Well, we could soon make a trip there, only we should not have time for the fords and camp afterwards, my lord! But I suppose that would not matter for a night? Yet, stay," he interrupted himself, with a visible start, "is not one Captain Mahony, my merry boy, lying out at the Abbey, with his rive-rag troopers of Galmoy's Horse?"

"Of course you know, Luttrell, that Captain Mahony commands the outlying post of horse there. You were with me when we left him there to strive to check the enemy's flying parties, and rally the Aughrim runaways," said Sarsfield, much surprised.

"Of course I do, my lord; and that is a reason why I must beg of

you not to venture such a distance with such a slender escort as we are, to-night, on such an absurd, screech-owl visitation, as if a man could not die comfortably without making his friends dull with the exhibition," said Luttrell, peevishly.

"I do not imagine we run any risk of encountering enemies between here and Quin Abbey; Captain Mahony is a most vigilant patrol," replied Sarsfield.

"Provided wine and woman play him no trick, my lord," said Luttrell.

"You have not many good words to spare for your friends this evening, Colonel; for I thought Captain Mahony was in particular esteem with you a few weeks ago, when you yourself suggested to me how invaluable his services might prove in the position in which I placed him!" said Sarsfield.

"That was before I found him out to be what he is, a pragmatical, prating fellow, who thinks because he has handled a sword once or twice in the campaigns of Turenne and Catinat, that he is fit to teach us all the art of war," replied Luttrell, with some visible confusion. "Besides, sir, I have heard reasons of late why he is not to be so much trusted as I thought. He is a mere soldier of fortune, and probably quitted his mercenary service in the French armies for some other worse and likelier cause than a desire to assist in the redemption of his country, as he pretends. His country, forsooth! What country can a man have, who has been abroad fighting for another half the years of his life?"

"Why, Luttrell! were I myself to breathe out my latest sigh years hence in the most distant land of Europe, still should I love and cherish Ireland as I do the memory of the mother that bore me," returned Sarsfield, vehemently. "But General Saint Ruth has frequently assured me it was pure and warm-hearted zeal for his country's deliverance that induced Mahony to relinquish his excellent prospects in the French service, and join us in his company. He has always given me the impression of an honest, brave, high-hearted gentleman, with a good, ready, Irish wit of his own, and a soldierly handling in his command that I wish I could see more general among us! His troop was the only one ready and willing to make that desperate last charge with me when we carried off poor O'Neil, after the flight of his clan, and his own mad-bull rush into the thickest of the enemy's ranks. And Mahony drew off his men unbroken amidst all the horrors of the pursuit and carnage, and helped me to cover the retreat, like an experienced and courageous officer as he is, when all the rest of you seemed little better than the ringleaders of a flying mob!"

"It may be so, sir. Still, upon my soul and honour! I do not advise you to place yourself in the hands of Captain Mahony. You know what reports are afloat of a secret correspondence between parties of ours and Ginkell's, as the Dutchman rounded us in. And Mahony has private reasons of disaffection to the cause."

"Private reasons! And what may those be, Colonel?"

"Oh, your lordship knows the late Duke's brown-eyed Galway witch, Molly Maguire, had promised herself to the Captain before Tyrconnel spied her out and took a fancy to her. Of course Molly, like any

other witty woman, preferred a Lord Deputy, with forty thousand a-year, sitting in state in Dublin Castle, to a Captain of starved Irish horse, out getting peppered before Londonderry! But the ass took it quite sulkily, as if he had some right to complain. Molly laughs at him, to be sure, in her way, but even she admits she hasn't served him well. And my private opinion is, the jilted lover has never since been much to be depended upon, if he saw a good opportunity to let us know his mind to some purpose."

"I think, Luttrell, you are talking a little now like the rival pretender to Mistress Maguire's good graces D'Usson told you to your face the other day you were," said Sarsfield, smiling incredulously. "Moreover, as the Duke and I have been at loggerheads almost ever since we met, Mahony can owe me no grudge on his account. Had I been his friend and ally, Tyrconnel's death must have disarmed even the indignation of a jilted Captain of dragoons! But I am sure, besides, Mahony is too much a gentleman, both by nature and birth, to suffer private piques to influence his conduct in a public capacity."

Luttrell gave a vicious, contemptuous snarl of dissent. "Your lordship cannot have forgotten what passionate part he took on the side of his General, Saint Ruth, when you were reduced so lately to a mere cipher in the army, and the Frenchman insisted on ruling everything to our destruction!" he exclaimed.

"I cannot blame Mahony for taking part with a commander whom he looked upon as his own patron and friend, under whose banner he had served so long and creditably," said Sarsfield. "Neither can I wonder that a man of spirit and warm feeling should resent the treatment he received from that old reprobate, and the worthless woman who preferred the rotten gilding of Tyrconnel's state to the love of so brave and honest a heart! But to show you what full trust I place in this brave officer, Colonel," he continued, irritated into a more emphatic affirmation of his own opinion by Luttrell's sneer, "I will visit him in his quarters to-night without any escort at all! Kilrush shall turn back with the men at once! And it will answer another good purpose—I shall come upon our parties without such a clatter as will put the negligent and slothful on their guard to deceive me. And we shall be able to push on the faster the fewer of these poor, broken-winded creatures we have with us to goad on."

The General spoke in too decisive and determined a manner to admit of any further remonstrance on the part of Luttrell. He then desired one of his retinue to dismount and lend a horse to the Rapparee, in order that he might officiate as guide to Mahony's outpost, whence he came. But Fhad Redmond expressed such emphatic horror at the proposal, and declared so vehemently that he could run on his own bony shanks as fast as any "*four-legged beast*" could carry him, that Sarsfield laughed and desired him to take his own way, satisfied from what he had previously known of the habits of these predatory warriors, he would be very likely to make good his vaunt.



## CHAPTER II.

## CAPTAIN MAHONY.

SARSFIELD was not mistaken. The Rapparee dropped respectfully into the rear of the party, but his long strides kept fully pace with those of the horses; and even when the latter broke into a smart trot, he seemed to have no difficulty in increasing his own speed, so as to preserve the relative distance unbroken. He proved useful in other capacities than that of guide, in which, nevertheless, he officiated with an intelligence and discretion which entitled him to Sarsfield's commendations, and the promise of a suitable reward. In crossing a great tract of boggy land at the foot of the hills, the General's horse accidentally slipped into one of the deep peat-pools cut in the morass, and was in some danger of sinking in a slough whence it could not easily have been extricated. The big-boned Rapparee threw his arms round its neck, and in a manner lifted both horse and rider by sheer force, from the danger, on *terra firma*. After this exploit, Sarsfield's steed, with a true instinct, industriously trod in the very footsteps of Fhad of the Cows, until the whole party arrived on solid ground, in the midst of the pleasant country round the village of Quin, in the County of Clare.

Here stood, and still stand, the remains of a monastic building, once of very great extent, and preserving in its scattered ruins, and towering central pile, evidences of its former magnificence.

It appeared from Redmond's account (Luttrell affected to be entirely ignorant on the subject) that Captain Mahony had taken up his quarters with his troopers in portions of this ancient building which still afforded cover. Sarsfield and his companion gathered that there was some species of contagious pestilence rife in the village of low black mud cabins they passed through, and which seemed to have grown round the ruins like a fungus on a decayed oak. A number of disarmed and panic-stricken fugitives from the field of Aughrim had taken shelter there. And for these reasons it seemed the commander had determined to isolate his force in the Abbey. This was evidenced by the fact, that the moment they reached the banks of a little stream flowing under a wall, which once enclosed the precincts, a hoarse voice called to them to halt, and a dismounted dragoon, with carbine levelled, loomed gigantically into sight in the now deep darkness, over a slip in the masonry where he was stationed on guard. In the first place the sentry caught sight only of the Rapparee.

"Arrah, now, you rascally spalpeen, you!" he shouted, "don't you know the Captain's orders, and is it after breaking them you'll be in the face of Thady Macgillicuddy's musketoon?"

Sarsfield answered by commanding immediate admission for himself and his companions, and the soldier, recognising his voice, and apparently cowed, lowered his weapon, and humbly requested their honours to take "the crossing" a little lower down, where he could open them a way "asy into the Abbey churchyard." Accordingly they found him busy heaving away some trunks of pines placed across a gap in the

wall as a barrier a short distance down the water. It was "asy" to enter the Abbey precincts from this point, and Lord Lucan with both his companions arrived at their destination without further delay.

Redmond, cowering so as to avoid the observation of the sentinel, almost instantly disappeared, while Luttrell, who had been immersed in saturnine thoughtfulness for some minutes, now looked up from his meditations and proposed that they should leave their horses here in charge of the dragoon.

"It is very uneven ground up to the Abbey," he observed, "and we shall be safer on our legs than on these tired beasts. Besides," he added, with a malignant smile, "we shall have a chance of coming upon Mahony when he don't expect us, and catching him, perhaps, at some of his cantrips. What should you say, General, if we found him in close conference with some fine young gentleman in scarlet and lace from Ginkell's head-quarters?"

"Say! I should express myself as much to the purpose as possible in the form of a gibbet, balanced as carefully as might be between them."

"That's easier said than done, General. I am pretty certain Mahony's men would take part with him against even yourself in person; for you know Galmoy's Horse were always set against you in favour of that domineering French fellow, who lost his head so nattily at Anghrim, it was a real pleasure to see it bowling off."

"Let me see the man, or the men, that dares disobey any command of mine!" said Sarsfield, much—as his wily companion purposed—irritated at the idea.

"Well, come on, sir; I think I can indulge you in the wish speedily enough," was the reply. And Luttrell, taking upon him to guide, proceeded with apparent caution towards a black, ivy-crowned mass of building whose opaque darkness cast it strongly into relief even against the moonless sky of the night.

They had proceeded, stumbling among the old gravestones and clumps of fallen masonry, until they were pretty close on a wall pierced with shattered arches that gave a view into the midst of an enclosed space, almost choked with piles of green, weedy rubbish, when a voice was audible from the interior of this part of the ruins, humming a lively, ranting sort of tune, which has since become familiar to all the world by the style and title of "Nora Creina." But the words were French, and as far as the hearers could catch their drift, were very far indeed from being of so gallant and sprightly a contexture as those flung so airily on the melody, like the sparkling foam on the crest of dancing waves, by Moore. A verse might possibly have been Anglicised thus into a doggerel of a similar quality to that in which the Irish military poet essayed to vent his woes, in what he probably considered a more civilized and likely-to-reach-posterity form than his own language supplied:—

Oh, St. Patrick! when you were  
From Ireland snake and serpent chasing,  
Why 'd you leave the worst one there  
To tangle us in her false embracing?

Smiling sweet, with humid lips,  
 As bright as light on dabbled roses,  
 Who the living honey sips  
 The feast a poisoned draught supposes?  
 Oh, cheat woman! woman the cheat!  
 Bright, ensnaring, faithless woman!  
 Truth may dwell  
 In the deepest well  
 But never in woman's looks, cheat woman!

"'Tis Mahony!" whispered Luttrell; he has the voice of a Balrudery tomcoat, in addition to his other perfections, and he likes all the world to know it. Do you hear how he harps on that string about woman's falsehood, when he might just as well blame April for being showery. He owes us all a rare spite, you may depend upon it, General, and myself in particular, if he has heard of D'Usson's absurd pratings. Would it not be better for us to retire, without giving him the opportunity of showing off some insolence?"

"Certainly not, until I have dispatched my business here," replied Sarsfield, indifferently; though in any nature less chivalrously loyal itself, Luttrell's continued reluctance to encounter Mahony might well have awakened some suspicion of the cause. He then called the Captain's name in a loud voice, and brought that officer instantaneously to a dead halt in his march and his melody within the ruined cloister. Almost the next moment, and a weighty but agile figure cleared the deep-set arches of the cloister at a vault, and alighted before the visitors with rather surprising promptitude.

"*Halte là!—Diable!* who goes there?" said the voice of the interrupted singer, and the click-click of pistols cocking in either hand was audible.

Sarsfield briefly and haughtily answered the challenge by stating who he was, and his object in visiting Captain Mahony's quarters.

"Major-General Sars—field!" repeated the captain, in evident astonishment, and not in the most respectful tone possible. "*Sacre nom!* and how how have you got past the sentinel without his giving the alarm?"

"The alarm, Captain Mahony!—an alarm at the presence of the General-in-Chief at an outpost!"

"I ordered my sentinel to admit no one living—*corbleu!* or dead—without permission from myself, General, and the password, which you could not know, as I only knew it myself an hour ago! And do you mean to say that you have been permitted to make your ways in without the least obstruction in life?"

"We told him who we were, Captain Mahony, my dear, and that of course satisfied the good fellow," said Luttrell, in his softest, most cajoling tones.

"But, *ventre-gris!* it don't satisfy me at all, at all, Colonel Luttrell, if you'll take my word for it!" returned the other, evidently not at all appeased. "But, by the Holy Cross! I'll teach Master Thady Macgillicuddy his duty before I have done with him. Hola, there, John O'Regan! turn me out a serjeant's party, and go and put Macgillicuddy in irons, in the black-hole down in the vaults among the old fathers and

the rats till to-morrow evening about this same time, without bit or sup 'till then. He may blame himself if he takes the shaking-fever as strong, to the bargain, as one of the rascal runaway Rapparees in the vil-lage."

"You see, sir, how he throws himself in your teeth at once," whispered Luttrell.

"I shall not bite him, however," returned Sarsfield, controlling himself with an effort worthy of a man born to rule men. "Now I remember me, the soldier committed a great breach of discipline, even at my command, when that of his own superior officer was so peremptorily against the admittance of strangers without his allowance specially granted. Captain Mahony, I acknowledge you are in the right, but, as I was the occasion of your soldier's disobedience, I must request of you as a personal favour to remit his punishment."

Mahony was silent for a moment and evidently perplexed. At last he muttered, "By the powers! if I had been born a woman, I should have been a queer one, for I never could refuse anything asked of me civilly. Have it your own way, General," he concluded; "but I can tell you I am obliged to keep a pretty tight hand upon my savages, who would rather eat their horses any day than mount them for service, take them at best, since Aughrim. So, General, if you come to see what sort of discipline I keep up among them, I'll be bondsman your fine Cliffords and Sheldons are in a powerful worse order at the camp and fords."

Sarsfield removed this notion from the worthy Captain's mind by reiterating the real purpose of his visit, with an additional request to be conducted immediately to the bedside of his suffering friend.

"It is a queer bed he has, poor Sir Rory, my lord," replied Mahony, in a changed and very feeling tone. "But it's a good preparation, mayhap, for the one he is going to, for it is as well not to be too comfortable in our quarters when we are under orders to quit them. He has been blating and blaring for you as long as he could speak, and now he has fallen into a sleep from which I am afraid he will not awake on this side eternal bliss."

"*Afraid*, Captain?" said Sarsfield, with a smile, and the Captain coloured up violently.

"It is bred in the flesh of me, I suppose, to blunder; and if you were not half English on the father's side yourself, General, you would know what it is to be talking in one language and thinking in another; or, faith, in two, for French has almost become my mother tongue to me since I have lived so much abroad. However, I talk *no Dutch*, high or low, which is perhaps more than can be said of us all just at present!"

Luttrell turned pale. "We should lose no time if Sir Roderick is sinking so fast!" he exclaimed, alarmed at the inquiring look Sarsfield directed at the Captain, evidently struck with the significant stress he laid on this latter expression. Sarsfield assented, and Mahony, lifting his hat with foreign ceremoniousness, led the way along the ruined cloisters towards some less dilapidated remains in the central portions of the pile. And now, as the Captain is a personage of some considerable importance in our narrative, while he thus officiates as cicerone, we

may as well attempt a slight description of his external characteristics. With those of the inner man both the reader and ourselves must take time and events into the scrutiny to understand and elucidate properly.

Captain Mahony, then, was a man between thirty and forty, of athletic proportions—indeed rather too massively fashioned about the shoulders and hips—and with a strongly Milesian cast of countenance. The features certainly were not good; he had too small and cocked a nose, too long an upper lip, too energetically developed cheek-bones, and too wide a mouth. But the square, firm-set forehead wore such a stamp of audacious will and power—such an expression of genial humour and good nature played in general over his aspect—such coruscations of wit, and fancy, and vehement feeling were continually lighting up his glance—that when he pleased to give these favourable qualities their full effect, it was difficult to understand how, according to Apollo Belvedere measurements, Mahony was not at all a handsome man. We must admit, however, that when in deference to the foreign prejudices he had acquired, Mahony endeavoured to suppress—as signs of Irish barbarism and want of civilised self-control—this national vivacity and versatility of expression, he got up a very sorry kind of gravity in place of it, that resembled rather a caricature of dignified sobriety than dignified sobriety itself. And there were times when this pleasant visage wore deeper and darker shadows than are to be found in types of less customary liveliness; and when the stormy spirit of his race gained the ascendancy in his hot-blooded temperament, then certes this worthy Irish Captain presented an aspect so fully conformable to his feelings, that very few people would have chosen twice to fire the train for such an explosion.

As to his garb, Mahony was tricked out in a style that had become unhappily but too much the mode in the uncared-for and poverty stricken armies of James II. His uniform was a mere aggregate of red patches, though still, in the midst of all his *délabrement*, he managed to retain a large frizzled brown wig, and some tatters of lace hanging at the sleeves of his coat, “to give the world assurance” of some pretensions to polite costume. It was not easy for him, however, to walk without exposing divers unseemly rents in his nether garments, and his high jack-boots were worn and burst in all directions, so as to render his tenure of them, as he creaked along in them, evidently precarious. Then his linen, visible in the large flowing cravat, which was the mode at the time, looked as if it had not been in the wash-tub for months. But, on the other hand, his steel breastplate and backplate, his two large horse-pistols, heavy trailing sword, and silver spurs, were polished with the utmost nicety. And even the sorrowful remains of the rest of his costume were adjusted with the care and precision of an officer trained under the showy Grand Monarque to consider external appearance a very essential portion of the soldier's duty and profession.

“Ce brave Mahoni,” as he is called in various French accounts of the achievements of the founders of the Irish Brigade, was by birth a gentleman of a good “old Irish” family. His religion, which was the Roman Catholic one, and which he had received with the family name from his ancestors, was not at that time an insuperable obstacle to the advancement of an aspirant in the legal profession, for which, being a younger

son, he was destined by his relatives. It was rather perhaps a recommendation with the Viceroy of Charles II., in whose reign Mahony was solemnly matriculated of Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to the laying a good solid foundation for the more specific studies of his profession. But like his contemporary, Jonathan Swift, Mahony was very far indeed from availing himself of the learned advantages offered to him, and on the contrary, exhibited so decided a genius for every species of active diversion in the way of fun and riot, that he soon acquired a reputation anything but favourable to his exaltation in the honours of a grave profession. Luckily the young fellow himself discovered the true bent of his nature, and in spite of the unwillingness and remonstrances of his parents, determined to become a soldier. Accident aided him in the design, which he would otherwise have found difficult of execution against the opinions and determination of his family. Charles II., the ignoble pensionary of Louis XIV., although he dared not openly render the dues of his vassalage to that monarch, in the way of military assistance in his enterprises, secretly agreed to connive at a project to raise a considerable body of men in the French service in Ireland. In this corps the dashing and adventurous Mahony readily procured a commission, and it formed the first nucleus of the future famous Irish Brigade, under the banner of the Grand Monarque.

Mahony had served during several renowned campaigns in the French service, with great credit to himself, and prospects of advancement, when the misfortunes of James the Second, and his resolution to try his fortunes in the retrieval of his throne on the soil of Ireland, offered him an honourable occasion to return to his native land. And of this, to do him bare justice, he availed himself with the utmost alacrity, and indifference to the loss of his hardly-achieved position in the service of a foreign prince. The heart of the man was still Irish to the core, and although he certainly flattered himself that he had become highly Frenchified and civilized during his long continental experience, Irish in every pulse and impulse of his eager, headstrong, warm-blooded temperament, Captain Mahony was destined to continue through all the changes of his chequered fate.

#### CHAPTER III.

RODERICK O'NEIL.

OUR party was now approaching what was probably the Captain's headquarters, in a portion of the ruined monastery, which, from its appearance, had been the church belonging to it. Entering at the sombre-arched porch to this edifice, both Sarsfield and Luttrell were surprised to hear the wild skirling notes of an Irish bagpipes, and a tumult of shuffling feet, screeching, and castanet-like snapping of the fingers in accompaniment to the music, which seemed to announce a dancing-party, engaged in the style of revelry usual among the lower classes of the people then as now. Mahony himself seemed to think it necessary to apologise for the display. "I keep strict discipline, my Lord Lucan," he observed; "but that provided, I indulge my poor regues to the

extent of the means at my disposal; and an Irishman without his dance and his sweetheart, mopes and pines as if he had lost something worth the having. And you will observe, Monsieur le Général, it was always the policy of great commanders to fall in with the national ways and humours in cultivating the love of hard knocks among their following. Alexander the Great ——”

“Oh, Mahony, honey, what’s the use of going so far back when we have your own methods of military proselytism before our eyes?” interrupted Luttrell. “But talking of sweethearts, you can have your own back again, I’ll be sworn, whenever you feel in the mind! Why are you surprised? Have you not heard out here how old Tyrconnell’s apoplexy has made short work with him, and strangled him out of hand this very noon?”

“Tyrconnell dead!” repeated Mahony, quite aghast. “And I was only waiting till I could throw up my commission with honor to challenge him to a field one of us should never have left alive!”

“He has given you the slip then fairly, Captain; but you may depend upon it, Molly Maguire has leisure now to repent of her bargain,” said Luttrell, with a jeering laugh.

“Molly Maguire!” repeated Mahony, while a dark flush broke on his brows. “Molly Maguire!” he re-echoed with a pathetic, heart-wrung intonation of the voice, “Molly Maguire is not worth an honest man’s concerning himself about; but by my heavens, Colonel Luttrell, if you mean her any sort of insult by your way of speaking of her ——”

“Peace, gentlemen!” interrupted Sarsfield, sternly. “I have not come here to listen to you wrangling. Where is The O’Neil?”

While he was thus speaking the whole party had entered on a somewhat singular scene. They were in an extensive walled enclosure, in which the remains of lofty arches, the transept-shape of the weedy, grass-overgrown pavements, the defaced monuments, were evidently those of a church. A portion of the roof had fallen in, but enough of a gallery that had once run round the building remained to furnish stabling for a considerable number of horses which were there accommodated. The troopers were engaged in various parts of the enclosure, some furbishing arms, some roasting potatoes in the ashes of several peat fires, but by far the majority dancing with a number of women and lasses to the yelling music we have mentioned.

“Good God, Captain Mahony!” exclaimed Sarsfield, catching a glimpse of a horrible ghastly figure at the extremity of this *chambre à danser*, “how could you authorize such an uproar as this near the couch of a dying man?”

“It is Sir Rory’s own desire, General; for he thought it would give him heart to live on till you came, if he could hear and see something cheerful,” replied Mahony, quite sedately.

Sarsfield stepped impatiently forward on this intimation to the spot where the dying chieftain of the O’Neil was easily to be singled out, reposing seemingly in a deep lethargic sleep.

He was stretched on a heap of straw piled above the ground on the slab of some old, moss-eaten monument, which, from the remains of robes, and of a pastoral rod, might have been that of one of the ancient abbots of the house. The chieftain was covered with a horse-rug, be-

neath which the outlines of a frame that might have been called gigantic, lay motionless as if carved in some dark wood. A head with noble Celtic features, fearfully pale in contrast to the masses of damp grizzled black hair and beard that hung over it, appeared above this blanket, but exhibited as little sign of life as the rest of the figure. Only a hand of herculean proportions, grasping a portion of the coverlet in a strenuous hold, as if dreaming it still held the sword of its battles, for ever relinquished, showed that the paralyzing touch had not yet been laid completely on the sinews of this fallen man of might.

Fhad Redmond, who had gained a considerable start on the visitors, they found kneeling beside his lord, busily engaged endeavouring to restore him to sensation by the application of a piece of moss, soaked in vinegar, to his nostrils, while tears streamed unheeded in large drops down his own rugged cheeks.

"Is he gone?" said Sarsfield, dubiously.

"Most likely; there's not the ghost of a hope of him, General," said Mahony, in moved but very decisive tones. "By token, last night the O'Neil banshee came screeching after him three or four times under the great rifted abbey window over the high altar above us, where you see the witch-elm nodding in, for want of the fine stained window-panes that were in it in the good old times. Not that *I* believe in such superstitious *outramer*, outlandish stuff as banshees," he added, rather confusedly, remembering what opinion would be formed on such an absurdity in what was so shortly to become the capital of Voltaire and d'Alembert. "But his kernes and gallowglasses are enough to swear one's head off one's shoulders they all heard it *too*, as far down as the village; and faith! I think they would almost consider their chief disgraced, and as if he was not of the true blood of The O'Neil, if he presumed to live after that! But let me see by what we used to call at college 'a rational diagnostic,' whether the life is in him or out of him."

And withdrawing his wig so as to expose a mass of thick, short, curly black hair, Mahony laid his ear to Sir Roderick's side, and listened attentively for some moments. "Sir Rory, *mon cher*, are you alive, now tell me, or are you gone dead entirely, *mon pauvre ami*? Here's my Lord Lucan come to see you, at your own particular desire, you know, Sir Rory!"

"Patrick Sarsfield is here! He will remember me best by that name," said the General, much moved by the visible signs of utter failure in that powerful form, which he remembered lately in its proudest vigor, towering above all others—a veritable king of men, in the Homeric notions of the race he ruled.

"Let us give him the laste taste in life now of a drop of good *eau de vie*—it's the true elixir vitæ, say what they will of the other," observed Mahony, striding to the holsters of a saddled steed in one of the stalls. "I remember it brought me back from the other world when I had gone so far in it as to have forgotten all about this, at the siege of Londonderry, running up the breach with poor Con O'Neil, hand in hand, for a wager which would be first at the top of it. Botheration! it's not good French brandy at all, but Irish usquebagh, filthy, fiery stuff, which I wonder how it could get into my riding-flasks! However, it must serve the turn, as we have no other handy at present."



Thus speaking he poured a very liberal supply of the cordial into Sir Roderick's mouth, which, however, seemed to produce a good effect. The chieftain's corpse-like countenance relaxed; he drew up his limbs in the couch with a deep sigh, and opening his dark, glaring eyes, raised himself by a voluntary effort on his couch, muttering "Is he come?"

"Here's the Major-General, Sir Roderick. And now Mahony, jewel, let us leave them to their own gossip: it's not likely to be very interesting to us," said Luttrell, drawing the Captain away by the sleeve, as if he had been watching for an opportunity to take him off.

Mahony seemed not greatly to relish the familiarity. He made a gesture almost of rude repulse, considering the superior rank of the officer whose hold was upon him. But suppressing what was obviously the feeling of the moment, he drew a ricketty, three-legged milk-stool for the General's accommodation near the couch of his suffering friend, and yielded to Luttrell's evident wish that they should retire together, with a degree of hesitation and reluctance scarcely to be accounted for, excepting on the score of some private and deep-rooted dislike or suspicion on his part towards the Colonel.

Sarsfield was now left alone with his friend, whose career and its disastrous close represented the fortunes of a rather numerous class of the Irish adherents of James the Second.

Throughout the fierce and protracted Civil War between the de-throned Stuart and his supplanter, Sir Roderick O'Neil had occupied a very distinguished place among the native Irish chieftains who embraced the cause of the former. He claimed to be the direct descendant and representative of the great O'Neil, Earl of Tyrone, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, pretended to the sovereignty of all Ireland, and long vindicated a sanguinary dominion throughout the province of Ulster. The Revolution found him shrunken from these lofty ancestral rights to the position of an obscure country gentleman, of very limited means, but still in the estimation of the peasantry of Tyrone the only legitimate lord of all the vast districts alienated from his name. He easily raised a tumultuous body of these clansmen and other hereditary "following" of the O'Neils, with whom, under his own command and that of two fine young sons, he hastened to tender his allegiance and sword in the service of a king of his own faith, and who promised the amplest redress for wrongs similar to those of which the dispossessed chieftain believed he had to complain.

Sir Roderick's claim to the earldom of Tyrone was in fact formally admitted by James's frantic Irish parliament, and the restoration of the vast estates appertaining to the dignity, confiscated to James the First's Scottish colony, had been solemnly assured to him as soon as victory should place the fulfilment of the promise in the power of his friends. With every motive thus to exertion, Sir Roderick figured among the most ferocious and headstrong of what was considered the real Irish faction, which in reality aspired to the complete expulsion of the English from Ireland. He displayed all the courage and desperate resolution to be expected from these antecedents, during the course of the fierce partisan warfare which raged throughout the land between the contending factions, before the commencement of more regular operations under the captaincy of the two kings in person. But his suc-

cesses terminated with this epoch. Neither himself nor his wild clansmen ever evinced any taste or aptitude for the necessary discipline and subordination of civilised warfare. In the field the tumultuous movements of Roderick's wild sept were often greatly more harmful to their friends than to their foes. He himself was distinguished by his haughty impatience of reproof or counsel, and by the arrogance of his pretensions on all occasions where he found an opportunity to assert them. Only to the master-sway of Sarsfield's genius did this proud leader veil his own; but he served Sarsfield's cause, opposed and thwarted the plans of all his rivals in authority, with a wrong-headed zeal and warmth which oftener did him mischief than good, and which he himself was frequently obliged to repress.

Sir Roderick had his ample share in the misfortunes that speedily overwhelmed the Irish Jacobites after their first triumphant outbreak and hour of supremacy. One of his sons was slain at the Siege of Londonderry; another was drowned defending the passage of the Boyne. At the fatal Battle of Aughrim, the O'Neil clansmen and other disorderly levies were seized with such a panic at the charge of the English dragoons, that they fled and left the line of battle open on their side. And it was little consolation for this defection that the chieftain, maddened at the ill-behaviour of his followers, exposed himself so recklessly in an attempt to rally them, that he fell covered with wounds; and he would have been infallibly trampled to death, or taken prisoner, but for the desperate exertions of Sarsfield who, with Captain Mahony and his dragoons, effected his rescue. Some of his own clansmen, among whom Fhad of the Cows was conspicuous, also aided in the effort, and these carried Sir Roderick off the bloody field, and took him with them in their flight to the place where he was deposited. A vain feat, as it appeared, for as no regular medical aid could be procured, either the unskilful management to which he was subjected, or their own nature, rendered his wounds mortal. And more than the anguish of his gangrened sores, it is probable, the disgrace and dispersion of his clan preyed upon the proud spirit of the Irish chieftain, and hastened his end.

"How is it with you, my dear Tyrone? But very ill, I fear!" said Sarsfield, in tones as gentle and compassionate as those of a woman moved to grief by a similarly sad spectacle.

"Call me not by the accursed Saxon title, Patrick! It never brought good on any of my race!" said the chieftain, who was now sufficiently revived to understand and answer his friend, "I am THE O'NEIL!—a prouder title than England can ever either bestow or withhold from the heirs of my name! It is high treason against her Sovereign to assume it, and, therefore, I pray you, Sarsfield, let it be engraven on my tomb! Or, if I am not to possess one in the land of my fathers, carve it with your sword on the green sods of my grave!"

"You must not be so careless of Ireland's good as to take your rest in it yet, Roderick! You must live to lead your clan to victory on some more fortunate field than Aughrim!" repeated the General.

"No, no, it cannot be! I and my fostermother's son, Fhad Redmond, both heard the death-cry of my race thrice last night, and I know that my hour is at hand!" said the chieftain, an expression of

gloomy pride and satisfaction in the announcement passing over his countenance. "And therefore it was, Patrick," he continued, with labouring breath and heavy pants, "I sent for you to receive my last dying request! But your soldiers would not suffer my poor faithful messenger in the walls, and I deny not that the children of Hy-Nial have shown themselves worthy of the scorn and rejection of all brave and faithful warriors!"

There was a heart-broken anguish in the tone of this admission that sensibly affected Sarsfield. He wrung the chieftain's wasted, death-bedewed hand with sympathetic earnestness, and then observing the increased ghastly pallor on his visage he hastened to inquire what he could do to show in any manner his sense of the brotherly kindness and friendship that had ever been between them. It is unnecessary, nor would it be easy, to give the exact broken language in which the dying chieftain couched his request. It is enough to say, the object was to obtain a promise from Sarsfield, on which he knew he could rely, that he would become the guardian and protector of his now only remaining child and heir, Phoenix O'Neil. This was a boy of about sixteen, whom the disastrous fate of all his nearest blood relatives had suddenly placed in the position of representing honors and claims so illusory or so dangerous as those of the ancient race from which he sprung.

Sarsfield gave the required pledge with solemnity, imagining that in the disastrous conjuncture in which Irish affairs in general then stood, he should not be immediately called upon to interfere in the management of his ward's. But O'Neil undeceived him on this point, by informing him, with evident satisfaction, that he expected the youth hourly to arrive and take his place in arms in his country's cause, he having sent for him from his home in the country of the O'Neils, on the Blackwater, where he was in course of receiving his education, under the care of Father Clery, the family chaplain.

"Sent for him already! So mere a boy!" repeated Sarsfield in astonishment:

"He runs worse danger there than any he can find here!" replied the chieftain with a ghastly smile. "Have you not heard? My base brother, Malachi, has made his submission at Dublin Castle, and accepting the terms of the recent proclamation, has announced his willingness to turn to the religion of his new masters; on condition that the forfeit-estates that remain to us after ages of confiscation, should be vested in him. But I misdoubt me; he will hardly hold himself secure in his stolen goods while a lawful heir remains to the name of O'Neil, and it would not be the first time that the blood of a brother has imbrued a brother's hand in our house!"

"Well, then, your son shall be safe under my care as long as I have power to secure the safety of any one, or my own," said Sarsfield. "But I do not conceal from you, Roderick, that our affairs are in a very bad condition, and that it is almost hopeless, unless God visibly aids us, to imagine we can long hold out, in our last place of strength in Limerick."

"Even so; you ever said that if all were lost among us, still you would never submit to become the vassal of the traitorous parricide of Nassau," said the fervid partisan of James II. "You will become an exile, and I demand of you, Sarsfield, to let my son in like manner follow your

fortunes over the world, wherever they lead, and that you will not suffer him to remain, as for so many unhappy years of my life I remained, a wo-begone beggar in the land where my fathers were princes, devouring my heart with the spectacle of the riches and power of those who had stripped my house of its inheritance! And surely the King—surely James Stuart—in whose cause I have given my own blood and the blood of all my children, saving this one only, whom also I dedicate to his service!—surely King James will deem he owes my son some gracious countenance and protection in his desolation and the utter spoiling of his inheritance!”

Sarsfield slightly shrugged his shoulders. “The King will have many claims on his gratitude and generosity, O’Neil, if we fail in this last effort, and it is doubtful if he will consider *misfortunes* in his service sufficient claims upon either. In such a case I should myself have only my sword to depend upon as a bread-winner; and how know we that your son’s inclinations may induce him to choose the dangers and privations of a military career?”

“Is he not a son of the Hy-Nial? And when did any of my race prefer ease, or any of the gold-thirsting Saxon’s means of enriching himself, to the glorious toils of war? But I will tell you. Though the down is still as callow on the cheek of Phoenix O’Neil, as on the fledgling eagle’s breast, I could scarcely, with all my authority as chief and father, and that of the worthy Father Clery, his tutor, restrain the youth from following me on this black campaign, after the doom had fallen on the last of his brothers. And now when he hears of my fate—when he knows that I have sent to summon him to take my place on the fields of his country’s struggles—will he not swoop hither like the young eagle of Glen Conkain on his first headlong flight from the crag of its aerie?”

“It is well for his poor mother, Roderick, that she has not lived to see this day,” said Sarsfield, after a slight pause.

“It is well, although she faded away from me amid the cloud of her griefs like the rainbow into the darkness of the driving storm!” replied O’Neil. “Do you remember her, my friend? The boy inherits all his mother’s beauty, with the dark purple blood of his father’s race, along which fire wanders ever ready to break out in flame. Yet, who can govern him for good, if you cannot?”

“I will do what in me lies, O’Neil; yet let me tell you candidly, if your son is consigned to my care, I shall endeavour to educate him in more Christian and civilised sentiments than those which animated you, and too many others of us, in our mad Parliament in Dublin!” said Sarsfield.

“We had the injuries of seven hundred years to avenge, Sarsfield! But you were always wiser than any of us, the best and bravest of Irishmen! Do with my son what you will and can; but the wolf-cub will never be subdued or trained into a dog to guard a master’s fold, and you will but lose your labour, should you purpose it! Yet the hero, Sarsfield, can never become the slave of an usurper, and I will not dread it. Swear only to me on the cross of your sword that you will never desert my boy while he shall show himself worthy of your love and protection!”

"His father's son can never prove otherwise," returned Sarsfield : and in compliance with the passionately reiterated request of the chieftain, he raised the hilt of his sword to his lips, and ratified his promise with a soldier's vow.

The wild excitement which had until this moment supported O'Neil, now suddenly failed him with the attainment of his object. Sarsfield, who was gazing intensely at him, was much alarmed with the visible collapse of his features. Unluckily, too, at this moment a strange, unearthly sort of a howl became audible at no great distance from the Abbey, and the chieftain muttering—"It is there again! The evil spirit of our house is yelling forth the coronach! I am summoned!" he looked indeed as if about to pass away.

"It is the lamentation of your clansmen, grieving because you will not suffer them in your presence to implore your forgiveness for their unhappy rout at Aughrim. Your servant, Fhad Redmond, told me of their misery and repentance, and the uncouth, wild, animal way they take to express their feeling," said Sarsfield, whom education and natural good sense put in most respects above the prejudices and superstitions of his Celtic countrymen.

"My son may forgive them—I never will!" returned the dying O'Neil, with a momentary flaming up of passion in his exhausted frame. "But you are mistaken, Patrick," he added, after a solemn interval of attention to the remote sound, which again swelled on wind and water to their hearing, "It is the cry of the banshee of our house! Do you not hear? It is no lamenting voice of death, but one rather that rejoices in the doom it denounces? And know you not who it is that howls the midnight coronach of the O'Neil? It is the voice of the wife of that unhappy brother of the great Tyrone, whom he slew to secure the chieftainship of our house, and whom, merciless in his rage, he drove forth to perish with her unborn babe!"

"Do not agitate yourself with these dreadful recollections of a barbarous age," said Sarsfield. "But again I assure you it is a cry of human despair! The cry of your unfortunate vassals, who understand that you are in great danger of your life, and cannot bear the notion of your perishing without pronouncing their forgiveness!"

"I will sooner forgive the Saxon robbers who have despoiled me and them for ages of our inheritance!" returned the chieftain. "But I am growing very faint, Sarsfield. I shall not live to bid my dark-haired boy avenge me, or perish with you on some field of Erin's final overthrow! My brother of battle!" he concluded gaspingly, "Receive him as your son, for he will no longer have a father when he comes."

And with these words so dark and dread a change came over the chieftain's face that Sarsfield arose in alarm to summon assistance. But he found his hand forcibly retained in the clenched clutch of his now expiring friend, who made one or two convulsive struggles in his large chest; and still gazing with fearful intensity the thanks he could no longer speak, in his fixing eyes, Roderick O'Neil's turbid spirit joined the dark phalanx of his wild and vengeful ancestry.

Perceiving that all was over, Sarsfield gently disengaged his hand, closed the warrior's now staring and insensible orbs, and summoned Luttrell and Mahony by name, supposing them to be somewhere near

at hand. But he had to repeat the call after an interval ere the Colonel and Captain responded to it, and emerged from a recess in the aisle which had probably once been a small chapel, but was now set apart for the private use of the latter.

Sarsfield was for the moment too much absorbed in the kind office he was performing with his friend to notice that Colonel Luttrell looked flushed either with some intoxicating draught, or with the strongest mental excitement, while Mahony's manner was also changed to one of some strange eagerness and perturbation.

Sarsfield, however, had soon reason to understand an extraordinary meaning in these circumstances. He announced the event that had occurred with great emotion, and had turned once more to contemplate the dead visage of his friend, and adjust his wild clotted locks in some decent order on his brows, when Luttrell, approaching as if to assist in these offices, suddenly threw his arms round the General from behind, and pinioned the latter's down, with all the dexterity of a practised executioner preparing some victim's for the gallows. At the same instant, without its being possible for Sarsfield to attempt any resistance, in the extremity of his surprise, Mahony stepped forward and possessed himself of a pair of pistols he carried in his belt.

"Gracious heaven! what is the meaning of this? Is this a time for jests of so strange a sort?" exclaimed Sarsfield, violently shaking off Luttrell, who yet managed to draw the General's sword, and possess himself of it with the action.

Sarsfield thus found himself completely disarmed and placed at the mercy of two men whose intentions, he could not but instantaneously conceive, must be treacherous and hostile in the highest degree.

"Jests indeed! Tell my lord, Colonel Luttrell, what we mean, to put the facts of the case out of cavil, my boy!" said Mahony, calmly and deliberately crossing his arms on his breast, while he still held the loaded weapons with a finger on the trigger of each.

"To be plain then, Lord Lucan," said Luttrell, with an assumption of swaggering insolence very unlike his late obsequious demeanour, "I and several other officers, quite as competent as yourself to judge what is best to be done on behalf of the faithful Irish subjects of his Majesty, in our present desperate circumstances, and not so blinded by self-conceit and ambition, have entered into an arrangement with Bern Ginkell to surrender Limerick, and lay down our arms. And now as your absurd new pretensions and currying favour with the populace are likely to prove the chief obstacles in this most desirable pacification, I have prevailed upon this gallant officer, Captain Mahony, to assist in your arrest. You are surrounded by his men, who are devoted to him alone; and so, sir, without more ado, make yourself in readiness to accompany us on a smart ride over into the Dutchman's camp, where it will be to your interest to show yourself willing and complying in all else we may determine upon, for the country's and our Sovereign's good."

"Good heavens! can such perfidy exist in man? And can it be that these Irish soldiers ——" And Sarsfield turned desperately towards the remote groups of the dragoons, and seemed to have resolved to make an appeal to them, when Luttrell exclaimed,

"Fire on him, Mahony, if he speaks, or I will cut him down with his own sword!"

"You had better lay it down yourself, *mon cher*, or, *Dieu me pardonne!* you will be in the other world yourself before you are well out of this!" shouted Mahony, levelling both weapons in fact at his supposed accomplice. "I only wanted, my lord," he added, composedly, "to satisfy you of this worthy gentleman's traitorous designs against you, and the whole army; which I knew you would never believe if you had not his own evidence for it, being so particular in friendship with you. Especially as he has cheated me all along with the notion that you were yourself in a conspiracy to betray us, until he found himself obliged to confess the truth in order to cajole me, as he thought, into his design to make you a prisoner and deliver you over to the enemy, while he either raised himself in your place, or sold us all to the Stadtholder for his own advantage."

"Can this be possible?" said Sarsfield, gazing with astonishment at the villainous betrayer, who, petrified with this sudden change in affairs, let the sword he had possessed himself of drop, and began to mutter assurances that it was all a joke on his own part also, put in practice to convince his Excellency of the danger of trusting his person abroad in the reckless manner it was his habit.

"A joke is it, Colonel? A rather long-winded one it was, then, since you have spent nearly an hour persuading me of the lawfulness and necessity of the measure, and showed me a snug little letter from Ginkell himself, promising all manner of pardon and rewards to whoever should assist you in your fine project of bringing the army over to King William, with or without its officers! He has it in a secret pocket there, lined with moleskin—*patte de velours à ongle d'ours!*—if you will order him to be searched, General."

"Let me see this letter!" exclaimed Sarsfield; and before Luttrell, who evidently meditated flight, could accomplish his purpose, a word from Mahony summoned half-a-score of dragoons, whose presence overpowered all hope of resistance or evasion.

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## THE IRISH TRAVELLER.

## PART THE THIRD.—HOW I CAME HOME.

THOSE discriminating readers of the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE who have followed the footsteps of the Irish Traveller may, perhaps, recollect that I concluded the last number with an account of my journey to, and return from, the Rock of St. Michel. After that adventure I continued to linger on for about ten days at Avranches, busily employed in the laborious but delightful occupation of doing nothing.

There is a class of people in the world who endeavour to obtain a reputation for wisdom by the promulgation of small theories. These pretenders to infallibility are fond of laying down the doctrine, that a man who has nothing to do must necessarily be miserable, and that, for the sake of mental and bodily salubrity, it is indispensable to keep the mind continually at work; and they overwhelm you with "wise saws and modern instances," such as, "Idleness is the mother of iniquity," and, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." I am by no means inclined to agree in the opinion so arbitrarily laid down by these *soi disant* moralists, and stoutly maintain that, to a man who passes the greater part of his life in a round of unceasing occupation, a spell of complete idleness (provided it be not too long, and that he understands his business and knows *how* to do nothing, and has a few pleasant companions to assist him in the performance of his task) is not only delightful, but absolutely essential. "All play and no work" is, no doubt, a bad way of passing one's life; but it is proverbial that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Old Horace knew this well, when he said, "*Dulce est desipere in loco*," and to this day the Italians talk of the "*Dolce far niente*;" and certainly during my stay at Avranches there was every temptation to perform the part. In the first place, the weather was extremely hot, suggestive of easy chairs at open windows, and the third volume of the last new novel which (if clever) amuses you, and (if stupid) induces a luxurious siesta—the most delightful way of passing the lazy hours

"What time the sun, with ardent ray,  
Shoots forth intolerable day."

And this, by the way, puts me again in mind of old Horace and his

"O rus, quando ego te aspiciam quandoque licebit  
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis  
Ducere solitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ."

Secondly, if I did venture out in the heat of the day, the streets were all deserted and the houses closed up. Indeed, a stranger arriving in the town of Avranches during the hot weather, will form the opinion that it has been depopulated by the plague; or that the inhabitants have all become bankrupts and run away from their creditors, who, in *their* turn, have run after their debtors.

Except in the commercial part of the town, you scarcely meet a human being, if it be not a stray man crawling along under the shade of the



trees which line the Boulevards on either side, making his way to the club, where the lazy lords of the creation sit and read the papers, or smoke cigars, and play *ecarté* in their shirt-sleeves, with an occasional libation of brandy and soda-water between the deals. The houses in Avranches are all built of a dull buff-coloured stone, and as the use of Venetian-blinds, which are painted to match the colour of the stone, is universal, and these blinds, during the hot weather, are strictly closed, you walk through silent and lifeless streets, until you begin to think that you are passing through rows of deserted mills or stores, the proprietors of which have fallen into a Rip Van Winkle slumber; or you may fancy that in these palaces of silence enchanted princesses are lying in magic slumber, each awaiting a blast from the horn of the destined prince. If, however, shaking off this dreamy feeling, you venture to knock at the door of one of these drab-coloured edifices, and in answer to your question, "*Madame de — est elle chez elle ?*" the smiling *soubrette*, who appears somewhat astonished that you should suppose any rational being to be abroad in such weather, replies, "*Oui, Monsieur entrez,*" you find yourself in a dark shady apartment, the mellowed light of which is quite a luxury to your dazzled eyes, and, instead of encountering a stupid princess fast asleep in white satin and spangles, you meet a number of agreeable people sitting comfortably in their well-shaded apartments, which open into gardens, where you may sit for hours reading, smoking, indulging in reveries, and cooling your mouth with ripe melons and figs, which are so cheap and abundant that the people give them to you for nothing, and pay you for taking them away. Then in the evening, when the fierce sun is far down in the west, and is shedding his dying glories over the ocean and the old Rock of St. Michel, the scene is changed, the windows are all open, and you hear music, and song, and merry laughter issuing from the houses, which, in the daytime, seemed the abodes of sleep and silence. The Boulevards are crowded with pedestrians, many of whom continue out in the delicious night air until a very late hour; and more than once it has occurred to me, when sauntering homewards the day after I had got up (and remember I deny the right of any one to ask why I was out so late), to come upon groups sitting on the benches under the old elm-trees, and while the leaves were whispering over their heads, I have heard other whispers going on, the meaning of which was, of course, hidden from me. Indeed, if I knew what they meant, or could even make a guess at it, I should feel myself bound in honour not to tell; but I feel sure that all young ladies who read the rambles of the Irish Traveller, will come to the conclusion that the young people of both sexes who sat *so very close to each other* on the benches of the *Boulevard du Sud*, did not stay out until that late hour to discuss the politics of Europe or the state of the funds.

I think I have by this time made it plain to the meanest understanding, that having nothing to do and doing it well is a most delightful occupation in hot weather; and, to tell the truth, old G—— and I devoted ourselves to the task with most commendable diligence, passing several hours every morning sitting at the foot of a high garden-wall, which threw a dark shadow for several yards across the green sward, and which old G——, who sometimes indulged in quotations, compared to the "Shadow of a great rock in a weary land." There we would sit,

with a pipe or cigar, dreaming away the hot hours over a book or a newspaper, listening to the chirping of innumerable grasshoppers, and often forgetful of book or paper, absorbed in reflection, which Martin Tupper describes as a "flower of the mind giving out wholesome fragrance," but still more frequently, I fear, lapsing into reverie, which he describes as the same flower when rank and running to seed.

It was while I was one day in this half-mesmerised state, "*ecce quid meditans nugarum*," that I was suddenly roused from my trance by hearing, in a strong manly voice behind me, the words, "*Monsieur, parlez vous Français ?*" At first Lover's old story of the Gridiron occurred to my mind, but my second impression was, that I was about to be called to account for trespassing on a private garden, an accusation which it was quite impossible to disprove. I hastened therefore to inform the owner of the deep voice that I knew enough of the French language to understand him, and to reply to any question he might wish to put to me, and was endeavouring to frame, in decent French, an apology for my trespass, and to assure him that I had no intention of stealing his apples or shooting his grasshoppers, when I was relieved from all anxiety by the gentleman taking off his hat with ceremonious politeness, and informing me that inside a gate, which he threw wide open, there was a large garden, with walks *bien boisés* "*Ou Monsieur, peut se promener tous les jours à l'ombre.*"

Having delivered himself of this speech, and made another peremonious bow, he departed, leaving us to our meditations. "That is a regular brick," said old G——, who had been listening to our colloquy, as he reclined on three or four chairs all at once, with a newspaper on his knees, a lighted cigar in one hand, and a huge slice of ripe melon in the other.

He (old G——) continued to linger on, without any apparent reason whatever, at Avranches, for some days after our journey to Saint Michel. He was a pleasant old fellow enough, and had a way of making friends wherever he went; and having a proper appreciation of the good things of this life, soon discerned that the dinner-parties at Avranches were very much to his taste, and that the curaçoa was inimitable. He had also a knack of finding out where all the pretty women lived, and when the heat was endurable, was to be seen making his way to the town, on pretence of going to the post-office to inquire for letters, or to purchase stamps, or to the library, where he would spend an hour talking in an amphibious language with a handsome Frenchwoman, and looking over a portfolio of prints, and then would go away intimating his intention of returning the following day to determine upon his purchases, which seemed to give him as much trouble as it gives some fair friends of mine to decide upon the purchase of a yard of ribbon. For I have some lady friends (indeed who has not ?) who will walk day after day to all the shops in the neighbourhood, and go through a week of haberdashery nightmares, before they can decide upon the relative merits of a yard of bluish-pink, or pinkish-blue silk; and when at length Fate, in this instance represented by a simpering shopman in one of the monster-houses, has, with relentless scissors, cut off the piece, which for a moment his customer appeared to prefer, what agonies of repentance she suffers!—how she walks home meditating on the beauties

of the article which she has *not* purchased, and revolving in her secret soul whether it will be possible to induce the shopman to make an exchange; indeed so unhappy is she, that she cannot be comforted or reconciled to her lot until she sees her nearest and dearest friend decked out in the finery which she has rejected, whereupon she immediately comes to the conclusion that it is very ugly and unbecoming, and that poor dear Louisa's taste in dress is deplorable.

Some learned author has left it on record, that he wrote a most elaborate work during the *five minutes* daily consumed by his wife in putting on her bonnet. I am not going to mention names, but I have a fair friend who suffers so much from this *agony of indecision* in matters of shopping, that I would undertake to write, or *even* to read, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in the hours spent by her in one month's shopping, during which period the articles purchased bear the same proportion to the time consumed, as Falstaff's "halfpennyworth of bread" did to his "intolerable deal of sack." And yet what inconsistent creatures are women! I have known many a lovely girl whose bonnet-strings or lace collar have cost her a month's meditation, decide in the course of one waltz and two polkas that Henry, or William, or Arthur is the most charming and delightful of men; and then she goes home and dreams of love in a cottage—keeping in the woodbine and leaving out the earwig—and if Henry, William, or Arthur, as the case may be, is equally smitten and proposes, she agrees to marry him at once. But when the outworks of scrutinising fathers, anxious mothers, and disparaging maiden aunts, are all overcome, the demon of Dress rises up like the great Redan, and stops the road to conjugal felicity; and if the young lady happens to be related to my fair friend, and entrusts her with the selection of her trousseau, it is even betting that the lawyers and attorneys will have their complicated settlements ready long before the nightcaps are marked, and it has cost the bride elect far less trouble and anxiety to choose her husband than to decide upon her wedding-bonnet.

But I hear some fair young creature "whose withers are *not* unwrung," and whose conscience tells her that I am speaking the truth, exclaim, "What has all this to do with the story of the Irish Traveller, and what business has he to laugh at us for the time we spend in the monster-shops?" You are quite right, my dear girl, it has nothing on earth to say to my story, and I really do not know why I introduced the subject; and if I knew, I scarcely think I should tell you, for I am of opinion that if comparisons are odious, explanations are no less detestable. However, if the cap fits you, I suppose you must wear it; but let me entreat you the next time you entice some country cousin, fresh from green fields, or some young brother come home for the short Easter holidays, to escort you on a shopping expedition, to have some mercy on his yawning impatience; and when you really do not want anything but a yard of ribbon to make a sandal for your pretty foot, or a pair of gloves for your dear little hands, which are almost too small for squeezing, not to insist on seeing everything in the shop, from the carpets and blankets down to the umbrellas and India-rubber galoshes.

But there is an end to everything in this world, even it is said to suits in Chancery, which, if not terminated in any other manner, gene-

rally die of inanition, from the want of funds, by the time they have come down to the great grandchildren of the original litigants.

So the time came when it was necessary for the Irish Traveller to turn his face homeward, and finish his rambles for a season; and one fine morning, as old G—— and I were sitting on our accustomed seat under the high garden wall, and listening to the chorus of grasshoppers, whose name was legion, the postman (who happened to be a very pretty Norman girl, wearing one of the tall caps peculiar to that part of the country) stopped before me, and dropping a low curtsy, and smiling sufficiently to show a splendid set of teeth, said, “*Deux lettres pour monsieur.*” The perusal of these letters determined me to “steer my bark for Erin’s isle.” Old G——, who had become an inseparable companion of mine, at once determined to accompany me, and pulling down his broad-leaved hat over his brows, and opening his umbrella to protect his manly shoulders from the scorching sun, strode away into the town in order to have a final inspection of the portfolio of prints with the handsome librarian, and to lay in a stock of the excellent curaçoa which was to be found “chez Madame Lefevre,” who (quite by accident of course) was almost as handsome and fully as agreeable as the Lady of the Portfolio. I made up my mind to return home by Jersey, and as my friends in the Rue Gué de l’Epine had never visited that Island, they agreed to accompany me so far on my homeward route. They made some little demur about the sea voyage from Grandville to Jersey; but as there was every reason to expect a continuance of fine weather, and therefore not much danger of sea-sickness in so short a voyage, they proceeded to make the necessary preparations.

Having alluded to sea-sickness, I feel myself led on to expatiate upon a favourite theory of mine relative to the distribution of good and evil in this world. The doctrine which I wish to lay down is, that there is a principle of compensation running through all the situations of this life. Everybody knows the story of the old woman who acknowledged that Providence was very good to her in many ways, but that he took it out of her in corns and rheumatism. Depend upon it the old woman’s story (*mutatis mutandis*) is universally true. The persons whom we envy for great apparent prosperity, and, as it appears to us, the absence of all care and trouble, have, either literally or metaphorically, the old woman’s corns and rheumatism, or as it has been well expressed, a skeleton in their closet. While, on the other hand, those who appear to suffer the most from the buffets of Fortune, have either some material advantages to counterbalance their apparent misfortunes, or they are blessed with health, and a cheerful, contented disposition; or, as that cynical old G——, who pretends to understand human nature, says, they are so wrapped up in their own good opinion, and so convinced that others see them as they see themselves, that the ordinary ills of life “pass by them as the idle wind which they regard not.” Well, of course, I have my grievance, and as it was not brought on by any misconduct of my own, but was entirely the fault of my mother (I am not going to gratify your curiosity, my dear Georgy, by telling you how many years ago she committed that fault), it is rather hard to bear. I was born, in spite of my urgent remonstrances, a younger son—nay, I may as well tell the whole truth—the youngest son of a large family; and as all my odious elder brothers have fine healthy appetites, and have given

pledges to Fortune, who, in their turn, will I suppose increase and multiply, I shall, in all probability, live and die with all the drawbacks of a younger son. Now it was my fate, as it constantly happens with younger sons, to grow up a very good-looking young fellow, but as there was nothing in my pockets except when I put my hands there in cold weather, I became an object of terror and anxiety, and was regarded in the light of a scorpion by all mothers with handsome and inflammable daughters; for we all know that accidents will happen in the best-regulated families, and as the song says—

“At length some lovely maid appears,  
Rich in wealth and young in years;  
In love she falls head over ears,  
And weds the younger brother.”

This “consummation devoutly to be wished” has not yet happened to me; but if any reader of the gentler sex, “rich in wealth and young in years,” should, after reading these pages, take a fancy to the Irish Traveller, a line addressed to him under cover to the Editor of the Magazine will meet with the most respectful attention, and the strictest confidence.

It was a long time before I could determine what was the peculiar compensation awarded to me for my sufferings under the law of primogeniture, but I am now satisfied that it consists in the total immunity which I enjoy from the pains and penalties of sea-sickness. I should not exactly like to be drowned, for

“Though ’tis true a man can only die once,  
’Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons,”

I would fain die a dry death; but short of shipwreck and danger to life, and putting out of view the fact that it is very difficult to eat your dinner in comfort on board ship in rough weather, I love the mountainous waves, and delight to “ride on the whirlwind and direct storm.”

We all know the story of the man who got a horrible fall out hunting, and in reply to the inquiries of his anxious friends, said he was not in the least degree hurt, but quite the contrary, so I can declare, and with far more truth, not only that I am never sick at sea, but that I am better there than anywhere else; and if anyone doubts me, I invite him to breakfast with me in a gale of wind. It is said that a light heart and a thin pair of breeches will go through the world, but the heart can never be light if the stomach is sick; and often when I have seen my fellow-creatures—many of them elder brothers, and the owners of broad acres—grovelling in the ungraceful miseries of sea-sickness, while I possessed the “*mens sana in corpore sano*,” I felt that I had the best of the bargain. It is, as the Yankees say, a glorious water privilege to be free of sea-sickness; but the principle of compensation runs through everything, and even this great immunity has its disadvantages. It is said to be ill talking between a full man and a fasting, and I believe the most discordant companions in the world to be a poor wretch in a state of deadly sea-sickness, and requiring the constant ministrations of the steward, and an individual in robust health, who, in spite of the proximity of the said steward and his unseemly apparatus, devours with ferocious appetite broiled fish or fried

bacon. The unfortunate victims, rendered unjust by their misery, could find exemption from suffering with want of sympathy, and resenting your good health and appetite as a personal insult, hate you cordially.

Lord Byron says that love, the strongest and most delightful of all passions (except hatred), is not proof against sea-sickness; and in my own case, with the kindest of hearts, I have from the obduracy of my stomach lost many friends and one heiress; and before we go to Jersey—for if you are not very impatient we shall be there quite time enough—I must tell you how that came to pass.

I was coming from India some years ago in the good ship "*Rhadamanthus*;" we had a great number of passengers, one of whom was a very beautiful girl, with the reputation of being a great heiress. She had gone out on a visit to a married sister, but not liking the climate, was returning to England under the care of an aunt, whose favour I had won by losing money to her at *picquet* and *ecarté*. The fair heiress, during her stay in India, had refused numerous offers, some from young griffins with the fresh European blood still visible in their faces, some from "old Indians," whose livers were only fit to form the component parts of a *paté de foie gras*. Up to a certain time we had a delightful homeward voyage; the wind was fair and moderate, and after three or four days all squeamish symptoms had vanished, and everyone seemed happy and comfortable. There were (as is always the case) several flirtations going on during the voyage, and also some quarrels and misunderstandings, for it seems to be a law of our nature that proximity should produce either love or hatred. Among the rest Madeline Lindsay (for such was the heiress's name), and I had got on very well. Occasionally, when we were on the deck at night looking at the stars together, I had ventured to call her Madeline, and she had given me her address in London, and told me how happy papa and mamma would be to see me there. She did not say anything about her own sentiments, but as she told me this in a low voice, as we were *shaking hands* for good night, I felt that she intended to be at home, if possible, whenever I might happen to call in Cavendish-square. I determined to propose for her before we reached England, and was thinking over the best ways of spending the hundred thousand pounds, which was the very lowest estimate at which I had heard her fortune rated. I had already in my imagination purchased three thoroughbred hunters—having rather a fancy for that line of expenditure—and had revelled in the idea of abusing my tailor for making my last coat too tight under the right arm (which he always does); and then heaping coals of fire on his head by paying his bill. But it was not to be: On the day after our tender good night, the sun went down with an angry expression on his countenance, as if he had got much the worst of it in a quarrel with his elder brother, the Emperor of China. The captain, after giving a cautious look-out in all directions, called out loudly, "All hands shorten sail! man the topgallant clue-lines, fore and main clue-garnets, jib stay-sail and studding-sail downhauls! Shorten sail! All hands reef topsails!" And as these mysterious and jawbreaking words are always the preparation for making all *snag*, I knew we were in for a gale of wind. That gale cost me an heiress and a hundred thousand pounds, for the next morning the captain, who had remained on deck all night, invited me, the only passenger who was forthcoming (the others being miserably sick);

to breakfast with him in his private cabin. As ill-luck would have it, the stewardess had moved two of the ladies who had suffered most from the gale, and one of whom was my heiress, into this very cabin, thinking they would be more comfortable there, and feel the motion less than in their own berths. They were lying on two small sofas when we entered, appeared quite exhausted by their sufferings of the past night, and merely gazed at us for a moment with lack-lustre eyes. The captain, who was well accustomed to scenes of this kind, and was, moreover, very hungry, took very little notice of the sufferers, and busied himself in preparing for breakfast. I could not, however, resist the temptation of looking at Madeline, and I came to the conclusion that sea-sickness does not improve female beauty. I really felt, however, the greatest commiseration for her situation, but as I could do nothing to give her relief, and that pretty speeches and compliments would under the circumstances be thrown away, I thought myself quite justified in devoting my attention to the breakfast.

I once knew an old lady of a very poetical and sentimental turn of mind, who would never acknowledge that she was hungry, or had the least appetite; but at certain hours of the day she said she had a nervous gnawing in her stomach, which was certainly *not* hunger, but, curious to say, was always relieved by beefsteaks and bottled porter; so as I was a good deal in love at the time, and, therefore, very sentimental, I will not even now acknowledge that I was hungry, but having been three hours on deck in a rattling nor'-wester, I felt as if twenty wolves were gnawing at my inside, and remembering the medicine which the old lady found so efficacious, sat down to join the captain at his meal. He was outrageously hungry and in high spirits, and when his mouth was not full, told all manner of boisterous sea stories. We had fried ham, smoked fish, and many other dainties the most repulsive to the unfortunate victims on the sofas; but when the captain, who declared that the night air was in his throat, called for two tumblers of brandy punch, their misery became intolerable. The strongest of the two, in a tone of agony, called for the stewardess, and when that functionary appeared, both ladies, with her assistance, quitted our hated presence; Madeline as she passed giving me a look which I shall never forget. In that glance I read my fate, and felt by instinct that the hundred thousand pounds were lost to me and my heirs for ever. When the gale had blown itself out, and the ladies once more appeared upon deck, I attempted to renew my amicable relations with Madeline, but I was repulsed with stern coldness; and when I alluded to the visit in Cavendish-square, she gave me to understand that it would be quite useless for me to call, as her father and mother would pass the autumn at Brighton, or, perhaps, cross over to Boulogne.

A short time after my arrival in England I met an acquaintance, one of those good-natured people who always tell you unpleasant truths. She, for it was a she, and an old maid to boot, told me that Madeline spoke of me as a hard-hearted wretch who had no sympathy for the sufferings of others; that she hoped no friend of her's would ever marry so unfeeling a person, and, to crown all, within a month after reaching England, she was married to a pale, bilious wretch; who had been one of our fellow-passengers, and deadly sick from the time we left The Hoegly

until we reached the Downs! I did *not* buy the three thoroughbred hunters, and as, in some unaccountable manner, I had lost all inclination to pay my tailor's bill, he escaped the scolding for the tight sleeve.

I think I have by this time worked out my theory as to the principle of compensation, and I must start for Jersey. Old G—— and I went down to the Hotel de France, and engaged seats for all our party in the diligence, which was to set out for Grandville the next day. Half an hour before the appointed time we arrived at the hotel, and having seen all our luggage safely packed, were shown by an obsequious waiter into a "salon," where we sat talking to some friends, in a fatal security, under the idea that the diligence would be driven to the front door to take up the passengers; but the "conducteur" chose to imagine that we had walked on in order to avoid driving down the extremely steep hill by which you leave Avranches on your way to Grandville, and he quietly drove off *with* our luggage and *without* ourselves. On becoming aware of this unpleasant state of affairs, there was a vain endeavour by rushing down a lane, almost as steep as a ladder, to overtake the diligence, which, on account of the hill, was obliged to make a long detour, but it was all in vain. We had paid our money for nothing, and were left on the hot, dusty road, without even a change of raiment in our possession, *veritables sans culottes*. We returned to the hotel, looking very foolish and feeling very angry. I remonstrated with the man from whom I had taken the places, and demanded back our money, on the ground that the diligence ought to have come to the front of the house for passengers, or that notice should have been given to us of its departure, but he was not to be moved. "Monsieur ought to have taken care of himself, and if Monsieur had done so he would have been by this time half way to Grandville. The *affiche* mentioned the hour at which the diligence started, and if Monsieur preferred sitting in the *salon*, *pour 'causer avec les Dames,'* it was no business of his to give notice to Monsieur, and he would not return the money." Whereupon I waxed wroth, and said I would go *chez le sous Prefet*. "Monsieur," said he, "*peut aller.*" I thought from the shape of his mouth he was about to say "*au Diable,*" but he checked himself, and finished the sentence with "*ou il veut,*" But as his Norman blood was roused, he was obliged to vent his rage upon some person or thing, so jumping over the railing which enclosed his den, he seized the unfortunate waiter (a small red-haired individual, who looked like the half of a split weasel) by the collar, and shook him as a bull-terrier shakes a rat. The whole scene was so ludicrous that we all began to laugh, and feeling pretty sure that if we went "*chez le sous Prefet*" we should take nothing by our motion, we wisely determined to make the best of a bad business. After some deliberation we decided upon hiring a private carriage for ourselves, and starting at three o'clock in the morning, by which means we should avoid the dust and heat of the day, and arrive at Grandville in time for the Jersey steamer, which was advertised to start about six o'clock, a.m.; so with rather a crestfallen appearance, and fumbling in our pockets for the franc-pieces which were *not* there, we returned to Rue Gué de l'Epine, with the exception of old G——, who, wishing to have a final tête-à-tête with the handsome "*Loueuse de voitures,*" undertook to do all that was necessary about hiring the carriage. Upon reaching home we



discovered that Fanchette the cook had put out the fire and gone home to her family, and that Louise, who was somewhat of a beauty and a great deal of a flirt, had put on her best Norman cap and gone to visit a few of her sweethearts. However we contrived to get into the house, and having discovered some bread and cold meat, and a few bottles of wine, we managed to rough it very comfortably, the whole party, including old G——, who had evidently taken a satisfactory farewell of the “*Loueuse de voitures*,” declaring that we were very glad to have escaped the heat of the crowded diligence.

At the appointed hour our *voiture* arrived, and putting old G—— on the box to talk to his friend Pierre, we settled ourselves comfortably in the inside, rejoicing to be free from the encumbrance of luggage. I am the most veracious and conscientious of travellers, and never describe anything which I have not actually seen; therefore all I shall say of our journey is, that I was fast asleep the whole time, and snored outrageously, as I was informed by a very pretty girl who, having I suppose an eye to her own future comfort, in case she might be induced to look with favour on that handsome young fellow with the dark moustache, asked her mamma if all men snored so loudly as I did; to which mamma, who was rather a wag, and did not choose to give evidence against her own Mr. Caudle, replied, that she must find out that for herself, upon which dear Annie blushed considerably, and busied herself in a most unnecessary manner with the strings of her bonnet.

Well, about six o'clock in the morning, we reached the little town of Grandville, where we found the Rose steamer about to start for Jersey, and heard that had we come on the day before we must have slept in the streets, as all the hotels were full to overflowing, which intelligence reconciled us completely to the loss of our seats and money. Grandville is, in the summer, much frequented, owing to its convenience for bathing; and seeing it as I did, with the tide full in, and under a bright morning sun, it appeared to be a pretty place, and, in my mind, greatly preferable to St. Malo.

Nothing could be more delightful than our short voyage to Jersey, with a bright sun, and a calm sea, and a gentle breeze from the north tempering the heat. I should have thought it impossible for any person to be sick in such weather; but one passenger, who had been looking, as I thought, with great admiration at the town of St. Helier, to which we were rapidly approaching, suddenly turned round, and, to the dismay of the bystanders, whom he “fluttered like the Volscians at Corioli,” gave the most unsatisfactory proof of an internal volcano. As we were all, in spite of our admiration of the view, becoming very hungry, the unfortunate wretch met with no sympathy, and he crawled to some obscure part of the vessel, where his misery could not be aggravated by the contemplation of our undisturbed serenity.

In about two hours after leaving Grandville we entered the harbour of St. Helier, and were speedily moored alongside of the pier. There was the usual number of waiters and “*commissaires*” from the hotels, loud in the praises of their several establishments. I believe they are all excellent in their way, and certainly at the Royal Yacht Club Hotel, where we had been advised to stay, we found every possible accommodation, very moderate charges, and the greatest civility and attention.

As I only remained three days at Jersey, and one day it rained in such a manner that, like Lord Coleraine of old, I took off my friend's hat to return a lady's bow, I shall be very concise in my description of the island. I do not know how I should like it as a residence for a prolonged period; probably, with my restless habits in such a small place, I should consider myself "cabined, cribbed, confined;" but it is a most delightful spot for a short visit. The town of St. Helier is very pretty and contains many objects of interest, and excellent shops, where confiding husbands may be ruined almost as expeditiously as in Regent-street or Waterloo-place. From its aspect, which is southerly, and its situation on the shore of a bay which is shaped like a horse-shoe, and completely land-locked, the inhabitants suffer greatly from heat in the summer months, and the climate is said to be very relaxing; but when you leave the town, and drive east or west, you find the scenery very lovely, and of the most varied description. At every turn of the road you catch splendid views of the sea, of the other channel islands and the French coast, and while the fresh sea breezes blow on your forehead, you begin to think that if Love ever does or ever can live in a cottage, as young blue-eyed maidens believe, but which crusty old fathers, whose candidate sons-in-law are very poor, most strenuously deny, Jersey (in summer) is the very beautiful of a honeymoon residence. You travel for miles through rich orchards loaded with fruit, passing by villas and cottages covered with grapes, and then suddenly find yourself on the bare heath, standing on the edge of a precipitous cliff, with the restless ocean rolling below, and in the deep valleys lovely cottages, with the sea rippling up to the very door. You feel quite romantic, and begin to think—

"If there's peace to be found in the world,  
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

And if you are a young, or indeed an old fool, you talk some nonsense about having "one fair spirit for your minister;" when your coachman, who travels the same road about three hundred times in the year, and who, if he has no heart for poetry, has at all events a stomach for cold beef, spoils your romance by telling you that he must stop for an hour to feed his horses and himself, and that in the lovely cottage which stands on the cliff overlooking the ocean, you will find a good dinner and excellent bottled porter.

We spent two days driving round the island, and seeing as much as we could in so short a period; but as I am sure that every one who reads "The Irish Traveller" will go to Jersey, I will not spoil their interest by a particular description of all the beautiful spots we visited. On the second day, having proceeded as far as was possible in a carriage, we walked for a considerable distance along the cliff in order to visit some caves, the approach to which is very laborious and not a little dangerous. Upon perceiving the track down the cliff, which was anything but a "*facilis descensus*," the whole party, with the exception of a certain fair Anna and myself, declined the enterprise, so down we two went crawling along the slippery crags and holding on by our eyebrows. I began to wish that we had taken the caves for granted, or that, for the nonce, I was a young goat instead of an elderly gentleman; however the honor of the Irish Traveller was at stake, and I went on boldly. At length we stood on the strand some thousand feet below our com-

panions, who were sitting on the heath watching our progress. Having visited all the caves, which are very curious, and if the sun had not been so hot, would have well repaid our labour, we commenced the ascent of the cliff; there was, comparatively speaking, little danger in ascending, but the labour was very great, and by the time I stood on the summit, the "toil drops fell from my brow like rain." The fair Anna, however, seemed very little fatigued by the expedition, and saying she would willingly go down again if any one would accompany her, tripped through the heath with all the agility of sweet seventeen. Pride, however, comes before a fall, and poor Anna was destined to prove the truth of the proverb, for striking her foot against a tussock, and coming down on her face, she rolled over several times in the heath. Well, I am a discreet man, and say nothing; but I think if it had not been for those abominable large petticoats which female women insist on wearing, I might have seen a pair of very handsome legs. As it was I could not resist the exclamation of "stars and garters," as I assisted her to rise, and assured her, with an amiable duplicity, that I had been looking in another direction at the moment of her fall.

But everything that is pleasant must come to an end. "Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour," &c. "I never loved a dear gazelle," &c. "All that's bright must fade," &c. You all know what I mean, if not I must tell you, that the next morning old G—— and I were obliged to start for home, leaving our friends behind us to feast on the large Charmontel pears, the recollection of which makes my mouth water even now. We left Jersey for Southampton in the good ship *The Courier*. It was blowing a whole gale, but as fair as possible for our course. As we rushed out of the harbour before the wind, we met an unfortunate steamer which had been toiling for some thirty hours against the storm, just coming in. Her deck was crowded with passengers looking deplorably wretched. One deluded female, who imagined that she was acquainted with old G—— or myself, made several frantic signals of recognition, but her whole appearance was so debauched and disreputable after the sufferings of the night, that we declined to compromise our fashion or respectability by responding to her signals.

We reached Southampton after a remarkably rapid passage, and old G—— having got his beloved curaçoa safely through the custom-house, we started at once for Ireland. Pass we rapidly over this part of the journey; every one has travelled from Southampton to London, and every one has travelled from London to Holyhead. Every one knows or would know, if such things existed, all the milestones between Holyhead and Kingstown. Let it suffice to say, that we reached home in safety. I heard from a friend who managed matters for me while I was away, that he had lost a week's shooting by my prolonged absence; and from another quarter, that I talked a great deal too much (it must have been in my sleep, for I am naturally a very reserved person) about pretty girls in the *St. Malo* steamer, pretty girls on the *Rock of St. Michel*, handsome women who dealt in pictures and curaçoa at *Avranche*, &c., &c. I fear I shall not readily get leave of absence again. The readers of the *METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE* will therefore be so good as to accept a long and kind farewell from old G—— and *THE IRISH TRAVELLER*.

## SIR CHARLES GRANDISON.

THE fate of books and the fame of authors, like everything else in this world, are greatly affected by the encroachments of time. Very strange is it to note the slight connexion between popularity and permanence; and stranger still is the confidence with which a critic will promise lasting fame to an author whose works have just commenced an untried existence. A very amusing, and yet withal a melancholy, volume might be written on the fate of popular works, giving the simple story of their first reception, their subsequent history, and their final extinction. Such a book would be full of grave lessons for all ambitious writers. It would show them that the judgment of the public, and the more careful criticism of the reviewer, may be alike reversed by the impartial verdict of time; and it would lead them, or it ought to lead them, to think less of the "bubble reputation," and more of the healthful influence which they may exert by their writings.

In our own day the love of fame, that "last infirmity of noble minds," seems to be kept in abeyance by the love of profit. Books are marketable commodities, and authorship is a business, and merchant-publishers are alive to every hopeful speculation; and the man who has written one successful book can almost deal on his own terms, and may cater for the public at so much a sheet, and write till his brain is utterly fallow and his purse is full.

In the olden times, to write a great work was a labour of years. By slow steps, and constant, thoughtful, almost painful effort, ideas were shaped into form, and symmetry and proportion were secured. Like the calm, slow processes of nature, which move on noiselessly, but with certain progress, the great writer worked out his mental creations, happy in his daily task, and altogether unmindful of the publishing season. The sapling which is planted in a healthy soil, which is fanned by the breezes and watered by the rains of heaven, will become at length a noble forest tree, striking its roots firmly into the soil, and flinging out its branches far and wide, until it

"Circle in the grain  
Five hundred rings of years."

But the plant which is reared in the hothouse, and can live only in that atmosphere, can never attain to any great size, nor to a prolonged existence. Forced rapidly into life, it is certain to fade as rapidly, unless indeed the craft of the gardener can prolong an unnatural vitality. Our forest sapling and our hothouse exotic may well serve to illustrate the difference between two great classes of living authors, one of which slowly and silently is enriching the world with suggestive thoughts or majestic creations, while the other, anxious to feed the purse and to gain a public reputation, writes with clever rapidity and with brilliant effect, but will never strike a firm root into the nation's heart. In all cases, however, it will be well to distinguish between that exuberant

imagination and power of expression which, for very life's sake, must be kept in constant exercise, and that *insanabile scribendi cacoëthes* which arises from the mere desire for popularity or for gold. In literature, as well as in so many other departments of human activity, covetousness and vanity are the two destructive principles that are ever at work to destroy the germs of life which, under more favourable circumstances, might burst out into full beauty and fragrance. Nothing truly great ever sprung from the love of money, and much that is great would have been much greater if it had not been deteriorated by a strong infusion of vanity.

This foible, to which so many literary men must plead guilty, was developed to a painful extent in Samuel Richardson, whose name at least is known to all of us as one of the first of English novelists. A hundred years ago his novels were as familiar to the reading public as "David Copperfield" and "Ivanhoe" are now. People who were utterly ignorant of Jeremy Taylor and Milton, of Fuller or of Spenser, were at least well up in the scenes and dialogues of "Clarissa" and "Sir Charles Grandison." Lovelace and Clementina, Colonel Morden and Dr. Bartlett, Harriet Byron and Pamela, were familiar acquaintances to our grandparents; and the fine lady who frequented Ranelagh and Vauxhall, where in those times beauties were wont to congregate, might have been found, after morning service on the Sunday, engaged for once in her life in serious meditations over the woes of Clarissa Harlowe, or the perplexities of the incomparable Sir Charles.

The interest she felt was shared at the same time by those better qualified to judge, by men whose acquaintance with classical literature, and with the great works of modern authors, enabled them to estimate impartially the genius of Richardson.

"Pamela" was recommended by Dr. Sherlock from the pulpit; Pope declared that it would do more good than many volumes of sermons; and Lucas, a man of some note in his own day, pronounced it to be "the best book ever published."

"Clarissa Harlowe," the most pathetic story in the language, was still more highly praised. Rousseau affirmed that nothing was ever written to equal it, and that at the close of the work he "seemed to remain deserted."

Of Richardson other notable men have recorded their opinions in terms equally eulogistic.

Dr. Johnson said, "He has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and caused the passions to move at the command of virtue;" and Diderot, when the news of the novelist's death reached him, wrote as follows :—

"Richardson is no more! His loss touches me as if my brother were no more. I bore him in my heart without having seen him, and knowing him but by his works. He has not had all the reputation he merited. Richardson, if living thy merit has been disputed, how great wilt thou appear to our children's children, when they shall view thee at the distance we now view Homer. Then who will dare to steal a line from thy sublime works. Thou hast had more admirers amongst us than in thine own country, and at this I rejoice."

With all the force of his eloquence, Lord Macaulay has joined in the verdict of Richardson's contemporaries, and has classed his creations with the highest efforts of human genius. So far for the opinion of critics; and yet we imagine there is scarcely any novelist in the language whose works possess vitality who cannot boast of greater popularity at the present day than the illustrious author of "Sir Charles Grandison."

How few men or women in these days of inordinate novel-reading know anything about Richardson! No cheap edition of his works has appeared, nor has any library copy been published; and his novels, although affording fine scope for the artist, still remain without illustration. Why is this? Simply, we believe, because Richardson's intolerable vanity ran away with his discretion, stultified his sagacity, and induced him to spin out his works to a length which might suit the leisure of an antediluvian, but which is ill adapted to the active and crowded hours of most modern readers.

But though vanity was Richardson's great enemy, it must be owned that the peculiar charms of his narrative do not allow of compression, and could only be brought out by the amplification of minute particulars, and by the precise and careful narration of every trifling detail. What might seem to be a fault must therefore, to some extent, be acknowledged a virtue; but in spite of this allowance, prolixity is Richardson's besetting sin, and in our day, at least, has robbed him of much of the fame to which he is so justly entitled.

And now, taking "Sir Charles Grandison" for our text-book, we should like to ask the readers of the IRISH METROPOLITAN whether they are intimate with Harriet Byron or Clementina, Emily Jervoise, Lucy Selby, the Countess Dowager of D——, Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Miss Grandison and her sister, with Lady Betty Williams and Miss Orme—in short, with the whole "flower-garden of ladies" who enjoy a perennial existence in the pages of "Sir Charles Grandison"? We would also ask them, in a manner as respectful as that of Sir Charles himself, whether that "man of men," that "incomparable" and "glorious" being, is in anywise familiar to them?—whether the inferior male lights that revolve round his orbit—Sir Rowland Meredith, Edward Beauchamp, the good Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Fowler, and Mr. Selby—are numbered amongst their friends? And, finally, whether Mr. Solomon Merceda, Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, James Bagenhall, and John Greville, have been frowned on by them with virtuous indignation, and ultimately received into favour in a spirit of Christian forbearance? Now, unless they can acknowledge such an acquaintance, unless they have sat at Harriet's feet in the cedar-parlour, or spent a few days with Sir Charles at Colnebrook, or at St. James's-square, or crossed over to Italy to listen to the sublime ravings of Clementina, or been among the favoured guests at Grandison Hall when a happy couple graced that noble mansion with their presence, their idea of Sir Charles Grandison must be altogether shadowy and uncertain. Supposing, therefore, this amount of ignorance on the part of many who may nevertheless be well read in every branch of English literature, it has occurred to us that a review of this old novel, which may convey some faint idea of its contents, will not be unwelcome to those whose time and patience have hitherto detained them from the work itself.

Yet what a labour we have undertaken ! The old edition of the tale which is now lying before us contains (minus the Index) 1,040 closely-printed pages in double columns. There are about fifty principal personages to occupy the more prominent positions, besides many others who appear occasionally on the scene to serve a temporary purpose. Now, we cannot undertake, and we should scarcely gain our readers' thanks if we did, to call up all the *dramatis personæ* in this cursory review. For, to describe them accurately, they must be described minutely ; and as they come before us in full dress, and with a great deal to say for themselves—as in spite of all their etiquette and stiffness they have not the least reserve ; as from their great politeness they become sometimes a little oppressive—it only remains for us to treat them with just so much consideration as pretentious folks usually inspire, and to handle them, it may be rather roughly, considering what fine ladies and gentlemen they are.

The truth is, that Richardson, especially in "Sir Charles Grandison," has overdrawn his characters, and has made of some of his favourites such elaborate and self-conscious models of perfection, that, from a natural feeling of opposition, we feel inclined to deal rather curtly with them, and to point out the faultiness of their virtues. In fact, we shall "gang our ain gate," and just cull from "Sir Charles Grandison" such salient points as will best serve our own purpose, and contribute to the pleasure of our readers.

Be it known, then, in the first place, that this ponderous novel is almost destitute of a plot, for the simple threads on which all the parts hang together, might just as easily have been broken off long before Richardson chose to do so, or have been continued on until the tale had doubled its present length. Such as the plot is, however, it will unfold itself before us while we make our rambling excursion through the volumes.

Miss Harriet Byron, a young lady who in her simple person combines all the virtues, is "just turned of twenty, but looks not more than seventeen," when we are first introduced to her acquaintance. She is very beautiful, very lively, but at the same time sagely prudent, and, from our earliest glimpse of her, we feel convinced that, according to the author's notions, she is little less than an immaculate conception. Of course, as she possesses every personal attraction, is born of a good family, and has a tolerable fortune and large expectations, a number of lovers have already come forward as her particular admirers. There is the mild, plastic, and virtuous Orme, the bragging, bullying, ungentelemanly Greville, and Fenwick, who is less prominently impudent. This trio are all country gentlemen of fortune, but verily the two latter have no claim to adopt so respectable a title.

Miss Byron's home and the home of these gentlemen is in Northamptonshire. Her parents are dead, and she is under the care of her uncle and aunt Selby, and her grandmamma Shirley, who considerably leave her to herself in all love matters, as they have implicit faith in her judgment. Just now, however, she has flitted to London, and is under the roof of her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, where she writes innumerable letters to the country circle, and especially to her cousin, Lucy Selby, and where before very long she is followed by her two

odious lovers, who hear that other admirers surround her on her introduction into London society. One of these is Sir Hargrave Pollexfen, of whom Harriet writes, that "he is very voluble in speech, but seems to owe his volubility more to his want of doubt than to the extraordinary merit of what he says. Sir Hargrave, it seems, has travelled, but he must have carried abroad with him a great number of follies and a great deal of affectation, if he has left any of them behind him."

Miss Byron is looking out for a man-servant, and Sir Hargrave declares that he "shall be proud to wear Miss Byron's livery, and that for life." So her friends think that she has made a conquest. The compliment and the suspicion both occurred before tea; for the Baronet met Harriet at an evening party, and after the meal was over he made a declaration to Mr. Reeves, who is weak enough to think that his cousin had better favour Sir Hargrave, as he would prove a "very troublesome and resolute lover" if she did not; and although he knows him to be malicious, ill-natured, and designing, and that he has ruined three young creatures already under vows of marriage, he still thinks his "beloved cousin" might favour his addresses. "What a glory will it be to you, Cousin Byron, to reform such a man, and make his great fortune a blessing to multitudes."

Sir Hargrave makes an offer to Harriet, which is immediately declined. He is first of all astonished that any woman can reject him, and then becomes insolent in spite of Mr. Reeves, who is in the room, and who, Harriet says, "is one of the best-natured men in England." Forfend us from such good nature! After such a scene as we have presented to us, in which Sir Hargrave calls Miss Byron "proud" and "cruel," and vows fiercely that "he will not cease pursuing her till she is his or the wife of some other man," one would have thought that our heroine would, like a girl of spirit, have spoken out to her Cousin Reeves, and declared that if the Baronet were allowed to annoy her again in his house, she must seek a better protection among her friends in the country. But not a bit of it. Sir Hargrave calls again the next day, and Harriet condescends to enter into explanations with him, and to tell him the poor opinion she entertains of his morals, at which, naturally enough, he flies into a fury, and rushes out of the house.

Mr. Greville comes to town and also makes an attack, for it is nothing better, upon our country cousin. He swears against Sir Hargrave, and vows vengeance, and has the rudeness to ask Harriet if she is engaged.

"Why, Mr. Greville, I do most sincerely declare to you, as to a neighbour and well-wisher, that I never yet have seen the man to whom I can think of giving my hand."

"Yes you have! By heaven! you have (snatching my hand). You shall give it to me!" And the strange wretch pressed it so hard to his mouth that he made prints upon it with his teeth."

And then in his gentlemanly style of language he declares that "he could eat her."

Again he calls, and meets Sir Hargrave at the same time. The two choice blades begin to spar. Our obliging Harriet sings to them a love



song! The Baronet departs, whereupon Greville, snatching her hand, exclaims :—

“ ‘Only one sigh over it; but one sigh. Oh!’ said he, an oh! half a yard long—and pressed it with his lips—‘But remember, Madam, you are watched: I have half a dozen spies upon you; and the moment you find the man you can favour, up comes your Greville, cuts a throat, and flies his country.’ ”

After which polite declaration he goes away, and Mrs. Reeves avers that he is “the most entertaining of all Harriet’s lovers!”

We have then another visit from Sir Hargrave, who comes expressly for a private conversation with Miss Byron, and a strange conversation it is, though too long for our purpose. Sir Hargrave closes it with these significant words :—

“ ‘And you forbid my future visits, Madam,’ said he, with a face of malice.

“ ‘I do, sir, and that for both our sakes; you have greatly discomposed me.’

“ ‘Next time, Madam, I have the honour of attending you, it will be, I hope (he stopped a moment, but still looking fiercely) to a happier purpose.’ And away he went.”

The words had a meaning. On the following evening Harriet’s discreet cousins took her to a masquerade ball, gaudily attired as an Arcadian Princess. The scenes that follow are among the most animated and exciting in the whole novel. How the new footman Miss Byron had engaged was a tool of Sir Hargrave’s—how, when she stepped into her chair after the ball, she was taken swiftly away from her friends—how the dreadful suspicion suddenly bursts upon her—how she becomes insensible, and awaking to consciousness, finds herself on a couch in a strange house with some women around her—how Sir Hargrave enters and orders the women to withdraw—how he flings his savage arms about Harriet, and declares that her terror only makes her more lovely in his eyes—and how, in an agony of fear, she implores his mercy, receiving taunts in reply—we can mention only in passing. We will, however, give our readers two brief glimpses of the scenes that follow. Here is one of them. Sir Hargrave is resolved to make Harriet his wife. A horrible-looking clergyman is brought into the house :—

“A vast, tall, big-boned, splay-footed man; a shabby gown, as shabby a wig, a huge, red, pimply face, and a nose that hid half of it when he looked on one side. He had a dog’s-eared Common Prayer-book in his hand opened, horrid sight! at the page of Matrimony. . . . Sir Hargrave advanced. The two horrid creatures raised me between them. Sir Hargrave took my struggling hand, and then I saw another ill-looking man enter the room, who, I suppose, was to give me to the hated man.

“ ‘*Dearly beloved,*’ began to read the snuffling monster. I was again like one frantic. ‘Read no more,’ said I, and in my frenzy dashed the book out of the minister’s hand, if a minister he was. ‘I beg your pardon, sir,’ said I, ‘but you must read no farther. I am basely betrayed hither; I cannot, I will not be his.’

“ ‘Proceed, proceed,’ said Sir Hargrave, taking my hand by force;

'virago as she is, I will own her for my wife. Are you the *gentle*, the *chil* Miss Byron, Madam?' looking sneeringly in my face.

"I was in a perfect frenzy, but it was not an unhappy frenzy, since in all probability it kept me from falling into fits; and fits, the villain had said, should not save me.

"*'Dearly beloved'* again snuffed the wretch. Sir Hargrave still detained my struggling hand.

"I stamped and threw myself to the length of my arm, as he held my hand. '*No dearly beloveds,*' said I. I was just beside myself. What to say, what to do, I knew not.

"The cruel wretch laughed at me. '*No, dearly beloveds,*' repeated he. 'Very comical, faith,' and laughed again; 'but proceed, proceed, Doctor.'

"*'We are gathered together here in the sight of God,'* read he on.

"This affected me still more. 'I adjure you, sir,' to the minister, 'by that God in whose sight you read we are gathered together, that you proceed no further. I adjure you, Sir Hargrave, in the same tremendous name, that you stop further proceedings. My life take—with all my heart take my life—but my hand never, never will I join with yours.'

"*'Proceed, Doctor! Doctor, pray proceed,'* said the vile Sir Hargrave. 'When the day dawns, she will be glad to own her marriage.'

"*'Proceed at your peril, sir,'* said I. 'If you are really and truly a minister of that God, whose presence what you have read supposes, do not proceed, do not make me desperate.'"

And then Harriet turns appealingly to the women who are present, and to whom the house belongs—a mother and two daughters:—

"*'Madam, you are a mother; look upon me as if I were one of those daughters whom I see before me. Could you see one of them thus treated? Dear young women,'* turning to each, 'can you unconcernedly look on and see a poor creature tricked, betrayed, and thus violently, basely treated, and not make my case your own? Speak for me! plead for me! be my advocates! Each of you, if ye are women, plead for me. A soul, gentlewomen, you may have to answer for. I *can* die. Never, never will I be his.'

"*'Let us women talk to the lady by ourselves, Sir Hargrave. Pray, your honour, let us talk to her by ourselves.'*

"*'Ay, ay, ay,'* said the parson, 'by all means; let the ladies talk to one another, sir. She may be brought to consider.'

"They led me into a little room adjoining to the parlour, and then my spirits subsiding, I thought I should have fainted away. I had more hart-horn-and-water poured down my throat. When they had brought me a little to myself, they pleaded with me Sir Hargrave's great estate. 'What are riches to me? Dirt, dirt! I hate them; they cannot purchase peace of mind; I want not riches.' They pleaded his honourable love—I my invincible aversion. He was a handsome man—the most odious in my eyes of the human species. Never, never, should my consent be had to sanctify such a baseness.

"My danger! and that they should not be able to save me from worse treatment.

"*'How!—not able! ladies. Madame, is not this year own house? Can not you raise a neighbourhood? Have you no neighbours? A thousand pounds will I order to be paid into your hands for a present before the week is out—I pledge my honour for the payment—if you will but save me from a violence that no worthy woman can see offered to a distressed young creature! A thousand pounds! dear ladies, only to save me, and to see me safe to my friends!'*

"The wretches in the next room no doubt heard all that passed. In at

that moment came Sir Hargrave. 'Mrs. Awberry,' said he, with a visage swelled with malice; 'young ladies, we keep you up; we disturb you. Pray retire to your own rest; leave me to talk with this perverse woman; she is mine.'

"'Pray, Sir Hargrave,' said Mrs. Awberry, 'leave her to me, I say.'

"'Miss Byron, you *shall* be mine. Your Grevilles, Madam, your Fenwicks, your Ormes, when they know the pains and the expense I have been at to secure you, shall confess me their superior—shall confess ——'

"'In wickedness, in cruelty, sir, you are every man's superior.'

"'You talk of cruelty, Miss Byron! triumphing over scores of prostrate lovers, Madam! You remember your treatment of me, Madam! Kneeling like an abject wretch at your feet! kneeling for pity! But no pity could touch your heart, Madam! Ungrateful, proud girl! Yet am I not humbling you; take notice of that, I am not humbling you; I am proposing to exalt you, Madam.'

"'Vile, vile, debasement!' said I, 'to exalt Miss Byron into Lady Pollexfen! And yet, if you hold not out your hand to me ——'

"He would have snatched my hand. I put it behind me. He would have snatched the other—I put that behind me too; and the vile wretch would then have kissed my undefended neck, but with both my hands I pushed his audacious forehead from me. 'Charming creature!' he called me, with passion in his look and accent; then 'Cruel, proud, ungrateful!' And swore by his Maker that if I would not give my hand instantly, instead of *exalting* me, he would *humble* me. 'Ladies, pray withdraw,' said he; 'leave her to me; either Lady Pollexfen, or what I please (rearing himself proudly up), she may be happy if she will. Leave her to me.'

"'Pray, sir!' said the youngest of the two daughters, and wept for me.

"'Greatly hurt, indeed, to be the wife of a man of my fortune and consequence! But leave her to me, I say. I will soon bring down her pride. What a devil am I to creep, beg, pray, and entreat, and only for a *wife*! But, madam,' said the insolent wretch, 'you will be mine upon easier terms, perhaps.'

"'Madam—*pray* madam,' said the widow to me, 'consider what you are about, and whom you refuse. Can you have a handsomer man? Can you have a man of a greater fortune? Sir Hargrave means nothing but what is honourable. You are in his power.'

"'In *his* power, madam!' returned I. 'I am in *yours*. You are mistress of this house. I claim the protection of it. Have you not neighbours? *Your* protection I put myself under.' Then clasping my arms about her, 'Look me from him till you can have help to secure to you the privilege of your own house, and deliver me safe to my friends, and I will share my fortune with your two daughters.'

"The wicked man took the mother and youngest daughter each by her hand, after he had disengaged the former from my clasping arms, and led them to the door. The elder followed them of her own accord. They none of them struggled against going. I begged, prayed, besought them not to go; and when they did, would have thrust myself out with them; but the wretch, in shutting them out, squeezed me dreadfully, as I was half in, half out, and my nose gushed out with blood.

"'I screamed; he seemed frightened; but instantly recovering myself,' 'So—so—you have done your worst! You have killed me, I hope.' I was out of breath; my stomach was very much pressed, and one of my arms was bruised. I have the marks still, for he clapt to the door with violence, not knowing, to do him justice, that I was so forward in the doorway.

"'I was in dreadful pain. I talked half wildly, I remember. I threw myself in a chair. 'So—so, you have killed me, I hope. Well, now, I hope—now, I hope, you are satisfied. Now may you moan over the poor creature you have destroyed,' for he expressed great tenderness and consternation;

and I, for my part, felt such pains in my bosom, that having never felt such before, I really thought I was bruised to death, repeating my foolish 'So, so. But I forgive you,' said I; 'only, sir, call to the gentlewomen, sir. Retire, sir. Let me have my own sex only about me.' My head swam, my eyes failed me, and I fainted quite away."

The scene we have transcribed, while it brings us, as it were, *en rapport* with Harriet, forms at the same time the prelude to her acquaintance with Sir Charles Grandison himself, who, of course, appears at the last moment in which aid would have been possible, and rescues Miss Byron from the brutal clutches of Sir Hargrave Pollexfen. The circumstances under which this deliverance occurs are drawn with a bold hand; and the picture of Sir Charles as he appears upon the stage, the struggle between the two men, and the deliverance of the injured beauty in her *masquerade dress*, would form an admirable subject for Leslie or for Ward. Safely housed beneath a friendly roof, and carefully tended by Miss Grandison, Harriet soon rallies once more to write those long letters which, at the most reasonable calculation, must have occupied her several hours in each day, and to indulge Lucy Selby with a full account of the vivacious, beautiful, and pert Charlotte Grandison and of her wonderful brother. But she is careful to tell her uncle Selby, who is fond of a joke, to spare all "conjectural constructions" when she praises Sir Charles, adding, "I have not said one half of what I intended to say of this extraordinary man."

The celebrated abduction case, which we have only very imperfectly described, instead of bringing condign punishment upon the arch offender, as happened three or four years since to a prototype of Sir Hargrave's, produced the more romantic result of a challenge. Sir Charles is a Christian man, and being such, will not fight. But Sir Charles is also represented as in all respects the finished gentleman, and for any imputation to fall upon his honour, even in the eyes of such worldlings as Pollexfen and his friends, is not to be thought of for a moment. We shall see how the Gordian knot is untied.

*Imprimis*, Sir Charles writes a long, rather too long, an explanation to Sir Hargrave, good and sound in the main, but more than the wretch deserved. He ends by saying—"My sword is a sword of defence, not of offence. A pistol I only carry on the road to terrify robbers, and I have found a less dangerous weapon sometimes sufficient to repel a sudden insult." Sir Charles, to prove that it is no lack of courage which leads him to act thus, invites himself to breakfast with Sir Hargrave. "Something must be done by a man who refuses a challenge, to let a challenger see (such is the world, such is the custom!) that he has *better* motives than fear for his refusal. I will put Sir Hargrave's honour to the fullest test: tell him, sir, that I will bear a great deal, but that I will not be insulted, were he a prince."

The scene at the breakfast is rather an exciting one. Sir Hargrave is blustering, and wishes to fight—Grandison is cool, almost unnaturally cool, fires the loaded pistol out of the window, and asks the gentlemen to dine with him. Sir Hargrave's friends, amazed by this behaviour, suddenly take the part of Sir Charles. One of them calls him a noble adversary, another says he would rather have him for a friend than the

greatest prince on earth, and the third avers that he had "rather be Sir Charles in this one past hour, than the Great Mogul all his life." And yet these men are desperate and abandoned villains. Pollexfen himself, after having drawn his sword, and being quickly disarmed by "the good man," sits down to the breakfast-table, and listens to a great deal of wise talk from our hero upon the sin of duelling; and Sir Hargrave is pacified by the promise that he shall again visit Miss Byron, and take her rejection or acceptance of him from her own lips. At nine o'clock the next morning came Sir Hargrave in his chair, and Harriet, leaning on Mr. Reeves' arm, *trembled* down to him.

"'Ever dear and adorable goodness' (were his words coming to me) 'how sweet is this terror and how just! I have forgiven worse injuries. I meant nothing but honour to you.

"'Honour, sir—cruelty, sir—barbarity, sir! How can you *wish* to see the creature whom you so wickedly treated? Sir (half out of breath), what would you, sir? Why this visit? What am I to do?'

"I hardly knew what I said, and held Mr. Reeves' arm.

"'Forgive me, madam, *that* is what you are to do. Pardon me, on my knee I beg your pardon!' And he dropt down on one knee. 'Kneel not to me, sir; pray do not kneel. You bruised, you hurt, you terrified me, sir, and, Lord bless me, I was in danger of being your *wife*, sir.' "

He arose. "*In danger of being my wife*, madam! Only that the method I took was wrong, madam ——" And in this way the conversation goes on, until Sir Hargrave politely took his leave, and left Harriet at leisure to write her letter. By this time Harriet is thoroughly in love with Sir Charles, and her friends commend her for the passion, and even inquire into the state of Sir Charles's affairs, although he, on his part, has given no sign of attachment.

"O do not tell me, my dear friends, that *you* love him, that *you* wish me to be his. I shall be ready, if you do, to wish—I don't know what I would say; but your wishes were always the leaders of mine." And as the Countess of D— is trying to negotiate matrimonially for her son, Harriet is quite willing that (in strict confidence, of course), she shall be told the whole truth, and indeed, before we get much farther, our heroine's state of heart is known to every one except "the man of men" himself. Harriet talks of it to Miss Grandison, and to her sister Lady L—, to Mr. Deane, her godfather, and corresponds or converses with her relatives on the same topic. Sir Charles's sisters inquire of Dr. Bartlett what his "patron's" opinion is of Miss Byron, and when he affirms that it is "the highest that man can have of woman," they ask further, whether he would advise them to propose the alliance to him, and all that passes on the occasion is communicated to Harriet, and through her finds its way to the home circle in Northamptonshire. Yet Miss Byron and her friends are perpetually talking of their great delicacy.

It is the peculiarity of Richardson, that he is at the same time one of the most natural and the most artificial of writers—natural when grief or passion demand the simple expression of deep and uncontrollable feeling, artificial when his idea of what is demanded in polite society compels him, as it were, to walk upon stilts, while he puts his company

on their best behaviour. Richardson has not much humour, and what he has is of a rough hoydenish kind; but at almost any part of his volumes you may find something to laugh over in those long parlour conversations, those compliments and bowings, and those ever-repeated introductions which form so notable a portion of his novels. A good reader, with a dash of fun in his composition, might at any time set the table in a roar, if, with due gravity and archness, he were even to read aloud some of the gravest conversations in "Sir Charles Grandison."

It would be difficult to say how much of this amusing peculiarity arises from the change of our manners, and how much from Richardson's very ignorance of that high life to which he is so partial. The exquisite absurdity of some of these parlour scenes gives a racy interest to the book. They can scarcely be described, and to transcribe any one completely would occupy more space than we can command. By way of giving some intimation of the small talk in which Richardson's characters indulge, take the following brief extract from a very long chapter. In the house, then, at St. James's-square, are assembled Sir Charles Grandison, Mr. Grandison his cousin (a rake reformed for the nonce), Miss Grandison and her sister, Dr. Bartlett, and Harriet Byron, Lord G——, the future husband of Charlotte Grandison, and Lord L——. Let Harriet be the retailer of all that passed:—

"Mr. Grandison entered. 'Upon my honour, Sir Charles, I can stay no longer,' said he; 'to know that the fairest woman in England is under the same roof with me, yet to be so long detained from paying my respects to her—I can't bear it.' And in a very gallant manner he paid his compliments to me, whispering, yet loud enough to be heard, to Miss Grandison, that report fell short of my perfections, and I can't tell what.

"'Did I not tell you that you would say so, sir,' said Miss Grandison.

"Sir Charles, addressing himself to me, 'Now,' said he, 'we will, if you please, see how Lord L——, Lord G——, and Dr. Bartlett are engaged.' He led the way into the dining-room, and addressed me with great politeness. Sir Charles respectfully took my hand. 'Were there fifty ladies here, my good Dr. Bartlett, whom you had never seen before, you would, I am sure, from the character you have had of Miss Byron, be under no difficulty of reading that character in this young lady's face. Miss Byron, behold in Dr. Bartlett another grandfather.'

"'I reverence,' said I, 'good Dr. Bartlett—I borrow Sir Charles's thought—the character he has given you, sir, is stamped in your countenance. I should have venerated you wherever I had seen you.'

"'Sir Charles's goodness, Madam,' said he, 'as it ever did, prevents my wishes. I rejoice to see and to congratulate a new sister restored, as I will call it, in the language of Miss Grandison, to the best of families.'

"After dinner the Countess, drawing me on one side by both my hands, said, 'Well, our other sister, our new-found sister, let me know how you like us; I am in pain lest you should not love us as well as you do our Northamptonshire relations.'

"'You overcome me, Madam, with your goodness.'

"Miss Grandison then coming forward—'Dear Miss Grandison,' said I, 'help me to words.'

"'No, indeed, I will help you to nothing; I am jealous. Lady L——, don't think to rob me of my Harriet's preferable love, as you have of Sir Charles's. I will be best sister here.'

"'You need not be jealous, Charlotte,' said the Countess; 'you may be

sara. This saucy girl, Miss Byron, is ever frustrating her own pretensions. Can flattery, Charlotte, say what we will, have place here? But tell me, Miss Byron, how you like Dr. Bartlett?

"I consider Dr. Bartlett," I said, 'as a saint, and, at the same time, as a man of true politeness.'

"He is, indeed," said the Countess, 'all that is worthy and amiable in man. Don't you see how Sir Charles admires him?'

"Pray, Lady L——, keep clear of my province. Here is Sir Charles. He will not let us break into parties.'

"Sir Charles heard this last sentence.

"Yet I wonder not," said he, joining us, 'that three such women get together, goodness to goodness is a natural attraction. We men, however, will not be excluded. Dr. Bartlett, if you please ——'

"The Doctor approached in a most graceful manner.

"Let me again, Miss Byron, present Dr. Bartlett to you as a man that is an honour to his cloth, and that is the same thing as if I said to human nature (the good man bowed in silence), and Miss Byron to you, my good Doctor (taking my hand), as a lady most worthy your distinguished regard.'

"You do me too much honour, sir," said I; 'I shall hope good Dr. Bartlett, by your instructions, to be enabled to deserve such a recommendation.'

"My dear Harriet," said the Countess, snatching my other hand, 'you are a good girl, and that is more to your honour than beauty.'

"Mr. Grandison came up. 'What! is there not another hand for me?'

"How the world," said Sir Charles, smiling, 'will push itself in! *Heart*, not *hand*, my dear Mr. Grandison, was the subject.'

This is merely a homœopathic dose prepared from a long conversation, which, if it were not so ridiculous, would be absolutely intolerable.

And now, by way of progressing in the story, we must inform our readers why Sir Charles is satisfied with merely praising his new sister Harriet, and does not seek to draw her into a more intimate connexion with him.

Be it known, then, that there is in Italy a certain noble family, whose head bears the name of the Marchese della Porretta. Our hero saved the life of his son Jeronymo, and became in consequence acquainted with the other members of the family, including Clementina, the only and beloved daughter, as they say upon tombstones. This young lady is a model of Italian virtue and Roman Catholic excellence, a sublime example of womanhood, and as such contrasts well with the more simple and winning English maiden, who, in spite of her faults, is in sooth a dear, loveable creature. Now, this grand and stately family, who are perpetually sitting in state and having formal discussions on one matter or another, are proud, one would think, beyond endurance. But Sir Charles manages to endure them, and begins even to balance in his own mind the possibility of an alliance. A mere calculation, it seems, for he assures the parents he is not in love with Clementina, whereupon they urge him to plead the cause of a certain Count of Belvedere, whose addresses the young lady has decidedly refused. This Sir Charles does heartily enough to meet the approval of the father and mother, who were secreted in an adjoining closet, and heard all the conversation. And, by the way, this eaves-dropping is a favourite resort of Richardson's characters, who never seem to think it derogatory to their honour to play the part of domestic spies.

Clementina had been learning the English language under Grandison's tutorship, and she had lost her heart in the process. She became melancholy, and showed many signs of mental disquietude, talking strangely to herself and gazing upon vacancy. Her confessor alone was acquainted with the real state of her heart, and he had filled her mind with horrors. To love a heretic!—oh, horrible, most horrible!

Grandison departed for Germany; the young lady's malady increased; the object of it was re-called; and this patrician family condescended to propose an alliance with him, before he had made, or scarcely indeed thought of making, any overtures himself.

The terms, however, did not suit Sir Charles, for he was to make a formal renunciation of his religion, and to settle in Italy—although they would kindly allow him to pay occasional visits to England.

Now, although Sir Charles might have pitied, and must have admired, Clementina at this time, he certainly was not in love with her; and such an offer, unless a man were far gone indeed in the tender passion, was enough to excite his contempt and indignation.

But Sir Charles speaks of his grief "to be obliged to disappoint such expectations." He labours for a compromise, offers to live in Italy and in England during alternate years, and, in case of children by the marriage, will leave the daughters to Clementina's tuition, and educate the sons himself. This proposition is frowned on disdainfully by the family. The Bishop deems it intolerable that a private man should not instantly accept an alliance with so princely a house, and declares he has no affections. The Marquis flies into a passion; the General swears he will not be treated with contempt, and tells Sir Charles he does not know the consequence of such an indignity offered in that country; and the poor Clementina is at first kept in ignorance of Grandison's proposals, and imagines that he required her to renounce her faith, and that she has been treated with contempt. Warton has said, "that of all representations of madness, that of Clementina is the most deeply interesting." "I know not," he continues, "whether even the madness of *Lear* is wrought up and expressed by so many little strokes of nature and genuine passion. It is absolutely pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes in *Euripides* to this of Clementina."

It is impossible to convey an adequate notion of the masterly hand with which Clementina is portrayed, from any single extract. It is the aggregate of "many little strokes" which completes the sad delineation. One scene, however, which will best bear to be severed from the rest, and is the most perfect in itself, shall be transcribed. Clementina has solicited a private interview with Sir Charles, who politely requests her mother to slip into a closet, that she may hear all that passes:—

"I conducted the young lady to a chair, which I placed with its back to the closet-door, that her mother might hear all that passed. She sat down, and bid me sit by her. I was willing she should lead the subject, that the Marchioness might observe I intended not to prepossess her. We were silent for a few moments. She seemed perplexed; looked up, looked down—then on one side, then on the other.



"At last, 'Oh, Chevalier!' said she, 'they were happy times when I was your pupil, and you were teaching me English!'"

"They were *indeed* happy times, madam."

"Mrs. Beaumont was too hard for me, chevalier! Do you know Mrs. Beaumont?" "I do. She is one of the best of women." "Why, so I think. But she turned and winded me about most strangely. I think I was in a great fault."

"How so, madam?"

"How so! Why, to let her get out of me a secret that I had kept from my mother; and yet there never was a more indulgent mother. How you look, chevalier! but I shan't tell you what the secret was."

"I do not ask you, madam."

"If you did, I would not tell you. Well, but I had a great deal to say to you, I thought. I wish that frantic Camilla had not stopped me when I was going to you. I had a great deal to say to you."

"Cannot you recollect, madam, any part of it?"

"Let me consider. Why, in the first place, I thought you *despised* me. I was not sorry for that, I do assure you; that did me good. At first it vexed me—you cannot think how much. I have a great deal of pride, sir. But well, I got over that, and I grew sedate. You see how sedate I am. "Yet this poor man (thought I) whether he thinks so or not"—(I will tell you all my thoughts, sir)—but don't be grieved. You see how sedate I am. Yet I am a silly girl; you are thought to be a wise man: don't disgrace your wisdom. Fie! a wise man to be weaker than a simple girl! Don't let it be said—— What was I saying?"

*Yet this poor man, whether he thinks so or not,* you said, madam."

"True!—"has a soul to be saved. He has taken great pains with *me*, to teach me the language of England. Shall I not take some with *him* to teach him the language of Heaven!" No heretic can learn that, sir! And I had collected abundance of fine thoughts in my mind, and many pertinent things from the Fathers, and they were all in my head; but that impertinent Camilla—— And so they are all gone. But this one thing I have to say—I designed to say something like it at the commencement of my discourse with you: so it is premeditated, you will say; and so it is. But let me whisper it—No, I won't, neither. But turn your face another way; I find my blushes come already. But—(and she put her spread hand before her face, as if to hide her blushes)—"don't look at me, I tell you—look at the window." (I did.) "Why, chevalier, I did intend to say—— But stay—I have wrote it down somewhere." (She pulled out her pocket-book.) "Here it is. Look another way, when I bid you." She read—"Let me beseech you, sir (I was very earnest you see) to hate, to despise, to detest—(now, don't look this way)—the unhappy Clementina with all your heart; but, for the sake of your immortal soul, let me conjure you to be reconciled to our Holy Mother Church!" Will you, sir?"—following my indeed averted face with her sweet face, for *I could not* look towards her. "Say you will. I heard you once called an angel of a man; and is it not better to be an angel in heaven? Tender-hearted man! I always thought you had sensibility. Say you will—not for my sake. I told you that I would content myself to be still despised. It shall not be said that you did this for a wife! No, sir, your conscience shall have all the merit of it. And I'll tell you what; I will lay me down in peace." (She stood up with a dignity that was augmented by her piety.) "And I will say, "Now do thou, O beckoning angel (for an angel will be on the other side of the river—the river shall be Death, sir!)—Now do thou reach out thy divine hand, O minister of peace! I will wade through these separating waters, and I will bespeak a place for the man who, many, many years hence, may fill it!" And I will sit next you for ever and ever! And this, sir, shall satisfy the poor Clementina, who will

than be richer than the richest ! So you see, sir, as I told my mother, I was setting out on God's errand, not on my own !”

What occurred in the interval between this scene and Sir Charles's return to England, must be passed over in silence. He came back in good time in order to deliver Harriet and to be loved by her ; and when, in the hope of saving Clementina's mind, her haughty parents and brothers once more ask him to return to them, Sir Charles tells Harriet the whole story, and then decides to go to Bologna, at the risk of being as abruptly dismissed as he had already been.

“Sir Charles is gone,” Harriet writes, “and I have talked over the matter with the ladies and Lord L——. What do you think ? They all will have it—and it is a faithful account, to the very best of my recollection—they all will have it that Sir Charles's great struggle—his great grief is owing—and his great struggle (I don't know what I write, I think—but let it go) is between his *compassion* for the unhappy Clementina and his *love*—for somebody else. But who, my dear, large as his heart is, can be contented with half a heart ? Compassion, Lucy ! The compassion of such a heart it must be *love* ; and ought it not to be to *such* a woman ?”

One cannot help feeling anxious for Harriet, and sorrowful with her, now that Sir Charles is once more actually at Bologna. If this proud Porretta family have so far humbled themselves as to ask him over, they must surely acquiesce in the terms which Grandison proposed. But, oh, Sir Charles, you cannot surely be such a very perfect man after all, or you would not permit all your prospective daughters to be brought up in a faith which you deem utterly erroneous ; nor ought you, if the dear Clementina becomes yours, to be satisfied with leaving her to the tender mercies of her confessor, without making any effort for her enfranchisement. Of the two she seems by far the most earnest in her belief, and you may be sure will try hard, not indeed by arguments but by womanly tears, to bring you over to her creed. And, moreover, now you are before our bar of criticism, we will confess that you would have been vastly more interesting if you had had a little more adversity to encounter, and had won a woman's heart like other men, instead of being so provokingly attractive as to reverse the proper order of things, and to be loved and wooed by almost every lady with whom you came in contact. If you do not gain Clementina, there are half a score of girls in England all threatening to die for you, and Harriet Byron at the head of them, who is ready at any moment to leap into your arms ; so that we can read of your difficulties without any great interest or excitement, and are apt wickedly to wish that, for our sakes, you might fall into some inextricable dilemma.

Our poor Harriet returns to her country home with head and heart full of love, and with a kind of resolution, in which we feel sure she cannot persist, to rejoice in Sir Charles's happiness, whatever may betide, in Italy. Every morning letters arrive from Bologna, detailing, with microscopic minuteness, the progress of affairs.

Sir Charles seems to be fast advancing towards the goal of matrimony, and professes the utmost felicity at the thought, although Clementina's mental condition has become worse rather than better. She had been entrusted to some relatives who had treated her with

great cruelty, and there seems now less probability than ever of her retaining sanity.

Sir Charles's position is not one to be envied ; if he gain Clementina for a bride, he runs the risk of being linked to a madwoman for life. On the most important of all subjects he will be estranged from his wife and she from him ; and if daughters should be born, it can scarcely be without some scruples of conscience that our model man will resign them over to the tuition of Father Marescotti. Then again he meets with manifold indignities from Clementina's brother the General, and from the other members of the family, who, as Harriet remarks, have more pride than gratitude, which he bears calmly and bravely enough, but which one cannot help thinking he would have been wiser to avoid by staying quietly in England, and marrying the best of women. " But then what would have become of the story ? " some reader exclaims. A very wise observation truly, and we must be willing to excuse every anomaly which enables the author to carry out his plan more effectively.

At length the marriage-settlements are made, the obstacles are removed, and Sir Charles writes home to Dr. Bartlett a circumstantial account of all that occurs.

" If the noble Clementina is to be mine," he writes, " my heart will be greatly gratified if, before she receives my vows, I could know that Miss Byron had given her hand, in compliance with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deserving Earl of D——."

All the letters from Italy are sent to Harriet, who, in spite of her philosophy, is in a truly lachrymose condition. She tries to bear up bravely, but her health appears to be sinking in the struggle.

She thinks that if the news of the solemnity were over she should be more easy than at present, and begs that the next news from Italy may be sent to her with the utmost speed, be it what it may. The news arrives.

In spite of her love Clementina will not, dare not, ally herself to a heretic ; and at the last critical moment, when all outward obstacles are removed, she sacrifices her love to conscientious scruples.

Certainly Clementina's conduct at this juncture is very touching, almost sublime ; but still we cannot pity Sir Charles in the least, although he professes to be very sorrowful, nor, with all our reverence for Clementina, can we help rejoicing that there is yet a chance for Harriet Byron.

We must not stay to tell what effect Clementina's declaration has upon her lover and family, and how the latter in their pride declare that the marriage shall take place in spite of it ; neither must we give even a glimpse of the discussions which ensue, nor of the interviews with Clementina, nor of Sir Charles's doings and sayings while he remains in Italy, nor of Harriet's amazement when the news of Clementina's decision is forwarded to her.

Once more let us welcome Sir Charles to English ground, where he soon receives a letter from his friend Jeronymo, entreating him to marry some English lady, that so with more strength of argument his family may urge upon Clementina a union with Count Belvedere ; whereupon Sir Charles, who has only been three weeks in England, confides

to his friend his feelings with regard to Harriet, and says that when he went to Italy, "the two noblest women in the world held almost an equal interest in his heart." But he fears that now she will not be satisfied with divided affection, and with what in her eyes must seem a double love. Harriet, however, has no weakness of this sort to overcome, but tells her cousin that if Sir Charles were to declare himself her lover, she would trust to her own heart and to her future conduct to make for herself an interest in his affections. Thus the matter stands for a while, and then one morning the vision of Sir Charles appears to Grandmamma Shirley, who was reading "Sherlock on Death," when a very handsome stranger alighted at her gate, entered and saluted her. So like a ghost it seemed (though why we cannot divine) that the good lady is made to speak of her visitor in the neuter gender.

"It took its place by me. 'You, madam,' said it, 'will forgive this intrusion,' and it made several fine speeches, with an air so modest, so manly. It had almost all the talk to itself. I could only bow and be pleased, for still I thought it was corporally and indeed Sir Charles Grandison. It said, that 'it had a very little while to stay. It must reach'—I don't know what place—'that night.' 'What!' said I, 'will you not go to Selby-House? Will you not see my daughter Byron? Will you not see her aunt Selby?' 'No,' it desired to be excused. It talked of leaving a packet behind it, and seemed to pull out of its pocket a parcel of letters sealed up. It broke the seal and laid the parcel on the table before me. It refused refreshment. It desired, in a courtly manner, an answer to what it had discoursed upon—made a profound reverence—and—vanished."

Sir Charles had come thus oddly and suddenly to make a declaration of his affection for Harriet to her Grandmamma, whom he had never before seen. He says, "he knows too well what belongs to private delicacy in general, and particularly to that of Miss Byron, to address himself first to her." At which refined sentiment, if Mr. Burchell had been present, he would undoubtedly have cried, "Fudge!" He remarks that he glories still in his love for Clementina, and that his rejection was a disappointment; and then rather, it seems, on the strength of the letters from Italy urging him to marry, than from any warmth of passion on his own part, he makes his offer to Harriet in this very discreet and reputable manner. Our whimsical Uncle Selby is beyond measure delighted. He proposes sending up for Sir Charles out of hand. "Let him come the first day of next week, and let them be married before the end of it."

This is a little too fast for any member of the family save the impetuous uncle. However, in due time Sir Charles pays his respects to Harriet, and then the difficult and intricate question occurs whether, under such delicate circumstances, he should be asked to sleep at Selby-House. There is a vast deal of private consultation about the look of the thing, and what the world would say, and Aunt Selby, who is "a perfect judge of points of decorum," declares that "every genteel family around us expects examples from us and Harriet," and that, therefore, Sir Charles must not become an inmate. "Hang punctilio," cries our Uncle Selby, "I am always in the wrong—you, women, never."

The next morning Sir Charles was expected to breakfast. The hour arrived, but not the lover, who was unceremoniously delayed by our old acquaintance Greville, who declares he must fight him before he takes off the richest jewel in the country. Sir Charles is in a great hurry to be married, but the punctilio of the Selby family causes unnecessary delays.

"Sweet excellence!" he exclaims, "complete your generous goodness to a grateful heart. It is a grateful one—and shorten the days of your *single* power in order to enlarge it."

At length the "sweet excellence" complies with his request. The day is fixed, and the most minute description of the happy event is written by Lady G——; a description partly characteristic of the times and partly of Richardson. And here, for the sake of our readers' patience and for the author's credit, we shall conclude our brief abstract of the story, which Richardson has greatly weakened and injured by carrying on through another volume.

There is just one word to be said in conclusion. We would not have any reader imagine that he or she does really, from this brief compendium, know anything about the novel. As well might you expect to know your native country from the inspection of an outline map, which marked out its shape and the situation of its principal towns. No true work of genius can ever be thoroughly appreciated save in its entirety; and the charm of Richardson's genius is especially and peculiarly developed in those trifling but artistic touches which are far beyond the reach of any copyist, and can still less be retailed out second-hand. To appreciate the special charm of his writings requires a peculiar mood of mind, and a certain amount of happy indolence that can bear, without impatience, the very slow and jog-trot conveyance in which he carries you over the ground. His "hot-day-dreamy sentimentality," on which Coleridge animadverts, does not suit the fresh joyous out-of-door life to which we all look forward for some brief space at least during the months of summer. There is nothing healthful, bracing, and hearty in his writing; nothing which excites you to exertion, or arms you to endurance, or aids you in any kind of struggle; but if you want, in an easy way, to increase the circle of your acquaintances; if you are glad to recognise the "one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin," and to detect under the folds of conventionalism the deepest feelings of the human heart; if it pleases you to see revived before you the bygone customs of an artificial age, and if the hard encrustment of the world has left you sensitive enough to weep at fictitious sorrow, as described by "a master of the pathetic," then you will turn to the novels of Richardson with unaffected pleasure, and find even in their most tedious passages something which will suggest ideas to the mind, and reward you for the labour of perusal.

## MRS. STEVENSON'S WILL.

## CHAPTER III.

LET us change the scene for a while, to a house in one of the best streets of L—. It is comfortably, nay, handsomely furnished; and the apartment into which the patient reader is introduced lacks no luxury the most fastidious or exacting taste could require. In this apartment are two figures, mother and daughter you will see at a glance; but which is which seems difficult to determine: the mother looks so young, with her black hair falling in heavy braids across a yet unwrinkled brow; and the daughter so matured, seemingly rejoicing in the grey hairs which plentifully adorn her head, and by whose display she is continually reminding her parent of their relative positions. The parties are Mrs. Brooks and her daughter Esther. The former is reclining deep in a large arm-chair, evidently immersed in anxious thought. One hand is idly playing with the leaves of a half-open book, and the other supports her head: her eyes wander now and then towards a writing-table at a little distance, where Miss Esther is busily employed in what seems a matter of some moment, if we may judge by the care and study bestowed on it. A sheet of paper is on the table over which she is bending—it is covered with one name; beside her is an old letter, from which she is copying. At last she rises and brings both to her mother with a triumphant air.

"Can you discern any difference?" she asks.

"None. My dear Esther, this is admirable; it defies all scrutiny. Now, if we can only manage about the visit to —"

"Hush!" exclaims Esther, with a finger raised warningly; "leave that to me, or rather to Rosamund."

"Oh, I have no fear—only as everything depends on that one stroke."

"Yes, if it is well struck, everything is in our power."

"And if not," observes the mother, half hesitating—"if it fails?"

"Impossible! After so long a day of weakness, can you expect an eve of strength? Be assured the victory is ours."

In a field belonging to Liscarrol was one of those old forts, formerly supposed to have been erected by the Danes; but, by the researches of modern archæologists, proved beyond dispute to be entrenchments made by the Irish themselves, as protection to their dwellings, long before the keel of a Danish galley ploughed the waters of the Liffey in war. In its vicinity stone celts, flint arrow-heads, and two or three cinerary urns, displaying a high antiquity, had been discovered. Seated on a rising ground, it commanded a fine view of the surrounding country; but was itself partly concealed by some trees planted by Mr. Stevenson to preserve it from desecration, for he was a great lover of old monuments, and a staunch admirer of all pertaining to "the days of other years."

A road leading to some of the upper fields belonging to the farm

went past the fort, and was separated from it by an earthen ditch, bordered by ash and sycamore trees, interspersed with a few firs. These formed an effectual screen, and made the spot more retired and lonely than it otherwise would have been. Here Nora loved to sit and read whenever she could escape from the "would-be-wittiness" of "Blenkinsop," and the now officious kindness of Rosamund Brooks.

A few evenings after the occurrences related in the last chapter, she had retired to her favourite haunt, and soon became immersed in Miss Edgeworth's thrilling history of "Geraldine of Desmond." She had just reached one of its most interesting scenes, when she was startled by a rustling among the branches of some old thorn trees, and the words "Miss Nora, Miss Nora!" pronounced in suppressed tones. Turning with an alarmed look, for her head was full of the poor Earl and his base betrayers in Glean-na-Ginka's wood, Nora felt greatly relieved by seeing in the intruder only little Rhoda Bradley, niece of Mrs. Stevenson's cook, who was employed in weeding the garden, herding the geese, running after the calves, and such like. She approached cautiously, saying in Irish—"I ask pardon for intruding; I've been trying to speak to you the last three days, indeed ever since you came, I may say, but what with your boating and riding, and all that, I could not get near you."

"Well, now that you have caught me, Rhoda, what is it that you want?" asked Nora smiling, and speaking in the same language.

"Oh, Miss Nora, dear, speak easy," said Rhoda, looking round, and casting a keen glance on every side.

"What is the matter?" demanded Nora, insensibly lowering her voice, not knowing what to make of the girl's mysterious gestures. "Is there anything wrong at the house?"

"That's just what I come to tell you—everything is wrong."

Nora started up—"Is Mrs. Stevenson ill? is ———"

"Oh, no, no, there's nothing the matter with the mistress—what would ail the like of her?—unless indeed," she continued, in a reverential tone, it would be death, and the Lord keep it from her for a while longer, for she's good to the poor. Do sit down again, Miss Nora, if you please, till I tell you what I came for. After all, it's little time I have to be talking."

Nora seated herself and made room for Rhoda beside her, but the latter shook her head, and sitting down at her feet, said—

"Now, Miss Nora, I hope you will pardon my boldness; it's sorry I am to say anything that will vex you, but sure I can't help it—the commands of my aunt are on me, and isn't it for your good?"

"Pray, tell me at once, Rhoda, without any more apologies. Good or bad, I am most impatient to hear it."

"Well, then, it's to warn you against Miss Rosamund I am come. To put you on your guard against trusting in her fine speeches, for it's plotting mischief she is in spite of all her pretence of goodness."

"I would be very sorry to trust her," replied Nora; "indeed she never gave me any reason; but what cause have you for doubting her now in particular?"

"Just the words of her own mouth, Miss Nora, neither more nor less," said Rhoda emphatically.

Nora looked surprised, and perhaps somewhat incredulous, but motioned to her companion to proceed.

"It's true as you're there, Miss Nora; I was noticing her great change towards you; how kind she was, and how fond she seemed of you. Sure she hardly lets you talk to anybody else; you that, a while ago, she couldn't bear the sight of, let alone asking you to the house of her own self. Well, my mind misgave me greatly, and I watched you both together (asking your pardon), and I saw there was no beating the kindness she was heaping on you; so I told my aunt Jane, and she joined with me in thinking no good would come of it. Wouldn't anybody say the same? Could one of *them* do a good thing without an ill intent under it? No, indeed."

"This is mere conjecture," observed Nora. "Have you any proof to give me?"

The girl cast another searching glance around the spot, and proceeded as follows:—

"If I had not good proof, Miss Nora, I wouldn't be here—ay, the best of proof—for, as I said before, it's from her own mouth I have it."

"How is that?" demanded Nora, with increasing interest. Her companion continued—

"This morning I was weeding the raspberry-bed at the head of the garden, when I heard steps on the gravel-walk, and I wondered who it could be, for you know when the fruit is over, very few people come to that part; so, peeping through the bushes, I saw Miss Rosamund and her sister Esther coming towards me. I went on with my work again, only creeping closer among the trees, for I didn't wish Miss Esther to see me, as she is always making game of me. Presently the two came up, and I heard the name of 'Nora Mac Mahon' repeated two or three times. You may be sure I set myself to listen; and though I can speak but little English, I understand very well what people are talking about. The first words I could make anything of were spoken by Miss Rosamund in answer to something her sister had said; they were these—'What's the use of it? I tell you she mistrusts me. I never was so good in all my life, and it's thrown away upon her—quite gone for nothing.' 'You don't mean that the little simpleton (pardon me, Miss Nora, that was her very word), the little simpleton sees through our plans?' asked Miss Esther. 'I mean,' said Miss Rosamund, 'that whoever takes Nora MacMahon for a *simpleton* is very far astray, and I see no further use in pretending to be friends with her.' 'What a fool you are!' said her sister; 'sure it's Mrs. Stevenson we are to think of, and not her; and that reminds me to ask you has anything been done about the will since we last met?' 'No, Colman has it still,' said Miss Rosamund, and she stood to look if there were any gooseberries left on the bushes bordering the bed. Oh! Miss Nora, dear, how I trembled! I thought she would maybe step into the bed and catch me—I was afraid to stir at all. 'Well,' said Miss Esther, 'we must never let her alone till she takes it from him again; for I know the MacMahons are mentioned largely in it, and that does not suit me, for I just hate them.' 'And so do I,' answered her sister. 'But do you think, Rosamund, you can work upon the feelings of the old lady about the legacy?' 'I dare say I can,' said her



sister, turning away from the raspberry-bed ; ' but don't you think we had better wait until Nora has gone home ? ' ' Certainly,' said Miss Esther ; ' and I have a plan all ready.'

" Oh ! Miss Nora, how my heart jumped into my mouth when I heard all this, continued Rhoda ; " I thought I would never get away soon enough to tell you. The two walked on out of hearing, and I dared not follow them for fear of being seen ; but sure I heard enough. I kept close for a while, peeping through the bushes, and I saw them go into the summer-house at the far side of the garden, so I crept out along by the wall, and at last got away through the gate. I had just left the garden when I met Brian More M'Laughlin, and I asked him had he seen you ; and he told me you were in the old Fort—at least he had seen you going there a while ago with a book in your hand. You may be sure the grass didn't grow under my feet. And now, Miss Nora, dear, what's to be done ? " demanded Rhoda, after a short pause.

Nora did not immediately reply ; her thoughts were taken up with what she had heard so unexpectedly. To describe her feelings during the narrative would be impossible. Surprise, indignation, and contempt alternately took possession of her ; and with these was mixed that disappointment experienced by all generous natures, when they feel they must lower their standard of human perfection, and bring it far short of their own cherished hopes.

Nothing to honourable minds is so base as duplicity ; no words can express its (to them) inconceivable meanness. Nora was silent because she knew not what to say. Unfortunately, characters such as her's rarely profit by experience ; if they begin with doubting, they end with too much faith ; and their disappointment (if such is in store for them) is of course proportioned to their expectations. In the present instance Nora did not realise all this to its full extent, because the lurking doubt of Rosamund's truth had not previously been removed ; but she felt vexed that it had ever been shaken.

Rhoda again ventured to speak. " The grief is sore on me, Miss Nora, to see you in trouble, but I hope it's not displeased with me you are."

" On the contrary, Rhoda, I am greatly obliged to you ; it's well to know the false from the true ; I'm only sorry I did not know it sooner."

" Ah, that was the pity ; but now, can we do anything to hinder them ? "

" Nothing that I know of. I'll be going home in a few days, and then I suppose we shall see what plot they have planned."

" Indeed, I'll watch them well, Miss Nora, and I can put my aunt up to it ; she has been long living in the house, and knows their ways well."

" I scarcely understand what they say about the will," observed Nora musingly.

" Begging your pardon, Miss Nora, I think that's plain enough. They want to destroy the old will, and make the mistress write a new one, and won't let her put the name of MacMahon in it at all."

" It's almost impossible to believe they would do such a thing."

Rhoda nodded her head with a look which fully expressed her own conviction that the Brookses were very capable of such an act. Nora continued—

"At any rate, I hope Mrs. Stevenson will live a great many years yet."

"Oh! that she may, I humbly pray God," said Rhoda, fervently; "but do you know, Miss Nora, there are some that say, though the mistress looks so well now, she hasn't long to stay with us?"

"What do you mean?" asked Nora quickly.

"Why, Miss, they say she has been called for," replied Rhoda, in a voice lowered almost to a whisper. Her hearer looked grave, and the girl, in the same low tone, proceeded—

"Bryan More was telling my Aunt Jane Corrigan last night that he had forgotten to do something in the garden the evening before, and he went back about it. Well, just as he was coming away, he looked towards the upper end, to see if all was right before locking the gate, and oh! Miss Nora, there was a figure sitting down on the root of the old fig-tree that's against the wall, at the head of the broad walk. At first he thought it was Miss Rosamund, though he wondered what would bring her there at that hour; so he walked up and down a while to give her time to go away, but she seemed to have no notion of it. Well, he didn't like to leave the garden, and she by herself, for fear she might begin to feel frightened; for it's a lonesome place, especially that part of it. So he turned up the path to the tree, but he hadn't taken three steps when such a groaning met his ears. Oh! Miss Nora, he said the sorest keen he ever heard was nothing to it. He stood waiting a while, not knowing what to do he was so frightened, when, all of a sudden, she rose up, clapping her hands and crying enough to break one's heart to hear her, and went down the broad path out of the gate, her red cloak flying behind her; and her voice sounded all along by the road at the foot of the garden, the whole way to the house. I wonder, Miss Nora, did anybody hear it there?"

"If they did, Rhoda, they said nothing about it; but I should think not."

"You may be sure Brian More did not stay long after her; as soon as he got breath (for the fright had almost taken it away) he ran home, and right glad he was to find himself safe under his own roof again. Now Miss Nora was not that strange?" demanded Rhoda, looking round her stealthily.

"Strange indeed!" and Nora insensibly moved nearer her companion.

"It's not good for the old mistress any way," Rhoda continued; "and indeed it's great trouble to me to think of it, for a good mistress she is, and a kind, and them that come after her will be very different, I am afraid; but sure it's not for us to judge. The Lord send she may be prepared for her change when it comes!"

"Amen!" responded Nora solemnly, as her eyes filled with tears.

There was a short pause, broken at last by Rhoda asking, "Are you going to the house, Miss Nora?"

"Yes, I think it must be time to go back; Mrs. Stevenson will wonder what is keeping me."

"May I be so bold as to ask leave to walk after you?" said Rhoda,

"for the evening's falling fast, and indeed I would be glad of company."

Nora felt she would be glad of company also, and at once acceding to the speaker's request, they left the Fort together.

The road they had to traverse was a lonely one; little frequented except in busy times, and then only by the labourers going back and forward to their work; or by their wives or children bringing breakfast and dinner to those who did not think it worth while to go home for their meals. Now it was quite deserted. The evening mist was falling rapidly, and clothing everything in its mantle of grey. The tall trees on either side of the road were looking taller; their dark shadows deepening, and the cool breeze was sighing somewhat mournfully through the crisp leaves of the beech. A bird (some rambler who had outstayed his time) was twittering his apologies in the hedge-row, and a stray bat, tempted by the growing twilight, flitted past now and then on his leathery wings. Let not my readers blame the girls if their steps were quicker than ordinary, or if they glanced with suspicious eyes at the shadows of the waving boughs. Let them not condemn Rhoda if she more than once took the red berries of the rowan-trees for the cloak of the dreaded banshee, but remember the scene of my tale is laid in a part of Ireland yet deeply imbued with old superstitions, of which this is perhaps the most cherished. Let them remember the previous conversation, and the melancholy history of Earl Desmond which Nora had been studying, and they must allow that both were well calculated to call forth unwonted timidity, and awaken a pardonable share of nervousness in two young girls "travelling a lonesome road."

They reached the house without any adventure, just as Mrs. Stevenson had begun to feel uneasy at Nora's protracted absence. The latter was not sorry to find herself seated at the snug tea-table, even though Esther Brooks formed one of the party gathered round it; and with the information received from Rhoda full in her mind, she had to behave as usual to every one.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE period allotted for Nora's visit had drawn to a close, nor was she sorry to have it so. For the first time she bade farewell to Mrs. Stevenson, and turned her back on Liscarrol, without regret. The restraint she was obliged to put on her feelings had been irksome in the extreme. To appear unconscious of what most nearly concerns us; to wear a friendly aspect towards those who we are assured are plotting our discomfort or unhappiness, as far as either is in their power, is not an easy, though at times a necessary task, if we intend to pass through life with any degree of satisfaction.

This compulsive duty was peculiarly disagreeable to a nature like Nora's, young, unsophisticated, and as yet ignorant of the deceit daily practised in the world; and with a feeling of absolute relief she heard the gate of Liscarrol close, while the horse turned off towards the wild road which led to her own beloved mountain home. During the ride to Urrisbeg there was ample time for thought. Nora's favourite glen, with its crags, and lakes, and heathery hills, looked picturesque as ever;

but her mind was too absorbed in the events of the last few weeks to give them her wonted attention. She saw them, indeed, with the eye of admiration, but she did not drink in their beauty as of old. A great deal that was new and strange to her had taken place during her stay at Liscarrol. She had, of course, gained an accession of ideas for that individual must be oddly constituted who returns from travel (be it short or long) bearing no greater cargo than he set out with. Nora's new freight was not, alas ! calculated to give her a better view of human nature. She saw it in a light such as it had never appeared to her before and she could not but feel disappointed and shocked at its unamiable features. She had read of such things in books, and supposed them needful for the development of a story, or the pointing of a moral. She had even heard of them in real life, but took them for solitary cases, such as might happen once in a great many years, like the appearing of those islands thrown up by ocean after some tremendous explosion of nature, which show themselves for a little while, and again, as suddenly disappear. She had never before experienced their truth in her own person ; whether such knowledge of good and evil tends to the happiness or misery of after life, the end of that life can alone determine.

With a feeling of irrepressible delight Nora found herself once more beneath the shadow of her own roof, and received the *cead mille faile* from its happy inmates. She listened with unfeigned pleasure to the numerous little histories, the daily experiences, of her brothers and sisters, which had been carefully treasured and stored up in readiness for her return. Joyfully she accompanied them to visit the different pets of the family ; for, like most children, the MacMahons had great friends among the bipeds and quadrupeds of the farm. Nora's was a seal, whose parent had been shot by her brother Mahon while on a hunting expedition below the "Seven Arches." The creature soon became completely domesticated, and followed her like a dog. Even if it was out gambolling in its native element, it would instantly return to the shore on hearing the reed-whistle of Nora. Mahon had taught it to hunt for him, and often, after satisfying its own hunger, it came home laden with finny spoils. Nora was very fond of "Phooka," and it seemed greatly attached to its young mistress. It now came forward to meet her with every mark of joy, uttering a low plaintive sound of recognition, and looking up into her face with its large dark beautiful eyes, full of expressive meaning.

"Ah, Phooka ashore ! if all our friends were as honest and faithful as you, the world would be a very different affair from what it is."

"That's very true," returned Mahon. "Phooka is a pattern for anybody ; but was it merely her affection that called forth your observation ?"

"More than that Mahon," rejoined his sister in a low tone. "Wait till you hear all that passed at Liscarrol while I was there."

"And when am I to hear it ? Strange events must surely have taken place you look so mysterious."

Nora nodded her head.

"What is it Nora ? Do tell me," said Mahon coaxingly.

There were few things Nora could refuse this brother ; but at any

rate she had no intention of keeping secret the events which had occurred, or the information she had received during her visit, respecting the avowed intentions of fraud about to be put in practice by the Brookses. Therefore, after looking at the gull and the eider ducks, and some other pet members of the establishment, the two sat down on a sunny bank (first sending the children home) and talked over the whole affair.

Nothing could exceed Mahon's astonishment and disgust at the conduct of Rosamund. He was a high-spirited and noble-minded boy, and the mean double-dealing of his cousin (whom he felt ashamed to call a relation) seemed loathsome in the extreme. He could not understand how she found any motive strong enough to induce her to it, or by what species of rhetoric she glossed it over to her conscience.

"I think, Nora, had I been in your place I would have told it all to Mrs. Stevenson," he exclaimed, unable to control his indignation.

"My dear Mahon, what good would that have done? Sure Mrs. Stevenson would not believe anything I said against the Brookses, even with Rhoda beside me. At any rate it was not my place to carry stories. Maybe she might have suspected me of jealousy or greediness, and I am sure you would not have her put me on a level with *them* even in thought."

"No, indeed, it's what nobody shall have a right to say of *my* sister, I know well," said Mahon proudly. "My own *cushla machree*," he added, fondly putting his arm round her, "let them keep their dirty money, for dirty it will be, got in that way. Thank God we can do without it."

"Mrs. Stevenson may live this long while yet," observed Nora. "Perhaps the call was not for her."

"Maybe not; and who knows but I might go out to India and make a fortune, and come back again with enough for us all."

"But, *asthore machree*, where would we be by that time?"

"Where but in Urrisbeg, to be sure."

Nora sighed.

"You always look so sad when I speak of going to India."

"Is it any wonder I would when I think of our parting?" said Nora mournfully.

That night there was deep consultation among what Nora called "the four heads of Urrisbeg," viz., her father, mother, Mahon, and herself; but no one could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion.

"Unless you do as I say, Alice," observed Owen to his wife, "we must just sit quietly, and let matters take their own course."

"Indeed, I see nothing else for it; for how could I write to Mrs. Stevenson? It would seem like a very impertinent interference on my part; besides, it would be compromising Nora."

"Was it not a pity that Nora hadn't the good fortune to be in the raspberry-bed instead of Rhoda?" cried Mahon. "Ah! if it had been *me*, mother, I know what I would have done."

"You would have acted as Rhoda did—run and tell Nora," said his mother, smiling.

Mahon could not help confessing that would be his natural course.

"It's provoking to think" observed Owen, after a pause, "that these Brookses, who have been doing all in their power to injure us since we came to the country, should triumph to the very last. Now is it not, Alice?"

"There's no doubt of it. But, my dear Owen, it has been all right, and it's all right still. If we did not need such treatment we wouldn't meet with it. God is good. He has never forsaken us yet, as we well know; and why would we doubt him now?"

"I do not doubt," replied MacMahon hastily. "Glory be to His name, I have no reason. I was only thinking the loss a large sum of money would be to people like us, when it's wanted so badly, too."

"Owen, *asthora machree*, think no more of it," said his wife earnestly and affectionately; "put these thoughts away from you. Sure we can't feel the loss of what we never had. The last day Mrs. Stevenson was here she looked as well as she did twenty years ago, and, no one can say that, in appearance, her end is near."

MacMahon shook his head. "When it comes, Alice, it will be suddenly, take my word for it."

"The Lord prepare her for it, then!" ejaculated his wife, with solemn feeling.

The pause that followed was broken by Owen exclaiming—"What would you think, Alice, if I was to ride over to Colman, and ask him if he has the will yet?"

Mrs. MacMahon hesitated. "You would say nothing more?"

"Nothing more, indeed, replied her husband; "and I would ask it in the course of conversation, as if I had no particular meaning in it. Surely you can find no harm in that, scrupulous as you are, Alice."

Mrs. MacMahon smiled as she replied, "It's for your sake alone, Owen, that I am so. But I see no harm in this plan; if it does no good, neither can it bring any ill; so try it if you like."

"I am sorry I must put it off till next week," said MacMahon.

"And why can't you go to-morrow?" demanded both the young people in a breath.

"Because it will take that day and the next to get in the grain. One cannot tell how long this fine weather may last; and, considering all things, it is better not to lose it."

"That is very true," said Mrs. MacMahon; "we must not throw away a certainty for an uncertainty. Let us take the good God gives us, and leave all in His hands."

#### CHAPTER V.

Day after day passed on, until a whole week had fled, and still Owen MacMahon could not find time to execute his original intention of visiting Mr. Colman. The business of the farm seemed to increase instead of diminish. One affair grew apparently more urgent than another, and not before the lapse of a fortnight was he able to perform his wish. When he did, he found he was *just too late*.

Mrs. Stevenson had called the day before, and got possession of the

will. Colman observed that he could not understand her motives for removing it. Miss Rosamund Brooks accompanied her, and he remarked that she looked as if she had been weeping, while Mrs. Stevenson appeared agitated in no common degree. Mac Mahon felt vexed at this confirmation of his worst fears, but he asked no questions, lest he should be led to say more than prudence warranted; and Mr. Colman seemed to be biassed by the same considerations, for he added nothing further, though he looked as if he knew a great deal more.

With a disappointed heart Owen Mac Mahon turned homewards; he spurred smartly on until he had left the town far behind, and when at last he found himself in the heart of the mountains—for he had chosen the lonely road through the Gap, which was frequented only by peasantry going to and from market—he let the reins fall loosely on his horse's neck, and gave himself up to meditation.

"Well," he thought, "I always considered Mrs. Stevenson a very weak woman, but I never could have supposed her so childish as to permit herself to be ruled in a case like the present; and ill as the Brookses have always behaved, I did not think them so totally devoid of all principle, as they must be, if our suspicions prove correct. They have taken the first bold step already, but it will require more boldness still to follow it up with the next, and after the last they will be fitted for anything—ay, for anything, and ripe for the long sea-voyage it would only be justice to send them. But will they go such lengths in wickedness? Will they really blot out my name from the will? Will they defraud me of a sum which, even now, is paltry to them, but, alas! too needful to me at all times present, and in future so much the more, that the help Mrs. Stevenson bestows will be entirely withdrawn. I know not what to think: people are driven to commit many crimes by want, but here there is no palliation. The Brookses possess all the comforts and most of the luxuries of life; they have only to form a wish, and on its expression they obtain their desire. Mrs. Stevenson's death will make no difference with them. Godfrey must obtain a certain portion of her property, according to the tenor of his uncle's will: the rest is entailed on Robert Stevenson; but of course all her ready money, and the large sums lying by (whose amount Colman assured me she is herself quite ignorant of), and all her personal effects, will be divided among the Brookses, and yet they grudge us the little help she is anxious to leave us! God forgive them, and keep me from bitterness. But why need I trouble myself till the time comes? It may be far enough off yet."

Here his reverie was interrupted by his horse giving a short neigh and quickening its steps, and, on looking up, he saw that he had well-nigh reached the end of his journey. The cottage of Urrisbeg lay about a half-mile from him. He thought it never looked so well, no, not even in the full flush of summer; and he reined in his horse that he might for a few moments contemplate its quiet loveliness, contrasting so markedly with the wild scenery in which it was placed. Half-hidden on one side by the thick-spreading branches of some beech-trees, whose russet garb was finely relieved by the glittering holly, and a few oaks, which had sprung up from seed dropped, it

might be, ages ago, for their massy and dwarfed arms looked like the growth of many, many years—on the other side, a barrier of rocks sheltered it like a screen from the blast, which at certain seasons of the year blew cuttingly off the sea. Behind, the long roofs of the barn, stable, &c., were seen, with their rear-guard of goodly stacks, the fair produce of that year's farm-labour, with the blessing of Providence upon it.

It was a sight to make the heart beat with thankfulness; and Owen was deeply touched. He uncovered his head, and raising his eyes to heaven, the prayer of gratitude burst from his lips.

Continuing his journey leisurely, Owen presently saw his wife come to the cottage-door, and look up the road. He waved his hat; she returned the salute with her hand, and walking to the garden-gate, opened it, and issued forth to meet him. MacMahon dismounted as she approached, and they walked home together. After the first salutations were over, he detailed the result of his visit to Mr. Colman.

"You see, Alice, I was too late in going," said MacMahon, "but there was no help for it."

"No," replied his wife gently; "it was ordered to be as it is. Even had your visit to Mr. Colman been earlier, it could have had no effect; for of course, whenever Mrs. Stevenson asked for the will, she must have had it."

"Certainly; and as I was unable to give Colman any hint of how matters stood respecting it, he would have no plausible excuse for detaining it."

"Therefore, dear Owen, let us be content with what we have; you know a great man says, 'Riches do not consist in the possession of wealth but in the use of it.'"

"Yes, and a greater than he says, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' I know it all, Alice; I am not repining at our condition. God make me thankful for the many blessings I enjoy. It is only when I look around on the children, and think of the time when they'll be men and women, and of the little provision that can be made for that time, that I wonder to myself what will become of them."

"Do not fear, Owen asthore; He who feeds the little birds will feed them, only let us trust Him," said Mrs. MacMahon cheerfully. "And now, that this business is over in so far, would it not be best for us to speak and think no more of it."

"It would—I'll trouble myself no further; and we'll go on, Alice darling, as we have been, happy in each other and in our children."

And Owen tenderly pressed the hand which rested on his arm, while his wife looked up into his face with eyes full of all the devotedness of long-enduring love.

The young people were greatly disappointed at the ill-success attending their father's visit to Mr. Colman; but after the first expression of it, the subject was dropped by common consent. And if Nora or Mahon ever alluded to it, it was only when by themselves, and even they ere long ceased to think of it. They had too much to do with the present to give themselves great concern about what was far off. All their old haunts along the Lough, both at their own side and the opposite one,



were to receive farewell visits before the winter season set in. This had grown into a custom ; for once the storms began, the boat was housed carefully, and slept in its comfortable shed until the arrival of summer called it forth once more to stem the tide of its native sea.

But it was destined the occurrences of the last month, as far as respected Nora's eventful visit to Liscarrol, should not soon be forgotten. A few days subsequent to Owen's interview with Mr. Colman, Shane Buie, or Yellow John Bradley (a brother of Rhoda's) arrived at Urrisbeg in "hot haste," bearing a message from his Aunt Jane Corrigan, whom we have already introduced to the reader. This aunt possessed a high esteem for the MacMahons, and held the Brookses in a scale proportioned to their deserts, which was very low indeed. She was a woman advanced in life ; and having spent most of her days in the family of Mrs. Stevenson, considered herself, as all old servitors do, fully qualified to discuss the merits and demerits of every member of it ; and not only that, but imagined it quite necessary that she should pass her judgment upon each new event as it took place. She had long watched with indignation the increasing animosity displayed by the Brookses towards their unoffending cousins ; but this was nothing in her eyes to the malice of their sudden pretence of kindness. She felt assured there must be some deeply hidden meaning in it, and she did not hesitate to avow her suspicions to the other servants. The conversation in the garden between Esther Brooks and her sister, and which was overheard by Rhoda, satisfied her of the nature of their intentions. But this knowledge afforded her small gratification, as it could be of no benefit to the MacMahons, and, what gave her nearly as much unhappiness, could do the Brookses no hurt ; for even had she ventured to repeat the conversation to Mrs. Stevenson, she would not have been credited. She therefore had "knowledge" without its usual attendant "power." She saw, and heard of more than she saw, that was going on at Liscarrol, out of which she found it impossible to take any other than a bad meaning. There were closettings between Rosamund and her mother (who had come to Liscarrol immediately after Nora's departure) which excited the wonder even of Mrs. Stevenson ; and there were meetings with Esther at the lodge gate, of which the old lady knew nothing. One might think that the calm she had enjoyed during Nora's visit was the last she could have on earth ; everything since then seemed to be done in a hurry. Mrs. Brooks looked as if there was a great deal of business before her, and she did not well know how to begin it. Rosamund never seemed so out of temper, and her sour looks formed a very decided contrast to the smiles which before had been so plentiful. Even Mrs. Stevenson grew fidgetty, and seemed to surmise a plot against her peace.

Matters were in this state, when one morning Mrs. Stevenson was much beyond her usual time of appearing below stairs. The household were surprised, and at last became alarmed, for she was exceedingly exact in having breakfast at nine o'clock precisely. Rosamund at last proceeded to her chamber, and found her standing before a glass attempting to dress herself—a task evidently beyond her power. There was something so strange in her appearance, and in the replies she

made to Rosamund's inquiries, that the latter grew frightened, and went to call her mother. Mrs. Brooks saw at a glance that the poor old lady had had a paralytic attack, and she sent an express for the immediate attendance of Dr. Pratt. On his arrival the usual remedies were applied, and she recovered in so far as to be able to go about the house a little. But she was no longer the Mrs. Stevenson of old—she was only the miserable wreck of her former self. One would suppose that this was a fitting opportunity for the Brookses to show kindness towards their afflicted relative, and prove their gratitude for the many good deeds she had showered upon them. But no ; gratitude was not a part of their nature, neither was the display of it a part of their creed. In this at least they showed consistency, they did not “assume the virtue” when they “had it not.”

The closettings between Mrs. Brooks and Rosamund became more frequent than ever, and several altercations took place between them and Mrs. Stevenson, each of which seemed of an agitating tendency. After one of these, mother and daughter went off from Lisscarrol, apparently in great anger, leaving Esther, who had arrived a short time previously, to help Miss Blenkinsop in nursing Mrs. Stevenson. Messages were now passing constantly to and from Lisscarrol and the town of B—, in which the Brookses resided ; but what the purport of these messages were, no one save Miss Blenkinsop could tell, and she had her own reasons for being silent on the subject just then. It was from no kindly feeling towards them that she held her peace. No two sets of people could detest each other more heartily than they did. The Brookses hated Miss Blenkinsop because her character so nearly resembled theirs ; and no one likes to look upon what they consider a distorted image of themselves. And besides, she was so cunning that they found it impossible to hide anything from her, and so provokingly frank withal, that she publicly broached the very subjects they most feared to discuss even among themselves. On the other hand, Miss Blenkinsop returned their hatred with interest, because they were so much above her, and took every opportunity of showing it, and used every means (though often unsuccessfully) to keep her in her own place ; but more than all, on account of their almost unbounded power over Mrs. Stevenson, which materially interfered with her own plans.

After some time a reconciliation was effected between Mrs. Stevenson and the Brookses. Whatever requirements they had made were evidently agreed to, and Rosamund returned to Lisscarrol, but without her mother. Mrs. Stevenson would not see her, and Mrs. Brooks felt content to let the blame rest upon herself, so that her daughter was again received into favour. She counted much upon being able to mould Rosamund to her will hereafter.

The reconciliation did not take place too soon. A second stroke left the poor old lady helpless in body and mind. Jane Corrigan now thought it high time to apprise the MacMahons of what so nearly concerned them, and therefore dispatched her nephew, Shane Buie, to Urrisbeg for that purpose. But the boy knew merely the bare fact of Mrs. Stevenson's dangerous illness, and that his aunt advised Mrs. MacMahon to proceed to Lisscarrol if she wished to see her cousin alive.

The events above narrated were not then known to Mrs. MacMahon, but I take the privilege of historians, and give them to the reader as they occurred. What she did hear was quite enough to awaken astonishment and pity. Mrs. MacMahon was greatly shocked at the unhappy state of her aged relative, and grieved at the heartlessness displayed towards her by those upon whom she had so long been lavishing every conceivable benefit in her power to bestow. She sighed over their ingratitude ; and much as she had seen of the ungrateful feeling too frequently displayed by the Brookses, she could not but be surprised at its appearance now.

By the time the boy had told his message it was too late for Mrs. MacMahon to set out on a journey so long as that to Lisscarrol, and she was (most unwillingly) obliged to postpone it till the next morning. But in her prayers that night she specially remembered her afflicted friend ; and for her own self and family fervently entreated that all covetous desires and angry passions might be mercifully put away from them.

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# Sporting Intelligence.

## YACHTING.

" Her sailors are a jolly crew,  
Stout-hearted, lithe, and brave;  
Their jackets of the deep sea-blue,—  
They laugh at wind and wave.

" On top-mast, and on deck the same,  
A bold, undaunted band;  
And well 'tis known from whence they came,  
Wherever they may land.

" Now tell me, after what I've said  
' *Consarnin'* ' of this hale crew,  
For what was boundless ocean made?  
Why,—made for them to sail through!"

WINTER-QUARTERS have yielded up their lonely craft; the woollen shirt, the glazed hat, and the golden-lettered band, betoken yachtsmen arousing themselves from a dark season of lethargy; the copper is being burnished, the rigging assumes its neat array, and we are to the fore, Mr. Editor, to gain fresh laurels, and furnish materials for fresh yarns. Some have been lengthened, others newly coppered, many a well-known hull appears as of old; and we hail new-born sea blossoms to contest the palm, to run the ocean path of rivalry—some to conquer, and many to relapse into mediocrity.

How many hearts are now beating high in anticipation of triumph to come!—how many a fair scene is pictured of the winning vessel, the echoing cheer, the graceful speech of acknowledgment, and the bright eyes beaming approval and —. But enough, Mr. Editor; it is the same little world we live in still; and when we are dull to the signal gun, when the last flag has waved over us, the same scenes will recur again until the crack of doom. So be it—let the career we run be a brilliant inducement to those who come after us to do as their forefathers have done before, and to maintain the glory and prestige of our noble pastime as becometh the sons of a race who triumph in the proud boast of being the masters of the deep. For centuries past have our war-ships maintained our nation's supremacy; and the sun has not yet set upon that portion of the globe where the flag of our country gives not forth its ubiquitous folds to the breeze; and to borrow a phrase terse as it is expressive, from our foster-brother "Jonathan," the sagosies of Britain float "every place that it is the least damp!" Once our ablest nautical writers has truly said, "That the security of king

doms is increased by every man being more or less a sailor!" May we not therefore say with truth and pride, that our nineteen Royal Yacht Clubs contribute in no slight degree to the security of our sea-girt kingdom? Nor is it merely to the shores of our islands that the flags of our pleasure navy are known. In the sunny south, in the frozen north, on the equator, eastward and westward—in the track of peace and on the trail of war—there wave the royal flags of our yachtsmen, to testify to the truth of every British gentleman being more or less a sailor. The Arctic Regions we have revelled in; the Baltic saw us, if small in tonnage, yet bold in heart; and one of the first flags that floated in triumph within the blood-stained docks of Sebastopol, was displayed from the taut spars of a hardy ocean rover from the peaceful waters of the Solent. But why should we not be wanderers of the deep, and masters of the sea? Have we not an example enough to make the veriest landsman a sailor? Our Queen, God bless her! as ardent a cruiser as the sun e'er shone upon, encouraging us by her presence, distinguishing us by her favour, and rewarding us by her prizes. (Save the mark! without damaging her exchequer, she might grant a few more.) Perhaps, Mr. Editor, some of your readers may smile credulously when they hear that between England, Scotland, and Ireland (including, of course, the principality of Wales), the aggregate tonnage of the pleasure navy, at the conclusion of last season, amounted to 32,507 tons, builders' measurement, giving employment to more than 3,000 seamen.

The season of 1858 has been duly opened by the Club we have before remarked as being the first on the water, namely, the Prince of Wales. On the 8th of May, five little 8-tonners assembled at Erith to contend over the well-known course for two prizes of the value respectively of £20 and £10, when the little Emily, of 8 tons, Commodore Hewett, a sloop-rigged craft, beamy and shallow, won the maiden cup of the season; the Valentine, Mr. J. Fradgely, bearing off the second prize, and beating the Julia, Mr. P. Turner; the Undine, Mr. E. Searle; and the Velocity, Messrs. Buss and Atkins.

In our next we shall present our readers with the details of the Royal Thames Yacht Club and the Ranelagh Yacht Club sailing-matches, which the late date they take place at prevent us doing in this number.

The following regattas are fixed in the order and dates detailed:—

- June 1st.....Wellington Yacht Club—Sailing Match at Battersea.  
Entries to close May 25th.
- June 5th.....Birkenhead Model Yacht Club.
- June 7th.....Royal London Yacht Club—Sailing Match; first and second classes. First class prizes—£40, £20, and £10; second class, £30, £10, and £5. Course, from Erith to the Nore-Light and back. Entries to close May 31st.

Observations have been made relative to Metropolitan Yacht Clubs, and we have heard it frequently stated that unless on the seaside, overlooking the blue waters of the ocean, no Yacht Club could possibly carry out the objects of its formation successfully. We have always been greatly inclined to the same opinion; but both the Royal Thames and

Royal London Yacht Clubs, appear determined to give practical proof of how such things can be done, even in the heart of a great city.

June 22nd.....Royal Mersey Yacht Club—Sailing Matches; first class prize, £50; second class prize, £30; third class prize, £20.

June 22nd.....Royal Thames Yacht Club—Schooner Match; first class prize, £100; second class prize, £50. Course from Gravesend, round the Mouse-Light, and to Greenhithe. Entries to close June 18th.

June 25th.....Clyde Model Yacht Club—Regatta at Gourock Bay, in the Clyde.

June 28th.....Royal Pembroke Dock Regatta.

June 30th.....Tenby Regatta; Caermarthen Bay, Bristol Channel; 30 nautic miles from Pembroke.

July 2nd.....Tenby Regatta. Second day.

July 3rd.....Birkenhead Model Yacht Club—Sailing Match.

July 6th.....Royal Thames Yacht Club—Sailing Match; third and fourth class yachts. Course from Erith to the Chapman and back. First prize, £40; second prize, £30, with £10 for the second boat, if four start. Entries to close June 28th.

July 6 & 7.....Swansea Regatta, 40 nautic miles from Tenby, Bristol Channel.

July 8th.....Kinsale Regatta, 18 nautic miles from Cork Harbour.

July 13 & 14.....Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta.

July 20th.....Royal London Yacht Club—Sailing Match for third class yachts. First prize, £20; second prize, £10; third prize, £5. Entries to close July 12th. Course from Erith to Coal House Point, and back to Greenwich.

July 21 & 22...Royal St. George's Yacht Club—Regatta in Dublin Bay.

July 22nd.....Royal Southern Yacht Club—Regatta at Southampton.

July 23rd.....Clyde Model Yacht Club—Regatta in the beautiful Bay of Rothesay, Island of Bute, Frith of Clyde.

July 28th.....Ranelagh Yacht Club—Sailing Match at Battersea. Entries to close July 21st.

July 28 & 29...Isle of Man Regatta, Douglas Bay; 75 nautic miles from Kingstown

Date not fixed, to follow Douglas. Barrow Regatta, Piel of Fondray, Morecambe Bay; 45 nautic miles from Douglas Bay, Isle of Man.

August 2nd.....Royal Yacht Squadron—Prince Consort's Cup.

August 2nd.....Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regatta, at Carnarvon, on the Menai Straits.

August 4th.....Royal Yacht Squadron—Her Majesty's Cup.

August 6th.....Royal Yacht Squadron—Emperor Napoleon's Cup.

August 9th.....Royal Victoria Yacht Club Regatta, at Ryde, Isle of Wight.

August 13th.....Clyde Model Yacht Club—Corinthian Match at Largs.

Aug. 25 & 26...Royal Western Yacht Club of England—Regatta at Plymouth.

Sept. 3rd.....Clyde Model Yacht Club—Challenge Cup Match at Dunoon.

At the Royal Yacht Squadron we find the following arrivals, sailings, and fitting outs:—

May 12th—Lalla Rookh, schooner, Viscount Bangor, from Poole.  
13th—Edith, yawl, John Berner, Esq., from Harwich. *Sailed.*—The Zoe, Right Hon. the Earl of Yarborough, for Weymouth. *Fitting out.*—The Zara, Commodore the Earl of Wilton; Derwent, Charles Lee, Esq.; Rattlesnake, R. Duff, Esq.; Columbine, B. H. Smith Barry, Esq.; Lavrock, Lord Colville; Caprice, Lieut.-Col. Charles Baring; Aurora, Le Marchant Thomas, Esq.; Eugenie, Richard Frankland, Esq.; Titania, Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P.

The schooner Leda, lately the property of Sir R. B. Williams Bulkeley, Bart., has been sold to Henry John Adeane, Esq., M.P. for Cambridgeshire.

At the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, Ryde, we find the Destiny schooner, Lieut.-Col. Grimes; the Cissy, J. Dunn, Esq.; Anaconda, P. L. Powys, Esq.; the Spell, H. S. Trower, Esq.; Irene, E. C. Scholesfield, Esq.

At the Royal Cork Yacht Club Station, the Harlequin schooner, Cooper Penrose, Esq.; the Vigilant cutter, J. C. Atkins, Esq.; the Iris cutter, A. Savage, Esq.; Elvira cutter, F. Holmes, Esq. And fitting out, are the Foam cutter, Montiford Longfield, Esq.; and the Glance cutter, Major Longfield.

At the Royal Yacht Club Station, Kingstown, the Heroine schooner, Robert Batt, Esq., Commodore, Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland; and sailed for Scotland, the Gitana cutter, J. Hone, Esq.; the Coquette cutter, N. Hone, Esq.; the Countess yawl, — Haughton, Esq.; the Ruby Queen, schooner, Captain Philip Cosby Lovett; the Maraquita, schooner, Captain Henry; the Blanche, yawl, T. Maunsell Dunlevie, Esq.; the Snake, schooner, J. Barrett, Esq.; the Vidette, cutter, T. W. Hodgans, Esq.; the Young America, schooner, R. Batley, Esq.; the Nymph, cutter, N. T. Arnold, Esq.; the Petrel, cutter, J. H. Townsend, Esq.; the Mabella, cutter, J. Graham, Esq.; the Banshee, cutter, R. Johnston, Esq.; the Heroine, cutter, Rev. C. Corbett Singleton. And fitting out are the Atlanta, cutter, H. Soovell, Esq.; the Banba, cutter, W. J. Doherty, Esq.; the Cinderella, screw steam-yacht, Vice-Commodore Lord Otho Fitzgerald; the Bijou, R. D. Kane, Esq.; the Dove, T. Keogh, Esq.

Of the new vessels of the season we must mention Will Fyfe's new 50 ton clipper, which we are informed has been called the Surge. Great performances may be expected of this vessel. She has been purchased by Charles Tennant Couper, Esq. of Glasgow, late owner of the Stella. A new cutter of 80 tons, called the Peri, has been launched by Ratsey, of Cowes, for N. J. Cannon, Esq., of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club; and by the the same builders, a new schooner, to be called the Isis, for Mr. Cosway, of Cowes.

Inman of Lymington has launched a new yawl of 112 tons for the Earl of Lonsborough; she is called the Ursuline. Sir Gilbert Eart's vessel, the Ella, is ready for sea, and the cutters Spell and Falcon are fitting out. The Corsair schooner (late the Triumvir), purchased by Arthur Kavenagh, Esq., of Borris, sailed on the 11th of the month for Corfu. The Elizabeth, formerly the property of Mr. Wright, has been sold to Hay Morant, Esq., and is now undergoing alterations on the stocks of Inman at Lymington; she is henceforth to be called La Traviata.

On the eastern coast we are glad to see an early stir also. Granton and Leith [will not be behindhand this spring. The Stella, cutter, has been purchased from the Clyde by the Earl of Dalkeith; and the Satellite, lately the property of J. D. Douglas, Esq., has been purchased by Mr. Muir of Leith. There are at present fitting out at Leith, the Mavis schooner, 147 tons, Mr. Arbuthnot. The Breadalbane schooner, 40 tons, Mr. J. Cowan. The Miranda schooner, 20 tons, Mr. Brown. The Avenger cutter, 42 tons, Dr. Maclean.

The Secretary of the Royal London Yacht Club has the following vessels on his lists for sale:—The Little Duchess, 12 tons; Peri, 18 tons; Hannah, 15 tons.

Mr. Wanhill, of Poole, has a beautiful 12 ton clipper ready for sea.

The Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland held their Annual General Meeting on the 1st of May, when the same Officers and Committee were re-elected by acclamation for the year 1858-59. Robert Batt, Esq., Commodore, Heroine schooner; James Edward Stopford, Esq., Vice-Commodore; Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear Commodore, Nimrod cutter, 40 tons.

A very large accession of members and yachts have been added to this Club this spring.

The Irish Model Yacht Club have held their First General Meeting of the year; they have divided the yachts of the club into three classes for the purpose of match-sailing, viz.—15 tons, 10 tons, and 6 tons. Any yacht may enter for the class above her tonnage, on paying the additional entrance fee for such class or classes; but her owner must declare half an hour before the start what class prize he intends to run for.

The preparations for the Regatta of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club progresses on a scale that will leave nothing to be wished for except a fine rattling breeze; there will be a very large attendance of yachts, and no exertions are being spared by the Committee for the reception of their numerous yachtsmen visitors.

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## MAY RACING.

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THERE is probably more money turned over during the merry month of May, by racing men, than during any other month in the calendar. The Chester occurs in the first portion of it, and Epsom in the latter. Both meetings are widely known—the former from its leviathan Handicaps, by which the legs annually make such nice meals off the green-horns of the Turf; and the latter by the Derby and Oaks, which are “household words” in every home within the sound of Bow Bells. But with Chester we will commence our reminiscences of as pleasant a four days as we ever spent beneath its ancient walls; and, presuming that few Irish sportsmen are ignorant of its *specialties*, we shall not dwell upon its antiquities, or the fine old houses that are to be discovered at the top of curious passages, resembling places where treasure might be supposed to have been hidden in the days when rebels really existed, or when Jewish goldsmiths plied their calling in secrecy, but proceed to reproduce some of the chief phases in the great races.

As usual, Mr. Parr and Mr. Starkey, the owner of Richerman, were in the Grosvenor, with Kelpie and “the evergreen horse,” and Mr. Merry sent his famous Two Thousand Black to oppose them. But all to no purpose; for after as fine a race as was ever seen between the lot, the old horse won a-head, and there was no denying that his jockey, George Hall, who has been a stableman to Mr. Parr for a quarter of a century, and who will carry a sack of corn up a ladder as well as any farm-labourer, rode his horse with as much ability as the two cracks who were opposed. Throughout the week he kept up his riding, but we fear his exchequer was not much benefitted by it; for the Squire of Wantage has always been strongly opposed to the system of giving jockeys the large sums which we read of them receiving after Derbys and Legers, and was the first to carry out the doctrine with Wells, when he won the St. Leger for him with Saucebox, and therefore he is not likely to alter his views now. Mr. Merry’s Sunbeam shortly afterwards won the Palatine in such a canter from Polly Peachum, that a mania set in to back her for the Cup; and as Mr. M. joined in it, and sent “a thaw” into the market, she saw eight to one before people hardly knew the weight she would have to carry.

In the evening we joined the crowd at the Betters’ Rooms, which hardly deserved their appellation, from the little betting that was going on there. Sweet William was all the rage with the gentlemen, and Meliassa with the aristocrats; “although,” as a clever Scotch trainer remarked in our hearing, “we do not often hear of animals getting out of their graves;” and if Lord Clifden’s animal had won, her victory might certainly have been termed “a resurrection.” Of the Wizard of the North’s pair, as the penny-a-liners and advertising prophets will term John Scott, only the Peer was backed, we suppose because people had

seen him last, and had forgotten there was a nice little mare of Sir Charles Monk's, called Vanity, with a nice little racing-weight of 6st. 8lb. upon her, who a year back had done a good thing at Newmarket, but going amiss afterwards, was never heard of again, unless mentioned in some letter of advice from a tout, or by some casual visitor at Whitewell. During the evening many a shot was fired against Longrange for the Derby; but afterwards, towards the end of the Meeting, there was a reaction in his favour, and a great deal of money was put on Lord Derby's horse, as well as the Hadji.

The following morning we were all frightened from our propriety by the intelligence of the great hotel robbery at the "Albion," which is now as well known as the famous one of the Ellesmere jewels. *Punch*, taking the cue from "Argus," who we strongly suspect did not deal with the matter as fully as he could have dared, from his intimacy with all the victims of it, has also given it extensive notoriety, and it will be a long time before the sufferers hear the end of it. Certainly having recourse to a bedroom-poker to open the scoundrel's mouth, and make him disgorge the fivers and fifty that he had in it, was a novel idea; and when it was carried out, in addition to the plan of holding his nose, it was no wonder the combined measures were successful.

Like other idlers, we made our way to the Police Court, to see this most enterprising of reivers. We purposely use the phrase enterprising, because if the individual in question had known anything of "the life and times" of the party he attacked, their stalwart forms, manly courage, and love of pounds, shillings, and pence, he certainly would have drawn another cover. The Ring were amused by the circumstance beyond measure, and did not hesitate to say, if he had come to their rooms, he might have had a better haul; but they took care the following night to make preparations to receive any of his brethren. In appearance, the fellow bore a strong resemblance to one of the co-conspirators of Orsini, and he was just the sort of person that might have been expected to have thrown a shell at a female Sovereign, and to have come out to a guillotine on a cold winter morning in Paris. Of course he was committed to the Sessions, when a second edition of the case will be gone into, and it will be some time if ever, we imagine, that he sees a Chester Cup run for. That he deserved his fate none will deny, but many thought that if he had been a Sepoy, more violence could not have been exhibited towards him.

But we are staying in the police-court instead of on the race-course, where a pleasanter scene awaits us, viz.:—sixty thousand people seated round the walls of an amphitheatre, awaiting patiently the issue of the great Chester Cup. The Stand is crowded like the new Italian Opera House, and the noise from the Bookmakers, in all their various jargons, is deafening. In the enclosure where the nags are saddled, and parade in a circle, all the talent and connoisseurs in horseflesh are assembled, and many a Burleigh shake of the head is given as favourite after favourite goes out to do battle. As the lot went down the spectacle was a grand one, and we pitied those who could see no pleasure in it, and thought that those who promoted it, and took part in it, were doomed to be; at the very least, uncomfortable, after they had shaken off this mortal coil.

John Osborne's Night Ranger, made the greater portion of the running, and then the Poisoned Peer of Newmarket took it up, and, his boy being unable to hold him, he was pumped completely out, and we saw Vanity coming to the rescue, and, after a rattling finish, just prevent Jack White, as they call him at Fenimer's, from winning his nice little bet of ten thousand to a hundred, which he took when Jocelan had left the paddock.

Scott's people won a good stake, but sorely against their will, for they would have hedged the money they backed the mare for in January if they had been able; but as the public would have nothing but the Peer, they were obliged to see it out, and grin and bear it. In the Dee, on the following day, Gildermere gave the Ring a rare turn, for everybody who had seen her last year thought it was any odds on her against such animals as faced her; and although she had never been tried, Dawson put his money on her manfully, and his friends followed suit, and before she had gone a hundred yards, it was plain she was in one of her old humours, and that the money was gone, and East Langton won very cleverly. From the similarity of Ellington's defeat in the same stake, the race did not give satisfaction, and her Oaks friends were more numerous than before, and, as it will be seen, she did not abuse their confidence. The Stewards' Cup was another *coup* for Richerman, who could never have won it if that unlucky man, Hepatica's jockey, had not broken his stirrup-leather just in the moment of victory. It was thought, after doing such a good thing, he could not have been pulled out for the Cheshire Stakes; but, amidst universal disapprobation, he was again saddled, and amidst equally universal satisfaction he was beaten, for popular as the old horse is, no one with any heart about him could bear to see him so unmercifully abused.

In five hours afterwards, by what is called the magic agency of steam, the greatest village in the world was reached, with no after thoughts save those of satisfaction at our sojourn and our journey.

We now must transplant our readers, as well as ourselves, to the chalky downs of Epsom, where the carnival of London was being celebrated in all its brilliancy. To witness it Parliament was adjourned, and Lord Derby quitted for a few hours his official residence in Downing-street, and while walking beside his horse and his trainer, looked like a schoolboy out for his holiday. The caricature of *Punch*, which appeared in the morning, is stated to have afforded him an infinite amount of amusement, and certainly a happier conception never entered the imagination of Leach. Sir Joseph Hawley, or the Broken Baronet, as the low Radical sporting papers used to designate him, was equally confident as the Premier, and in Grosvenor-square, on the previous evening, at Lord Wilton's, where all the great-guns of the Turf were assembled, and where the wine-cup passed right merrily, he matched Fitz against Tox. for a thousand, and gave him weight, to run over his two middle miles at Newmarket. Lord Glasgow, thus urged on by the Baronet, followed suit, and boldly matched his Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing against Tox., also over the T. Y. C., at the same time scorning to receive weight; and we hope in this instance the old proverb of "Fortune favours the brave" may be realised.

As the papers state, a finer Derby Day was never witnessed, and it

was not too hot to be disagreeable. The same number of drags were present as usual, and the same number of broughams, or "loose boxes," with their frail "Traviatas" inside them, were also visible. The luncheons were of the same kind we have partaken of for years, and not an item in Frith's celebrated picture was wanting.

Of the high-mettled racers, Tox., Beadsman, and Ancient Briton gave evidence of the best training, and all three jockeys were sanguine. When they got off, which they did very quickly, Physician cut out the work; and when he was done with, he was succeeded by Peter Roland, who was in turn succeeded by Beadsman, who shook off Tox. like a lion does the dew-drop from his mane, and put near fifty thousand into Sir Joseph Hawley's pocket.

Wells, whose luck is wonderful, rode with great judgment, and has now fairly got to the top of the tree by his good conduct and talent, while Nat's fatality in the Derby stuck to him most tenaciously. Many think if a more powerful jockey, or one longer in the leg than Nat, as Sam Rogers for instance, who could physically have made more use of Lord Derby's horse, he might have won; but we are incredulous on that point, as animals rarely mend after Nat has been on them.

To the Oaks we have neither time nor space to devote at present. And therefore when we state to our readers, the day was as perfect a one of its kind as the Derby, and that Gildermere was restored to the good graces of her friends, and that Governess maintained her Newmarket reputation, we have said all that is necessary for them to know, or ourselves to state.

ST. JAMES.

## [CHRONICLES OF AN OLD RACE.—No. III.]

## CHAPTER V.

## A HERO'S LOVE.

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“Where is the maiden of mortal strain  
 That may match with the Baron of Triermain ?  
 She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,  
 Holy, and pure, and humble of mind,  
 Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,  
 Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood,”

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’Tis pleasant in the green woods of Kimbaeth, when the silver dew glitters on the whispering summer leaves, and the fresh breath of the young morning bears up the first tender incense of the opening flowers—awakened Nature’s fragrant offering to the kind sun-god. But sadder thoughts oppress the maiden’s soul who sits upon the mossy bank beneath King Cormac’s oak, where the wreathing ivy droops down from the mighty boughs above her, as though it yearned to kiss her soft pale cheek. She leans her head upon her white hand, that is nigh hidden in the heavy masses of clustering hair, black as the moonless winter night ; her small foot beats the ground with the wayward pulse of dreamy thought, and her gaze wanders far eastward over the plain, where the spears of the gathering hosts flash back the morning sun in a thousand sparkles.

But see how she starts from her dream, as the faint sound of a horse’s hoof flying at speed over the plain falls upon her ear ! Now it rings quick and sharp upon the beaten path—then low and hollow on the soft green turf ; and anon the slackened footfall echoes through the arching forest, till right beneath the maiden’s seat you may hear the light spring of the rider to earth. The flush on her small, proud features, and the throbbing of her heart, seen through the heaving mantle, tell that she knows well the light, firm tread that comes bounding upwards through the rustling boughs. Well may the proud blush mantle to her forehead—well may her throbbing heart beat fast. Wide Erin could not match that noble form that springs to meet her, bending his towering crest beneath the drooping branches ; and ere the shaken dewdrops fall to earth, her glowing cheek is hidden upon the warrior’s broad breast ; for Deirdré, the fairest maiden in Uliadh, is the betrothed of Connor the King, but she is the beloved of Naisi the son of Usna. And Naisi left the gathering hosts that he might speak one short word of gladness to Deirdré ere he started northward to meet the fierce Fírbolg. And raising her head gently, he put back the heavy tresses from her cheek with soft tenderness, and he said—

“Weep not now, light of my soul ! thy soldier’s heart must be hard and cold as the ice on Erna, but thy tears would melt it like the summer

dew. Let thine eye flash high as ever it shone at tale of wrong or triumph; for the time is coming when I shall no longer seek thee by stealth, as a boy robs an eagle's eyrie, but claim thee as mine own by choice and destiny, on the open earth, and before the broad sun that now looks kindly on us. The clans have chosen me leader of the hosting; and if I come back with life, I will lay the crown of Connaught at thy feet. *Then speak thy choice before the people, and with mine arm even thus around thee, let them heed well their crests who say thee nay; for when their cause is right, Clan Usna can sweep through the best in Erin, like flame through stubble.*"

Then Deirdré looked up at him with speaking eyes, whose depths drowned their colour, like the clear ocean when you look fathoms down into it.

"Alas!" said she, "thou knowest not a true woman's ambition. I care not whether thou wert King of Connaught or Thanist of Usna—to me it is enough that thou art Naisi; and though thy spear and sling were thine only heritage, and thy dog thy only following, I would rather roam the free forest with thee, than share the blood-stained throne of hateful Eman."

And Naisi smiled fondly upon her, and said—

"Eagles mate but with eagles, nor can the stately hind hide her head beneath the lowly fern like the timid hare; and so destiny hath thrown across thy fair brow the pensive shadow of a crown."

But Deirdré shuddered, and pressing Naisi's arm close, she said—

"Destiny hath given me other and more fearful forebodings. Thrice this night have I seen the same fearful vision, and thrice awaked in trembling terror. It seemed to me that I was alone on the plain of Eman in the darkness; but over the great rath there hung a strange red shadow, shedding down a faint and lurid light, like the angry glare of a thunder-cloud. And there was no sound, but the hushed night-winds passed by with a low moaning, as if they whispered to the world of some fearful coming doom. And I was very lonely, and called on thee through the darkness, and always, after a space, thy voice answered me, but it was low, and faint, and far away, like a memory of the past, and so I awoke. And twice the vision came upon me thus; but the third time I heard thy voice calling to me from the rath, and I passed up through that terrible light till I reached the Hall of the Red Branch; and within it all was darkness, and the arms clashed and tinkled faintly on the walls as the night-breeze stirred them. Then one flash of red light shot through the hall, filling it for an instant like the noonday sun, and I saw the feast spread, but the seats were empty, all save the royal chair; and I saw the king sitting alone in the silence, as though he were carved in stone, but his face was fearful to look upon, and I cried out and awoke. And the birds were singing sweetly in the pleasant morning; but as I looked forth, the king came down from the Fire Tower, and though he was far off, his face seemed pale and terrible to look on, even as in my dream. And as he went towards the rath he was met by Barach the Wolf, the son of Leidé, and they talked long and earnestly together. Once I cared not nor thought upon their cruelty or cunning, but now I fear all things for thee, as the timid bird trembles for her nest. And so if Barach the

Wolf goes with thee to the war, I shall not rest by night or day, and then if thou dost not come soon again, Deirdré will die."

And Naisi's soul swelled up in his bosom at her words, but he strove to comfort her, and said—

"Core of my heart! this shadow will pass away from thee like a cloud from the face of the summer sun, for ere this waning moon begins again to increase, I will return to claim thee. Fear not Barach; though he be greedy and fierce, he will not harm a brother of the Red Branch; and though King Connor be proud and mighty, and though he loves not Clan Usna, he will not stoop to secret revenge like a creeping coward."

But Deirdré would not so be comforted, saying—

"Alas, thou knowest not Connor; there is innocent blood on his hands already. I have seen before that fearful look upon him, even as I saw it in my dream—even as I saw it this morning. 'Twas thus he stood before me the night he slew the poor queen."

But Naisi said, quickly—

"Nay, Deirdré, thou shalt not wrong him thus; she died by the hands of Congal Breac, with whom she fled."

Then Deirdré started back from Naisi's arm, her eyes flashing brightly whilst she said—

"Naisi, *thou* wrongest *her*, and they lied like foxes who told thee thus. Congal wooed her in her father's house before she saw Connor, and then, like a beaten cur, he came to Eman with smooth face, to avenge his slighted pride by sowing jealousy between them. He lured her out to meet him by night with a black lie, that a messenger from her father awaited her, but Connor tracked her and slew them both—him as he deserved, but she had never wronged him, even in thought. Young as I was, she died that night in my arms, and she told me all, while I strove to stanch her poor ebbing life-blood. But when her voice failed, I heard a wild cry behind, and little Morna came in pale and dripping from the storm, and she threw herself upon her mother. Then the poor queen opened her eyes, and I saw her look towards the doorway, and she smiled a faint sweet smile, and held forth her hand, for she could not speak. And when I looked round the king was standing behind me; and when she stretched towards him, that terrible look passed over his face, and dashing his clenched hand against the doorpost, he went out into the night. Poor queen! she never thought harm to any through her gentle life. She was like Morna, but softer, and without her proud glance; and I think the king loved her, if he ever loved any. And now he hath betrothed me, because Cathbad the Seer read in my destiny that I should wed with the mightiest in Erin; but he shall never lead me living to the Rath of Eman, though my father fears him, and deems me foolish and wilful."

And Naisi, looking fondly in her eyes, said—

"Each word which thou hast spoken hath strengthened my heart more than a thousand spears, for I feel now that my cause is right; and thou shalt know ere another moon that Cathbad spoke truly, for thou shalt wed with the mightiest in Erin."

And, looking down, he saw the hosts moving northwards in a glittering line; and so they two, hand in hand, went down towards the

plain, the noblest pair in Erin. But as the parted boughs closed behind them, there was a rustling in Cormac's Oak, and a tall man dropped lightly to the earth. He was strong-limbed and active, but his left arm was bound up as though it had been wounded. There was a look of triumphant malice gleaming in his eye as he listened, motionless, till the last sound of their lingering footsteps died away upon his ears; then, with the long, stealthy stride of a hunted wolf, he ran, skirting the wood northward, towards the Rath of Eman.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BARACH THE WOLF.

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“Despite his riches, power, and pelf,  
The wretch concentrated all in self;  
Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying shall go down  
To the vile earth, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.”

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WHEN the king left the Fire Tower the grey mist of morning was rising from the vallies, and the gentle breeze blew fresh and cool upon his brow. Then the heavy thoughts of his soul cleared off, like evil dreams; and when he saw the people mustering far off upon the plain, and heard the shouting of the warriors, his eye lighted with a leader's pride, and he raised his lofty head as haughtily as a mighty oak that hath bent for a moment before the sweeping blast. Then he drew a deep breath, and turning, strode towards the Rath; and as he went a man came forth to meet him. He was strong of frame, but meagre, and walked with head stretched out, and the firm gliding pace of a creeping fox. Mirth nor sorrow, love nor hatred, had ever sent one drop of human blood from his cold heart to stain the paleness of that smooth, sallow cheek, nor ever had fear or anger moved those thin lips from their firm, close set; but the small, deep eyes never rested from their keen, roving glance, like the treacherous sidelong look of a suspicious wild boar. And he stood before the king; but ere he opened his lips to speak, there came a mighty shout from the people pealing along the plain. And the king asked quickly, “Whence comest thou, Barach?”

And he answered, “I come from the assembly on the plain.”

“Why do the people shout thus?”

“They have even now chosen a leader.”

And the king frowned impatiently; but ere the question left his tongue the other added, “They have chosen Naisi the son of Usna.”

Then another thrilling shout rose up, ringing through the morning air, and the king's brow became black as night again, and he asked, “Who spoke for me? Was there no voice for the king? Speak, man! Are words gold, that thou dolest them out thus?” And he seized Barach's arm in his angry, crushing grasp; but the Wolf answered in his slow, unmoved tone, “Clan Rudri loves the king, but all Ulster



loves Clan Usna, and there is no gain in fighting where thou canst not win. Naisi is thy servant now ; but had thy name been raised against his, the people would have placed him in the king's house ere they went forth against the Firbolg."

"Ay ! by the bones of Mac Fintain, he carries his crest high among the people. The gabbling, thankless fools ! I bore scars, teaching them to conquer, while he was puling in his cradle ; and now they follow him and his girl-faced brothers, as though no other warriors in Erin could lead them to victory. So let him follow his destiny : if he crosses my path to his hurt, it is not of my seeking. But if I hear truly, or can myself read aught of lovers' looks, he would dare to steal the heart of my betrothed. Hast thou not heard this, Barach ; for thine eyes or ears never miss aught that is evil ?"

And Barach answered slowly, "'Tis said that they are the fairest pair that ever loved in Erin. But if thou yieldest the maiden to Naisi, he will follow thee faithfully for ever ; for Clan Usna are honourable and just."

As he spoke, the faint shadow of a sneer passed over his pale face. The king bit his lips till the blood started.

"The black plague wither thy wolf's heart, with its cold counsel. Wouldst thou have me lie down to be trodden over ? I tell thee I would not give her for all the treasure in thy dwelling, though thou hast buried there what might buy half Ulster."

Then Barach's small eyes twinkled anxiously, and his face seemed to sharpen, and he said hastily, "Nay, nay ; they lie who told the king that I have hidden wealth. My clan's cattle perished in the great murrain, and when the drouth came afterwards, and withered up the corn, I was compelled to expend my substance to feed them ; and now I am poor and solitary, since my mother died in the sickness."

But the king smiled grimly, saying, "Thou art sorely belied then, friend ; for 'tis said that thou didst sell all the youth of thy clan for bondsmen to menstealers from the Firbolg, and that thou didst starve thy mother in the famine, and hast scarce survived thyself, as in truth thy hungry looks declare. But fear not for thy wealth ; what thou hast I helped thee to win, and I would now increase rather than diminish thy store. But thy counsel I would have, for I have ever found thee wise and brave. I will yield neither my crown nor my betrothed."

And Barach said, "May the king long enjoy both ; but if he yields not the maiden to the son of Usna, the son of Usna must die. The voices which gave him the leadership would give the crown of Connaught, were it vacant ; and if he return thus victorious from the war, he will be doubly dangerous, therefore he must never measure strength with the king, and so he must die. Let the king then remain at Eman, and Clan Rudri with him, as though he would protect the land against the men of Leinster ; and let him send forth on every side, and bring in bondsmen and strangers as mercenaries, and so strengthen himself in his place. I will go with the hosts to the war, and if the king's enemies return in safety, let him never more have faith in Barach."

But the king shuddered, and muttered to himself, "More blood ! Oh, Morna, thine is red on my soul this day !" And he frowned, and said to Barach, "Nay, there must be no blood ; take them by force or

guile, and sell them to the Firbolg if thou wilt, but thou shalt not slay them."

"Ay," said Barach, "we will sell them to the Firbolg, that all Erin may join to ransom them, and thy throne will scarce pay the eric of their wrong. But if the king fears blood, let him yield the maiden and the matter is ended."

Then the king's wrath blazed up till his mighty frame trembled.

"Thou cursed, caitiff wolf!" he thundered, "darest thou taunt me with fear, or dost thou deem it courage to stab a sleeping foe? Ay, I tell thee Connor Mac Nessa *doth* fear murder, for he never struck but at the face!"

But Barach's pale face changed not, nor did his eye quail for an instant before the king's wrath, and he answered in the same slow, unmoved tone, "Be it as the king wills; but the sons of Usna have never done aught for me that I should spare them. If they fall there will be a burst of anger from the people—a cry for vengeance; but if the king strengthen himself, and meet it with a strong hand, they will be forgotten ere the grass grows on their cairns. Let the king, then, weigh the matter well, and when he hath determined it in his mind, let him send his skean (dagger) to me to the camp by the hand of a trusty messenger. If the blade be bright, then shall not a hair be harmed on Clan Usna's head for Barach; but if there be blood on it, the king's enemies shall die, either by the spears of the Firbolg, or by some sure hand."

Then Barach bent his head before the king, and turning, he went towards the host, with stealthy pace and outstretched neck. And the king passed slowly towards the Rath, pondering as he went.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE KING'S SKEAN.

WESTWARDS from Eman, by the dark pinewood of Gaira, where the cliff hangs over the great northern pass, there rises, straight with the steep rock side, a grey ruin, whose massive stones were piled by the mighty hands of giants of old; but part, long ages back, had been rent by heaven's thunder, and toppled crashing inwards. 'Twas said the last giant-king lay buried beneath, with his helmet, and torque, and sword-hilt of rich, red gold, whose weight all the herds of Erin could not buy; but all the armies of Erin could not raise the royal cairn that lay piled above him. And now two gentle maidens sat there amid the waving ferns and rustling ivy, watching earnestly the pass beneath. Lovely they were, as ever the burning summer glance of the warm sun-god looked down on, but not alike their beauty. And she whose form was straight and slender as a forest hind, wreathing her arm round her companion, pressed her to her heart, till her own dark locks mingled with the other's clusters of sunny gold, and she said—

"Look, Morna, they are coming up now to the pass. See, Cuchullin is leading. Know you not his manner of resting his axe upon his thigh, and how his black steed tosses his head and prances sidelong. Oh! he's

a noble soldier. And that next him is old Amergin. I can see his grey locks, and the crown he wears round his cathbarr (helmet) glittering from hence. But who is the mighty warrior with the raven's wing on his crest, and the bright torque shining on his broad breast? Look! look! Morna; as I live 'tis thy big lover, Connal the Unforgiving."

And Morna's small, red lip trembled with anger, though the tear swam in her blue eye, and she said, "Nay, nay, Deirdré, he is no lover of mine; I hate him with his black, fierce look and cruel soul. And thou shalt not mock me thus, Deirdré, because thou hast no heart, and mine is heavy." And she drew herself angrily from Deirdré's arm.

But Deirdré took her hand again, saying in a low, trembling voice, "Dearest Morna, I spoke not with my heart, and ere my tongue shall vex thee I will bite it out. I spoke but to make thee smile, but the grief which is heaviest on both our hearts started the waiting tear. Look at me, Morna."

And Morna turned, and throwing her arms round her friend, she kissed her fondly. And then they leaned in silence on the moss-grown wall, side by side, drawn together till their soft cheeks touched, while troop by troop, and clan by clan, with clashing arms and ringing timpani, the armies of Uladh passed beneath them; till, as the last squadron came wheeling round the base of the grey rock, Morna said, suddenly, "See, Deirdré, the son of Usna!"

And Deirdré looked down eagerly, but a shade of disappointment passed over her face, and she said, "Nay, Morna; it is his brother."

But Morna heeded her not, for her thoughts went with her eyes, as she gazed down earnestly beneath her, and two tall warriors came slowly up the pass. Alike they were in their noble bearing, and their fair, brown hair curled to their shoulders in heavy clusters; but he who rode on the farther side had his face turned eastwards, and was looking, lingeringly, towards the Rath of Eman. And Morna, leaning over, whispered earnestly, "Ardan, my noble Ardan!" but her voice was drowned in the footsteps of the horses. Then tearing an ivy bough, she threw it in their path, and the nearest rider looked up and smiled, and seizing his brother by the arm, he pointed upwards to the maidens. Then Ardan looked up, and his white forehead flushed with pleasure, and turning, he beckoned to another behind him, and two more horsemen came up, one towering above them all by the head, whose look and bearing would mark him leader among ten thousand; the other, meagre and knotty in his frame, and with pale, sallow face, who rode with his head stretched forward, turning neither upwards nor to either side, though nought around him escaped for one instant the roving glance of his small, restless eye.

And the stately warrior, following Ardan's glance, looked upwards, and he met the eyes of Deirdré in one long, loving gaze; and then, waving his hand, they passed onwards, turning often with fond look and beckoned farewell, till Naisi's tall crest sunk in the distance beyond the low green hills of Ardmacha. Then Morna threw herself on Deirdré's bosom, and wept long and wildly, like a forsaken child. And Deirdré strove to comfort her, but her own eye was dry and tearless, and her cheek was pale as the summer moonlight; for her heart sunk within her when she saw the ungainly form and sallow look of Barach

the Wolf gliding like some foul spirit of darkness among the glorious sons of Usna ; but she closed her heart upon her fears, nor told ought of them to Morna, but spoke words of comfort to her, and brought her tenderly with her to her father's dwelling in the wood of Kimbaeth.

'Twas noon far out in the forest. One single fleecy cloud hung motionless in the broad blue sky, like a seagull sleeping on his wing. Not a tender leaf trembled in the breezeless air, and the glowing light fell through the latticed branches, and lay on the ground in golden network. All the bright morning long the arching forests had echoed the shouting of the hunters and the deep baying of hounds, and now the King of Ulster rested from the chase beneath the cool shade of a spreading oak, and he slumbered lightly, resting his head upon his hand. His grey dogs slept around him, and the huntsmen and gillies talked whisperingly apart. Then the footfall of a man treading lightly on the withered branches of the forest met the ears of Cusbrac, the king's favourite hound, as he lay at his feet, and he growled fiercely in his sleep. Then each dog rose up in his place, and howled defiance at the stranger ; but ere the startled king could reach his boar-spear, a tall man passed swift and harmless through the hounds (who seemed to know him for a friend), and stood before the king. He was a strong, fierce-eyed man, and his left arm was swathed in a blood-stained bandage, and he said—

"I have sought the king since dawn, to show him what mine eyes have witnessed."

Then he spoke long and earnestly in low tones, and as he talked, the king's face became deadly pale, though he spoke not ; but when the man had made an end of his tale, he drew forth his skean, and dipping it in the blood of a slain deer which lay yet warm before him, he gave it to the tale-bearer, and said—

"Haste hence, rest not till thou overtake the hosting, and give my skean secretly to Barach the son of Leidé ; and heed well that thou wipe not the blood from the blade."

So the man went, with a look of cursed malice gleaming in his eye. But the king rested not longer, but calling to his attendants, he went forth again to the chase, and sprang wildly into the woods, shouting to his hounds till the forest rang again.

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## THE ROMANCE OF ART.—No. V.

## BATTLE-PAINTERS.

**BATTLES**, both by land and sea, have been a favourite subject with many artists ever since the invention of painting; and such representations, when executed with skill and spirit, have at all times been highly valued. Pliny tells us that the picture for which Candaules, King of Lydia, paid its weight in gold, was a battle-piece by Bularchus, representing a combat between the Lydians and Magnes. Panæus, a brother of the great Phidias, executed a painting of the battle of Marathon, which was placed in the Pæcile at Athens, and is mentioned both by Pliny and Pausanias; and Parrhasius furnished the designs representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, which were afterwards carved on the shield of Phidias's brazen statue of Minerva. Pamphilus also, one of the most famous artists of Greece, painted two celebrated battle-pieces, whose titles have been handed down to us, one depicting a combat fought at Phlius in the Peloponnesus, and the other a naval victory gained by the Athenians; and among the works of Apelles, the greatest painter of antiquity, Pliny mentions a picture of Neoptolemus, one of the generals of Alexander, fighting with the Persians. We are further told, that Aristides of Thebes painted a picture of a captured city, in which all the horrors of war and carnage were most touchingly depicted: among others, an infant crawling towards the breast of its wounded mother, who, though at the point of death, had all the appearance of being aware of it, and afraid lest the child should suck blood instead of milk from her exhausted breast. The same artist also executed for Mnason, the tyrant of Elatea—a great patron of Art in those distant days—a battle between the Greeks and Persians, containing 100 figures, for each of which he was paid ten minæ, or upwards of £30 of our money.

To descend to more modern times, we shall find the greatest artists exerting their powers in the production of battle-pieces, and some painters of high ability entirely devoting themselves to this style of art, while, among these last, there are several whose lives abound in adventures and perils, arising from the boldness with which they rushed into scenes of danger and death, in order to be able to portray their favourite subjects with that vividness and reality which a close study of nature can alone confer. When Leonardo da Vinci and Michel Angelo competed for the honour of painting in fresco the great Council Hall in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence, each selected a battle-piece on which to display his utmost skill; Leonardo choosing for his subject the defeat of the Milanese by the Florentines in 1440, which contained the famous group of the Battle of the Standard; and Michel Angelo representing an incident previous to the same battle, where a body of Florentine soldiers, bathing in the Arno, are surprised by the sound of the trumpet summoning them to the combat. One of Raphael's finest frescoes in

the Hall of Constantine in the Vatican, depicts the battle between that Emperor and his rival Maxentius; and Julio Romano's grandest work in the Palazzo del Te, at Mantua, represents the combat between Jupiter and the Titans. These great men, however, only occasionally devoted themselves to this department of Art, while others, also of remarkable genius, have made it their principal study. Among the ablest of these was Aniello Falcone, one of the most distinguished artists of the Neapolitan school, and among the best pupils of Ribera. He was born in 1600, and died in 1665. He was the first considerable painter of battle-pieces, in which he displayed an extraordinary talent—painting them both of large and small size, and selecting his subjects both from sacred and profane history. He showed great variety and fertility of invention in the dresses, arms, and features of the combatants. The expression and action of his figures and horses is animated and natural, and the arrangement of his groups like that of one conversant with military affairs, though he had never been in the army, nor seen a regular battle. Falcone took a prominent part in the revolution which, under Masaniello, for a time overthrew the tyrannical rule of the Spaniards. During a quarrel between the foreign mercenaries and some of his friends and scholars, he had the misfortune to lose a near relative, who was also his favourite pupil; and although he applied to the Spanish Viceroy for justice on the murderer, his complaints were disregarded, and the assassin suffered to go unpunished. The revolution broke out shortly afterwards, and Falcone, determined to obtain the “wild justice of revenge,” organised a band of his scholars and friends, called, from the melancholy circumstance which originated it, “*La campagna della morte*,” and by their means succeeded in avenging his murdered relative. The celebrated Salvator Rosa, musician, actor, painter and poet, and great in each capacity, was a member of this band, which played a prominent, and not always a very creditable, part during the brief reign of Masaniello. On the restoration of the Spanish rule, Falcone fled to France, where he lived in honour and respect, and died full of years and fame.

Contemporary with Falcone was Cerquozzi, a native of Rome, who, from his wonderful skill in painting battle-pieces, acquired the name of *Michel Angelo delle Bataglie*. He was also highly distinguished as a painter of landscapes and sea-pieces, and of rustic festivals and ludicrous subjects. Cerquozzi was of a gay and joyous temperament, and was also handsome in person, and lively and agreeable in conversation. Thus he was generally liked and admired, and his atelier was constantly filled with Romans and foreigners. His readiness of invention and rapidity of pencil were such, that, during the narrative of a battle or shipwreck, he would dash off a picture of it on the spot. His colouring was powerful, and his touch swift and light. He never made first designs or sketches, but only retouched his pictures until they had received the utmost perfection he was capable of bestowing upon them. His popularity was very great, and he could scarcely fulfil all the commissions that poured in upon him, so that, in a few years, he became very rich, and scarcely knew how to dispose of his money, especially as he had an objection to the ordinary modes of investment. At length he determined to bury his savings, and set out one evening

from Rome on foot, to deposit a large sum in a secluded spot which he had observed in the neighbourhood of Tivoli; the weight of the money, however, and the length of the road, hindered him from arriving at the chosen spot before daybreak, which determined him to bury his treasure at the foot of a hillock. He then returned to Rome, but found himself so haunted by the fear lest some one should discover his money, that he lost no time in retracing his steps to the place of concealment, where, to his horror, he found a number of shepherds with their cattle. In spite of the heat and fatigue, he stood sentinel all day, and, when the shepherds retired, dug up his treasure, which he had scarcely strength to carry to his house, where he arrived half dead from exhaustion and anxiety, having been two days and nights without sleep or food. The greater part of this money, so jealously guarded, he ultimately devoted to pious uses; but his health had received a shock from which it never recovered, and he died of a fever at Rome, in 1660, at the age of fifty-eight.

Another great painter of battles who illustrated the seventeenth century, was Jacques Courtois, better known by his Italian appellation of *Il Borgognone*. He was born in Franche-Comté, in 1621, and from his earliest youth showed a strong predilection for the fine arts. At the age of fifteen he went to Milan, where he made the acquaintance of a French officer, and for three years attached himself to the army, painting during that period all kinds of military movements, such as troops on the march or encamping, skirmishes, sieges, and battles. He afterwards became the pupil of a painter named Jerome; and Guido, on seeing a landscape from his hands in Jerome's atelier, desired to be made acquainted with the author, and took him to Bologna, where he learned a great deal from the works and councils of Guido and Albano, both of whom took a strong interest in his progress. Subsequently he visited Florence, and then Rome, where he became the friend of Pietro da Cortona and Bamboccio, by whose friendship and advice he profited much. Michel Angelo delle Battaglie also, on seeing some of his works, strongly advised him to devote himself to battle-painting, which he accordingly did with great success, taking as his favourite study and model the battle of Constantine and Maxentius in the Vatican. Borgognone's style is vigorous, and his colouring fresh and brilliant; like Cerquozzi, he painted very much at once without previous sketches or designs. He married the daughter of Vagani, a Florentine painter, and was an extremely suspicious and jealous husband. After his marriage, he visited his native country, passing through Switzerland, and, on his return to Italy, was delayed for a year at Venice, where he painted for the Procurator Sangredo many of the battles of Scripture. His wife died after seven years of marriage, not without strong suspicions of having been poisoned by her husband, who, to avoid the consequences, entered the order of the Jesuits, where he became a lay brother. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, wishing to possess the portrait of Borgognone for his gallery, sent for him to his country seat of Castello, two miles from Florence. There he painted his own portrait in a religious habit, with a noble battle-scene in the distance. On his return to Rome, he was engaged upon a grand picture of "Joshua ordering the Sun to stand still," when he was taken suddenly ill, and, in spite of all that

could be done to arrest the progress of his disease, died of apoplexy, in 1676, at the age of fifty-five. He has left numerous fine works in Rome, and several in Venice, Florence, and other great towns of Europe. These are highly valued and much sought after, for Borgognone was the greatest of the battle-painters of the seventeenth century; nor can we better sum up his merits than by quoting Lanzi's eloquent description of them :—

“He imparted a wonderful air of reality to his compositions. His combatants appear before us courageously contending for honour or for life, and we seem to hear the cries of the wounded, the blast of the trumpet, and the neighing of the horses. He was indeed an inimitable artist in his line, and his scholars were accustomed to say that their own figures seemed to fight only in jest, while those of Borgognone were the real occupants of the field of battle. He painted with great despatch, and his battle-pieces are in consequence very frequent in collections; his touch was rapid in strokes, and his pencil flowing, so that the effect is heightened by distance; and this style was probably the result of his study of Paolo at Venice, and of Guido in Bologna.”

It may here be mentioned, that that versatile and powerful genius, Salvator Rosa, though principally celebrated for his landscapes, was also very great as a battle-painter; and his pictures of soldiers gambling, or reposing, or sinking under their wounds, are highly valued both for their rarity and excellence. For the Grand Duke of Tuscany he painted a superb battle-piece, now in the Pitti Palace, and another for Louis XIV. of France, now in the Louvre, which has been thus described by a French writer :—

“His great battle-piece, preserved in the Museum, is an especially admirable work; the poetry of carnage animates the scene; the ruins of a palace, a vast and sandy plain, wild mountains, the sky—all the objects of that picture have a funereal aspect, and seem made only to re-echo mournful cries. Discord and rage there triumph in the midst of the evils which they make, the devouring thirst of blood inspires all the combatants, and never have wounds and death upon the field of carnage been presented under a more frightful aspect.”

Henri Verschurling, born at Gorcum, in Holland, was another eminent battle-painter. He was originally intended by his father for the career of arms, but the delicacy of his constitution in youth prevented this intention from being carried into effect. In him the talent for design was very early exhibited, and was judiciously developed, first under Govertz, and then under Jean Both. Afterwards he spent, at different periods, seven years in Italy, at Florence, Venice, and Rome; and, on his return home, in order to perfect himself in the style which he had adopted, he joined the army, and remained a long time attached to it, shrinking from no danger which might improve him in his favourite pursuit, and assiduously sketching encampments, armies on the march, skirmishes, sieges, and battles. His figures and animals possess much spirit and expression, and are very correctly drawn. His most remarkable work represents the pillage of a chateau. The master of the house is carried off bound like a criminal, several



carriages follow full of furniture, and his wife offers to the spoilers her jewels and ornaments for the life of her husband. All the details are painted with wonderful vigour and truth. Verschurling was drowned in a tempest, which overtook the vessel in which he had embarked, off Dordrecht, in 1690.

Still more enthusiastic and adventurous than Verschurling, in following out his professional pursuits, was George Philip Rugendas, born at Augsburg, in 1666. His father was a skilful watchmaker, and encouraged the promising talents for drawing which were apparent in his son. Rugendas studied for five years under Isaac Fischer, and was induced to adopt the department of battle-painting from seeing some pictures by Borgognone and Lembke, and engravings of Tempesta. His right hand was disabled for many years; but, undiscouraged by this misfortune, he taught himself to paint with his left. While on a visit to Vienna, he recovered the use of his right hand; and, in 1692, went to Italy, and at Venice received instruction from Molinaro. At Rome he prosecuted his studies with assiduity and success, until recalled by the death of his father to Augsburg, where he finally settled, and became a most popular and well-employed artist. The terrible siege, bombardment, taking, and sack of Augsburg, were a useful but perilous lesson for Rugendas. He was now determined to see the reality of what, previously, he had only seen in imagination, and exposed himself with the utmost daring, in order to examine the effects of bullets and cannon-shot, the attacks of infantry, the evolutions of cavalry, and all the confusion and carnage of an assault. He was to be seen sketching with the greatest composure in the midst of danger and death, and drawing as carefully as if he had occupied a secure and tranquil position. He died in 1742, leaving a vast number of pictures in Flanders, Holland, Germany, and Sweden. His drawing is in general firm and correct, his colour good, and his groups full of movement and fire. The earlier works of this artist, though agreeable in tone and free in handling, are somewhat careless in drawing, and inferior to those in his later manner. A great number of his paintings have been engraved by himself and by others.

Among the Vandenvelde family, there were no fewer than three celebrated painters of battles by sea and land. Isaiah, born at Leyden in 1597, was a pupil of Pierre Deneyn, and gained much celebrity by his pictures of cavalry skirmishes, attacks of banditti, and similar subjects. He was remarkable for the skill with which he painted his figures, so that other artists often applied to him for his assistance in putting the figures into their compositions. His works were much sought after, and fetched high prices.

William, brother of the preceding, and called The Old, to distinguish him from his more celebrated son, was also born at Leyden, in 1610, and, while yet very young, became a sailor, and made several voyages, thus acquiring that perfect acquaintance with the construction and management of all kinds of vessels, which in after life he turned to such good account. He repeatedly braved the dangers of the sea and of the combat, in order the better to depict naval engagements. During the battle between Admiral Opdam and the Duke of York, he cruised about among the hostile fleets in a small vessel, watching the manœuv-

ring of the ships and the various incidents of the fight. According to one account, Admiral Opdam was so much pleased with his coolness and courage, that he invited him on board of his own ship, and the painter had scarcely quitted her when she blew up, so that he narrowly escaped becoming a martyr to his devotion for Art. In 1666, he was commissioned by the Estates of Holland to paint the naval battle between Monck and Ruyter, which lasted from the 11th to the 14th of June, and succeeded in making a noble picture, remarkable alike for spirit and fidelity. His fame spread abroad, and he was invited to England by Charles II., for whom he executed many works, and he also enjoyed the favour of James II. He died in London in 1693, and was buried in St. James's Church. Walpole has falsely accused this Vandenvelde of having, out of gratitude for the favours he had received in England, conducted the English fleet which burned the town of Baudairs, in the island of Schelling, an event which took place in 1666, whereas Vandenvelde did not arrive in England before 1675.

William Vandenvelde the Younger was the son of the preceding, and was born at Amsterdam, in 1633. His father was his first preceptor, but he also studied under Vlieger, an esteemed artist. Some sea-pieces which he sent to his father in England, were by him shown to James II., who was so much delighted with their excellence, that he invited the painter to his court, and gave him a considerable pension. He was charged with the task of representing the most celebrated sea-fights of the English fleet, in order that they might be placed in the Royal palaces, and James's own collection contained no fewer than eighteen pieces by the father and son. The popularity of the younger Vandenvelde was so great in England, that his admirers, not content with possessing the artist, sent over to the Continent, and bought at very high prices all his works that they could meet with. Nor can it be denied that this celebrity was deserved. His pictures are remarkable for truth of perspective and transparency of colour; his calms are full of repose, the skies serene, or spangled with clouds that seem to melt into the air on which they float, while his storms are full of gloom and horror. His ships and boats are drawn with wonderful freedom and accuracy, and he excels in representing the movement and agitation of the waves. He died in London, very rich, in April, 1707. Walpole tells a curious story of him. He had painted for the King a fine picture of the meeting of the English and French fleets at the Nore, and two Commissioners of the Admiralty agreed that they would beg this from the King, cut it in two, and take each a half. The painter, in whose hearing they concluded this wise treaty, indignant at the mutilation with which his work was threatened, carried it off and concealed it until the King's death, when he offered it to Bullfinch the printseller for £80. Bullfinch hesitated and took time to consider, and, on returning to make the purchase, found the picture disposed of to another buyer for 130 guineas.

The history of Spanish Art presents us with a coarse and eccentric, but very spirited, battle-painter in the person of Estaban March, who was born at Valencia towards the end of the sixteenth century. Like the elder Herrera and Caravaggio, he was a man of rude manners and passionate temperament, which often terrified his scholars and assist-

ants, and forced them to consult their safety by flying from his house. His studio was hung round with pikes, bucklers, swords, and other warlike weapons, and when about to commence a battle-piece, he would seize sword and shield, and furiously assault the walls and furniture, or would beat a drum, or sound a trumpet, until he had sufficiently excited his imagination, when, grasping his brushes and palette, he would dash off a picture with astonishing spirit and energy. In the Queen of Spain's gallery is a noble painting by his hand of Pharoah and his host struggling in the waters of the Red Sea. His colouring is rich, his tone brilliant, and he shows great skill in depicting the dust, smoke, and tumult of the combat. Of this rough and eccentric genius Mr. Stirling relates the following anecdote :—

“The painter had gone out betimes one day, leaving neither meat nor money in the house, and was absent till past midnight, when he returned with a few fish, which he insisted on having instantly dressed for supper. The wife said there was no oil, and Juan Conchillos, one of the pupils, being ordered to fetch some, objected that all the shops were shut up. ‘Then take linseed oil,’ cried the impetuous March, ‘for, *por Dios*, I will have these fish presently fried.’ The mess was, therefore, served with this unwonted sauce, but no sooner tasted, than it began to act as a vigorous emetic upon the whole party; ‘for indeed,’ says Palomino gravely, ‘linseed oil, at all times of a villainous flavour, when hot is the very devil.’ Without more ado, the master of the feast threw fish and frying-pan out of the window, and Conchillos, knowing his humour, flung the earthen chafing-dish and charcoal after them. March was delighted with this sally, and embracing the youth, lifted him from the floor, putting him in bodily fear, as he told Palomino in his old age, that he was about to follow the coals and viands into the street.”

We might now proceed to notice some other eminent battle-painters whose lives were full of incident and adventure, such as Antony Vander Meulen, the favourite of Colbert and of Louis XIV., whose victories he depicted, and whose armies he followed, in order that the sight of the realities of war might inspire his pencil. Then there is his contemporary, the accomplished Joseph Parrocel, the most distinguished of a numerous family of painters, who at Versailles, Marly, and elsewhere, was also employed in immortalising the conquests of “Le Grand Monarque.” There is also Casanova, of whom Diderot thus writes :—

“He is a great artist; he has imagination and fire; from his brain proceed horses which neigh, prance, bite, kick, and combat; men who murder each other in a hundred different manners; heads cleft asunder, bosoms pierced, cries, menaces, fire, smoke, blood, the dead, the dying, all the confusion, all the horrors of a desperate fight. He knows also how to compose more tranquil pictures, and can paint the soldier on the march or resting, as well as in the battle; and he is master of some of the most important technical qualities of his art.”

We prefer, however, to descend to more modern days, and complete our notice of the battle-painters by a sketch of the most eminent of our own times—Horace Vernet—who, though now approaching his seventieth year, still paints with all the vigour and energy of youth.

In the history of French Art there have been numerous instances of

painting being a family gift. The Cherons, Coypels, Vanloos, Parrocels, and many others, have furnished a number of excellent painters, and Horace Vernet himself is the last of a dynasty of great artists. His great-grandfather, Antoine, was a provincial painter of considerable merit, and a contemporary of the famous Ninon de Lenclos. His grandfather, Claude Joseph Vernet, was born at Avignon in 1714, and learned the first rudiments of art from his father. At eighteen years of age he went to Italy, and, in the earlier part of his career at Rome, was reduced to such poverty, that he gave for a suit of clothes one of his pictures, which, subsequently, at the sale of the collection of M. Julienne, was sold for 1,000 crowns. This reminds us of the anecdote of our own Richard Wilson selling his noble landscape of Ceyx and Alcyone for a pot of beer and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Vernet and Wilson were together at Rome, and a story is related of the origin of their friendship, which shows the noble and unselfish character of the former. At this time he was famous and well employed, Wilson poor and neglected. On one occasion, Vernet entered Wilson's painting-room, and was so much struck with the beauty of a picture which he had just finished, that he offered one of his own best works in exchange; the offer was at once accepted, and Vernet not only placed the picture in a conspicuous position in his exhibition-room, but when his own productions were praised or purchased by English travellers, used to say, "Don't talk of my landscapes alone, when your own countryman Wilson paints so beautifully."

After twenty-two years of absence from France, Joseph Vernet was summoned home by Louis XV., and commissioned to paint the principal sea ports in France. He sailed from Leghorn on board a small felucca, which was overtaken by a terrible tempest, and threatened with shipwreck. Vernet, instead of being terrified by the impending destruction, the crash of the waves, and the labouring of the vessel, caused himself to be tied to the mast, that he might not be washed overboard, and, in that position, contemplated and enjoyed the war of the elements which raged around him, and the only exclamations drawn from him during the storm were those of admiration and delight. A fine picture of this episode in the artist's life was painted by his grandson Horace, and placed in the Louvre in 1822. On arriving in Paris, Joseph was made a member of the Academy of Painting, and, in 1787, was charged with the pleasant duty of receiving his son Carl as a member. He was a most prolific artist. Between 1752 and 1789, he painted no less than 200 pictures. He died in 1789, at the age of seventy-seven. There are forty-eight of his works in the Louvre, among which the seaports of France, fifteen in number, occupy a prominent place.

The following animated description of Joseph Vernet's pictures in the Exhibition of 1765, was written by that inimitable art-critic, Diderot, for the amusement of his friend Grimm\* :—

"Twenty-five pictures, my friend! twenty-five pictures! And what pictures!—like creation for rapidity—like nature for truth. There is scarcely one of those compositions upon which a painter might not have well em-

\* See "*Œuvres de Diderot*:" Tome quatrième. Paris: 1818.

played his time during the two years it has taken to produce them all. What incredible effects of light! what beautiful skies! what water! what arrangement! what prodigious variety of scene! Here a child escaped from shipwreck is borne upon the shoulders of his father; there a female stretched lifeless upon the shore, and her husband in despair beside her. The sea roars, the winds whistle, the thunder mutters, the ghastly gleam of the lightning pierces the clouds. We hear the crash of the planks of a vessel which breaks up, with shattered masts and riven sails. Some upon the deck have their arms raised towards heaven, others throw themselves into the sea. They are swept by the waves against the neighbouring rocks, where their blood mingles with the foam. I see some who swim; I see others about to be swallowed up in the abyss; and others who strive to reach the shore against which they will be dashed to pieces. The same variety of action and of expression pervades the spectators: some shudder and turn away; others assist the shipwrecked, others remain motionless. There are some who have kindled a fire under a rock, and endeavour to reanimate a lifeless female, and I hope that they will succeed. Turn your eyes upon another sea-piece, and you will behold a calm with all its charms. The quiet ocean, level and smiling, stretches away, gradually losing its transparency and glitter, from the shore to the horizon, where sea and sky blend together. The vessels are motionless; the sailors and passengers are engaged in amusements to beguile their impatience. If it is morning, what light mists float up! How these mists, sprinkled upon the face of Nature, have refreshed and animated it! If it is evening, how the mountain-crests are gilded, with what varied and delicate tints the heavens are coloured! how the clouds flit, and move, and reflect their colours upon the waters! Go out into the country, turn your eyes towards the vault of heaven, mark well the phenomena of the moment, and you will swear that a portion of that great bright picture, which the sun lights up, has been cut out and placed upon the easel of the artist; or shut your hand and make a tube of it, so as to perceive but a small portion of the picture, and you will swear that it is a painting of Vernet, which has been taken from the easel and transported into the sky. Although, of all our painters, he is the most fertile, no one gives me less trouble. It is impossible to describe his compositions; you must see them. His evenings are as touching as his days are beautiful; his sea-ports are as beautiful as his fancy-pieces are spirited. Equally wonderful, whether his pencil subjects itself to depict a particular scene, or whether, freed from shackles, it wanders free and unconstrained; incomprehensible, whether he represents the star of day or that of evening, whether he uses natural or artificial lights to illuminate his pictures; always harmonious, vigorous, and wise, like those great poets, those rare men, in whom judgment and enthusiasm are so perfectly balanced, that they are never either cold or exaggerated. His buildings, dresses, actions, men, animals, all are true. Near at hand they strike you, at a distance they strike you still more. Vernet is a great enchanter. He begins by creating the country, and has men, women, children in reserve, with which he peoples his canvas as one does a colony; then he makes their weather, their sky, their seasons, their happiness or misery, at his pleasure. He is the Jupiter of Lucian, who, weary of hearing the lamentable cries of mortals, raises himself from table and calls out, Some hail there in Thrace; and immediately the trees are stripped, the harvests destroyed, and the thatched roofs of the cottages scattered. The plague in Asia; and the doors of the houses are shut, the streets deserted, and men flee for their lives. A volcano there; and the earth trembles under foot, buildings fall, animals are terror-struck, and the townspeople fly to the country. A war there; and the nations rush to arms and cut each others throats. A death there; and the aged labourer dies of famine on his threshold. Jupiter calls that governing the world, and he is wrong. Vernet calls it making pictures, and he is right."

Joseph's son, Antoine Carle Horace Vernet, generally known as Carle Vernet, was born at Bordeaux in 1758, studied under his father, at the age of seventeen, obtained the second prize in the Academy of Painting, and, in 1782, the grand prize, which entitled him to go to Rome with a pension. Five years afterwards, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Painting. During the Reign of Terror, his sister, Madame Chalgrin, perished on the scaffold, David the painter refusing to interfere to save her. Carle could never afterwards bear to hear his name mentioned, and several times in vain endeavoured to provoke him to a duel. Under the Empire, the genius of Carle found full employment; he painted the battles of Rivoli, Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and the passage of the Great St. Bernard; the second of these combats, especially, is a *chef d'œuvre*. He was an excellent battle-painter, and his horses are exceedingly correct and spirited. He also excelled in fancy and hunting-pieces. He was admitted a member of the French Institute in 1814, and died in 1836, a Chevalier of the Order of St. Michel, and of the Legion of Honour. He had a very modest opinion of his own merits, which he placed below those of his father and of his son, and is said to have remarked on his deathbed, "They will say of me what they said of the great dauphin, '*Fils de roi, père de rot, jamais roi.*'"

Horace Vernet was born in the Louvre, on the 30th of June, 1789. He was the pupil of his father, and learned to draw and to read at the same time; he also received lessons from Moreau, his maternal grandfather, and from his uncle, M. Chalgrin, who was architect to the Count of Provence. During the attack made by the revolutionists on the Tuileries in 1793, Horace and his father had a narrow escape from the infuriated mob. In traversing the court of the palace, one ball pierced the sleeve of Carle's coat, and another the hat of his young son, whom he carried in his arms. From a very early age, Horace manifested not only the most promising talents for painting, but also a clever and lively disposition, and when but eight years old, was a great pet in the Café de Foy, whither his father often brought him, on account of his humorous sallies and clever caricatures. On one occasion, when but a child, he was present at an entertainment in the Café de Foy, where the champagne flowed freely, and where some of the flying corks considerably damaged the ceiling, which had just been painted. The master of the café complained. "Never mind," exclaimed the boy, "the damage is not great, and I shall quickly repair it." Then, seizing the paints and brushes, and running up the double ladder, which the painters had left, he produced in a few minutes a beautiful swallow, which displayed its white breast and black wings upon a ground of azure. Half a century has since rolled away, but they still show at the Café de Foy the *hirondelle* of Horace Vernet; but it is no longer the same, having been again and again painted over, but always scrupulously on the same spot. A story, in some respects similar, is told of Horace's father. At Montmorency, the famous white horse of Leduc is pointed out as the work of Carle, who, indeed, painted a sign for Leduc in order to defray the tavern bill of himself and a dozen of comrades. This, however, the knowing landlord suffered to remain for only three days, during which time he caused a copy to be quietly and surrepti-

tiously made, and then cautiously substituted it for the original, which he subsequently sold for 1,000 crowns.

Before Horace Vernet quitted college he was a celebrated artist. His father and himself contributed much to that great movement in the French school of painting which led to the abandonment of the cold, conventional classicities of David and his school, and the substitution of living, vigorous, manly imitation of nature. Neither Carle nor Horace committed the absurdity of attempting to clothe antique statues with modern uniforms. Horace was emphatically the artist of his age: he studied men and events, and painted them as they were, without attempting to turn his grenadiers into Apollos, or his cantinières into Venuses and Dianas. Hence one great reason for his remarkable popularity: the multitude could understand and admire his pictures, and they naturally applauded the artist who had given them so much delight. Horace is a purely naturalist, purely objective painter; but, as such, he is very great. His powers of imitation are wonderful, his drawing is bold and correct, his touch masterly, and his rapidity and facility of execution unsurpassed. His knowledge of every detail of military life—of uniforms, weapons, horses, horse-trappings, tents, guns, &c., &c.—is as extensive and accurate as if his soul had never soared above pipeclay. Yet he never, like several of the battle-painters we have previously mentioned, served a campaign, or was present at an engagement. Between 1811 and 1815, he was very popular at the court of Napoleon, and painted several important pictures for the Empress Marie-Louise and King Jerome, besides an immense number of portraits. In 1814, he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, but, after the Restoration, the gates of the Louvre were closed against him, on account of the alleged seditious tendency of his pictures; and many of his best works, such as the battles of Tolosa and Sommasierra, the Death of Poniatowski, and the Massacre of the Mamelukes, remained in his studio, and could not be submitted to the judgment of the public. Under these circumstances, Horace, along with his father, went to Italy, where they remained for six months, and, on their return, paid a visit to Avignon, the native town of their ancestors, to which they each presented a picture, and received in return two magnificent vases, the chasing on which faithfully represented the subjects of their paintings. As the Louvre still remained closed to him, Horace determined on turning his atelier into an exhibition-room, had a catalogue printed, and threw open to the public a numerous and brilliant collection of battles, hunts, landscapes, and portraits. Horace has painted a picture of the interior of his atelier at this period of his life, and M. de Loménie has given the following lively description of its picturesque confusion:—

“It was neither the classical atelier with its olympic properties, Greek or Roman, nor the romantic studio with its mediæval furniture; it was the military atelier *par excellence*. There figured the French soldier under all uniforms, and in all positions, in garrison, in country-quarters, at the review, at the bivouac, at the assault, before, during, and after the battle. Infantry, cavalry, artillery, marched, charged, thundered, under the searching eye of General Bonaparte, in the tricolour scarf and long hair of the First Consul, or of the Emperor Napoleon on foot or on horseback, in grey great-coat, or

in the green uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard. Here and there glittered trophies of offensive and defensive arms, and mannikins or models, in all kinds of uniform, were scattered about, and even real horses in flesh and blood were often introduced, who posed themselves, with more or less docility, under a fictitious Murat or a counterfeit Napoleon.

"Amidst this picturesque disorder, strutted up and down before their easels grumbling artists, generals, colonels, and captains, who endeavoured to paint the combats in which they had taken part, and who, being no longer able to slay Prussians or Cossacks on the field of battle, had at least the pleasure of massacring them on canvas; young officers who, tired of the idleness of a garrison life, came to seek diversion in the study of that kind of painting most conformable to their tastes; and, finally, a great number of warlike cocknies, who aspired to distinguish themselves in the style which was then most in vogue. To this list we must add visitors, amateur idlers, who walked round the easels, giving a glance at each painting, criticising a pose, a gesture, an effect, a manœuvre.

"Thus peopled, the atelier often presented the triple aspect of a studio, a barrack-room, and a fencing-saloon. Whilst some were silent and absorbed in giving the finishing touches to a grenadier of the Old Guard, to a bivouac, or a skirmish, others chanted, with the full powers of their voices, a song of Beranger's; one, squatted upon a drum, beat the charge, another handled the arms, or blew a trumpet. Further off, two gallants in their shirt-sleeves, with cigars in their mouths, a palette in the left hand, and a foil in their right, exchanged rapid thrusts, to the great delight of a circle of gazers, who judged of the hits."

Far from being annoyed or distracted by this crowd and turmoil, Horace pursued his work as tranquilly as if the room had been quiet and solitary; and, in the midst of this tumult, painted, between 1820 and 1825, some of his finest pictures, such as "*La Barrière de Clichy*," "*La Bataille de Jemappes*," "*Le Tombeau de Napoleon*," "*La Défense de Saragoase*," "*Le Pont d'Arcole*," and a number of others. The Duke of Orleans was a great patron of Horace Vernet's, and, first as Duke, and afterwards as King, gave his pencil full employment. Even Charles X. discovered, after a time, that it is bad policy to persecute genius, and sat to Vernet for the fine portrait now in the Louvre, and also commissioned him to paint upon the ceiling of one of its halls a grand picture of Julius II. ordering the works of the Vatican. In 1826 our artist was admitted a member of the French Institute, and, in 1830, was appointed to succeed Guérin as Director of the Academy at Rome. Two of his pictures, painted about this period, "*The Arrest of the Princes under Anne of Austria*," and "*The Brigand's Confession*," were afterwards burned, in the court of the Palais Royal and at the sack of the Chateau of Neuilly, by the republican mob in 1848. Vernet's arrival at Rome imparted great activity to the labours of the French school, and he himself, during the five years he remained there, seems to have been materially influenced by the study of the great Italian masters, and for a time abandoned the French soldier, his peculiar property, and painted such subjects as "*The Pope in St. Peter's*," "*Judith*," "*The Brigand's Confession*," and "*Michael Angelo and Raphael in the Vatican*." On his return to Paris he found his former patron become King, who at once commissioned from him pictures to the amount of 300,000 or 400,000 francs, and put at his command the tennis-court at Versailles, in which gigantic atelier, during a period of ten years, he



painted some of his finest works. Since the French occupation of Algeria, his pencil has been busily engaged in immortalising the exploits of their army, and he has crossed the Mediterranean fifteen or twenty times in order to study all the details of that eminently picturesque warfare upon the spot. His memory is marvellous; and, at the end of twenty or thirty years, he can at will recall a form, a movement, an attitude. One of his friends said of him, "His head is like a chest of drawers; he opens it, looks, and finds each memory in its proper place." One morning he ran against the Marquis de Pastoret on the quay of the Louvre. The latter uttered an exclamation of surprise—"What has become of you, my dear fellow? One meets you nowhere. It is years since I have seen you. Have you just arrived from India?" "You jest, Marquis," replied Horace; "it is but six months since I have shaken hands with you." "You are surely mistaken. When might that happen?" "In the gardens of the Tuileries. A lady was hanging on your arm." "May I be hanged if you have not dreamt of that meeting, Horace. A lady?" "Yes, a lady, and a very handsome one, too! Wait a moment, and I will sketch her for you." Horace then took out his memorandum-book, and with a pencil made a rapid drawing, which he had no sooner shown to the Marquis, than the latter exclaimed, "Good heavens! yes; it is the Duchess de V——. In truth I did conduct her one evening some time ago to her hotel on the Quay Voltaire, and we did cross the Tuileries. But how the deuce do you contrive to draw, at the end of six months, a face, a figure, a dress, which you only saw for a moment?" "Pooh! that is a trifle," replied Horace, smiling. "A trifle! For such a trifle, however, they would have burnt you in the fifteenth century. I take the sketch. Farewell, my dear sorcerer."

Vernet's favourite and almost only reading is the Bible; it is always open on his table, and he carries it with him in all his travels. From a careful study of its pages, he has convinced himself that all painters who have hitherto represented Biblical subjects have committed gross errors in the costume in which they have clothed the Jews. Their dress, according to him, was exactly that of the Arabs of the present day; and he is said to be engaged upon an elaborate work, part of which has already been read to the Institute, and which has for its object the proof of these opinions. His Biblical paintings, however, such as "Rebecca at the Fountain," "Abraham and Hagar," "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," "The Good Samaritan" are decidedly inferior to his hunting and battle-pieces. They want the life, spirit, and power, which so eminently characterise the latter. During 1834 and 1835, most of Vernet's pictures were taken from African subjects. "A View of Bona," "The Chase of the Lion," "The Hunt of the Wild Boar," and "The Taking of Bona," are among the principal. In 1836, however, he resumed the illustration of French history, and exhibited four noble battle-pieces, representing the victories of Jena, Friedland, Wagram, and Fontenoy. The last of these is one of the finest battle-pieces in the world, and is the best that Vernet has ever painted. According to Mr. E. Abont,\* it is the only battle which he has ever painted; his other

\* See "Nos Artistes au Salon de 1857," par E. Abont.

pictures being merely episodes of battles, in the depicting of which, however, Mr. About admits that he reigns without a rival.

Louis Philippe wished that Vernet should paint by himself a whole gallery at Versailles; and the painter, after some hesitation, undertook the gigantic enterprise. He was six years engaged upon the Gallery of Constantine, which was completed in 1842. It was so called from the ancient Numidian town and fortress, whose siege and storm, by the French army, Vernet was employed to commemorate. The King often came to watch him while painting, and to converse with him during the progress of this undertaking; and, on one of these occasions, offered to make him a peer of France, an honour which was declined by the artist, with the remark:—" *La noblesse est morte, le bourgeois descend, et l'artiste monte: laissez moi dans les arts.*" Vernet was proud of his position as a painter of history, and refused to paint a lie even to gratify a king, and that king his kindest patron. Louis Philippe wished him to paint Louis XIV. mounting to the assault of Valenciennes. On consulting the best historians of the siege, the painter found that the Grand Monarque, so far from having led the assault, was three leagues from the town at the time when it took place. He, therefore, respectfully represented to the King that it was impossible for him to paint the subject as he wished; and, upon the monarch persisting in his desire, he declined the commission altogether, packed up his trunks, and started for St. Petersburg, to which the Czar Nicholas had frequently urged him to pay a visit. At St. Petersburg, he was received with open arms, and overwhelmed with favours and commissions. On one occasion the Autocrat, who knew his sympathy with the Poles, asked him whether he would refuse to paint the "Taking of Varsovia," a town in Poland. "No, sire," replied the artist, "every day painters represent Christ on the Cross." After the lamented death of the Duke of Orleans, he left Russia, charged with the condolences of the Czar to the King of France, resumed his atelier in the tennis-court at Versailles, and painted "The Taking of the Smala of Abd-el-Kadr," the largest canvas in the world, larger even than the famous "*Paradiso*" of Tintoretto at Venice, which is seventy feet in length. This enormous picture was painted by Vernet in less than eight months. When the chiefs of the Bedouin tribes came to Paris, in 1845, Vernet gave them a splendid entertainment in his vast atelier at Versailles, which was hung round, for the occasion, with the skins of lions, tigers, and panthers, and decorated with yataghans, cimeters, inlaid carabines, and a perfect museum of African weapons. *Couscous*, their national dish, and lambs roasted whole, after the fashion of the Atlas, were served to the chieftains, after which the fragrant nargileh was presented to them by their host, his wife, and his beautiful daughter. This was the lady for love of whom poor Leopold Robert destroyed himself, and who became the wife of the celebrated painter, Paul Delaroche, and died six months after the entertainment above referred to, in the flower of her age and beauty. She was Vernet's only child. Her husband has introduced her portrait into one of his finest compositions, in which she represents the genius of Christianity.

Since the days of the Cavalier Calabrese, no painter has travelled so much as Horace Vernet. He has been all over Europe, at Constanti-

nople, Cairo, Algeria, and in many other parts of the world ; his iron frame renders him insensible to fatigue, so much so, that, on one occasion, when travelling in the suite of the Emperor Nicholas, on a journey to the Caucasus, the Czar and Vernet were the only persons, out of 500 individuals, who returned in good health to Varsovia.

The fertility and rapidity of Vernet's pencil are remarkable ; he meditates his subject thoroughly in all its details, and has every part of it before his mind when he arrives in front of his canvas, and he is thus enabled to paint at once, without any preliminary sketch. In 1842, according to one French authority, he had received £80,000 for pictures which he had painted. His portraits are almost innumerable. Most of the marshals and generals of the empire, and the greater number of the kings and princes of Europe, have been painted by his hand.

Then he has furnished a multitude of vignettes, lithographs, and sketches, and has illustrated the "Life of the Emperor," and a score of other works of similar importance. Though now verging upon his seventieth year, his physical and mental powers show but few symptoms of decay. In the Exhibition of 1857, he had a picture of the Battle of the Alma, and two fine portraits, one of Marshal Bosquet, and the other, an equestrian portrait of Napoleon III. He has been well termed "the Raphael of a warlike people," whose victories he has spent his life in depicting. He is the painter of modern strategy ; his pictures are perfect military bulletins, historical documents, as precious to the future historian as the columns of the *Moniteur*. Nor has the age been ungrateful to Vernet for his unwearied efforts to illustrate it. He is a member of every academy of the Fine Arts in Europe, the only painter who was ever made Commander of the Legion of Honour, and is entitled to wear on his breast most of the orders of European knighthood.

Many anecdotes are related of his kindness of heart, and generosity of disposition.

Louis Philippe admired exceedingly several of the fine military physiognomies in his first sketch of the taking of the Smala, most of which were portraits ; and was particularly struck with one old soldier, whose face was bronzed by the sun, and begrimed with powder.

"I know him well," said the painter ; "for twelve years he has fought bravely in Africa."

"And see," replied the King, "he has the cross of honour."

"No, truly, I have made a mistake. I must efface that cross," murmured the artist, in a disappointed tone, and taking up his brush.

"Stop!" said the King, "why spoil your picture? I have thought of a better plan—it is, to decorate that brave fellow."

"Ah, sire! thanks," replied the painter, gratified at the success of his stratagem ; "I expected that."

On a subsequent occasion, the Ignorantins, wishing to possess a portrait of brother Philip, their Superior General, sent a deputation to wait upon Vernet, and to offer him 500 francs, as all which the poverty of the society had enabled them to scrape together. Vernet painted the portrait, one of the finest which appeared in the Exhibition of 1845, but refused to accept a farthing from the brotherhood ; and they, in testimony of their gratitude, presented him with a Christ beautifully carved in ivory, which the painter preserves among his most cherished possessions.

In painting the battles of his own time, Vernet has had great difficulties to encounter. It may indeed be said, that he had only to copy faithfully, and group with skill, the materials which were ready to his hand; but then, in these very materials lay the difficulty. The stiff, regular lines of modern strategy, the exact, unvarying uniforms, are both most unfavourable to pictorial effect; and in nothing has Vernet's genius shone forth more conspicuously, than in the consummate skill which he has displayed in dealing with such unpromising materials. He has not, like too many battle-painters, shrouded them in dust or smoke, that convenient cloak for indolence or want of technical skill; he has not evaded or shrunk from the difficulty, but has boldly met and mastered it. The enforced monotony of his regular lines of troops is most happily and naturally broken up by all sorts of ingenious, but, at the same time, probable episodes, such as a fallen horse, a wounded soldier carried away, a cantinière offering spirits to the soldiers, a general inspecting the position of the enemy, an aide-de-camp bearing an order at the gallop—all most skilfully introduced, and admirably painted. Another difficulty which Vernet has had to contend with is this. He is, as we have said, emphatically the painter of his own era; but the present comes so close to us, is so real and apparent, that the distance, uncertainty, and indistinctness, which throw a veil of poetry, a mist of romantic interest, over the past, have upon it no influence whatever. The painter must grapple with the present, in all its hard and unavoidable reality, and must be prepared to meet the most rigorous and unsparing criticism; for everyone thinks himself a judge of what has happened in his own time, however distrustful he may be of his ability to judge of the past. That Vernet's talents have stood the ordeal of so severe a scrutiny, and secured for him almost universal popularity, is one of the strongest proofs of their vitality and vigour. His success has been principally owing to his perfect and minute acquaintance with every detail of modern military life, to his marvellous technical skill and power of imitation, which enable his hand to execute whatever his head conceives, and to the energy and fire of his genius, which breathe life, and spirit, and animation over all his pictures.

Y.

## “A TRIFLING LOSS!”

### I.

“A trifling loss!”—I heard them say—  
 But one man killed in the affray—  
     One private of the line!  
 And patriots read the news awhile,  
 And sauntered home with a placid smile,  
     To feast and sip their wine.  
 Oh! ’twas a great and glorious strife!—  
 A trifling loss—but one man’s life!

### II.

A trifling loss?—oh! think of him,  
 That dying man, whose eye waxed dim,  
     As with a shuddering start  
 The life-blood rushed from a colourless cheek,  
 From quivering lips that strove to speak,  
     Back to a bursting heart!—  
 A trifling loss to some—but he  
 Passed then into eternity!

### III.

A trifling loss?—oh! think again—  
 That placid, cruel smile refrain;  
     Nay, brother, rather weep,  
 That one poor soldier of the line,  
 He had a human heart like thine—  
     Its fountains were as deep.  
 It was as hard for him as thee  
 To wrestle with Death’s agony!

### IV.

A trifling loss?—oh! say not so—  
 Think of the many tears that flow  
     When but one life departs.  
 The veriest beggar when he dies  
 Bursteth some secret sympathies  
     Sealed up in fellow hearts.  
 Is it a trifling loss to tear  
 These trembling tendons of despair?

## "A TRIFLING LOSS!"

## V.

He had a home ; he could recall  
Those memories so dear to all.

Yes ! he was once a child ;  
And nursery tales and nursery rhymes  
Haunted his brain, like distant chimes,  
With scenes of fancy wild—  
Strange echoing voices undefined,  
Like those that linger in thy mind.

## VI.

He had a mother. There is one  
Who dreameth nightly of her son,  
    Battling amidst the brave.  
Oh, tell her not ! She is bent with cares ;  
That trifling loss may bring grey hairs  
    With sorrow to the grave !  
A trifling loss ! but not to her,  
That lonely, sonless sorrower !

## VII.

He had a wife—oh ! tell her not !  
How doth she watch that infant's cot  
    With constant tearful eye.  
No answer from her husband slain,  
Yet how she hopeth still in vain,  
    Still trusting fearingly ;  
No answer to that letter yet—  
She thought not *he* could thus forget.

## VIII.

That letter next his heart is pressed !  
One evening, ere he sank to rest,  
    He read it o'er and o'er—  
A trembling record of hopes and fears,  
Blotted at night by a brave man's tears,  
    Next morn by a brave man's gore !  
They have buried it with him in his grave,  
Next to the heart of the shroudless brave !

## IX.

A trifling loss ?—a thing of nought ?  
And yet—oh, God ! how strange the thought  
    Of that one life gone past !  
Whence was it ? whither did it tend ?  
Those years that seemed to have no end,  
    And yet are fled so fast !  
So long—yet moments in the sum  
Of the mysterious years to come !

X.

A trifling loss? Stay, let us think  
Of that poor trembler on the brink  
Of Death's dividing stream.  
Standing beside that rushing tide,  
Gazing upon that further side,  
What doth the future seem?  
Oh! as he wildly looks across,  
Is death to him a trifling loss?

XI.

Looking in anguish madly back  
On that irrevocable track  
Of hour, and day, and year,  
Doth memory, like a wintry blast,  
Chilled by the ice-wastes of the past,  
Palsy the soul with fear:  
As he beholds a life gone by,  
Is it a trifling loss to die?

XII.

Methinks I hear an answering voice—  
"Must it be so? May none rejoice  
Standing beside that stream?  
Hast thou not read erewhile of some  
To whom the longed-for years to come  
With tints of glory gleam?  
Are there not some who gaze across,  
Yet look on death as 'trifling loss?'"

XIII.

"And is the past a waste of years—  
A wilderness of sin and fears?  
Must it be ever so?  
Can never memory retrace  
A well-fought fight, a finished race?  
Are there not some that go  
Triumphant towards the unseen land,  
When their 'departure is at hand?'"

XIV.

Ah! then smile on—ye may be right!  
Was he that perished in the fight  
A soldier of the cross?  
If so, it was a glorious strife!  
If so, that unknown soldier's life  
Was but a trifling loss!  
A trifling loss? Nay, think again,  
To him, perchance, "to die" was "*gain!*"

U. U. P.

## DYING OF LOVE.

## CHAPTER III.

THE really tragic termination of Barton's story produced a strong effect upon Seymour. However little inclined he had been to be guided by the arguments against his proposed infidelity, he was now more determined than ever to break the faith he had plighted to his cousin. Her rival's influence to-day was twice as powerful as it had been last night. Barton's tale had decided the business. If one woman was capable of dying of love for his friend, why should not another die of love for himself? If one woman proved a true prophet of her own dissolution, why should not another vaticinate as correctly? He was now more than ever convinced that his new lover would die if he fulfilled his engagement with the old one. He had, however, forgotten the wisdom contained in the old song—

“Tis best to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.”

He ought to have in some way got rid of his original *liaison* before he allowed himself to be engaged in the present. He could not marry both women; bigamy is forbidden in narrow-minded England. An election he must make, and he made it: Emma Collins was thrown overboard. So there was no more to be said about it.

No more to be said about it, perhaps, by himself; but a great deal to be said about it by his uncle. That respectable relative was a very irritable gentleman. He was proud and fond of his daughter, who was an only child, and he thought there was nothing like her in Great Britain. Ireland never entered into his thoughts; not because he had never been there, and could not therefore express any opinion, but because he would just as soon have asserted that his daughter was unequalled by the Hottentot or Esquimaux young ladies. “But, sir,” he would say, “show me in the whole of Great Britain a girl who can be compared to my Emma!” He naturally, then, considered his nephew as the luckiest fellow in the world to have secured such a treasure to himself; though the aforesaid world ill-naturedly considered that the luck was on the other side. People talked of the “treasure” in quite another manner altogether; of treasure in certain public securities, there invested by one Seymour, deceased. Seymour *pere* had made Mr. Collins his executor and the guardian of his son; and, knowing his heir's marked facility for falling in love, and desiring to protect him against the wiles of fair fortune-hunters, had made his uncle's consent an indispensable condition to his entering into the holy estate of matrimony. If he shall marry without it, three hundred per annum, paid quarterly, was all to which his son shall be entitled—various charitable associations reaping, in that case, the benefit of young Seymour's pre-



ference for love in a cottage. But Mr. Collins wisely considered that charity should begin at home, and taught his nephew betimes to consider him as both uncle and father-in-law. He had, nevertheless, great difficulty in keeping Seymour out of many a dangerous *affaire* until his cousin arrived at a marriageable age. The young gentleman had a strong propensity for tumbling over head and ears into love. He was perpetually entangled in the meshes spread for him by establishment-seeking young ladies, and mammas with seven daughters undisposed of. Poor Mr. Collins had unheard-of trouble in frustrating these felonious attempts. On one occasion matters had actually gone as far as the very church itself. By the way, we are wrong in calling a church, under such circumstances, a church. It is always "the sacred edifice," when spoken of in connexion with matrimony. The Lord's table, in like manner, is always called "the altar," even by the most violent anti-Puseyites. A gentleman who to-day calls you names if you speak of "the altar," leads Miss Smith to "the altar" to-morrow. The marriage service, too, is never "read;" it is "impressively performed" by somebody, "assisted" by somebody else. Well, Mr. Edward Seymour was actually standing at the altar with his bride, and the impressive performance of the service had actually commenced, when the news was conveyed to Mr. Collins. It was the first intimation that such a terrible blow to his own projects had been in contemplation. He had never even heard of the flirtation of which it was the fruit. But he was a man of energy and determination. He roared for his hat; he roared for a coat; he promised the driver a sovereign if he brought him to the sacred edifice in time. The horse was fresh; the way was short; the streets were unimpeded and clear. The clergyman's idea of impressive reading consisted in the slowest possible drawl. All things favoured Mr. Collins. He rushed into the church as the reverend gentleman required and charged the bride and bridegroom to confess if they knew any impediment why they might not be lawfully joined together in matrimony. The last words were scarcely uttered when a stentorian voice was heard at the other end of the church—

"Stop! stop! I know an impediment; I know an impediment! I forbid the banns!"

And, puffing and steaming up the passage, Mr. Collins burst through the bevy of bridesmaids who stood behind the bride. Coriolanus in Corioli could not have fluttered the Volscies more completely than Mr. Collins fluttered the doves of the wedding dovecot. All the bridesmaids screamed in chorus, and one of them performed a fainting solo. The bridegroom stood in consternation; the bride threw herself prematurely into his arms. The bride's mother looked indignant, the high priest awkward, the assistant Levite dismayed. And Mr. Collins, after hurling a glance of tremendous wrath at the unfortunate bridegroom, and meeting the indignant looks of the bride's mother with looks as indignant as her own, for he knew by instinct that he beheld in the lady the Cataline of the conspiracy, again lifted up his voice and prohibited the performance of the ceremony.

"I forbid the banns, sir," said he, addressing the principal clergyman. "I warn you at your peril to proceed."

"This is a most extraordinary, and, I must say, a very indecent in-

terruption, sir," observed the clergyman, at length recovering his self-possession. "I do not know who you are, sir, and——"

"My name is Collins—Joseph Collins—and that young fool there is my nephew, sir, and my ward, sir; and I forbid the banns, sir—I forbid the banns. I warn you not to proceed, sir."

"We are not publishing the banns, you must permit me to observe," remarked the assisting clergyman. He was a very strict ritualist, and could repeat every rubric off by heart. "We are not publishing the banns, and it is accordingly impossible for you to forbid them."

"Well, I forbid the marriage, then," roared Mr. Collins. "*You young rascal!*" muttered he, looking an armoury of daggers at his nephew.

"Really," said the bride's mother, addressing the clergyman, "this is most outrageous conduct. May I request that you will have the goodness to proceed with the sacred ceremony."

"No, ma'am, he shan't," exclaimed Mr. Collins; "not one word of it, ma'am. Come home with me this moment, sir," added he, seizing his nephew by the arm which was not in the occupation of the bride.

The bride tightened her grasp of the member which was in her possession, and the old lady seized the other, as joint-tenant with the bridegroom's uncle.

"Go on, pray," cried the latter lady; "go on with the ceremony. It will be twelve o'clock immediately."

"Canonical hours," murmured the Levite.

"Do go on, pray do," said the bride's mother imploringly.

"Go on at your peril!" vociferated the bridegroom's uncle.

The high priest was puzzled. He was not well up in ecclesiastical law, and did not know what on earth he ought to do. At length he asked Mr. Collins, what he ought to have asked at first, whether he had any impediment to allege.

"To be sure I have," was the answer. "What else am I here for! As good an impediment as need be, I can tell you."

"And what is the impediment why these two persons may not be joined together in matrimony?"

"The impediment is just this, that if that jackanapes makes a fool of himself by marrying without my consent, he does not get one shilling of his father's money—that's all. Not one shilling, except an annuity of three hundred a-year, and that is scarcely enough to support a family on, I fancy."

"Can this be true?" exclaimed the bride's mother.

"True as gospel, ma'am," said Mr. Collins, "as your daughter will find to her cost."

"You will give your consent?" faltered the bride's mother.

"My consent!" almost roared the other; "I'd see him—I'd see him—hanged first; and you, too, ma'am."

"This is no legal impediment," observed the priest.

"Clearly not," said the Levite. "You had better proceed at once, or it will be too late to-day."

The priest took up his book.

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live——"

"Stop!" cried the bride's mother. "I will never be a party to my daughter entering any family against their will. My daughter shan't be forced upon any man's relations."

"Aha!" said Mr. Collins, "I knew I should bring you to reason."

"Good heavens!" began the bridegroom.

"No, Mr. Seymour," interrupted the bride's mother, "my mind is made up on the subject. Mary Louisa shall never marry a man whose family object to receive her. When your uncle gives his consent, I shall be very glad to see you at my house; but, till then, I think it only due to Mary Louisa and myself to request that all that has passed between you should be forgotten."

And the strong-minded lady, assisted by the astonished and bewildered wedding guests, disengaged her daughter from Seymour's arms, and carried her out of the church. Mr. Collins's victory was complete.

Such was the relative whom Seymour was now about to exasperate in a really unjustifiable manner. Whatever right he had had to dispose of himself before his engagement to Miss Collins, he felt he had surely none now. For three years, from the time when his cousin was fifteen, he had been formally and openly affianced to her; and he had only been waiting till she should attain her eighteenth year, to put her in possession of his hand and his fortune. Her eighteenth birth-day would take place the following month, and that day was to be the day of her wedding. Everything had been arranged. The marriage-settlements were almost ready, the *trousseau* was prepared, the very guests had been bidden to the breakfast. Mr. Collins was easy in his mind; the governors of the charitable institutions were not. In one month the large fortune left by the late Mr. Seymour would be settled for ever on the descendants of Mr. Collins. All was going merry as a marriage-bell as far as Mr. Collins was concerned. He had, he thought, escaped the perils and dangers of his cruise, and had towed his prize into the smooth water of the harbour. No pirate or privateer could rob him of the rich galleon he had captured. And now to set sail and leave him in the moment of his final triumph, was a deed which his nephew was unable to contemplate without trembling.

But he was resolved on the deed, come what might of it. Marry his cousin he would not. Barton's story had made his previous determination more determined. He would not be a murderer. The lonely lane, the green, slimy pond, the half-decomposed body, floating among the rotting weeds—all these rose before his eyes at the very idea of fulfilling his engagement. He could not fulfil it. He must tell his uncle that he could not. And the sooner his uncle knew it the better.

"What do you wish me to do?" asked Barton.

"To go to Mr. Collins, and tell him what I have told you."

"That you cannot marry his daughter?"

"Yes."

"And that you will marry Miss ———. What do you say her name is?"

"Walker."

"Miss Walker. That you will marry Miss Walker, and forfeit all your property?"

"No; I do not say that. I will wait. My uncle may yet give his

consent. But I will not be the cause of Mary's death by marrying any other woman in the world."

"Does Miss Walker know of the conditions of your father's will?"

"She does," answered Seymour; "I told her of them last night. She is content to wait. My uncle will surely consent when he finds there is no use in refusing. He will be very angry for months, perhaps for a year or two; but it would be too absurd to keep me out of my own money all my life, because I won't marry his daughter. It was an absurd condition in any case to tie me up in such a manner, and I am not sure that the will could not be set aside. At all events, Barton, I won't marry Emma Collins, and there's the long and the short of it."

"Well," said Barton, rising and putting on his hat, "there is no time to lose; so the sooner it's done the better. But it is not a pleasant mission for me, I assure you, and I would not undertake it for anyone except yourself."

The two friends proceeded together to Mr. Collins's residence in Queen Anne-street. There is an old proverb which tells us that the longest way round is usually the shortest way home. Seymour apparently thought this proverb a good one on the present occasion. The most direct line from Pimlico to Queen Anne-street was, in his opinion, through Albany-street, Regent's Park. A cabman would have differed from him, and Barton did so, though he was not a cabman. But the origin of this new reading of the geography of London was very easily explained. Miss Walker resided in Albany-street.

"Rather a rum street for a young lady to live in," observed Barton.

"She is only lodging there," replied Seymour.

"Hem!" coughed Barton.

They passed through Oxford-street and Portland-place, and in due course arrived at Albany-street.

"There is the house," said Seymour. "Come in, and I will introduce you to Mary."

"I think I had best lose no time in going to your uncle and endeavouring to settle this matter, if it can be settled. I am afraid, however, it will be difficult. Are you finally determined on breaking your engagement? Is there no chance whatever of your changing your mind again? The more I consider the business, the greater difficulty I see in arranging it satisfactorily; and I really wish, my dear Edward, you would think once more of what you are doing. Is there no hope that you can bring yourself to fulfil your engagement with your cousin?"

"Not if I were to be a beggar all my life! I would rather live in a cottage with Mary, than in Buckingham Palace with any other woman on earth."

"You remember what Keats says on that point," said the poetical soldier—

" 'Love in a hut, with water and a crust,  
Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust.' "

"I know nothing of Keats," replied the other vehemently; for he had just caught a sight of female drapery appearing for a moment in

the window at which he was gazing. "I know nothing of Keats; but this I know, that no power on earth can ever make me marry anyone but Mary. I repeat, that I would rather live in a hovel with her than in a palace with any other woman breathing."

Had Seymour known anything of Keats, he might have happily finished the quotation himself—

"Love in a palace is perhaps at last  
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast."

But, like many other people, he knew nothing of Keats, and, very probably, had never heard of him before. "Endymion," "Lauria," and the "Eve of St. Agnes," are little known to the generality of readers; and, if we occasionally hear of "Hyperion," it is the poetic-prosy "Hyperion" of Longfellow. To say the truth, Barton had only seen his own quotation as the motto to a chapter in a sentimental novel. He read a great many sentimental novels.

"Well, Seymour, if it must be so, I will go at once to your uncle. Where shall I find you to report progress and ask leave to sit again? I don't think, by the way, that there will be any use in asking your uncle's leave to sit again, for he will probably kick me out of the house. But where shall I find you?"

"Here," replied Seymour, knocking at the door of the lady's house; "I will wait here till you come. Mary is at home; I saw her this moment at the window. I will remain with her till you bring me the news."

"I am afraid it will scarcely be good news. But I will do my best; and, as Hubert says in "Ivanhoe," a man can do no more. So, *au revoir, mon cher*."

The ambassador departed in a very doubtful state of mind. His mission was an awkward one, and his pacific reception at the court of the potentate in question a matter of very great uncertainty. He felt very much as an envoy to the King of the Cannibal Islands might feel, doubtful whether the presentation of his diplomatic credentials might be only a preliminary to his majesty eating him up. He might be invited to an official feast after the manner of the supper of Polonius. Old Collins was, indeed, likely to eat him metaphorically, and to eat him at the same time without salt. Lighter cause would put him in a passion, so what might not be expected on this occasion?

"It is a deuced awkward business," said Barton to himself, as he slowly took his way to Queen Anne-street. "What the mischief made the fool get himself into such a scrape? And he is now bringing me into it also."

His sympathy with Seymour was fast fading away by the time he reached Mr. Collins' door. It had been excited at first by the recollections of his own blight, which Seymour's narration had recalled. He forgot, for the time, the disapprobation which he had felt and expressed, and by talking of himself, talked himself into temporary sympathy. But the selfishness, or rather, for selfishness is a strong expression, the thinking of self which had excited the sympathy, now operated on the other hand in bringing him back to his original impressions. He felt him-

self in an uncomfortable position, and was vexed with Seymour for having placed him in it."

"What the deuce!" he accordingly muttered, "what the deuce made the fool get himself into such a disagreeable scrape! Emma Collins was good enough for him—too good by half—and a more respectable connexion than this Albany-street lady, I fancy. And if the poor girl really cares for him, as I suppose she does, it will be a terrible blow to her, and no wonder. The old gentleman, too; it will break his heart, even if her's escapes, for he had set it on marrying her to Seymour. He will most likely break my head first, however, for breaking the news to him. Not bad, that." And he smiled at what he considered a *bon mot*. "I must keep between him and the poker while I am breaking the news to him. The deuce take that fellow Seymour!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

MR. COLLINS was at home. Barton discovered him in the act of trying on a new blue coat, with gorgeously gilt buttons, which had just arrived from the tailor.

"Preparing for the happy day, Captain Barton, you see. Nothing like having things in time. If I had put off ordering this coat till a week before the wedding, the rascal would probably send it home the day after. Take time by the forelock, my dear sir. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. You are coming to the wedding, are you not?"

"I—I really—I really can't say," stammered the ambassador.

"You don't mean that Edward did not ask you! I'd have asked you myself if I thought so. We couldn't get on without you on such an occasion, you know. By the way, what is Edward doing with himself now? I scarcely ever see him; and, though Emma says nothing, I know she is rather disappointed at his absence. For the last two months he has scarcely been half a dozen times in this house, and that is rather odd for a lover, Captain Barton. When I was his age, I'd have acted differently. But I suppose he feels himself secure, now that the day is fixed. He'll be a happy man, Captain Barton, though I say it who shouldn't say it; a happy man, sir—a fortunate man, sir!"

"The man who marries Miss Collins, whoever he may be, must be a very fortunate man."

"Eh!" said Mr. Collins, "what do you mean by 'whoever he may be?' One would suppose you did not know anything about the wedding. Don't you think the collar of this coat is a little too high?"

"I am sure Edward would be happy were he to marry your daughter, Mr. Collins."

"Were he to marry my daughter, Captain Barton! What is the man dreaming of? Is it possible," asked the old gentleman, in astonishment, "is it really possible that you are in ignorance of the fact that my nephew, Edward Seymour, is to become the husband of my daughter on the 23rd of next month?"

"I certainly knew that such had been the arrangement."

"*Had been* the arrangement!!!"

"Yes," continued Barton, screwing his courage to the sticking-point, "I knew that such had been the arrangement; but you see, Mr. Collins, nothing is certain in this life. I myself know by experience the truth of the uncertainty of human happiness. I know what it is to have the hope of felicity blighted—to have the cup dashed from the lip."

"What the — are you talking about?" exclaimed Mr. Collins, in consternation. "Do you mean to say that my daughter has—has—has changed her mind? Impossible, sir! She was only ten minutes ago speaking to me about the wedding-cake, sir."

"I don't say that, Miss Collins has changed her mind. But the fact is that Edward —"

"That Edward says so," interrupted the other. "Stuff! What put such an idea into the boy's head? I suppose Emma received him coldly the last time he was here, and I don't wonder that she did so. He had not been in the house for a full week before, and that is not the way to make love, sir. But as to Emma changing her mind, she has not the slightest notion of it; and she daren't change it if she had. I'd like to hear her say so, that's all."

The old gentleman looked so choleric at the bare idea of the possibility of his daughter changing her mind, that Barton felt himself more embarrassed than ever in delivering himself of his mission. It was evident that Mr. Collins could not contemplate the possibility of the fickleness being on the gentleman's side. But the truth must be told in the end, and there was no use in delaying the disclosure. Glancing, then, at the poker which reposed on the fender behind him, and moving his chair in a more direct line between the fire-place and Mr. Collins, he prepared himself for the explosion of the mine.

"The fact is, sir, that your nephew, owing to circumstances over which he has no controul, is unable to fulfil his engagement with Miss Collins."

Mr. Collins bounded from his chair as if he had been shot. His face became purple; the veins in his forehead assumed the dimensions of whipcord; his eyes nearly started from their sockets. But he said nothing. He was speechless with rage, disappointment, and dismay. A trifle would, on ordinary occasions, make him noisy enough, but the excess of his wrath on the present made him dumb. It was a great opportunity for apoplexy.

"It is with much unwillingness," continued Barton, "that I am the bearer of such an unpleasant communication. I feel how awkward the circumstance is for all parties, and for none more than for Edward himself."

Mr. Collins made no observation.

"I cannot deny that Edward is acting wrongly," again resumed Barton. "It has been against my advice that he determined on the step he has taken; but my remonstrances were of no avail."

Mr. Collins was still silent.

"So seeing that I could not alter his resolution, I at last yielded to his desire that I should act as mediator between him and yourself, and endeavour to appease the anger, the just anger, which his conduct is fairly calculated to produce on your part, and which, I admit, it would be impossible for any person not to feel under the circumstances."

Barton again paused. Mr. Collins still maintained an unlooked-for silence. Barton had expected a terrific outbreak of passion, and was unprepared for this strange phase of dumbness. He began to feel uncomfortable, not only for himself, but for the old gentleman, and was doubtful whether apoplexy would not knock the latter "down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox," or whether he himself might not fall a victim to the fate at the hands of Mr. Collins. As the alternative ran through his thoughts, his eye glanced over his shoulder at the poker. But Mr. Collins neither knocked him down, nor was knocked down himself. He stood there in appalling silence, more appalling than open vituperation—his face becoming more purple, and the frontal whipcord momentarily increasing. So there was nothing for Barton but to proceed.

"I am bound to say that, unfortunately, I see no chance of inducing Edward to reconsider his determination. I have, perhaps, more influence over him than most people, but there is a stronger influence at present over him, which I have been unable to counteract. The—the person—the lady who has—has, in fact, supplanted Miss Collins in his affections ———,"

The string of Mr. Collins' tongue was loosed. The dumb spake. 'Till Barton's last words, it had not occurred to him that there was a lady in the case. Now he saw it all. His nephew was at his old tricks again. For aught he knew, Seymour might be actually married; he had been very nearly so five years before. The thought lashed his uncle into even greater fury than at first, and the pent-up torrent burst forth with proportionate violence. He poured the vials of his wrath on the absent offender and the present ambassador alike. He roared and blasphemed, cursed and swore, raved and stamped, and altogether behaved incorrectly. His daughter was not in the house, but the servants came and listened outside the door. B 147 stopped before the window, and debated whether he was called on to interfere. The passengers in the street joined B 147, and a little audience was quickly collected. The metropolitan young gentlemen began to cluster round the railings like bees; and one adventurous *gamin*, having climbed to the summit of the lamp-post, and thereby gained a view over the window-blind of Mr. Collins' study, screamed in a shrill treble, which pierced through the thunder of that gentleman's bass—

"I say, old feller, wot's the row?"

Mr. Collins' attention being thus drawn to the excitement he was causing, he thought it advisable to in some measure moderate his own. This he found easier, in consequence of the violence he had exhibited. Now, there are always two sides to a question. *Much* may not be always said on both sides, though Sir Roger de Coverley thought so; but there are very few questions on which there may not be said something. Take cursing and swearing for instance. The habit is a wrong one in every way. It is unchristian, ungentlemanlike, and illegal. It is a violation of the laws, both of God, the State, and good society. But it is not without its good effect. It relieves an angry man to a degree no one can imagine who has not tried it. Like the popular idea of gout, it carries off other diseases with it, leaving the patient cooler, more reasonable, and more manageable than if he had abstained from



the offence. And so it was in this instance with Mr. Collins. Had he conducted himself with the grave propriety which a gentleman of sixty-five years, and a member of the Church of England, ought to have exhibited, his just anger, though kept under control, would probably have for the present prevented his entering on the subject at all, and he would in all likelihood have contented himself with politely showing the Captain to the door, and then committing some outrageous indiscretion. As it was, after B 147 had dispersed the curious mob, and pulled the young gentleman by his legs from the lamp-post, Mr. Collins listened with comparative patience to the details which were given by his nephew's *chargé d'affaires*. Some spasmodic ebullitions of anger there were occasionally, no doubt; a breach of the Third Commandment was now and then committed; but it was only a shower of stones from the crater of the volcano, not the terrific mountain-torrent of lava. That had been checked by the *gamin* on the lamp-post.

When Captain Barton had said all he had to say on the subject, Mr. Collins began to button his coat. Alas for human projects, it was the blue coat with the gilt buttons—the coat he had ordered for the wedding!

"What is the name of the —, the woman, Captain Barton?" he asked, fastening the last button with a jerk which proved the strength of the tailor's thread.

"Walker!"

We may remark, *par parenthèse*, that in using the word "Walker," Captain Barton did not imply what is usually conveyed by that popular dissyllable.

"Where does she live?"

"In Albany-street, close to the Regent's Park."

"What number?"

"I don't know; but the house is next Christ Church, on the far side. I did not observe the exact number."

"Thank you," said Mr. Collins, rising, "that will do. You will excuse my leaving you, Captain, but in a case of this kind there is no time to be lost."

And the old gentleman, blue coat, gilt buttons, and all, made rapidly for the door.

"I beg your pardon," cried Barton; "may I ask what you propose to do?"

"Do! Put a stop to this business, of course. What else do you think I propose?"

"But how? How do you propose to put a stop to it?"

"Just by going to this Miss Walker—if that's the jade's name—and telling her if she marries my fool of a nephew, she marries three hundred a-year, and not a penny more;—not—a—pen—ny—more," said Mr. Collins, with a malicious pause between each of the last five syllables. "I put a spoke in one lady's wheel that way, on a former occasion, and I'll put a spoke in this lady's wheel now, sir."

"My dear sir, it won't do in this case. Miss Walker knows it already."

"And she'll marry him on a three hundred a-year, sir!"

"No. She'll wait 'till —"

"Till what? 'Till I'm dead, I suppose."

"Till you give your consent."

"Then by —. But no; I won't swear any more. She'll wait long enough, however, I can tell her. I'll give her a piece of my mind in the meantime, and him too, the rascal. Excuse me again, Captain Barton; as I told you already, there is no time to lose. I'll bring them both to their senses."

"My dear Mr. Collins," said Barton, laying his right hand on the right arm of the blue coat with the gilt buttons, "My dear Mr. Collins, you are going the very worst way about it. This woman has fascinated Edward to such a degree, that he is ready to give up every shilling to which he will be entitled, rather than put it out of his power to marry her. If you attempt to force him to keep his engagement you will only drive him into a marriage with this person. He does not contemplate it at present, he only wishes to be free to do so when he can. Leave him alone for some time, and the fancy may go off; but if you urge him too much, you will spoil everything. You risk nothing by delay; for I imagine the lady is too wide-awake to lose the money by too hasty a marriage, and something may turn up in the meantime to open his eyes to the impropriety of his conduct."

"There is some sense in that," said Mr. Collins, returning unwillingly to his arm-chair; adding, however, *sotto voce*, "though you say it." For Mr. Collins had no very exalted opinion of the sense of Captain Barton, and was fully alive to his little foibles.

"Edward is rather fickle in his attachments," continued Captain Barton, "and he may take a fancy to some one else before long."

"And how the d——l will that help me?" demanded the old gentleman, angrily. "Pretty comfort that, sir, indeed; you must take me for as great a fool as"——'yourself' he was about to say, but he checked himself and substituted 'Edward.'

Barton's blushing face grew more blushing at the palpable blunder he had committed. It was certainly a singular method of consoling the would-be *beau-pere*.

I meant—I ought to have said, that Miss Walker might do so," he stammered.

"You meant no such thing," muttered the other, under his breath.

"And I think that the least suspicion of her taking such a fancy would cure Edward more than anything else; for it appears to me, from what I could make out, that she has fascinated him chiefly by professing the most violent attachment to him."

"Modest, at any rate. Artful jade!"

"She is probably artful enough; evidently, indeed, a designing person. Now, designing people often overshoot the mark, and make very stupid mistakes. This lady in all likelihood will like to have two strings to her bow, in case you should not ultimately give your consent."

Another breach of the Third Commandment.

"Well, well; of course you will never consent. She would probably suspect as much, and would, as I say, try to procure a second string. Now the slightest notion of a successful rival, the least suspicion that his lady was inclined to smile on anyone else than himself, would, I have no doubt, completely cure Edward of this attachment. And, in-

deed, I think he would be right. Give me a whole heart, an undivided heart—a heart that never can be given to another—or give me none at all.”

“Gammon!” thought Mr. Collins, but he did not say it.

“Edward entertains those sentiments I know, for he expressed them this very day; and I am convinced that the result would be what I mention. So, my dear sir, let things take their course, and trust to chance for raising up a rival to help us out of our difficulty.”

“Ay, but,” said the old gentleman, “are you sure that a rival might not have the contrary effect? Love is often only strengthened by jealousy.”

“With others it might, perhaps, but certainly not with Edward. Once let him suppose that this person cares for another, and the game is in your own hands.”

“Do you really think so?”

“I am certain of it.”

“I have it!” cried Mr. Collins, emphatically, as a sudden thought flashed through his mind. “I have it!” repeated he, slapping the table beside him with his hand, and making the Court Directory which lay on it perform a *pas seul*.

“Have it! Have what?”

“The rival.”

“The rival! What do you mean?”

“The rival who is to get us out of the difficulty.”

Barton looked bewildered.

“I do not understand you,” said he. “I was not aware that you knew anything about this Miss Walker.”

“No more I do, but I know who will be the rival you speak of.”

Barton looked more puzzled than ever.

“Can’t you guess who he is?” asked Mr. Collins.

“Not in the least. How could I?”

“What do you say to being the rival yourself?”

“I!”

“Yes, you—what do you say to it?”

“I profess, Mr. Collins, I am utterly at a loss to understand you. I can scarcely be called a rival to anyone in the affections of a woman with whom I am utterly unacquainted, and on whom I never laid eyes in my life.”

“Ah, yes; but you will be acquainted with her.”

“Very possibly; but what then?”

Mr. Collins unbuttoned the coat, and drew his chair close to his companion’s.

“Captain Barton,” said he, “you have it in your power to confer a great favour on me.”

“Anything I can do, Mr. Collins, I shall be very happy to do.”

“Well, sir, go and make love to the cursed woman who is causing all this mischief.”

The poor Captain sat aghast. To be ordered so unceremoniously to make love to a woman whom he had never yet seen, was a new feature in his experience of such matters.

“Yes, sir, become acquainted with her, make love to her, and save

your friend from her. Come, Captain, will you oblige me in this small matter?"

"Small matter!" repeated the Captain, "small matter! small matter to make love to a woman I had never heard of till this day. Small matter to marry her too, I suppose?"

"No, no, not so bad as that. But you say that if that goose, Edward, should suspect her of liking any other man, he would give her up at once. Now, you are the very man. We all know your success with the ladies."

"Well," simpered Barton, "I have certainly not been unsuccessful."

"Not unsuccessful is scarcely the word," replied the knowing old gentleman, who thoroughly understood the weak point of Barton's character. "Not unsuccessful is scarcely the word, my dear sir. Everyone knows the brilliant conquests which you have achieved over the sex. Why, sir, you have broken more hearts than an Irishman has broken heads. Your life has been, in that respect, one protracted Donnybrook Fair, sir. No woman ever yet was able to resist you, you dog."

Mr. Collins twisted his face into the most insinuating expression, and poked the "dog" in the ribs.

The dog simpered again.

"I admit," said he, "that, somehow or other, few women have found me—ahem!—very disagreeable."

"Few, sir! none, sir—not one. You are the terror of all the men, sir. When you enter the field they all beat a retreat. And no wonder, sir—no wonder. What woman looks at any of them when you are in the room?"

"Ah, yes—perhaps so. Time was when such may have been the case. But I have given up all that. I am now a blighted being, Mr. Collins."

"Not you, sir! not a bit of a blight about you. Blighted, indeed! Look at yourself in the glass over the chimneypiece, and tell me that you are anything of the sort."

"I spoke of my heart, not my outward appearance. Appearances are deceptive;—

"The cheek may be tinged with a warm, sunny smile,  
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while."

"All very true, but your heart has nothing to say to this matter. You have only to bamboozle Miss What's-her-name into the belief that you admire her—that's all. You can do it in a week—in a day, if you like. You can do it in an hour if you choose it, sir."

"I am afraid you overrate my powers of pleasing," answered Barton.

But he was afraid of nothing of the kind. Thickly and coarsely as the flattery was applied, it was yet not too thick for him by the fiftieth part of an inch. It is astonishing how large a quantity of flattery human nature is capable of swallowing. The dose which produces nausea in the persons who stand by, glides smoothly down the throat

of the person to whom it is administered. We see this every day of our lives. Brown is disgusted that Jones should allow himself to be gulled by that fawning hypocrite Robinson, while Jones wonders how Smith's flummery can be palatable to that vain creature Brown. Jemima is surprised that Sophia can believe all the lies the men tell her, and Sophia is equally astonished at the simplicity of her dear friend Jemima. There are some subjects, undoubtedly, on which flattery must be skilfully applied. It will not do to tell a man who never passed the Ass's Bridge that he is as great a mathematician as Newton; or a young lady who breaks down in playing a quadrille for a dancing party, that she is as accomplished a *pianiste* as Rubenstein. Nay, it will not offend or annoy either one or the other to tell them the exact truth. The gentleman will feel neither pain nor humiliation if assured of his ignorance of Euclid; the young lady will be perfectly indifferent to the charge of her inability to play Beethoven at sight. But tell either of them of their incapacity for pleasing each other, and you will wound their self-love beyond measure. No man, be he what he may, likes to be looked on with aversion by a woman; no woman who would not feel keenly the *spretæ injuria formæ*, if the clerk who hands her a railway-ticket pronounced an unfavourable opinion of her face as it appears at the pigeon-hole of his office. Everyone, on the same principle—gentleman no less than lady—is pleased by the reverse of such a criticism. An assertion of our power of making ourselves agreeable to the eyes of the opposite sex is the most easily gulped pill in the whole *pharmacopæia* of flattery. This is true, more or less, with respect to every man and woman in the world, and is, of course, especially so with respect to such men as Captain Barton. The wholesale flattery, then, which the wily old gentleman administered, went down with the Captain as easily as his breakfast of the morning. It combined, at the same time, the soothing properties of the cigar which had succeeded that plentiful meal, and disposed him to enter heartily into the rather novel plan thus proposed for the rescue of his friend.

"Make your mind easy," said he; "I will do what I can to further your views in this matter. I won't undertake to marry her, but I am ready for anything short of it."

"My dear sir, I shall never forget your kindness. And when do you intend to commence your campaign? The sooner the better, sir—the sooner the better; there is no knowing what a day may bring forth. He may marry her to-morrow for all we could tell, and even you couldn't mend matters then."

"This moment if you like," replied the other. "It so happens I have an excellent opportunity of beginning operations, for I have an appointment with your nephew at her house. He is waiting there for me at this instant to hear the result of my interview with yourself."

"Go at once, then, my dear Captain; go at once. Lose no time; an hour's delay might ruin us for ever. Make love to her on the spot, sir; faint heart never won fair lady. You can manage the business in no time. By the way, that's a nice little property of your's down in Suffolk," added the old gentleman, *apropos* of nothing. But the ap-

parently random remark had all the real importance of a postscript in a lady's letter.

"Yes ; my poor old grandmother left it to me just in the nick of time, when I was obliged to sell out of the army. It would have been absurd to have remained in it after the disappointment I met with. A blighted being like myself sitting down to the mess-table, would be the skeleton of the old Egyptian banquet. So the poor old lady's death happened very opportunely, and left me pretty comfortable in pocket."

"You can mention all that to the woman, you see ; just drop a hint of your Suffolk estates when you are talking to her. It will facilitate matters, and make her rise to the bait much more readily. Take an old man's experience ; if you want to catch a woman, gild your hook."

The old man's experience, however, had not saved him from making a false step. Barton's vanity took fire at the insinuation of the necessity of gilding.

"I am afraid," said he, "if I cannot succeed without the accidents of money, that there is little hope of my succeeding at all."

"My dear sir, my dear sir, don't suppose for a moment ——"

"When I was a lieutenant, with little more to live on than my pay, I was not generally considered an ineligible *parti* notwithstanding."

"But, Captain ——"

"Your nephew is certainly younger than I am, and I have no doubt is a great deal better-looking ——"

"No, no, not at all ; he is as ill-looking a fellow as I know."

"Still if it is simply a question of which has the most money—if I am to be looked on merely as the proprietor of so many acres—I am afraid that I cannot consent to be placed in such a humiliating position."

"Stop, my dear sir !" gasped Mr. Collins, as his visitor rose and took up his hat. "You really are quite mistaken as to my meaning. Don't suppose that I ever dreamed that it could be necessary that you should have a shilling in the world. I would back you without a penny against the Duke of Devonshire himself, property, title and all. I would, upon my word, sir."

Barton laid down his hat.

"But you see the case stands thus. There is no time to be lost, for he may marry her to-morrow, and then the whole game would be up. Now, my dear Captain, you are not one of those flashy, superficial fellows, who have nothing underneath to recommend them. No, sir ; it was not by such empty froth that you broke so many hearts in your day."

Barton sat down.

"It might take a few days for this woman to discover the full extent of your merit, sir—the full extent of it, sir. The man's not worth knowing who can be known at a glance, sir. Now, a few days might do all the mischief, and the great object is to strike the blow at once. Bring all your forces into the field at the commencement, and crush the enemy immediately. That's the way to win a battle, sir."

By these and similar arguments, Mr. Collins smoothed down the ruffled feathers of his visitor, who shortly afterwards took his departure, with the intention of commencing operations in Albany-street without a moment's delay.

"The vain fool!" soliloquised the old gentleman, as he watched him from the window. "The vain fool! does he really think that red face of his could of itself attract any woman? I was very nearly spoiling all, though, by giving him such a broad hint about his property. Yet what could I have done? There was no use in his attempting it without her knowing that the goose was worth catching. I hope his cursed vanity won't prevent his doing what I advised him. I shouldn't wonder if it did. Well, I'll wait till to-morrow, and if I find he has not done something I'll go and see her myself. Good heavens! to think of all the trouble that young villain has given me! Watching him as a cat watches a mouse for ten years, and nearly losing my labour at the last moment. But if I ever catch him at such tricks again ——"

With this *quos ego* figure of speech we will leave Mr. Collins, as Virgil left Neptune in the tempest. What strange punishment he meditated, should he again find Seymour tripping, was a secret he kept to himself. We have no knowledge how Eurys and Notus would have fared had the god caught them repeating their tricks, and we must give our old gentleman the same privilege of mystery as the classical Old Man of the Sea. Though we know nothing, however, we may have our own suspicions on the subject. Whether Virgil entertained any as to Neptune's intentions, is a point overlooked by the Scholiasts; but we are inclined to think that Mr. Collins had not even an idea of what he himself would do under the circumstances. Such a state of ignorance, with men as well as gods, not unfrequently results in a *quos ego*.

#### A WISH.

May, whose white feet the flowers leap up to kiss,  
 Layeth her head upon the breast of June;  
 Two lovers are they, trembling with full bliss,  
     Under the quiet moon.  
 June clasps her head unto his breast;  
 His eyes burn bright above;  
 May floateth to the dreamless rest  
     Over a sea of love.  
 So may two beings mingle into one,  
 The gentler leaning trustful on the stronger,  
 Till our short month goes by, and Life's pale sun  
     Mock us no longer.

ROBERT HANNAY.

## AN ARCHERY FETE.

ON a morning in the month of June, 18—, I sat in the porch of my friend's fishing-lodge, disgusted beyond measure. The sky, the ground, and the broad sheet of open water that lay expanded before the lodge, were the colour of burnished copper. Everything in nature was idle and lazy. The beasts of the field could scarcely lash their tails at the pestering flies, the midges were too *enraged* to bite, and the ducks too hot to swim. Not a breath disturbed the waters of the lake—not a ripple dashed against the many fantastic islands that studded that inland sea. The oak, the richly-laden mountain ash, the arbutus feathered to the water's edge, rested in tranquil harmony, not a leaf moving among their varied foliage. The sweet-scented gorse and new-mown hay loaded the air with their perfume, and no envious breeze wafted the fragrance away. All nature seemed to be enjoying a siesta, and slumbered in a balmy repose.

Nothing annoys, bores, or frets a keen fisherman like a heavenly day. It is detestable!—longing to be out, yet no chance of a breeze, no possibility of fishing. What are the beauties of nature to a mind pre-occupied with imaginary encounters with silver salmon and bounding trout? Yon spectacle of two lazy boatmen in their shirt-sleeves snoring on the shore, the rods erect in the boat, and the fish sunning themselves on the glassy surface of the lake, is not a pleasant look-out for any disciple of Izaak Walton.

So I sat unhappily in my friend's porch, now and then glancing restlessly from the indifferent type and poor composition of a local journal, to the slumbering boatmen and unruffled waters. What was one to do in a fishing-lodge on a long summer's day? I made frantic efforts to take in the editorial composition of the ——— *Guardian*. It was no use, so I turned to the advertisement sheet, as not requiring much exertion of mind, and easier of digestion. Here I found the local wants set forth, *pro* and *con*. Among others—"Wanted a ladies' maid, to come on trial for a fortnight or a month; for advertiser, a single lady ——" I read the advertisement aloud for my companion—

"To do my hair; make plain dresses; wash my frills, pocket-handkerchiefs, my night-caps; to wear caps and frills; to do plain work; to go to church with me; read and write well; wait at table; make my bed, and do out her own room. Sit in my bedroom to work; go to market, and lock up provisions. Not to wear flowers; to be good-looking; not to be short or fat, and not to have red hair. To have only one trunk."

"Why she wants an elephant!" cried Harry.

"I don't give my clothes," continued I, reading; "to take care of my little dog. Wages, £10 a-year. 1lb. of tea; 2lbs. of sugar a month. To be an early riser. Honest, sober, truthful; to be good tempered. I never allow a maid to answer me."



"I can't go any further, Harry," said I; "surely that woman can't be a lady, or a Christian—going to church does her no good!"

"She must be the sister of a man I know in this neighbourhood," said Harry, "to whom I once sent a haunch of venison—more fool I; he cut it in half, boiled one end, and asked me to dinner!"

I dropt again into the study of the advertisements. Soon I was startled into raptures. Here was a find for a man dying of *ennui*—an advertisement headed, "Grand Archery Fête," duly signed by a self-constituted secretary, and setting forth great things to be done on this very day:—

"Grand match at Ballyhowley for male and female toxophilites. Prizes to be won, and a wooden spoon for the worst shot! Refreshment on a large scale! Ladies to bring substantials; gentlemen, fluids and candles. N.B.—Tallow not admitted, and no objection to champagne. A military band to be in attendance. Dancing to commence at nine o'clock," &c., &c.

"Harry, you wretch, why did you not tell me of this Archery Fête? Let us go. There is no use waiting here for clouds that will never come, and wind that will never rise."

"My dear fellow, I would rather kill one trout than go to twenty such stupid affairs. I should, in all probability, stick the cane-messenger into some elderly lady's crinoline instead of the target. Fancy dangling all day after a girl, carrying a shawl and a bundle of arrows."

"Don't sneer. Let us be off to Ballyhowley. Bring champagne, candles, and seltzer. If you shut yourself up, you will soon be as rusty as your own grate."

"So be it, then, impetuous youth!" sighed Harry. "The devil a bit I'll dance, shoot, or flirt, though you may, till you're sick of all three. Come, be off to dress. I'll superintend the candles, and order old Johnny."

The dressing was soon accomplished, the hampers packed, and a start made for the great *fête*.

"Now," said I, as old Johnny rattled along the road, "I am a stranger and you know everyone; introduce me to all the pretty girls, and never mind the *chaperons*—those I can manage myself."

Harry made great promises, and raised my hopes to the highest pitch. He enlogised this girl, then that, and entered into minute details of their probable fortunes, which I estimated by taking off two-thirds of the average, and doubting the remainder. He promised me likewise an introduction to a rich widow; and what locality has not one? A friendly word with a certain Miss Brass, who, I was assured, was one of the first girls in the country. No pride or humbug; bred and born in the provinces, educated and finished at home; a perfect specimen of the female population of the parish of Maheradernon, barony of Ballyhowley, and county of ———.

I determined to go in and win, and a very powerful determination that was to make so early in the day. This is a reflection, I am sure, the young gentlemen of the present age will perfectly coincide in: the interval between breakfast and dinner being a very flat period of one's existence, in the present used-up state of society, it is very hard work for a poor Cupidon, after the fatigues of a severe toilette, to undergo the

bustle and noise of a crowded party, or gay pic-nic, before he has had a few glasses of sherry or champagne to renovate exhausted nature. Like a violoncello that has been played on the night before, he requires to be screwed up before a second evening's performance. We have known ladies labour under the same natural depression, and indulge in bohea, gunpowder, and hyson, at five, P.M. One more candid than the rest, having finished her glass of sherry after her soup, exclaimed—

"Dear me, Mr. —, how delicious the *first* glass of sherry is at dinner!"

Johnny whirled the car up the broad avenue leading to the Castle of Ballyhowley, which fortalice had been named in the — *Guardian* as the scene of action; for though the proprietor was abroad, he had given permission for the June Archery Meeting to be here held. Through the old elms we saw the white marquees and targets displayed on the mown turf, whilst muslins and silks dotted the surface in picturesque groups. The band of the 101st Regiment encircled the music-stands, and filled the air with spirited notes, under the guidance of an excited flourisher, whilst an admiring population surrounded the whole at a respectful distance. Committing our festive contributions to some one in authority, we strolled forth among the archers.

The firing had begun, and toxophilites of either sex were paired off to each of the seven targets, presided over by umpires, who pricked down the result of the shots. A bugler stood, trumpet in hand, whose duty it was to flourish on his instrument, when an umpire shouted "Gold! gold! gold!" a cry which was taken up by the hungry population around. These plaudits were a graceful compliment to the skilled shooters, male or female, who hit the bull's-eye. It was quite beyond my comprehension to understand what marks a person got for striking the various circles of the target; but this I discovered, that the gentleman who struck the outer circle, or "petticoat," as it was called, was to get a wooden spoon—a somewhat suggestive prize.

Harry soon introduced me to a charming young lady, dressed in the most approved Robin Hood fashion, so pretty and so agreeable, that I lost my heart at once—one of the quickest transactions of the kind I ever remember. She is now married, gentle reader, and the mother of many children! No matter, we shall for ever remember the grand archery fête at Ballyhowley.

The firing of arrows, like everything else, must have an end, and that end was heralded by a last musical flourish from the trumpet, and the air of "The Roast Beef of Old England" from the band.

To the long marquee we sallied, paired off like the creatures from the Ark, and took our place at the festive board, which "groaned" beneath the hospitable contributions of the members. Pies and cold meats were the order of the day. One individual, proud of his bantling, had hung his hatchment over a rabbit-pie of portentous dimensions. The noise of eating and talking quickly filled the marquee, varied by pleasant silvery laughs from the angels in muslin, and the quick pop of the excited champagne. I invited a sylph opposite to take a glass of that delicious beverage. "She would be happy," and it so chanced that my glass was filled first with the seething fluid. She gracefully bowed, with empty glass in hand, and kindly exclaimed—

"Drink, sir; don't let it die on you!"

All was joy and mirth; the coarser food disappeared, and dessert made its appearance. The rich produce of the hot-house and melon-frames were lavishly displayed. I was struck by my *vis-a-vis*, who attacked and dispatched a whole green-flesh melon to her own "bat;" a fine preparation for a night's hard dancing.

Presently a loud tapping of spoons and forks along the table proclaimed that business required a cessation from pleasure. The chairman, a pleasant gentleman, gave "God Save the Queen," and all the honours; afterwards, in a neat speech, he presented my partner, charming girl, with a bracelet, for having won the first prize, and Mr. Slowcoach with a huge wooden spoon, for having the most pertinaciously struck the petticoat. This performance was received with great amusement by the whole company, as Mr. Slowcoach rose, received his spoon, and retreated, prize in hand, to his seat.

My fair partner's health was then drank with great enthusiasm and cheering, in which I joined the loudest of all, having been worked up to a terrible pitch of admiration for the last half hour, notwithstanding Harry's admonitory looks.

She rose—an angel—like the rosy-fingered Aurora, bright goddess of the morn, to return thanks. What a thrill passed through my frame!

"Gentlemen and ladies, unaccustomed as I am to public speaking" ('hear, hear,' from the lady opposite who ate the melon). [At this critical moment you would think her little boddice would give way under the pressure of her emotions. I encouraged her by a squeeze of my hand under cover of my napkin]—"I thank you from the bottom of my heart," gracefully placing her hand over that region (loud cheers). "My good fortune in obtaining this beautiful prize, with which you have so handsomely presented me, and which shall be dearly valued all the days of my life, has indeed been great. (Dreadful enthusiasm.) This beautiful ornament has been won by no skill of mine, but by that good fortune which I have mentioned. ('Hear, hear,' again, from the melon-eater.) [This confused my angel. Another pressure of the hand got her under weigh again]. I sincerely hope that all who have competed for this prize will not look with envy on my success. (Hear, hear, and cheers; disgust on the features of the melophagist). I hope we shall have many more such pleasant competitions. Sir, I leave the rest to be said by Mr. Slowcoach, who is to follow (hear, hear, and a laugh). I shall no longer usurp the place of the gentlemen, either here or elsewhere, mindful of the well-known equine proverb so unflattering to our sex." (Loud laughter, cheers, and much enthusiasm, amidst which the blushing Aurora sank gracefully below the horizon).

Reiterated cries for Mr. Slowcoach.

This unfortunate malefactor had sat with open mouth, and wooden spoon in hand, during my syren's song, his faculties congealed with terror. The day was hot—his forehead shone brightly. Again the cries for Mr. Slowcoach resounded. A neighbour, more familiar than humane, using a fork as a spur, started him into life. He stood erect and, spoon in hand, thus spake:—

"Sir—I mean leedies and gintlemen—(cries of 'shove along')—overcome, leedies, by the greatest emotions that can flood a man's bosom,

and by the heat of the day—overcome I say, also, by this exciting fact, that the young leedy over the way (a laugh) has spoken like a cricket (cries of ‘oh! oh!’)—arrah stop! sure I mean an angel! (Loud cheers, Aurora bowing to the compliment)—everything that I say, sur, will be as flat as a pancake after her greeceful expressions! It is not in my power to make a speech (‘so it seems,’ said the gentleman of the fork. Cries of ‘order,’ ‘silence,’ from the chair). Sur, I mean to say that the fact of my having won this spoon is no conclusive proof that I am *one*. (Loud cheers—Slowcoach encouraged). Leedies, I do not set myself up to be a first-rate Cupid, and altogether perfectly familiar with the use of the arrow; but I made a pretty good offer, anyway. (Cheers.) I assure you, leedies, I’ll go on practising, and when next I meet you, its not the petticoat I’ll be content with shooting. (Much laughter and tittering from the ladies, and an encouraging glance from the melon-eater.) Its your hearts, leedies, and not the petticoat I’ll be aiming at! (Loud cheers.) Dhrinking all your excellent healths, and more power to the Ballyhowley archers, with your kind permission, sur, I’ll give a toast, and that is—

“ ‘Here’s to the health of all the pretty girls here, and may they never want *bows*!’ ”

This toast was received with great cheering, rapping of forks and glasses, and a general exit was made to the fresh air. So terminated the feast.

It was now late, and the shades of evening began to fall; everyone wandered about either in pairs or groups, as fancy guided. It was a pleasant summer evening—how few in life we have!—the shades grew deeper, and the guests were betaking themselves to the Castle. The evening dew—parent of rheumatism, neuralgia, and tooth-ache—had warned the advanced in life to seek refuge in the drawing-rooms of Ballyhowley. The young were sauntering, flirting, but all gravitating towards the house. The stupid, insipid sets moved first; the more accomplished and agreeable followed; most probably the happiest couple last of all. Why should they who loved tenderly, fondly, seek the crowded ball-room? Why should you couple desire change? What a fool must be who, with simpering air, can approach this girl and ask—

“Are you engaged for the next dance?”

Brute! dull and unobservant! She is engaged, and for ever!

And now the room fills, and the bougies flare in sconces and chandeliers. The 101st tune up, and the company are in motion. The *chaperons* for the present have authority over their broods, and the young ladies over their emotions; but set the music once going, and an archery ball is an open mutiny. So was that of Ballyhowley.

A strange scene presented itself—fit food for contemplation. The dancing-rooms were two; folding-doors gave the passage one to the other. They might, on the present occasion, be called the north and the south rooms. Totally different inhabitants in thoughts, feelings, and manners, filled each. In the south room the fashionables of the neighbouring town of Tubbernamuddhane were assembled; in the north, the aristocratic dwellers in the county at large. The aquiline nose of the country dame turned up at the approach of a Tubbernamuddhanist. The town *retroussé* was more pugged than ever, as it strayed over the border-land into the northern apartment. The pettiest

feelings of female nature were at work ;—but these party feelings exist everywhere, and will still continue to exist. Perched on a pinnacle, you condemn, satirize, and ridicule such a state of things ; descend and live among them, sojourn in Tubbernamuddhane, and see the result. You are no better than your neighbour.

List ! The band is in action, and the rural district and its rival send forth their quota to the dance. No change in the ordinary routine. The officers of the 101st, faultlessly attired, "*comme à l'ordinaire*," are slow coaches, and the ball commences as usual with a quadrille. Aurora still below the horizon to make some change in her toilette—so I look on with the eye of an experienced hack to select good performers for partners. But, alas ! my star was not in the ascendant. The quadrille was over, and the ordinary two rounds of the room taken, before I could report progress. Harry came over and told me I must dance the next polka. This abomination was then in its vigorous youth. "Pen and ink, pen and ink, and paper—Pen and ink, pen and ink, and paper," went the band ; the well-known air—the time was marked, and advantageously so, for there were many beginners. As for myself, I could scarcely identify "God save the Queen" from the "Old One Hundredth."

"Come, Frank, dance, my man. I'll introduce you to Miss Brass—lots of tin—a good, unaffected girl ; not very fashionable, but natural in the extreme. *En avant, mon enfant*."

Taking me by the arm, I was led across the county room to a maiden in spotted muslin. There sat Miss Brass, looking keenly at all who approached, anxious for the provocation.

"May I have the pleasure, Miss Brass ——"

Miss Brass is up in a second, and puts her arm under mine. Sharp and decisive this. Suppose I was only going to ask for her poor mother ? But Miss Brass never supposed anything so absurd.

"Pen and ink, pen and ink, and paper," flourishes the band. To this air we got under weigh, and a tough job it was. The very first effort was a difficulty. I found I was sold by Mr. Harry—looked, and saw him chuckling. She was heavy. She was what young men most impertinently style "stickey." (It is good that young ladies should know how young men sometimes speak of them when they dance badly.) Miss Brass had but a faint idea of time. We revolved with difficulty, describing a circumscribed orbit. No possibility of steering when under weigh ; collisions frequent, fearful, and unavoidable. How humiliating to see light, airy couples float by, gliding with a smooth, swift impetus, in lengthened parabolæ. Miss Brass was an obstacle ; heavy as a haystack. No matter how far the arm encompassed her waist, no matter how powerful the lever, how frantic the heave and quick *glissade*, all others shot ahead. The conversation was confined to puffing and blowing ; nothing could be got out, save an extraordinary answer to a simple question prompted by curiosity.

"Were you in Dublin this year, Miss Brass ?"

"Yes (puff) ; I was at the Lord Liftinint's, at the Park (puff, puff—steam getting up). We kept it up till a mighty late hour (puff, puff, puff—high pressure), till the Botanical cocks crew in the morning" (puff, puff, puff, puff—done entirely).

I anchored, brought up in convulsions. Botanical cocks! Unfortunate Miss Brass! She knew not the difference between Zoological and Botanical Gardens.\*

Heave ahoy! under weigh once more. Good nature and very shame made me try once again. A less good-natured being would, I believe, have taken her back to her seat. My efforts availed but little; a cramp was coming in the right elbow and left leg, when Miss Brass, seeing my distress, thus apologised—

"Them other girls have a great advantage over me; they're dancing in satin, but I'm striving in leather!"

*Ohe jam satis!* We halted. This completed my first polka. Miss Brass had not changed her shoes!

Harry came up, and much enjoyed my exploit. I bowed to my partner as soon as common politeness enabled me, nor did I pass what would not have been an empty compliment, "Will you take anything?" for certain I was Amelia Brass would have taken anything.

On a board, in large letters, the word "Waltz" made its appearance, and the usual hunting for partners began. It was high time to look about if I intended to indulge in "the poetry of the dance." Like a man of business, intent on improving his position, I had watched a charming girl in blue floating round and round, making seven graceful evolutions for the one turn performed by Miss Brass. Reader, between you and I, this was none other than Aurora!

"This is our waltz, I believe, beautiful Aurora." Off we go! Oh! what a partner—what raptures! How light, how free, how easy she went; how corkey! (There again, I like to tell young ladies who dance well, how young men talk of them.) Her figure swayed gracefully—her feet twittered like swallows; and she could look at her partner, and lisp sweetly. She would never tire—no, not she. She would glide on, the most graceful of Ondines. Her dimpled chin reposed upon my left shoulder! What an epaulet! Too much tantalised, I was not content to gaze on these happy, innocent eyes, shaded by the lashes that hung so lovingly. No; for at each turn I became more hopelessly enamoured, as I watched the undulating figure and the blue gauze floating in graceful circles.

With intuitive instinct Aurora felt her conquest, and the little chin rested more confidently—when suddenly, as we sprang into the north, or "country" room, she exclaimed with a start of terror—

"Not there! not there! Here's papa!"

We hastily retreated into the south-room, and, through the open windows, stepped forth into the cool air.

I do not mean altogether to defend Aurora's prudence, but I put it to any man, woman, or child, do they not like her better than Miss Brass? Would not any one rather have her as a partner than her severer rival? I can perfectly understand an enthusiastic young man demanding here with impatience—

"Why did you not propose?"

I answer, "How do you know I did not, Mr. Slowcoach?"

\* The Zoological Gardens are close to the Viceregal Lodge, Phoenix Park.—Ed.

If a young lady was asked her opinion, she would but toss her head. The *chaperon* whose daughter is neglected, will perhaps exclaim—

“Aurora was a very forward girl!”

The evening wanes on, and the candles burn low. The night-air is sultry. No cooling breezes waft the garden perfumes through the windows, so much needed in a country ball-room in the dog-days. Behind a curtain of a large bow-window we sit. We do not ruminate, but we romance. We have not known each other sufficiently long to say those things that the heart feels, and the eyes look what the tongue dares not utter. The questions put to Aurora were very different to those of a mere quadrille partner, whose conversation consists of a languid string of insipid queries.

All joys must end, and mine was drawing to a close, for “Papa’s” car was loudly called. Papa and mamma led the way forth, I and Aurora following. Naturally I asked—

“May I call—heighho!”

A gentle, tiny pressure was the answer; a most ladylike affirmative. Somehow or other, we were so long over this extremely short conversation that the ancients were seated on the far side of the jaunting-car. As I gave my hand to assist the spring of the light and active Aurora, her mother coaxingly said—

“Fie, dear; what a flirt you are!”

To which piece of information the joyous girl replied—

“Flirting, mamma! How can you tell what we are doing?”

With a sigh I sat down on the stone steps, and cooled my love. I could not face the ball again. The “Spirit of the Ball” had fled, and “left the world to darkness and to me.”

I was not destined to reach home in safety. Johnny, our horse, was blind, Coffey, our driver, was drunk! The horse ran away, the man would not give up the reins, and the blind leading the blind, led us into a ditch—the consequence being, Harry escaped, I broke my arm, Johnny his knees, and Coffey his head.

This accident detained me in the country. The doctor from Tubbernamuddhane attended, and Aurora’s progenitors called to inquire. I returned their visits, lived out the dog-days in the garden with dear Aurora, and floated with her on the Shannon side by side. An arm in a sling was sufficient to save the labour of the oar, and somehow or other we never wanted one, for we always glided down the stream until one day we went too far to return; so we were married at Limerick. Aurora and I never regretted the ARCHERY FETE at Ballyhowley. I trust the reader will say the same.

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## THE IRISH BRIGADESMAN:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

By the Author of "*Whitefriars*," "*Manoeuvrer's Divorce*," &c.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE COURT MARTIAL.

ON the day following the discovery of Henry Luttrell's treachery, it was generally known in Limerick that a court-martial for the trial of the delinquent was assembled in the Castle.

In consequence, nearly the whole population and soldiery not actually engaged in the defence of the walls and forts, crowded round the ancient keep, agitated with wild conjectures on the result, and struck with mingled terror and fury amid a confusion of reports that yet all testified to the fact, that the dangers of the city were not confined to the operations of an external enemy, but were rather to be dreaded in the treachery and disunion of its defenders. Disunion, for it was whispered everywhere, in low, grinding accents, that although the noble Sarsfield had given up to justice the friend and partisan he had ever most cherished, a strong faction among officers of high rank, who were suspected to share his opinions, and even his treason, would probably endeavour to preserve him from the rightful doom that menaced him. It was therefore more than mere curiosity that attracted the populace and swayed tumultuously in their deliberations. A determination—not altogether unprompted—was openly avowed, to support their beloved chieftain in whatever course he might think proper to adopt, and to show the traitors who were planning opposition to his will how completely he had it in his power to enforce it.

In this light, at all events, the French general, Monsieur D'Usson, seemed to regard the popular excitement. Entering the large old gloomy council-chamber of the Castle, where the principal members of the court-martial were already met, in a fine French uniform bedizened all over with lace and ribands; with a broad-brimmed hat on his head waving all round with white feathers like an almond-tree in full blossom, and leaving an odour of some exquisite Parisian perfume behind him as he passed, the Frenchman expressed himself on the subject to the Irish commander with no little petulance.

"*Eh, comment*, Milor Lucan, I demand, what is this! A vile *canaille* menaces around us at the gates, and attempts to constrain the chastity of justice by instances for the life of a man of whom the culpability cannot be doubted, but which is alone to decide on his fate!" he exclaimed, indignantly rapping with his jewelled forefinger on a comfit-box he always carried with him. "Grand Dieu! it even throws mud at the window of my coach, which is all broken, and cannot be



repaired in this savage city, and some of the vile garbage of the markets penetrates even to my *personne* !”

And the glistening Frenchman, whose whole array was in marked contrast to the rusty, sweaty garbs of the Irish officers about him, pointed with inexpressible indignation and disgust to quite a cluster of mud which superfluously decorated the tops of his bright yellow leather boots.

“And pray, General D’Usson, what would you have me infer from all this, that you address yourself so particularly to me?” said Sarsfield, in a cold, indifferent manner, almost contemptuous in its contrast to the excitement of the Frenchman’s tone.

“*A la canaille, faut la mitraille !* I would have ordre to this—what do you call it?—this insolent *mobe*, to disperse himself; and on refusal, or hesitation even, *par la vie du roi !* I would empty every cannon’s mouth in the place upon them, in repetition of my ordre !”

“Pardon me, Monsieur; we are not so overstocked with ammunition as to waste it upon our friends. And we cannot prevent the people from taking some little interest in the affair, particularly as their own lives and safeties are concerned in it—and ought not, if we could !” replied the popular commander, well aware of his rival’s private pique in the matter.

“The people! What is the people, Milor? What is this you speak? I, for my part, serve a KING, the greatest monarch in the world, *Dieu merci* ! (and D’Usson raised his hat with a flourish, and partially bent his knee on the word). And you, Milor Lucan, do you admit you are the officer and servant of the miserable rabble that obsedes us with his clamour of an old rookery perturbed by a shot of a gun?”

“On the contrary, I am the *master* of yonder multitude quite sufficiently to engage for their perfect order and submission to whatever we shall decide upon, if we decide justly! And I can do no more, and will suffer no one else to do more, Monsieur D’Usson,” returned Sarsfield, in a tone of impatience.

“Will *suffer*, Milor Lucan! *Hein, hein!* am I not your senior in command, and the representative of—of the most greatest monarch of the world—to whom your King, le Roi Jacques—I say no more. But if you represent your King, Milor, a fugitive, an exile, dependent on the bounty of *my* King—know then that I represent the august personage of Louis Le Grand, my master, in my own, and that —”

“Why, General,” interrupted Sarsfield, carelessly, “you are surely not angry with the good Limerickers for wishing to rid you—I do not say of a *formidable* rival—who can hope to prove that with Monsieur D’Usson?—but of a most presumptuous and persevering one, which Colonel Luttrell has shown himself, to the general observation, to be, in a case where rivalry is even more intolerable to most men than either in politics or war !”

There was one present who winced like a crimped salmon at this remark, whose feelings it was certainly not intended to wound by it—the faithful captain of horse who, it was reported, had preserved General Sarsfield from an open outbreak of Luttrell’s machinations, and had safely escorted him with the prisoner into the town on the previous night, from the distant outpost, where he had succeeded in exposing and

thwarting his designs. The observation took effect however, also, where it was meant. D'Usson stared at the Irish General with a bristling expression, not unlike a hedgehog making the rencounter of a terrier too suddenly to roll up.

"Ah, ah, you jest, Milor Lucan; but *permettez moi de vous dire*, in a manner I do no permit to all person!" he exclaimed, with a tragical vehemence that nearly forced the Irish members of the court to burst out laughing. "Suffer me also to assure you, Milor Lucan," he continued, with all the natural irritation of a Frenchman assailed on such a point, "that in the contest to which you make a cynical allusion, I have yielded with little struggle to the good fortune of a concurrent whom I do not, for that reason, regard in his present deplorable position with any emotion but of the most impartial! too much engaged at all time, and particularly of late, Milor, in the service of Bellona, to concern myself very greatly in the distribution of the favours of Venus, in a country where, more than anywhere else, it seems, she confides it to the care of a blind hazard!"

"If I had thought otherwise, Monsieur D'Usson, I should have requested you rather to withdraw from this trial than to preside over it," said Sarsfield, with a smile.

"Since the magnanimity of my sentiments is confided in, I embrace you, General!" replied D'Usson, greatly soothed; and henceforth he made no further "reclamation" on the subject of the riotous assemblage of the *canaille*, whose hoarse murmurings nevertheless continued occasionally, on the opening of a door or window, to come to hearing.

The trial then proceeded in all due military form. A court was constituted, in which D'Usson was established president, and the prisoner was introduced.

Luttrell entered with even more than his customary air of jaunty self-possession; in fact, with a nonchalance and composure, under the circumstances, amounting almost to insolence. His arms were folded on his chest, his hat set audaciously on one side, and but for his compressed underlip, which he bit unconsciously till it bled, to prevent it from quivering, there was little to single him out as being at all specially concerned in the business of the assemblage. Far less so appeared the criminal than the accuser, when the latter, Sarsfield himself, rose to address the Court in discharge of the painful but necessary duty which, for special reasons, he would not devolve upon any other person. The General's first words were husky with emotion, and he spoke for some moments very little to the purpose, until regaining his firmness with an effort, he gave coherent utterance to the words that were to call down upon a man whom he had been wont to regard as a dear friend and confidant, an ignominious and dreadful doom.

But it was impossible, without sacrificing to kind and generous relentings interests which, to a patriot and soldier, were paramount to all, for Sarsfield to shun the execution of his task. It had become apparent to his clear judgment, from Mahony's revelations, not only that a plot with the most dangerous and extensive ramifications was at work to betray the Irish cause, but that the arch-conspirator had adopted a means of delusion respecting Sarsfield himself, which only his personal and visible agency could dissipate. Luttrell had always re-

presented to Mahony, that the commander was a secret accomplice in his nefarious plans ; and it might be but too probably inferred, that this poisonous figment was still more extensively diffused for mischief. In particular, it might well be supposed to be exercising a very disastrous influence in the cavalry camp, where Luttrell held a high command, and where gloom and disaffection had long been apparent among the soldiery. No means so decisive to undeceive the army on this point, as his own direct agency in bringing the sycophantic betrayer to exposure and punishment, could be devised. And accordingly Sarsfield, suppressing every weaker sentiment under the sway of this strong necessity, presented himself thus publicly as the prosecutor in the case, and by his open denunciation of the traitor, hoped to crush the more insidious hatchings of the treasons he had spawned.

Sarsfield was accustomed to address large audiences ; and not only the rude, uncritical masses of a soldiery or populace, for he had shown himself the most rational and eloquent of the few speakers in James the First's subversive Parliament, who could pretend to either quality. The one he now addressed owed him the greatest deference on many scores, and was in the habit of receiving his opinions on most matters as oracles. It was therefore plain it was an emotion reflecting honour on his own kindly nature that compelled him to falter in the fulfilment of his uncongenial office, and which ought to have deepened a sense of remorse and ignominy in the breast of him who occasioned it. But on the contrary, it was almost with a sneer as well as with a scowl that Luttrell listened to the hesitating style of the General's opening address, and watched the fluctuations of internal agitation in the shadows of his expressive countenance.

Yet, as we have said, Sarsfield speedily rallied under the support of a consciousness of right and duty in what he did. He made no attempt at oratorical display, nor even appeared to study any pedantic adherence to the formulas of legal procedure in the conduct of the case. But nevertheless it was soon apparent that the accused was clenched, in the plain terms of his denunciation, as if in the teeth of a vice, and that the concise fidelity of the narrative setting forth his treachery secured him with rivets of pure steel, infinitely stronger than any wreath of the florid rhetoric which the imaginative countrymen of Sarsfield, he himself well knew, are wont to be led away with. He confined himself to a simple narrative of the actual facts of the discovery, not from a lack of the more oratorical means of influencing the judgment of his auditory, but as a degree of yielding to the impulse of his feelings which he thought he might lawfully permit himself. If Luttrell was condemned, he determined it should be in a manner by Luttrell himself.

In pursuance of this plan, he briefly related how the Colonel had often urged upon him, but always as if of the promptings of his own mind, and despair of the fortunes of the country, the necessity of submission to the Dutch usurper, and the possibility of securing advantageous terms, in conjunction, for the entire army. His own constant, and at last angry rejection of these overtures, and the threats he had been obliged to denounce against a repetition of the suggestion, had doubtless driven the traitor on still more dishonourable and desperate

purposes. Sarsfield then detailed the circumstances of the attempt made upon his person by Luttrell, at Quin Abbey, and the manner in which it was foiled by the dexterity and devotion of Captain Mahony. In conclusion, he produced the letter found on Luttrell, and which revealed the whole plan and organization of the conspirators.

The most delicate management was necessary in this latter article of accusation, on which the principal proof depended. It was observable—and Luttrell himself gave a surly, scornful laugh as he scanned the faces of his judges on the production of the document—that several amongst them turned either very pale, or blotched all over with crimson, according as they might be more constitutionally subject to shame or fear. But with an inspiration of that nobler tact of generous spirits, Sarsfield declared, as he drew forth this damning evidence, that he attached no more faith to the list of persons therein designated as engaged to support Luttrell in his designs, than was due to his no less infamous insinuations that he himself was an abettor in the conspiracy.

The letter was read. It was in substance an acceptance on the part of the English general, Ginkell, of all the terms demanded by Luttrell, in his own behalf and on that of divers influential officers, in the task of betraying the city of Limerick, and bringing over to the allegiance of King William the Irish army embodied in the name and service of his rival. The names of these officers were specifically given, in order that the conditions of each traitor's baseness might be declared acceded to with a formality considered necessary, it appeared, to secure from their tempters the good faith these men abandoned in themselves. The decisive point against Luttrell, in the communication, lay in the fact, that the English general wound up his promises by referring the contracting traitors, for any further satisfaction they might require, to the oral agency of Colonel Luttrell, whom he certified to have received from himself, personally, the most ample powers to treat with the Irish commanders, in the name and on the behalf of his Majesty King William the Third.

The reading of this document produced a very remarkable effect among the military judges. There arose an infinite clamour from those whose names were most prominently mentioned. All were vehement in protestations of the injustice done to them, and in declarations that nothing less than the blood of the calumniator and traitor could wipe away the atrocity of deception and perfidy so multiplied; for all solemnly avowed that they knew nothing of the transaction, and that Luttrell bargained in their behalf wholly unauthorised; very possibly with a view to use these pretended promises as bribes to induce accession in his infamous projects, and to persuade the English into a belief of his possession of an extraordinary influence in the Irish army. Brigadier Clifford, who was afterwards accused of betraying the fords of the Shannon, was passionate to fury in his denunciation of Luttrell's falsehood and impudence in presuming to place his name in the list of the renegades.

The prisoner smiled sardonically during a great portion of this scene of exculpation, and he even yawned, as if at a tedious superfluity, when Mahony gave his evidence relative to the circumstances of the discovery at Quin Abbey. When called upon for his defence, he seemed quite

ready and confident, in spite of the apparently conclusive force of the accusations against him thus supported. And yet the only fact that could be considered as at all making for him throughout the proceedings was, that Ginkell's letter had not been addressed to himself, though found in his possession. The superscription was to one Mistress Mary Maguire, residing in "the Duke's lodgings, in the Castle of Limerick;" a lady whom General D'Usson, extremely disgusted, declared capable of any degree of *deshonnêteté* and *manque de devoir envers tout le monde*! By which latter phrase the ingenious Frenchman meant, as a great many other people do who use the like in various languages—Himself!

In reality the astute and desperate man, whose all was on the cast, perceived very clearly that none of the common artifices of defence were likely at all to avail him on this occasion. He adopted a bolder, and infinitely more sagacious, policy than would have occurred to a criminal of a vulgar stamp, so decisively detected. He at once, with apparent frankness, admitted his possession of the letter, and his designs to secure the person of Lord Lucan. Falling then into his usual vein of crafty adulation, he declared he was instigated altogether in the latter attempt by the most unbounded love and admiration of the heroic chief, conviction of the desperation of Irish affairs, and dread lest, Curtius-like, this noblest of the sons of Ireland should determine to throw himself, with all that remained of valuable to his country, into that gulf of ruin and despair which had yawned beneath their feet. And thus he had formed the resolution, in consequence of the failure of all other means, to save this beloved leader, even in spite of himself! He was but too well assured that no policy that had in it the least tinge of indirectness and sacrifice to expediency would ever obtain the sanction of the high-souled and inflexible hero of Ireland's most glorious struggle; and, therefore, although in the plan he formed, in the view of nailing some few planks of refuge together, amid the utter wreck of their affairs which had become inevitable in the fury of the tempest raging around them, he might be held to have failed either in patriotic resolution or in judgment, he trusted no man would ever presume to call in question his love and devotion to his chief, his wish to serve his country, and his earnest hope to preserve his dearest friends, whose names were in the paper they had perused, from the crash of the approaching catastrophe. These names he confessed he had ventured to use without the authority of their owners, with the intention of securing for them an immunity, and even recompense, the scruples of their loyal natures would have prevented them from obtaining for themselves. He boldly avowed that he purposed thus to convince the officers of the Irish army, in a manner that could not be doubted, of the clement, generous, and magnanimous disposition and attitude towards them of the great prince whom they had been taught too long to mistrust and dread as an implacable enemy and tyrant. What better terms could they possibly hope to receive, even if a more protracted resistance, and a turn of fortune not to be expected, should put them in a condition to claim the best which a beleaguered host, placed, after all, in circumstances the most desperate, could venture to demand?

For that the circumstances of the case were desperate, Luttrell employed all the resources of his powerful and skilful sophistry to force

upon the convictions of his auditory. He summed up the series of sanguinary defeats the Irish armies had sustained in the field, the certainty that no external relief could be expected for the last remnant of those shattered hosts, cooped up in a town that presented no great natural or artificial means of defence against a valiant and numerous enemy. He described the dejection of the soldiery, their destitution of arms and military munitions of every sort; the famine and pestilence already brooding over the population of the city. He declared that they were deserted and abandoned to their fate by the ungrateful prince in whose cause Ireland had suffered so much; and, in spite of Monsieur D'Usson's raised eyebrows, he insisted that they had no longer anything to hope from their French allies, and that the only object of those remaining with them was to return without dishonour to their own splendid and happy country. The means *he* had taken would have effected this object without derogation to the glory of that great sovereign with whose fame the world was filled, and who could not be expected to waste the blood and treasure of his kingdom in a task which those in whose behalf it was undertaken themselves declared unfeasible. Meanwhile they had only to throw a glance from the ramparts of the city to satisfy themselves by what a mighty force, urged on by the impulse of victory, supplied with every means of effecting its purposes, commanded by the most experienced generals, and resolute on completing their destruction, the last stronghold of Irish resistance was assailed.

Would not his judges then, pleaded the crafty betrayer, honourable men and valiant soldiers as they had all proved themselves, beyond the breath of cavil, look with indulgence on the fault of a man who, to preserve persons so dear to him as friends and fellow-sufferers in the same fallen cause, had ventured, perhaps a little beyond a doubtful line of duty, and had anticipated by a few hours what must become inevitable in that space, and most probably on terms infinitely less acceptable? Ay, indeed, far from putting him on a trial for life and honour—this audacious traitor finally dared to aver!—he ought to be placed at liberty, by a unanimous vote, and appointed to conduct to a close the negotiation he had with so much pains and peril to himself, and to none other, he alleged, set afoot. For Luttrell concluded his harangue by declaring, with the most solemn protestations, that even his attempt on the person of the General was prompted with the sole view to save him from the consequences of his absurd but obstinate determination against what had become a political and military necessity.

There was a murmur of acquiescence, even some feeble signs of applause, ventured upon among numerous members of the court-martial, when Luttrell ceased. He had urged arguments, the force of which, there was too much reason to fear, had already been found irresistible with not a few of those to whom he addressed them. He had conciliated the kindness and gratitude of many of his auditors, at the same time, by taking upon himself the whole burden of a guilt and complicity much more widely diffused in the superior grades of the Irish army. He had appealed, in the most masterly manner, to Sarsfield's reigning impulses—his trustful and placable nature, his vanity. In the picture he had drawn of the devastation and misery of the country, he suggested, even to the unfriendly D'Usson, an apology

for his treason he could appreciate, and excuses for his own well-known impatience to leave these remote and unhonoured campaigns, and return once more to the delights of the polished civilization he had been compelled to desert. He even managed to shift no slight portion of the personal dislike borne to him by the Frenchman, upon his principal accuser, Mahony, by pathetically insinuating to the latter that he also might partake of the general benefits of the pacification by aiding a friend *with whom he must still retain influence*, in the truly feminine and laudable efforts *she* was making, in conjunction with himself, to preserve their common country from the last extremities of bloodshed and devastation. By a most dexterous combination of hints, he let the tender-hearted Mahony himself understand thus, pretty clearly, that his own condemnation must entail that of an accomplice in whose fate, it was still obvious to Luttrell, he took a very undeserved interest.

Meanwhile, if in the course of this elaborate pleading, the occasional excited murmurs of the excluded populace told against Luttrell, frequent salvoes of artillery in the distance, announcing the opening of the English fire on the town, strongly supported the groundwork of his defensive allegations.

But Sarsfield showed himself equal to the dangers of the conjuncture. He discerned in the looks stolen by certain members of the court on each other, into what an insidious channel the art and eloquence of the traitor had turned the current of their hopes and fears. He rose with sudden vehemence—like a giant roused to exert faculties for a time inert—and in a few terrible sentences demolished all the hopes that Luttrell entertained, as much from his former friend's leniency as any argument he had urged in his excuse. Sarsfield declared that, as the accused had shamelessly avowed his crime, and attempted to justify it, the only conclusion his judges could arrive at, unless they desired to be considered by the entire nation, their maligned king, the soldiers and people of Limerick, partakers and sharers in his treason, must be that Colonel Henry Luttrell had incurred the full penalty of the greatest of military offences. And as, for his own part, he was resolved to suffer rather a thousand deaths than betray his duty to his king and country in any particular, in the event of their refusal to do justice in this unparalleled enormity, he would at once proclaim to the world how the case stood, and invite the co-operation of the soldiers and people to visit the retribution due to treason on every traitor to the cause of Ireland, whatever his station or office might be!

In spite of his constitutional audacity, Luttrell himself shrank from this unexpected denunciation, and for the first time exhibited marks of confusion and dismay.

"And do you in reality thirst for my blood, Sarsfield, and forget altogether what a true friend and ally I have shown myself to you on a thousand other occasions?" he ejaculated.

"Had you attempted merely my destruction, Colonel Luttrell, I would have forgiven you as freely as I now inexorably pronounce for your punishment!" returned Sarsfield; "but you strove in my person to aim a mortal blow at the heart of your country, and to suffer you to escape her justice now were to become the accomplice of a *matricide*!"

After this declaration there was no longer much hesitation in the decision of the court-martial. It was who should most satisfactorily assert his own innocence, by showing the most earnest zeal in the destruction of the avowedly guilty one. The judgment of the court was unanimous, and found Colonel Henry Luttrell guilty of a secret correspondence with the enemy, to betray the forces of his Majesty, King James the Second, contrary to his duty and allegiance as an officer in the said army and subject of the said Majesty. Whereupon the court condemned him to be shot as a traitor in the course of four-and-twenty hours. There was even one officer—certainly a hand-and-glove accomplice of Luttrell's, Captain Taaffe—who proposed that he should be shot in the back. But Sarsfield sternly negatived the proposition with the words—"No, sir, for he was never a coward!" At the same time taking the Colonel's sword, which lay on the table before the military judges, and placing it, sheath and all, across his knee, he broke it in twain, like a lily-stalk, with a single exertion of his extraordinary strength. He then strode to the window, opened it, and threw the pieces down to the excited populace in the space below, who received this symbolic announcement of the conclusion to which the court had arrived with a yell of triumphant fury.

Up to this moment Luttrell had looked on with a kind of desperate composure not without its dignity. But he now suddenly made a stride forward, clasping his hands with a spasmodic gesture of appeal—which, however, was only contrived to bring him near enough to Captain Taaffe to whisper to him in a deep, hoarse undertone—"Mind what you're about, Taaffe! for if you and the rest of you fling me over, and leave me to the want of a confessor, Sarsfield, and nobody else in the whole world, shall be my holy father; and I can promise all of you my shrieving will not be your thriving!"

"Good God, Colonel! what can I do?" exclaimed Taaffe, who looked quite aghast.

"Tell Molly Maguire to be off to Ginkell at once, and claim the promise he made me to interfere in the manner I suggested to him, in case I should be discovered."

"Mother of heaven, Colonel, don't you know that Molly is herself under arrest, and that she has told out everything!"

"What! against me?"

"Against us all! Can't you see it plainly in all he says or does, or even looks? That's why I felt called upon to propose shooting you in the back!"

"Thank you, my good friend! And the devil thank that ——— after his own heart! [We must beg the reader not to attempt filling up the blanks we have found it polite to leave in the Colonel's appreciation of the qualities of Miss Mary Maguire.] But hark you, Taaffe!" he continued, with a vengeful quickening in the eye, "you mind be careful, and tell Clifford and the rest of them what I have told you, or before I am shot, behind or before, I'll leave such a legacy for you among my executioners as shall insure you all to be torn to pieces the first time you show again to your men!"

"He won't put the sentence in execution, I am sure! An old friend like you!" groaned Taaffe.

"He will. I see it in his eye! So look to yourselves, in your turns,



my boys," said Luttrell, loudly enough for all who chose to hear. But though Sarsfield, who had now returned from the window, heard the threat as distinctly as any one, he took no notice. He calmly announced that the business of the assemblage was concluded, and ordered the prisoner to be removed, inviting the officers to remain in the town and dine with him, but with the express addition, that he *expected* none of them would leave it until the sentence was put in execution! At the same time he gave them all their *congé* until the hour named for the repast.

So many were anxious to avoid the General's scrutiny, that this latter permission was eagerly accepted, and in a few moments the council chamber was almost deserted.

Mahony was about to retire with the rest, but Sarsfield made him a sign to remain. "I want to speak with you, *Major Mahony*!" he said.

## CHAPTER V.

## MOLLY MAGUIRE.

"*Captain MAHONY*, if you please, my lord!" corrected that worthy. But Sarsfield quietly reiterated, "No, *Major Mahony*! I raise you to that rank, in which I have no doubt his Majesty will confirm you, in consideration of your inestimable services in this affair!" And he began pacing up and down the apartment, evidently awaiting, with impatience, the departure of General d'Usson, who lingered as if for some farther explanation. This proved to be the case, for meeting Sarsfield suddenly on one of his turns, "And what do you propose yourself, Milor Lucan, to do with the accomplices in the garrison of this *traître*?" he inquired.

"Why, who are they, Monsieur d'Usson?" Sarsfield returned, with a startled expression.

"There is one woman, certainly," replied the Frenchman; "and I demand of you, Milor Lucan, to leave her to me for her punishment, which I undertake shall be of the most exemplary kind."

"Why—what—would you hang her! Monsieur d'Usson?" said Sarsfield.

"Leave all to me! I shall make her repent, I assure you, her infatuation towards this man."

"You had much better take her to France with you, Monsieur d'Usson, and set out for it as soon as you think proper," said Sarsfield, with a burst of irrepressible disgust.

"I am in a good mind to that purpose, believe me, Milor, only the English ships are come up the river at this moment, I learn, and it is impossible!" said d'Usson. "But am I correct in understanding that you give me my dismissal from the town, and refuse me the authority your king and mine confer upon me, both one?"

"I refuse to suffer you to meddle with my prisoners, either in love or hate, Monsieur d'Usson," said Sarsfield. "And now draw your own inferences from the circumstance."

"I do—I will! You shall hear again from me, Milor Lucan!" and the Frenchman flew out of the apartment, evidently in an ecstasy of indignation. Mahony looked rather serious at this quarrel between the

generals, but Sarsfield only laughed. "I *want* him to be angry, and to take himself off of his own accord," he observed, quietly; "and this Briseis of ours would not be a bad occasion for a dispute, as it would not be a very creditable one for him. I'll warrant you, now, he thinks Miss Maguire is cheap enough of hanging for not preferring a monkey to a tiger! But for my part, I deem she has richly deserved the recompense she shall receive, though on other scores. If the trimming she shall get makes Monsieur mad, so much the better; he spoils all we set about with his coxcombr'y."

"What do you propose to do with Miss Mary Maguire, sir?" said Mahony, with evident anxiety.

"Not quite hang her, Major, but order her to be drummed out of the town with every circumstance of disgrace and ignominy her conduct merits," replied Sarsfield.

Mahony was silent, but his countenance worked ruefully—a circumstance not noticed by the general, who was engaged in another series of ideas. Ginkell's letter remained on the table, and he had now snatched it up, and was reperusing the contents with absorbed attention. Mahony, recovering his equilibrium, awaited the result with true military rigidity of expectation.

"Major Mahony," Sarsfield observed at last, "what should you say if in reality all the names put down in this schedule are here with the full traitorous knowledge and consent of their owners?"

"Faith, sir," the honest soldier replied, "I should say then that our game is as nearly lost as it can be played, without being so quite. But, with your Lordship's permission, I will win my grades by some soldierly service in the field, and not by bringing a rascal whom I hate to punishment. No man shall say I sold the blood of Henry Luttrell; and though I will part with my own freely as water to merit your Excellency's approbation, now I understand you are a true and faithful Irishman, I shall not prick my ears to the title of major until I have acquired it in a manner more to my taste than making carrion of a rogue like that. Meanwhile," he continued, in a voice that grew broken as he proceeded, "if I have in reality deserved some thanks of your Excellency in this affair, let me beg of you, General, as the only recompense I will accept, to release Miss—Miss—that woman, without public exposure or maltreatment of any sort!"

"Mahony, you are indeed a generous fellow! Well, I have promised her her life, and for the rest do exactly what you please with her; I make her over to you in full property. But I propose to give you a very speedy opportunity of meriting your new rank, and a much higher one; and with this view, I shall require you to return at once with all speed to your detachment at Quin Abbey, and —"

"*Mille tonnerre!* Pardon me, my lord; but have I deserved no better than to be sent out of the way of the only stirring business likely to be toward all the rest of the campaign?" exclaimed Mahony, in intense surprise and disappointment.

"You are mistaken," Sarsfield replied, with a slight smile; "the true inference to be drawn is, that you are the officer whom I can most trust for the execution of a design I have in view to counteract all these traitorous machinations. For you must learn, my brave comrade, not one of the conspirators whose names are inscribed in this letter,

deny it as they may, but has in truth entered into the agreement! Molly, who has very little of the heroine about her, no sooner learned the plot was discovered than she confessed everything, and furnished me with proofs, which I cannot doubt, of the complicity of all these persons."

"But if you send me to a distance, sir—to Quin Abbey——" murmured the staggered Mahony—

"You will only remain there until I can furnish you privately with a sufficient number of picked and trustworthy men, with whom to return and assist me in placing under arrest, at the head of their corps even, these mutinous and disaffected officers—Clifford at the fords in particular. Then if the French coxcomb will take dudgeon and leave us to ourselves, I doubt not to give as good an account of the second siege of Limerick as, with the help of God and a number of true Irishmen, I was enabled to give of the first."

Mahony's eyes sparkled with joy at the announcement of this perilous enterprise, which suited so well the daring activity of his character and ideas.

"*Ma foi*, General, I thank you for the choice you make from the bottom of my heart! There is nothing like a service of difficulty and danger to bring out a man's qualities; and I would as soon be at this work, as sit down to a good dinner when I am hungry!"

"It is a service of very delicate management, as well as of courage and enterprise; but I am satisfied, Major Mahony possesses discretion equal to his valour," said Sarsfield, smilingly; and he proceeded to open his plan of counteraction to the intrigues surrounding him, at much greater length and minuteness than it is all necessary for us to follow him in.

Such Sarsfield declared, and probably believed, to be his only object; and he is little to be blamed if impatience of the trammels and obstacles long placed on the free exercise of his military talents prompted him to measures which would certainly have resulted in placing a military dictatorship in his hands. Mahony fell into all his notions with the most cordial zeal, and the resolution and capacity he had already displayed gave assurance that he would yield a most efficient support in the project.

At the conclusion of a very lengthened interview, altogether devoted to this subject, it was arranged that Major Mahony (so we shall now style him in spite of his own modest renunciation) should set off at once to his quarters at Quin Abbey. And he was taking his departure with some lingering, as if he had yet something on his mind; which, however, was not the suggestion that occurred to Sarsfield—who added an instruction that as soon as young O'Neil arrived, he was to be forwarded at once to Limerick to his care.

"I shall have him conveyed to France out of danger's way as speedily as possible," he said; "but be particular, Mahony, that you do not suffer any of his wild horde to accompany him hither. We of the town are already on shortened rations, and both soldiers and citizens abominate these raw-boned marauders too much to behold any increase of their numbers with satisfaction. Let me see the boy, then, as speedily as may be, but not a ragamuffin of his following."

Mahony promised attention to this request, and was about to leave

the General's presence, when, making an effort to seem accidentally reminded, he stammered out—

"And your Excellency promises me—Miss Maguire shall go scot-free out of the affair?"

"You may guarantee it yourself, Major Mahony," said Sarsfield, laughingly producing a key. "Miss Maguire is in captivity in her own apartment—the late Duke's, you are aware. Go yourself and set her free. I shall be glad to be rid of her; for, upon my honour, I had no sooner promised not to hang her than she began to coquet me!"

"I—I had rather anyone else took the commission!" said Mahony, with a feverish flush breaking on his brows.

"You do not mean to say you still dread the power of Miss Molly's *beaux yeux*, as the French caperer would call them, after the manner in which she has behaved to you, and for which you take a revenge that, if she had a touch of womanhood in her, ought to give her a lifelong remorse?" returned Sarsfield; and the satirical sparkle that lighted up in his eye expressed so much, that Mahony was considerably piqued, and resolutely accepting the key—

"Indeed, no, my Lord Lucan," he said, manfully; "a woman may make a fool of any man once; but if he lets her do it twice, be sure he was ready made to her hand! I'll let any Miss Molly in the world see if Patrick Mahony is made of butter!" And he stalked very stately out of the apartment, endeavouring to convince himself and the General that he was indifferent to the encounter before him, by humming some verses of an old French chanson, as he groped his way down the dark staircases of the Castle—

"Campagnon marinier,  
Grande et pleine est la mer :  
Le flot bat au rivage.  
Il faut prendre ce bord,  
Car le vent est trop fort—  
Ne perdons point courage,  
Ne perdons point courage!"

But the worthy Major's harmonics broke into very unsteady vibrations, as he reached the hall of the Castle, at the farther end of which a sentinel paraded before a massive, iron-nailed oak door, which led, Mahony had been instructed, to a presence than which he would rather have faced the hottest English battery blazing at that moment against the town.

But Mahony dared not hesitate under the eye of this witness. He dragged himself on, produced a written authority from Sarsfield, and applying the key to the door with an affectation of official unconcern, he entered the suite of rooms occupied by his frail and inconstant betrothed, during the period of her dishonourable union with the late Lord Deputy Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnel.

Luckily there was no one in this first chamber, and Mahony strove to compose himself before proceeding farther, wiping the dews from his hot face, and endeavouring to steady his resolution, by calling to mind all his injuries from the young Hibernian Cressida whom he was now to encounter. To his great vexation, however, this retrospect seemed

only to add to his flurry, and he was almost ready to retreat and abandon the project altogether, in the dread that he should be betrayed into some exhibition of weakness, when a sound of a well-known, but now lamenting, sobbing voice, came to his hearing from beyond an arras curtain, which secluded the apartment in which he stood from the next.

"They'll murder me, Nora dear; never talk, I know they will! The General has only promised not to hang me; but if the rabble get at me—and I don't think he'll do much to prevent them—where'll be the gain? And all for trying to get them out of jeopardy of life and limb, which they're in every hour of the siege—as if it mattered to them, poor wretched devils, whether a man in London is called William or James! But I deserve it all, I own, for cheating poor Mahony; though bad as I've behaved to him, if he knew how wretchedly I am off, he would have done before now all that that skrimmaging Frenchman pretended he would do for me, and hasn't and can't!"

"Sure the inimy couldn't treat us worse, Miss Molly," said Nora; "you don't suppose the English kill the women, too, when they take a town? Do they, Miss? Laste ways, not the good-looking ones?" said Nora, with unaffected earnestness.

"I don't know, Nora, but I do know I haven't a friend left in the world, for I was obliged to tell the truth of the whole lot of them, Luttrell and all," sobbed Mistress Maguire. "Oh! if I was but once out of this, as sure as my name's what it is—and a disgrace I am to it, more's my shame, such a true, honest, Irish name as it is!—I'd go into a nunnery, and end my days digging my own grave as I dug my poor father's, the sutler-general's, before, when he took to the whiskey like a madman, all along of my goings on with the old Duke, that's dead too now, sorrow's my heart!"

And Molly renewed her lamentations with a vigour which completely carried all poor Mahony's outward defences of wrongs and resentments. He had indeed much ado to restrain himself from joining in the manifestation, as he called out in tones which he meant to sound quite severe and perfunctory, "Hullo! you prisoners, where are you? Here, now, the General has sent you a release! So put a stop to your babbling and squeaking, and be off with you wherever you like."

"Gracious Lord of Mercy! that's Mahony. I told you so!" screamed forth in frantic female accents. The arras burst open, and before the poor Major could foresee, much less avoid the climax, Molly Maguire had rushed through the separating folds, and cast herself, with outstretched arms, upon his neck, shrieking hysterically, "It is, it is, my kind, my brave, my *thru*, *thru* Mahony!"

As, after this ebullition, Molly took the additional precaution of fainting, it was not possible for Mahony to disembarass himself at once of her perilous propinquity. But nothing could exceed the alarm depicted in the countenance of this tried soldier, on finding himself staggering across the chamber to a couch with the fair burden in his arms, while Nora wept and sobbed, and declared that her poor lady was "fairly kilt at last with the grief," and that there was nothing more to do than to "see to get her put dacently under the turf!"

An ample allowance of sod would have been necessary for this purpose. Molly was by no means of the type which the degenerate refinement of modern ideas accepts as the standard of female beauty. She

was almost a youthful giantess in stature, and was a perfect specimen of that untamed, luxurious, energetically-developed Irish beauty, which is fast becoming traditionary—large, full, sensuous at all points. But among a people devoted admirers of physical as well as mental qualities of a striking and pleasurable character, the peachy glow of her rich, rounded cheeks; the revelling light in her black, laughter-loving eyes; her spacious, white, wavy bosom; her wontedly lively wit and reckless audacity of animal spirits, fully entitled Molly Maguire to the reputation she enjoyed among her countrymen for personal irresistibility.

Molly was also famous for the gorgeousness of the costumes in which she indulged. In fact, it was chiefly through a fondness for dress and decoration, amounting to infatuation, and his ability to gratify her ambition in this respect, that the Duke of Tyrconnel had found means to urge his suit so successfully.

But Molly was at present in great dishabille, as became a person in her disastrous turn of fortune. Not altogether, indeed, on so philosophical a principle of the fitness of things, for the truth was she had packed up most of her valuables, in readiness for any opening at an escape that might offer. We believe, but are not certain, she had even forgotten to put on her hoop, then, as now, a most essential part of female costume.

We will not dwell much on the scene that followed between these quondam lovers, even though we feel particularly desirous to urge upon the reader some good apology for the weakness our friend Mahony betrayed in the conjuncture. For this unworthy charmer succeeded at last in inducing him to relent so far from the just indignation of his wrongs and well-founded dread of her ascendancy, as to win from him a promise that he would afford her his protection out of her present difficulties, and do all in his power in other respects to save her from the consequences of her errors. It is true Molly managed to persuade him—and there was the echo of the late uproarious mob still dinning in his ears to support her arguments—that if he abandoned her in the town she should never be able to quit it alive. The populace was furious with the part she had taken in Luttrell's conspiracy, who, she protested, had made her the unwitting agent of his treasons, under pretence of procuring her a pass from the English generals to leave the town. They would tear her to pieces the moment she appeared in the streets, she was sure, or at least mob and ill-use her, so that she should die of the fright if of nothing else. Whereas, she declared, her sole desire was to get away home to Galway, among her friends and relations there, that she might spend the rest of her days—they should not be many!—lamenting the unhandsome manner she had behaved to her first, and, after all, her only real love—her dear, kind, honest, faithful Mahony! Now, Quin Abbey, it could not be denied, was on the way to Galway; and Molly backed her entreaties, that he would at least afford her his escort so far, with such an artillery of tears, sobs, smiles, clinging embraces, and lamentations over her hard fate—such declarations of total indifference to the approaching consummation of Luttrell's, who had never been anything to her but a vain tempter!—such terrible assurances, that if Mahony denied her his protection she should be obliged to fling herself on Monsieur D'Usson's, who had already repeatedly offered it to

her; that — In short, our poor Mahony was, as we have stated previously, of the most Irish blood possible—open as the skies to the sun to all the witching influences of the sex—fashioned of “most penetrable stuff” by nature, and now permeated with such a glow of rekindled tenderness and pity in the repentance and caresses of his Eve, that all his resolutions melted away in his bosom, and he came to the legitimate conclusion at last, that it would be the most unmanly, unchivalrous, unforgiving, un-Irish thing in the world, to refuse this poor woman the little favour she demanded, under circumstances so disastrous. He himself, of course, no longer cared for her otherwise than as a deserted, unhappy female, whose misfortunes were almost as great as her errors, while the remembrance of the latter must for ever secure him from all danger of her regaining any perilous influence in his heart. To say all briefly, Mahony was almost as much in love as ever with his buxom Helen, and knew it no more than his boots.

Accordingly when the Major took his departure from the besieged city, into which, by-the-bye, bombshells were now beginning to fall pretty freely, one bursting almost under his horse's feet as he mounted it at an inn-door, he was accompanied not only by his original party of dragoons, but also by two women, in an old creaking gilded coach, belonging to the late Viceroy, which was loaded all over in every imaginable hank and hold with the most valuable portions of the effects Molly Maguire had acquired in her brief but lucrative ascendancy. And this noticeable passage she ventured on in spite of Mahony's entreaties, and her own apprehensions of the recognition and indignation of the people.

The Limerickers were, however, at present satisfied with the expected sacrifice of the principal in the conspiracy. Or perhaps the safe and almost unobserved transit of Molly Maguire through the city was due to the fact that the streets were cleared of all who had not some special business in them, by Sarsfield's orders, to prevent unnecessary confusion at the beginning of the bombardment. Several lanes of straw-thatched huts they were obliged to pass were besides already in flames, and the inhabitants sufficiently engaged in endeavours to rescue some portion of their miserable household goods from the destruction.

But had there been any danger from the populace, the gallant Mahony was at hand to prevent it; though it must be confessed that in the interval of reflection afforded him while Molly completed her preparations for travel, all his apprehensions returned, mingled with a great deal of very painful self-judgment and condemnation. It was quite wonderful indeed to Mahony, when restored for a few moments to his sober senses, to consider by what sorcery he had been subdued to so incomprehensible a weakness, and surrender of all the privileges to which his position as an injured and jilted lover entitled him. And he was terrified at the notion of what might possibly yet befall him if he suffered these chains, thrown so marvellously over him again, to become riveted. The disgraceful dereliction of honour and principle involved in any species of compromise with Molly Maguire, struck the brave Mahony in a thousand disastrous and ignominious aspects. All these reflections made him melancholy, and he was very far from reciprocating Miss Maguire's amiability on their departure, and absolutely refused her invitation to join herself and Nora in their coach. Molly jeered at times

to her attendant—"Did you ever see such a 'pragmatical ass,' as the Duke and Anthony Hamilton used to call such fellows out of the play-books?" she observed.

And still the vehicle lumbered on with its guard of dragoons, Mahony slinking at some distance in the rear, absorbed in a most uncomfortable reverie—which nevertheless occasionally presented so ludicrous a version of the entire affair to him, that he could scarce forbear laughing at himself—until about two-thirds of the distance to Quin Abbey had been happily traversed. And hereabouts it was that the keen military observation of Mahony was suddenly roused by the apparition of a considerable moving body approaching across the extensive bog in which Sarsfield's horse had nearly sunk on the previous night. A glance satisfied the Major that this advance pretended at least to some degree of martial array, the main division being preceded by pioneers who sounded the bog with the aid of long poles, and shouted and signalled directions to their followers.

The mass was, however, too distant for any clear estimation, and Mahony was excessively puzzled as he gazed to understand who or what this approaching band could be. He knew of no Irish force that could possibly be expected in the direction they were going, and he was convinced his outposts at Quin Abbey could not have been broken in by an enemy without his having encountered some fugitive, or other sign of disaster on the way. Moreover, as he gazed, his disciplined instinct informed him that it was certainly no regularly-organized military force that was approaching. He discerned no appearance of uniform, no colours; and the weapons he speedily recognised for clubs and scythe-blades from their bulk and gleam. The thought then struck him that this must be some of the disorderly, broken levies that now traversed the country in all directions, ravaging without restraint; and next it occurred to him that it was most probably the O'Neil clan, broken loose with hunger and desperation from the cantonment he had assigned it in the village of Quin.

Desiring the coach to halt, and assuring Molly, who looked very sulky at him now, and her maid, who already began to scream, that it was only a measure of precaution, Mahony rode forward, with some troopers, to reconnoitre.

Almost the moment he was out of hearing, the lady tinkled a little bell that hung in the vehicle for the purpose, and a man in the late Viceroy's royal scarlet livery, who officiated as a running footman beside the coach, came up, respectfully touching his cocked hat, for orders.

"Now's your time, Taafe!" said Miss Maguire. "He has'nt got eyes in the back of his wig, and is too stiff in the neck to turn suddenly; so just you slip your ways off to the English camp, and tell Ginkell what they are going to do to his friend. If he can't save him, I can't; but I have done my best for him, and nobody can say Molly Maguire's the woman to desert a friend in need. And mind you tell Luttrell that I shall expect him to marry me if he is'nt shot, as he has promised me hundreds and hundreds of times. And so good bye, and God bless you, my boy!"

Captain Taafe, for it was that worthy, disguised in what was perhaps a more suitable costume for him than those he usually wore, eagerly responded—



"I was just thinking I saw the opportunity myself, and I'll be off like a shot—I hope with no company of the same sort after me! But be faithful to the poor Colonel, Molly, at least till you hear whether he is to be carbonadoed or not—what will he say when he hears you have gone off with Captain Mahony?"

Molly laughed. "There's nothing like keeping two strings to your bow, is there, Taafe? If Luttrell's shot, I shall have Mahony to fall back upon, poor fellow! though if he won't marry me, I'll have nothing to say to him either. And as I've plenty of money now to enjoy myself on, I don't see why I should not make myself an honest woman again, since it's done so easily, you understand!"

"You'll do more for yourself than all the saints could for you, Molly dear, then!" thought Captain Taaffe; but he said aloud, "There's one thing, Miss Maguire; couldn't you worm out what on earth all that whispering was about between Sarsfield and this buckram commander of yours? You might discover something to the purpose, and send word to Ginkell; for you may depend upon it Mahony will never dream of marrying you, and if Luttrell lives and succeeds in his project to take over the army to King William, he's to be made a peer, and his services and yours together may make you a duchess *de facto* yet! *De jure* you've been one already, you know, my dear girl!"

"Oh, don't bother me with your Latin; that's the difference between the two kings, isn't it? But it must be a mighty great one, too; for they used only to laugh at me when they called me 'Duchess Dick!' Well, I'll try what I can do; I've fished for tittlebats before now, Taafe, jewel! But, now, who's that Mahony's gabbling with yonder? Odds fish! as the Duke used to say, what a handsome, handsome boy!"

And, putting herself nearly half-way out of the coach-window in the eagerness of her curiosity, Mistress Maguire watched, with undissembled admiration glowing in her large black eyes, the nearer approach of a group which had for some time been tending towards her vehicle, among whom was a tall and almost beardless youth, whose other personal attributes more than justified the rapturous repetition of the epithet her appreciating judgment had applied. But as this "handsome, handsome boy!" is our hero, and the hero of some of the most famous warlike achievements of the illustrious Irish Brigade, not to mention the remarkable love story in which he figures so conspicuously, in no less unlikely a place than the records of the Spanish Inquisition at the commencement of the eighteenth century, we think it but due to the position of Phoenix O'Neil to bestow upon his *entrée* into our tale the honours of a new chapter.

## SIBERIA.\*

WE have here an account of seven years' rambling over a portion of our globe hitherto almost unknown to Europeans. It is an interesting evidence of an Englishman's ardour in the pursuit of a favourite occupation, for it appears that the author spent these years, and ran a good deal of risk, not to speak of his labour and pecuniary expenses, for the purpose of filling his portfolio with landscapes; and for this he extended his rambles from the boundary of Europe to the Eastern end of the Baikal, and into the Chinese territory, travelling over the Steppes on horseback, and bivouacking at times on the open plain, at times under a rock beside some lake, and more frequently lodging in the *Yourt* of some Kirghis chief; voyaging in boats or on rafts down rivers or along lakes, where the precipices rose sheer above the vessel, and where a sudden blast would be certain shipwreck; or driving four or six horses over rugged or marshy roads, in a species of box upon wheels, which was constantly sticking in the mud, and occasionally upsetting. He travelled altogether not less than 40,000 miles in these various ways, and he appears to have filled to some purpose a portfolio, which, we confess, we should be very glad to examine; for his volume contains views of scenery unsurpassed for grandeur and wild beauty—mountains "cleft abrupt in precipice," torrents roaring through magnificent gorges, primeval forests of dark pine trees, beneath whose foliage spreads a carpet of verdure, studded with beds of geraniums and clusters of magnificent peonies. Such are the features of some portions of the lands traversed by the author, while the almost boundless Steppes, covered with grass and flowers, and diversified with strange sandy tracts and salt lakes, surrounded by reeds so high that the horseman in vain tries to obtain a glimpse of the water which he knows is close to him, are not less novel and interesting.

We shall here extract the account of some features of scenery, which can only be depicted in words; and first, that of a tempest seen from the summit of Blagodats, a mountain in the Oural range, having on its peak a small chapel erected to the memory of a Vogul chief, who reigned in the name of Tchumpin, and who was sacrificed and burnt on these metallic rocks by his ferocious countrymen, as a reward for having made known to the Russians the mines of magnetic iron ore. Atkinson, while sketching on the mountain, observed the coming storm, and, placing his papers in the chapel, he says:—

"I proceeded to the edge of the rocks, where I perceived that the storm had in its progress obscured the Oural chain in a thick black mass of clouds, tinged with red, from which the lightning leapt forth in wrathful flashes. I watched its onward course with intense anxiety, feeling certain that Blagodats would soon be enveloped in this fearful vapour. For a few minutes a great dread came over me, knowing that I was standing alone on a huge

"Oriental and Western Siberia." By T. W. Atkinson. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1858.

mass of magnetic iron, far above the surrounding country. The thunder echoed among the distant hills, until at length it became one continued roll, every few minutes bringing the storm nearer. The Zavod was obscured by these dark and dreadful clouds, completely isolating me from the human race. In the valley beneath, where I had left my friends, the vapour appeared billowing and swelling up in huge surges, and in great commotion. I could also hear the wind roaring over the forest; then came a blast which forced me to cling to the monument of Tchumpin, and made the little chapel tremble to its base. The cold gust of wind was instantly followed by a terrific flash of lightning, which struck the rock below me, and tinged everything with red; at the same moment a crash of thunder, at first like the discharge of a brigade, burst into a tremendous roar, which shook the rocks beneath my feet. The rain now rushed down in torrents, from which even the little chapel did not afford me protection—for through its roof the water poured in streams. This was a truly sublime and awful scene—the lightning and thunder were incessant; indeed I saw the rocks struck several times. The storm undoubtedly revolved round the mountain, no unfit accompaniment to the dreadful sacrifice once offered on its summit.”

This was grand indeed to witness; but here we extract an account of one in which the whole party appear to have been in some danger, although the grandeur of the strife of the elements must have been appreciated by the writer; and it would be almost worth encountering the danger to witness such a storm as he here describes:—

“My tent was pitched against the trunks of three large larch trees growing close together, the foliage so thick overhead that the men said no rain could penetrate. In front of the tent a huge fire was burning brightly, and close by were other fine trees, which afforded shelter to my men, who had spread their saddle-cloths ready for their night's sleep. Within ten paces of our fire the Koksa ran over large rocks, making a great roar. The red glare from the blaze gave a warm tone to the trunks and branches, and rather a bandit character to our party.

“Having written up my journal, and placed my arms where they would be secure from wet during the storm, which I was certain would visit us, I turned down on my bearskin, and was soon sound asleep—but this did not last long. Before eleven o'clock I was startled by a tremendous clap of thunder, which caused me to sit up and look round—the rest were sleeping soundly. The rain was pouring down, and came through my tent like water from a garden-engine. Everything was wet. I had only sat up a few minutes when a second crash came, followed by others in quick succession. Our fire was nearly extinguished by the torrents of falling water—it could scarcely be called rain—and between each flash of lightning it was utter darkness. I lay down again, trying to secure myself from the wet, and listened to the approaching storm. The noise of the river was lost in the roaring of the wind through the forest. Those who have never heard this sound cannot form any idea of its power and awful effect. It comes rushing up these mountain valleys like a hurricane, wrenching off branches, and uprooting mighty trees in its course.

“I now began counting the time between the flash and the report, and found that the storm was coming on like a locomotive-engine. When I could only count six after the flash, the bellowing was fearful. Every flash came nearer, the storm was soon directly over us, the lightning and the report simultaneous. It was awfully grand—a thick darkness at one moment; the next a blaze of light the eye could not look upon; at the same instant a terrific crash. The clouds appeared hanging on the trees in a black mass, while all around was enveloped in a dense fog. Much as I like to see a thunder-storm, this made me fear its dreadful effects, more especially after seeing so many larches

shivered during our day's ride. To remove was impossible—we must remain, and trust in Providence for protection. In about half an hour the storm passed off towards the mountains, among which it echoed with fearful grandeur.

“Soon, however, it was returning, when I marked the time between the flash and report with intense anxiety. Each few minutes brought those dreadful clouds nearer, until they were again directly over us, and the storm once more raged with all its fury. The lightning appeared to come from the tops of the trees, tinging the forest and all around with a pale blue light. This caused every man to sit up. The Russians were crossing themselves; but the Kalmucks sat smoking their short pipes, perfectly calm. It was only when two of the horses broke loose that these men showed the slightest emotion; they then sprang up and secured the poor beasts while they stood trembling with fear. The flashes were now incessant—thick streams appeared darting through the branches, and the thunder positively shook the ground. I could feel it tremble with each crash. So long as memory lasts I shall never forget the effect of this fearful night.”

These regions are subject, during some seasons, to the sudden visits of a species of storm called *Bourans*, which would have for a European the charm of peculiar novelty. It is a hurricane of driving snow, almost as fine as flour, in which if the incautious traveller should open his mouth, he may find much difficulty in closing it, and will be almost suffocated by the snow-dust, as we may call it.

“One fine Sunday morning, the director of the works at Zmeinogorsk went to the church, which is situated about one hundred and fifty paces from the door of the house, and remained there during service, which is usually over in less than two hours. While the congregation were solemnly engaged in their religious duties, some foul fiend in the storm department was not less actively occupied in blowing up a *Bouran*, in which piece of mischief he was pre-eminently successful; for when the congregation left the church they were met at the entrance by this terrible blast, with its clouds of snow almost as fine as flour. From the church-gate the director turned to the left, direct for his own house, when he was whirled around, blinded, and twisted about to such a degree, that he could not even find the building, which is not a small one. At last, after being blown by the wind first in one direction, and then in another, he was driven up against a cottage, and succeeded in finding the door. On entering he discovered that he had wandered nearly a verst from his home, but was compelled to wait till the wind moderated.”

This gentleman told Atkinson that he had seen a Cossack, who had been overtaken one night in a *Bouran*, frozen to death in his sledge, his horse being also frozen. It was difficult, he said, to believe them dead, and that when he looked at them from a few paces distant, he every moment expected to see the man shake the reins, and the horse spring forward.

The author was caught in the Altai in a tempest, in which, not being able to see their way, his party came pretty close to a dangerous precipice; and he gives us an account of his being overtaken by a storm in the Steppe, which rendered it very difficult to discover the *aoul* of the chief with whom he was then staying.

Among the perils of all wild or thinly-populated countries are the at-

tacks of wild beasts, and here they are not wanting. In the Oural, bears are by no means scarce, and, as a necessary consequence, the successful destroyer of these animals is held in honour by his countrymen. Atkinson speaks of the courage and daring of the Siberian peasants, and introduces the reader to one of the softer sex, unsurpassed, as he says, by either Kalmuck or Cossack. Her name is Anna Petrovna.

"Her fame has spread far from the scenes of her conflicts with Bruin, who has not in the wide range of Siberia a more intrepid or dangerous enemy. At this time she was about thirty-two years of age, neither tall nor stout, but her step was firm, and she was strong and active. Her countenance was soft and pleasing; indeed there was nothing in her appearance that indicated her extraordinary intrepidity. It is true she came of a good stock, her father and brothers being famous hunters. I was informed that in very early life she had displayed a love for the chase; and having been taught how to use the rifle, many wolves and other animals had fallen by her hand. Each time that bearskins were brought home by the different members of her family, her desire increased to add one to her other spoils. Without breathing a word to any one, and with this object in view, she set out on a sporting ramble, the conversations of the family having afforded a sufficient indication of the course she ought to take.

"One day a large black bear had been seen by one of her brothers, when ranging the forest with his pea-rifle in quest of smaller game. This was spoken of in her presence, and the plan of campaign arranged, to be carried into effect in a day or two. The next morning, long before any member of the household was stirring, she had put on her hunting-gear, saddled a horse, slung her rifle over her shoulder, and ridden away. Anna was so erratic in her movements, that her absence caused no uneasiness, and before day dawned she was many versts from the cottage. Early in the morning she reached the forest, and secured her horse, so that he might feed while she penetrated the thick and tangled wood before her.

"There was a heavy dew on the grass in the open glades, and she observed that Bruin was taking his morning ramble, his track being quite fresh. Looking to the priming of her rifle, and adding powder from her flask, she went on with a firm step. The bear had made many turnings on his march, but she followed him with all the sagacity of a bloodhound, and never once lost his trail. Hour after hour passed, however, and she had not caught a glimpse of him. As it threatened to be a long chase, Anna had recourse to her little bag, sat down by a small stream, and made her breakfast on a piece of rye-bread, washed down with a draught of the pure liquid flowing at her feet. Having ended her frugal meal, she shouldered her rifle and again pushed on. She had another long and fruitless walk. Satisfied, however, that she was on his track, she pursued it till she arrived at a bed of high plants, that included the giant fennel, of the flowers of which the bears are very fond. While proceeding along the edge of this bed, a fresh indication, well-known to hunters, assured her that the long-sought game was at hand. As she was creeping cautiously forward, out rushed the bear, with a loud growl, about twenty yards in front. Quickly she threw forward the prongs of her rifle, dropped on her knee, and got a good sight—the animal staring at her, almost motionless. She now touched the trigger, then followed a flash, a savage growl succeeded, then a struggle for a minute or two, and her wish was accomplished—the bear lay dead!

"After taking off his skin, she started in search of her horse, which she found at no great distance; for she had been brought back nearly to the same spot where she had commenced the chase. She was shortly on her way home, and astonished her family, on her entrance to the cottage, by throwing

the skin on the floor. Since this time Anna Petrovnaia has engaged with, and killed, *sixteen bears*."

The following is a curious proof of the cunning of these beasts, and was related by a hunter in Oriental Siberia, who, in company with two others, was bear-hunting. Two of the party pursued one bear, and the narrator of the story followed a third, which escaped him in the dusk: he then returned to the camp, but his friends had not arrived, and he ate his supper, and, piling up the fire, went to sleep. He was wakened by something near him, and turning his head, observed a large bear going down the bank to the stream:—

"He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Bruin was going for water to put the fire out, then intending to devour his victim. It was the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, which was at hand, and wait for his return. Presently he was heard in the water, was watched ascending the bank, and when fairly in the light of the fire, he received a bullet that rolled him down the bank dead. It is a fact well known, that the bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water, saturate his fur, then return, put out the fire, and devour his victim at his leisure."

We extract a somewhat amusing anecdote of a friendly Bruin, who appears to have liked a little play with children, though a different playfellow would, we confess, appear to us more desirable, unless a guarantee against the effects of anger could be obtained:—

"Two children, one four and the other six years old, rambled away from their friends, who were hay-making. They had gone from one thicket to another gathering fruit. At last they came near a bear lying on the grass, and without the slightest apprehension went up to him. He looked at them steadily, without moving; at length they began playing with him, and mounted upon his back, which he submitted to in perfect good-humour. In short, both seemed inclined to be pleased with each other; indeed the children were delighted with their new playfellow. The parents, missing the truants, followed on their track. They were not long in searching out the spot, when, to their dismay, they beheld one child sitting on the bear's back, and the other feeding him with fruit! They called quickly, when the children ran to their friends, and Bruin, apparently not liking the interruption, went away into the forest."

To the great relief of the parents we can have no doubt.

In the region of the Altai a tiger is occasionally killed; but these beasts are not recognised inhabitants of the country, being emigrants from India or Cabul, who are never allowed to form a permanent settlement in these more northern regions. On the Steppes of Mongolia are numerous herds of wolves, and we here extract the account of a night's entertainment which they afforded to our friend; and though their chief design, which appears to have been to relieve him from the trouble of looking after his horses in future, was frustrated by his vigorous measures, yet they must have kept him pretty fully employed during the night, in a manner more exciting than agreeable—

"It was a beautiful night, the sky covered with brilliant stars, and not a

sound heard save the crackling of our fire. The horses had been so secured that they could not stray far away. All hands were lying down, some even asleep, when suddenly we heard howling at a distance. The Kalmucks and Kalkas sat up in an instant—it was a pack of wolves following our track, and a distant howl every now and then told us that they were approaching. The men started up, collected the horses, and secured them on a spot between us and the lake. We had five rifles, and my double-barrelled gun, which I loaded with ball, at the service of these rapacious scoundrels, should they venture to come within reach, which the Kalkas thought certain, as they commit great ravages among their cattle frequently. Our fire was nearly out, but it was thought better that we should receive the robbers in the dark, or let them come quite near before a light was shown, when we should be able to see them, and, at a signal, pour in a volley. Again we heard them nearer, evidently in full scent of their game, and all lay ready on the ground watching their approach. It was not long before we could hear their feet beat on the ground as they galloped towards us. In a very few minutes the troop came up and gave a savage howl. The men now placed some dry bushes on the fire, and blew it up into a bright flame, which sent its red glare far beyond us, disclosing their ears and tails erect, and their eyes flashing fire. At this instant I gave a signal, and our volley was poured in with deadly effect. The horrible howling which they set up declared that mischief had been done. We did not move to collect our game—that might be done in the morning. Our pieces were reloaded as quickly as possible, as the Kalkas warned us that the wolves would return. We could hear them snarling, and some of the wounded howling, but too far away for us to risk a shot. The fire was let down, and we remained perfectly quiet.

“We were not long left in ignorance as to their intentions. Shortly there was a great commotion among the horses, when we discovered that the pack had divided and were stealing up to our animals on each side, between us and the water. The Kalkas and Kalmucks rushed up to our steeds, uttering loud shouts, and this drove the wolves back. It was now necessary to guard our horses on three sides, as we could hear the savage brutes quite near, and the men anticipated that they would make a rush, cause the animals to break loose, and then hunt them down. If this happened we should be left without horses in the morning, as those that were not killed would be scattered far over the Steppe. A Cossack and a Kalmuck turned to guard the approaches on each side, and I remained watching the front. The fire was now lighted, and kept in a constant blaze by the Kalkas adding small bushes, and this enabled us to see as well as to hear our savage enemies. Presently I discerned their glaring eyeballs moving to and fro, nearer and nearer; then I could distinguish their grisly forms pushing each other on. At this moment the rifles cracked to my right, and the fire sent up a bright light, which enabled me to make sure of one fellow as he turned his side toward me. I sent the second ball into the pack, and more than one must have been wounded, by the howling which arose in that direction. The other men had fired, I did not doubt, with equal effect. In a few minutes the growling ceased and all was still, excepting the snorting of some of the horses. Both Kalkas and Kalmucks assured me that the wolves would make another attack, and said that no one must sleep on his post.”

After waiting a good while, howling was heard in the distance, and at length one of the Kalmucks informed them that another pack of wolves was coming. When they approached nearer, these who had been keeping guard over them quietly, began to growl; presently the other wolves came up, and there was a great commotion, and furious snarling

aud growling. However they were prevented by darkness from seeing anything of the battle, and presently beat off the wolves, eight of whom they had the pleasure of skinning next morning.

There is much game in the region of the Altai, and many geese and ducks on the lakes in the Steppes; and it may surprise some readers to learn that the woods on the Oural mountains swarm with mosquitos, so as in some places to have interfered greatly with the author's sketching.

We are given a good deal of information on the subject of the mines, and the various factories and smelting-works, as well as the works for cutting and working precious stones, and also those for the manufacture of arms. These are mostly in the hands of the Imperial Government, but some are private property. We shall here extract the description of Nijne Tagilsk, a Zavod or smelting-village on the property of the Demidoffs:—

“Nijne Tagilsk, the principal Zavod of the Demidoff family, is a large town, with a population of about 25,000 souls, and stands in a picturesque situation in the valley of the river Tagil, comprising many elegant buildings of brick and stone. Among them is a fine church, containing some beautiful paintings; also a splendid edifice of large dimensions, in which the administration of the mines is carried on; capacious and well-conducted hospitals for the workmen; large and excellent schools for the education of youths and younger children; vast warehouses for copper, iron, and other materials, with corn, flour, groceries, clothing, and everything required for the population; good and spacious houses for the directors and chief managers, and very comfortable dwellings for the workmen and their families.

“The smelting-furnaces, forges, &c., are on a magnificent scale, and Anatole Demidoff spares no expense in educating any young men of his Zavods who show talent for geology, mineralogy, or mechanics. He has sent several to England and France, allowing them ample means and opportunity to study, and he has even given some their *freedom*, and many of his people have become wealthy.”

The quantity of iron and copper in these mines is inexhaustible. We are told of one mass of magnetic iron ore four hundred feet in length and eighty feet in thickness. At Tagilsk was found the celebrated mass of malachite, calculated to weigh 720,000 pounds, worth about £170,000. On this vast estate of the Demidoffs, containing 3,095,700 acres, are to be found iron, copper, platinum, gold, malachite, porphyry, and jasper, all in great abundance, while timber, for the use of the smelting, &c., is plenty on the estate. Those who have seen the magnificent malachite doors in the Exhibition of 1851 may have some idea of what this estate produces; and we have abundant evidence that the working of this as well as other valuable mineral wealth can be successfully carried on in Siberia. Where such vast resources are at hand, and where immense wealth can be applied to develop them, it is not wonderful that successful results should be obtained. But let us remember, that nearly all the works in Siberia are carried on by serfs, who are as absolutely slaves as the negroes in Carolina or Tennessee. These men are brought from their birthplaces, (*homes* would be a misnomer), and are placed in the works, where they are forced to become expert by the old-fashioned stick-training, and are



rewarded with a diet of black bread and *quass*, together with wages in money amounting to eleven pence per month for the mere labourer, and a larger sum for the skilful tradesman, who, if he evince uncommon ability or talent, may receive three shillings and eightpence per month. Many of these Zavods are under the direction of English, French, and German engineers, but the Imperial works are generally under Russian officers; and we recommend to Mr. Charles Dickens, and other admirers of the superior management of that nation, which they say knows *how to do it*, the account of some works at Ekaterineburg, which the author says would ruin any firm less wealthy than his Majesty, who appears not to be quite proof against the imposition or corruption of his officers.

We should also remember that the development of these sources of mineral wealth would have been much more difficult, if not wholly impracticable, were it not for the inventions and contrivances of men whose genius expanded under liberal institutions, and whose machines and systems of working have been employed by a nation which can imitate more effectually than originate. The Russian government have fostered private enterprise here, as elsewhere, but it seems to us that, without more liberal institutions, it will not be possible for the nation to progress, or even to increase in wealth, very much.

We confess we felt some regret that there was not a free population in a country such as is described here, as well as in the region of the Altai, where the mineral wealth is equally great, and the soil is most fertile. In this region General Anossoff conducted his experiments upon steel to a most satisfactory issue, having succeeded in producing Damask sword-blades fully equal, if not superior, to the best known. He was director of works at Zlataoust in the Oural, and afterwards superintendent of the Altai, in the capital of which region he perfected an art which the *wise* Russian government have since found out *how not to do*.

Civilization has penetrated to these remote regions; for in Barnaoul, the capital of the Altai, Atkinson found several stores, where all sorts of articles can be purchased—tenpenny nails, rifles, watches, glass, silks and bonnets; tea, coffee, soap and candles; sardines, cheese, ale, porter, and wines of all sorts.

One day the Governor sent for the proprietor of one of these stores, and his wife informed the Cossack messenger that he was not at home. The Governor, however, ordered the Cossack to find and bring him. On his returning with these orders the lady became alarmed, and acknowledged that he was in the cellar *making port wine*, having ordered that he should not be disturbed. Such an evidence of progress must be most gratifying.

In this extensive district the author spent much time rambling over the Steppes, and among the mountains and rivers, where the scenery must have amply repaid so enthusiastic a lover of the beautiful. Witness the following description of a part of the scenery on the river Tom:—

“ The small wooded-islands and frowning cliffs, fringed with dark cedars, give to this part of the river a peculiar character, much aided by high moun-

tain masses—some with scarcely a vestige of foliage, or even moss on their rocky summits—while, in many of the gorges formed in their riven sides, mountain torrents came rushing down, and were sometimes seen dashing in white foam, as the water leaped from rock to rock—in other places were lost under a thick canopy of trees growing in the bed of the ravine. I often found it very difficult to force my way into these rugged and picturesque spots. We floated down the Tom for, seven or eight hours, passing mighty precipices and lofty towering crags, which seem almost toppling into the river at their base. Birch and cedar trees were growing out of the clefts, while flowering shrubs and flowers were clinging to their broken sides. Many of these scenes were singularly picturesque.

“ We had now reached a spot containing one of the most valuable of mineral treasures—thick beds of coal cropped out of the mountain side, dipping at an angle of 22°. The upper bed was twelve feet thick, resting on a stratum of grey and yellow rocks, eight feet in thickness. Beneath that is another seam of coal, ten feet thick, which rests on a bed of apparently similar rocks, twelve feet deep, and below these I saw the upper edge of another bed of coal. I found a bed of coal at another point, thirty-one feet thick, above the surface of the water—the depth I cannot say. What stores of wealth lie buried here—iron and coal in inexhaustible quantities! Gold is found and worked in some of the upper valleys; and jasper, porphyry, and a beautiful aventurine, are among the rocky treasures of these mountains. There is also rich pasturage in many of the valleys, where great numbers of cattle might be fed. Both feathered and large game are abundant.”

We extract the following account of a remarkable relic of remote antiquity :—

“ We came upon a large enclosure, surrounded by a thick wall, built of very large blocks, with smaller stones fitted in between them. This wall encloses a space of almost a verst in length, and half a verst in width, extending up to the foot of some perpendicular rocks. It has been a work of great labour, and must have been built by a different race from the present, who look upon it with wonder; in some parts it is six feet high, in others a little less, and seven feet thick. None of the blocks have been cut.

“ We turned and rode up towards the mountain, and discovered a part of the wall not more than two feet high. I leaped my horse over this, and was followed by the two Cossacks, but nothing could induce the Kirghis to enter this enclosure. They immediately turned back and rode round the wall to the opposite side. Continuing our ride towards the upper end, I saw near the centre a great mass of stones, with a large cluster of pillars rising out of them. In the distance this had all the appearance of a ruin. On coming close up I dismounted and climbed over the fallen rocks to the pillars, when I ascertained that they were basalt, forming a precipice towards the mountain of more than one hundred feet high. I visited some other masses of rock, but observed no indication of any building within these walls. After examining another mass of basalt, we rode towards the Kirghis, who were standing in front of a gateway in the south wall.”

What this building was erected for, and when and by whom it was built, are subjects for conjecture—we have no legend to guide us in our speculations. Here is a description of some of the scenery near it :—

“ Our ride was continued to some high ground running down into the Steppe, when we came upon a splendid scene. In this region Dame Nature

has evidently been in one of her most frolicsome moods, having assembled together a most singular variety of forms. On one side she has erected the ruins of a fine old Norman castle, jutting on to the Steppe, as if to guard her other treasures. About three versts from this she has raised a pyramid of red and grey porphyry, more than seven hundred feet high. In the distance are abrupt precipices rising from the plain, crowned by mountains and picturesque peaks. A brown grassy Steppe extends round the pyramid, completely isolating it from all other large objects, giving full effect to the grandeur of its fine proportions, while numerous small mounds of red porphyry rise up near its base. At some distance from these is a small salt lake, bordered with orange and crimson plants, forming a beautiful framework to the sparkling incrustations on its surface.

"Riding along the Steppe, near the high precipices, I could not help remarking how much they resemble the cliffs near a seashore. The fallen rocks and gravel only required the seaweed to give this place the appearance of a seabeach at low water."

The scenery on some of the lakes is wild and beautiful, as witness this description of a portion of a voyage in a boat on the lake of Altin Kool :—

"A large basin, about fifteen versts long and seven or eight broad. The mountains rose to a great height, some of them capped with everlasting snow. The rocks came sheer down for six or seven hundred feet, without a ledge to which we could cling. Advancing further, we came upon the slate formation, heaved up into a vertical position, in beds varying from one to three inches thick, that rose up from five to seven hundred feet in many places—not perpendicular, but overhanging the lake considerably. It was necessary to keep at a respectful distance, as we beheld, during our voyage along this shore, several pieces plunge in and cut the water with a great noise. When passing in front of these cliffs, I saw that the different beds projected out, leaving a deep cavity between. In some places a single bed, three inches thick, stands out four or five feet, rising forty or fifty feet above the water, like the leaf of some mighty doors."

Here the experienced boatmen perceived indications of a coming storm, and by vigorous efforts the party escaped shipwreck, where such a catastrophe would have been certain destruction ; for in many parts of this lake the rocks rise from the water for miles in length, leaving no strand or projection of any kind on which one can land.

A little further on he says—

"One of the most wild and savage scenes on the lake opened on us. It is a deep circular recess into the Kara Korun mountain, into which fall three streams. These are united near the top of the mighty precipice, and then come tumbling down in a succession of falls, until they reach a mass of rocks, snow, and ice, under which the water passes, and at last rushes out through a natural arch and falls into the lake. From the level of the lake to the top of the cliff, over which the water takes its first leap, is not less than two thousand feet. No man can conceive the chaotic confusion into which the mass of ice and rock has been heaped."

The vegetation in some of these scenes is remarkable. We are told of ferns upwards of thirteen feet in height ; but one of the most curious phenomena in vegetation was what the author observed in the valley of

the Black Irkout, in Mongolia—a ravine filled with snow and ice, through which large poplars were growing, with only their tops above the icy mass. The branches were in full leaf, although the trunks were imbedded in the snow and ice to the depth of twenty-five feet. There was a space nine inches wide round each stem, filled with water, evidencing the amount of heat evolved in the laboratory of Nature.

In the above extracts we have endeavoured to give some idea of the scenery described by the author; but not less interesting is his account of the wild Nomad tribes who inhabit the vast Steppes of Tartary and Mongolia, where are to be found chiefs whose possessions remind us of the account of Job or Abraham. These men dwell in yourts, or tents formed of willow twigs, covered with voilock, a cloth made of wool mixed with camels' hair, having an opening at top to let out the smoke. The seats are generally boxes of clothing, &c., and there is always to be found in the yourt a sack of *khoumis*, or fermented mare's milk. This sack is at times very large, nearly six feet by four, and has a tube in one corner, through which the milk is poured in and the *khoumis* drawn off, and through which a stick is occasionally put in to stir up the milk and assist fermentation. Round the principal yourt is the *aoul*, or enclosure, into which the herds are driven at night, and guarded by men and vigilant dogs. Atkinson says he counted at one of the aouls he stopped at one hundred and six camels, and that there were more than two thousand horses, one thousand oxen, and six thousand sheep and goats; and this chief had two other aouls, in each of which there were large herds.

Many of these men lead a quiet life, busying themselves only with their own herds; but some of them, on the contrary, like to increase their flocks at the expense of their neighbours; and the author was roused one night to find his host's aoul in an uproar consequent upon an imminent attack, in which, although the owner and his men were up and doing, the robbers contrived to get away with about one hundred horses. He had afterwards a narrow escape from one of these robber chiefs, who followed his party on the Steppe, but missed them at night, owing to the precautions taken by the Khirgis guides.

This chief was quite a nuisance and a terror to his neighbours, and Atkinson was the bearer of several letters among these, during his travels; he found out at length that these letters were for the purpose of arranging a combined attack on this chief, with a view of effectually crippling his power, and thus preventing any future raids on his part. One or two of the chiefs, desirous of such efficient assistance, offered Atkinson a large share of spoil if he would assist them, but he was not disposed to do so.

Altogether this book is a most welcome addition to our stock of voyages and travels, being mostly of a novel character, and written in an interesting style; and, if it is deficient in that scientific or general information which might be looked for, the author has excused himself by saying that he went not to tell his story hereafter, but to fill his portfolio; and the few specimens of his talent which he has published in this book, are just such as would lead us to ask for more.

## THE OLD JEWELLER.

### A TALE OF THE CITY.

" Ah ! for youth's delirious hours  
 Man pays well in after days,  
 When quenched hopes and palsied powers  
 Mock his love-and-laughter days."

—CLARENCE MANGAN.

IN a well-known street in the city of London there stood, many years ago, and, for all I know, may be standing there still, a large and well-built house, whose grimy aspect was dismal to the eye. Superior to its neighbours in size and finish, it stood out in the bright and busy street like a withered tree in a leafy forest. No sign of care adorned its foul and squalid front—all paint had vanished years ago—the plaster was broken and weather-stained, and the window-panes, which still remained unbroken, were effectually muffled with dirt. Rank weeds flourished on the window-sills and in the gutters, and even by the sides of the two broken steps that led to the shop, itself a pattern of unchecked decay. In it a long, dark counter, lined with drawers, extended from a window that had been originally large, but now much reduced by interior boarding. This counter might once have been painted, or, possibly, polished. Who could say? Its only coating now was dirt varnished with grease. Dust was the prevailing atmosphere. Dust obscured the window and defiled the walls; it lay in thick wreaths on the floor, and clung to the ceiling, where it hid the elaborate fretting, and plugged the rich fantastic cornice. Furniture there was none, save that behind the counter a broken chair was propped, whilst against the opposite wall rested a long, cushioned seat, on which the weariest customer would not venture to repose.

The rest of the building was dustier and dingier still, every nook and corner of it, except one room. What was the condition of that unknown, mysterious chamber? Did it match with the rest of the dusky mansion—a rare abode for rats, and mice, and spiders? Was it a great reservoir of dust, from whence the rest of the building was supplied? or was it, as some supposed, an apartment of strange and costly beauty, jealously guarded, and secretly visited, by its eccentric possessor? Various, in truth, were the tales that were told among the neighbouring gossips; for the folk of those days, unlike our neighbours now, used to trouble themselves much anent matters that didn't concern them, and related many an awful story of that haunted chamber, which they made the scene of more than one exciting murder, and considerably peopled with one or two choice spirits.

The room in question looked upon the street, but the street could hardly have been said to look upon it, for no mortal eye could pierce the crust which wind, and dust, and rain had fastened on the window-panes. Its door had not been opened for forty long years.

A more suitable inhabitant could not have been found for this dirty old house than the dirty old man who dwelt in it. His godfathers and godmothers, at his baptism, had given him the name of Richard Sharpston, but he was better known among his neighbours as "Dirty Dick." He merited the sobriquet. I shall but attempt to describe him. But do not fancy he was merely slovenly in his garb and habits; be not so unjust as to think of him as simply soiled—ah, no! peace to his ashes! he was downright, genuinely dirty. Save in the colour of his hair, he was like the despairing lover in the song, who

"—— hired an airy garret  
Near her dwelling-place,  
Grew a beard of fiercest carrot,  
Never washed his face."

He was moulded, doubtless, in the human form divine, but slight, indeed, were the traces of divinity that marked his outward man. There the unmitigated mortal appeared, and, dust as he was, to dust he had returned before his time.

Sharpston was a jeweller, money-lender, and miser. Little token of his trade appeared in the narrow, half-glazed window of his darkened shop; but in the many strong drawers of the blackened counter lurked sparkling jewels and glittering gold, enough to have purchased half the street. Strange were the ways and customs of the man—he sold jewels, he bought jewels, and he took jewels in pledge; and in this musty den received daily visitors of nobility and fashion. Freely and openly they came; some to purchase—and no merchant in the city could tempt their longing eyes with rarer or more costly gems; for, mind you, he had long been wealthy, and could command the market—others came to sell; and some, as I have hinted, came to pawn the jewels they were loath to part with irredeemably.

The old jeweller was secret, trustworthy, and liberal in his dealings, no doubt from policy; so that when the Countess of Almondine experienced a temporary and ridiculous difficulty in opening the heart and pocket of her husband, or when her ladyship had lost at cards more than her pin-money or the doctrine of chances warranted, she quietly slipped into her pocket her set of diamonds, or those matchless emeralds, her wedding-gift, or if she needed but a trifling loan, perhaps the chain that he had brought her from Constantinople the summer she gave him her likeness—then she drove off to the well-known house, before whose very door the carriage boldly stopped; for was she not going to purchase, and Richard was the vogue, though dirty. She was sure of her object. Sharpston would take the glittering baubles in his yellow hand, hold them before his keen old eye, advance her more than she could obtain elsewhere, and lock up the casket safely in his dingy sanctum. There every drawer had, from time to time, been laden with these golden spoils of the noble and the wealthy; for Dick had no dealings with the poor, no drawers for articles of trifling value or spurious worth—all his treasures must be rich and real.

But he not only bought and sold his precious ware; he would hire them out for a whole season—for a month, a week, a single night,

In this species of dealing, it is true, his terms were somewhat exorbitant; but then the water of his diamonds was so pure, his gold so fine, and the fashion of his trinkets so graceful and rare, that a buckish youth of moderate means, who yet did not care to be seen in an everlasting buckle or an eternal chain, deemed a pleasing variety not too dearly purchased at a somewhat expensive charge. Moreover, the merchant kept up an ever-changing variety in his goods; and as he always sent to some distant market the revived bijouterie of his fashionable but embarrassed friends, it followed as a happy consequence, that Mrs. A. could safely borrow a gem without any fear that Lady B. might recognise it as her first admirer's gift, which she had lately sold to Dirty Dick, while its case lay still fondly treasured in her ladyship's repertoire of love-tokens.

It is a matter worth more than a passing thought, what curious relations frequently exist in life between some, whose outward circumstances would seem to say that no close link could probably connect them. What an ugly story the old domestic might tell of her mistress's former years! Could not the obscure and drudging lawyer render a queer account of his noble client? Does not the homely physician lock up in his medicine-chest the most dreaded secret of his most courtly patient? Could he not, any day, flush with shame the cheeks, and flood with bitter tears the eyes, that perhaps forget to see him in society? And so with our money-getting friend. Many a proud and high-born dame has confided her woes, her household griefs, her pressing little wants, to the stooping ear of this despised old man; many a fair name has been saved by his timely gold; many a fair bosom has heaved beneath a sparkling gem, that was in reality the property of Dirty Dick.

But how had all this come to pass? How had such a being as this, with all his wealth, become the confidant of noble lords and courtly ladies? How was it, above all, that the manners of the man had always been suited to his high-born customers, and his conversation delighted their fastidious fancies as much as his gold relieved their wants?

You are not to suppose that this poor old man had been always the miserable creature already described. Strange indeed in its kind, and very humbling in its lesson, was the contrast between the beginning and the end of that blighted life. Who that now saw the wretched miser in his dusty lair, careless of everything on earth or in heaven, except the amassing of gold, which to him was most truly worthless, could have recognised the gay, wild youth who, fifty years before, had issued forth to sun his manhood in the world? Ah! then his eyes were bright, and his locks were glossy; laughter hung upon his tongue, and his whole spirit of youth was tingling with joy. "Costly his habit as his purse could buy." Crimson silks and purple velvets, the fashion of the day, clad those limbs so shrunken now; and brilliant rings adorned the white fingers, that were now like the talons of an unseemly bird. He would have been open to the criticism of the Frau Himmelhahn, mentioned in Longfellow's "Hyperion," who thought Paul Flemming had a rakish look because his hair curled, and pronounced his gloves "a shade too light for a strictly virtuous man." He was redolent, in those days, of dainty soaps, and delicate powders, and essences whose names I cannot tell, but, doubtless, they were as fragrant as Frangipanni, and as suggestive as Kiss-me-quick.

Richard Sharpston was the only child of a London merchant, who lived at a period when merchants dwelt in the city where they made their wealth. Villas near town were then unknown, West End terraces had not been built, the auriferous hum of the railway had never been heard, nor had excursion-trains as yet decimated the seekers of pleasure. City merchants, no matter how great their wealth, lived in the city, inhabiting large, solid, richly-built mansions, of which many still survive, but are humbled into counting-houses, warehouses, and banks. There they entertained their friends with hospitalities which, if not as refreshingly pungent as more modern banquets, were at least as munificent and cordial.

There is a melancholy interest attached to buildings which have become reduced in their circumstances, and have fallen in their position in life. Ivy-covered ruins are notoriously picturesque and suggestive to the moralist, but quite as fanciful a train of thought may be suggested by a building which is ruined, not in its fabric, but in its uses. Is not this felt when wandering through some lofty mansion, whose fretted ceilings and broken carvings are desolate mementos of its palmier days? Imagination peoples again with statesmen and nobles the panelled rooms where cockney clerks hang up their coats and scribble; or in the great state hall, where the oaken planks are now laden with bales of merchandise, gallants and beauties, whose charms have long since mouldered into dust, tread once more the measure of some courtly dance, or sigh their love-whispers through the stuccoed galleries.

Master Richard, while of tender years, became an orphan, and was adopted by a bachelor uncle, a wealthy jeweller, who promised to make him his heir. They lived together in the house described at the commencement of this history, but then a richly furnished, pleasant abode. The old man loved the boy; lavished money on his education, and when he had arrived at man's estate, sent him forth, with a well-stocked purse, to travel, that he might complete his education and take his pleasure. Richard was then a handsome, well-formed youth, kindly natured and of good abilities, but of too indolent a temperament ever to cut much of a figure in the world. So he took his pleasure and his ease; studied books a little, and men and manners a little more; made the acquaintance of fine ladies who pleased his vanity, but could not touch his heart, and of fine gentlemen who were not suited to the merchant's nephew. For, after a time, his uncle, who found age beginning to sap his vigour, summoned home his nephew to superintend the business which supplied his wealth, and was the pride of the old man's heart. Richard came at once, and with a good grace entered on his duties; but it must be confessed that the abandoning of habits which he liked, and the yielding of exertion which he did not like, tried pretty deeply the ease-loving young gentleman, who winced considerably beneath his task, and pined not a little at the change of life. Still he had consolations—gay company, fine clothes, handsome horses, and a purse well filled. One more was wanting, and it came.

Among the city belles who at that day reigned and lavished their smiles or inflicted their frowns on their admirers, none was more comely and winning than Richard's own cousin, Mistress Dorothy Chipheart. She was extremely beautiful, full of youthful grace, and of a sprightliness that was akin to wit; and if, as was said, she was somewhat vain,



given to coquetry, and abundantly sensible of her own merits, who could not find an excuse for the flattered child. Certain it is, that, however unpopular she may have been with her own sex, she had countless adorers of the other; even Richard Sharpston, so cool to the blandishments of foreign dames, was vanquished at sight by the lively Dorothy. Whether it was owing to his handsome person, or his polished manners, or his uncle's reputed wealth, or to the opportunities that cousinship affords—and they are sometimes no small element in a contested courtship—it quickly came to pass that Master Dick gave the go-bye to his rivals, many of whom soon afterwards joined the opposite party, and pronounced Dorothy heartless and vain, with very slender pretensions to good looks.

Those were very happy days for Richard. His pulses were quickened with a joy he had never felt before; a brighter hue had stolen on his life, and he loved the fair young girl very dearly indeed. Dorothy, for her part, was very fond of Richard. If her nature was not capable of such deep and undivided love as his, surely that was no fault of her's; she did her best, and was fonder of her betrothed than of anyone else in the world—except herself.

It happened that, at the time of which we write, it was much the custom for young scions of nobility, like the gods who made love injuriously to the daughters of men, to leave now and then their own peculiar sphere, and grow intimate with the families and the feasts of the merchants in the city. They would dissipate and gamble with their sons, and, flirting with their daughters, they used to turn their heads and steal their hearts, and obtain their kisses under false pretences.

Among the adepts in this species of amiable robbery, Henry Earl of Storrville was pre-eminently skilful, the most accomplished and most profligate of those busy idlers. He had known young Sharpston in the city of Vienna, and made use of him in the city of London. Dick introduced him to his uncle, who felt no small satisfaction in entertaining his nephew's fashionable acquaintance. His lordship became intimate at the merchant's house, where, in an evil hour, he met his city friend's affianced mistress. Richard, proud of his sweetheart and proud of his friend, presented them to each other, and was subsequently lectured by Dorothy, who vowed she would *not* have the acquaintance of so wicked a man, earnestly entreated Richard to renounce his companionship, and never lost an opportunity of throwing her eyes at him. As for my lord, his course was soon decided. Dorothy was too lovely a prize to be foregone. Truth to his friend was too small an impediment to embarrass a man of so fine an ability. So it came to pass that, after a few more meetings, the lady discovered that the poor young Earl had been shamefully slandered, and that, at all events, as the friend of Richard, it was her duty to tolerate and, if possible, improve him. Therefore, during evening walks, or country rides, or in the pleasant parties on the river, Dorothy and the gay young lord were constant companions, while Richard found himself either hooked to some of the party who simply bored him, or supporting the steps of his feeble relative. And when, after a long summer's day, during which she had not given him twenty words, nor walked for two minutes by

his side, the poor fellow would offer a gentle remonstrance, my little lady would pout, and say it was unkind, and undeserved—dear Richard knew how much more she loved him than anyone else, but what could she do?—he would not wish her to be rude, &c.; and then on the very next occasion it was just the same again.

At length the matter came to such a pass, that Richard became seriously offended; and even the old uncle, whose experience in similar affairs had not been great, opened his eyes and grew alarmed, for he had set his heart on his nephew's happiness, and on the union of the two great houses of Sharpston and Chipheart. Hints, remonstrances, and lectures were in vain; the lady was too spoiled and too wilful to be scolded into being good. At last there was a grand scene, and the matter was settled. Dorothy sobbed, and vowed she was the most injured and the fondest maiden that had ever been affianced to an unreasonably jealous lover. Richard was silent, and sulky, and proud. My Lord of Storrville was nonchalant and haughty, and thought to carry matters with a very high hand; but old Ned Sharpston and old Will Chipheart were determined and stiff, and if one was choleric the other was cool. So between them it was settled that Lord Storrville should never enter either of their doors again; that the wedding should take place at the end of a month; and that, in the meantime, Miss Dorothy should live in that seclusion that became her for her sins.

Well, days passed on. Richard and Dorothy had kissed and were friends, and all went smooth again. But how did it happen that every day, when Richard had left her, the maiden stole, with hurried steps, to the long garden which sloped from her father's dwelling to the river, and that there a handsome form, that was not her bridegroom's, met her with eager haste? How was it that for hours an arm, that was not his, was clasped round her graceful waist, and the hand of a stranger played with her auburn tresses, while her white forehead rested on his shoulder? Ah! Richard, my poor youth, I fear she was throwing in your eyes some of the dust that was afterwards to gather so thickly around you.

The wedding-day drew near—one week more would bring it. In the meantime Richard's fond old uncle was preparing a grand banquet for the bride and her people. This feast was to take place a few days before the marriage. The old man was happy as a child. His finest silver was to grace the board, the most delicate dainties should coax the palates of the guests, and the choicest wines should sparkle. Above all, Richard was, for the first time, to take his place at the head of the table, as from that day forth he was to rule as master of the house.

But who may say when he shall feast, or when he shall sorrow? The chamber was decked, and the table arrayed, but the guests, though willing, never came, and the banquet never was eaten. On the very morning of that day a pale and hurried messenger ran up, avoided Richard, and sought his uncle. 'Twas quickly told—no feasting now; no wedding next week; no joy; no pride—she had gone, gone from her faithful, honest love, and, deceiving and deceived, fled to a fate that needs not to be told.

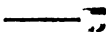
The light of life had gone out for Richard. Mechanically he took his uncle's place, for disgrace and sorrow had laid the old man in his

grave, but the zest of existence had passed away. He had loved her, not passionately, for that was not his nature, but with a fond and undivided affection, and when she was gone there was nothing more to care for. And now the innate indolence of his nature was evoked; he grew listless and apathetic. Careless at first in his dress and person, he soon became slovenly, and by degrees disgusting. Indifferent to the pleasures and amenities of life, the pursuit of gain occupied his time and mind, and the love of it seized possession of his soul. His heart never turned to a second love, though many a city belle would gladly have consoled the deserted lover, who was so handsome and so rich. Nor was the amount of attention he was fated to endure by any means trifling, until at length increasing years and dirt rendered him less attractive, and relieved him from their importunities. Thus his days and years sped on, busied as I have already told you. He still lived in the home that once was so happy and bright, but the dwelling showed symptoms of neglect and ruin almost as quickly as its owner: at last they both reached the plight in which the commencement of my story found them.

Do not despise him. True, he was a wretched, graceless miser; but he was faithful to those who trusted him, and did not oppress the poor; and if his life was dreary and worthless, remember it had been wasted by a woman's faithlessness. Pity him!

At length he died. They buried him, and swept his house. They routed the spiders, and invaded the mysterious chamber.

The mystery was over now. In a spacious room a long table was spread, as if for a banquet, and oaken chairs, with leather drapery, awaited guests who for forty years had never come. Silver goblets, from which they should have quaffed bright wine to pleasant toasts, were now receptacles for dust and cobwebs. Before one chair there lay a faded ribbon, which had once been blue, and bound flowers for her who would not come to claim them. They had crumbled into powder long ago; but there still remained a little golden ring, which it would have been better for her if she had blessed and worn.



P.S.—The above story is founded on a short poem by William Allingham, entitled "The Dirty Old Man." It occurs in his "Day and Night Songs."

## MRS. STEVENSON'S WILL.

## CHAPTER VI.

EARLY the next morning Owen MacMahon borrowed a jaunting-car from a friendly neighbour, and, together with his wife and Nora, directed his course to Liscarrol. They arrived about noon, and Owen proceeded as usual to put up the horse, while his companions entered the house. These saw only Miss Blenkinsop. Rosamund Brooks had gone into town, and Esther was keeping good watch over the invalid, now confined wholly to bed. Miss Blenkinsop gave a melancholy account of Mrs. Stevenson, and a very angry one of the conduct of the Brooks.

"They have everything their own way, Mrs. MacMahon ; no person is allowed to go in or out of the room but just as they choose."

"And may I not see Mrs. Stevenson?" asked Mrs. MacMahon timidly.

Miss Blenkinsop shook her head.

"They would not permit their own sister, Mrs. Christie, to enter her chamber, and you may be sure they will make no reservation in your favour."

"Nevertheless I entreat of you to try. I would fain see my cousin once more." Here the speaker's voice trembled. "I would fain bid her good-bye."

"They will say such a meeting would be too distressing for their aunt to endure ; or, rather, such a leave-taking is likely to cause more pain than they think themselves justified in allowing her to submit to."

"Did you not say Miss Esther Brookes was here alone?"

Miss Blenkinsop replied in the affirmative.

"I suppose, then, as she does not live in Liscarrol, it can be a matter of no importance to her whether I see Mrs. Stevenson or not."

"My dear Mrs. MacMahon," said Miss Blenkinsop, impressively laying her hand on the arm of the person she addressed, and who had risen while uttering the last words, "let it never be said henceforth that the Brooks are a disunited family. If they were never unanimous in good, they are so now in evil ; and I fancy you would range the three kingdoms in vain to discover any person who has the interest of a sister so much at heart as Miss Esther Brooks that of Rosamund."

"What has all this to say to me?" demanded Mrs. MacMahon impatiently, "or to my seeing Mrs. Stevenson."

Miss Blenkinsop looked offended.

"I beg your pardon," continued the former, "I was too abrupt ; but is there no excuse for a little irritation?"

"There is excuse for a great deal—for a very great deal, Mrs. MacMahon," said Miss Blenkinsop warmly ; "and I can feel for you."

I am injured as well as you, though of course not in the same degree."

Her listener looked puzzled, and she went on—

"It is well known that you are mentioned in Mrs. Stevenson's will; indeed she made no secret of it; and, considering the grasping nature of the Brookses, it is not to be wondered at if they can't bear the sight of you. They look upon you as an interloper—as a common robber—as a ——"

"Miss Blenkinsop!" said Mrs. MacMahon, with dignity, "excuse my interruption; it is neither fit for you to speak, nor me to hear such language. Pray present my compliments to Miss Esther Brooks, and say that I have come to see Mrs. Stevenson, if the latter will be kind enough to allow my visit, or has any wish to speak to me."

With a very bad grace Miss Blenkinsop left the sitting-room, and Owen MacMahon entered the hall as she was crossing it.

"Whither so fast fair lady?" he exclaimed.

At another time Miss Blenkinsop would have been pleased with the compliment implied in the last word. She now replied bitterly—

"I am going on a fool's errand, Mr. MacMahon, and your wife has sent me; but that's the thanks people always get for their good-nature. I am sure I don't know what makes me ever do a kind turn to anyone, when I get nothing but abuse for it." And she sullenly ascended the stairs.

Owen looked after her in silent wonder, for her speech was quite enigmatical to him; but, on proceeding to the apartment she had left, the whole affair was explained. Strange to say this conduct of the Brookses was a great surprise to the visitors. Each believed them capable of much worse, yet no one suspected them of this, though, after all, it was but natural, considering the part they were playing. They comforted themselves in the hope that Miss Blenkinsop was perhaps only playing off one of those practical jokes of which she was so fond. But they were soon undeceived. Steps were heard descending the stairs, and soon Miss Blenkinsop appeared, wearing a very sour look.

"I told you, Mrs. MacMahon, there was no use in my asking," she exclaimed in a loud, sharp voice. "Miss Esther Brooks will not hear of your visit to Mrs. Stevenson. She looked quite enraged at my mention of it."

"Did you repeat my message?" asked Mrs. MacMahon.

"I did indeed," replied Miss Blenkinsop with a peculiar smile.

"Well?"

"Well," she returned, almost mimicking Mrs. MacMahon's tone.

Nora looked very angry, and her father said, gravely—

"Miss Blenkinsop, did Miss Esther bring your message to Mrs. Stevenson, and what answer did she return?"

There was a certain something in Owen MacMahon's manner that invariably quieted Miss Blenkinsop, no matter how rude, or noisy, or disagreeable she intended to be. Her impertinence suddenly vanished, and she replied calmly—

"I gave the message, Mr. MacMahon, and Miss Esther Brooks answered it of herself, without troubling Mrs. Stevenson in the least about

it. She said : ' Tell Mrs. MacMahon that my aunt cannot bear the least excitement, and therefore all visitors except the doctor are denied access to her.' I observed, that Mrs. MacMahon had come a long way to see Mrs. Stevenson, and she replied that she had not sent for her. I said that if Mrs. Stevenson had the power of acting upon her own wishes, those who were nearest to her now would be very apt to be furthest off. She said ——"

"Excuse me, Miss Blenkinsop," interrupted Owen, "we have heard enough. We shall not trouble you to repeat any more of the conversation. It is sufficient that my wife was denied admission to her cousin. However unwelcome this visit has proved, we must trespass for a while longer on the hospitality of the house. Miss Esther will, I presume, permit us to remain until the horse is rested."

Miss Blenkinsop laughed.

"Oh, indeed, Mr. MacMahon, you may stay as long as you like, provided you don't attempt to enter Mrs. Stevenson's apartment, or hold any intercourse with her *nurse*."

"Be assured I shall not attempt either," said Owen, and he turned the conversation to indifferent subjects.

There was a bow-window at the far end of the room, which had ever been Mrs. Stevenson's own particular seat. From it you could behold a fine view of the Lough ; and the opposite side, planted nearly to the water's edge, always looked well—for when does a wooded mountain look otherwise ? But the eyes that for years had delighted to watch the sun rising above those pine-tops—to see them gilded with its descending beams—to admire the cloud-shadows passing over them in a thousand varied forms—would look upon them no longer. Already, if she saw them, it was only in imagination ; the eye of her body was dimmed, and earthly objects were almost totally denied to her vision. Nora stood in that window, and looked out with a feeling of deep melancholy which the view was not calculated to disperse. The rich mellow tints of autumn were almost gone, and a grey shadow, the first step of the fast-approaching winter, had fallen upon the scene. This took not from its beauty, though it altered its character, giving it a graver look. Nora's eyes glance down towards the city : its "towers and temples, hills and groves," were half veiled in the mist of distance. Now a spire gleamed out, now a tall turret, as the sun, bursting through its clouded pathway, shone upon them ; and she thought as she watched the flying shadows passing over the Lough, and deepening the gloom which already lay upon the wooded mountains, of the many times she had stood in that very window, while Mrs. Stevenson pointed out the many beauties she was now gazing at by herself alone. The tears rushed to her eyes, and she turned sadly away.

In the apartment was no change except that caused by the absence of its mistress. Everything was in its accustomed place ; perhaps the Brookses were too much engaged about the one great concern on which they had set their hearts, to put forth their hand for spoliation, and they might (it is probable) have made themselves sure that when the end came it would be time enough to seize what they chose.

So many tender recollections crowded on the mind of Nora, that she

felt herself growing every moment more and more sorrowful, and it was a great relief to hear her father say it was time for the horse to be rested, and desire his fellow-travellers to prepare for the road. During his absence Miss Blenkinsop was loud in her protestations of regret at the disappointment of the MacMahons. The latter, though feeling keenly on the subject, thought it safest to say little, being fully aware that every observation of theirs would be commented on, and perhaps be repeated in a very different manner from its first expression. They made therefore as few replies as possible to the regretful speeches of Miss Blenkinsop, and, bidding her farewell, took their departure from Liscarrol with feelings very different from those they cherished when entering its gates.

Mrs. MacMahon was disappointed and grieved at the turn affairs had taken. She had never calculated upon being denied admittance to her cousin's presence, and the authority so unpardonably assumed by the Brookses, shocked every principle of justice. It was no *fortune-seeking* brought her to Liscarrol. She would have spurned the idea with horror, had it risen to her mind. Feelings of the purest and most disinterested nature alone had swayed her, and she had now the mortification of knowing that the Brookses, to whom such sentiments were strangers, would, judging by themselves, impute her visit to the basest of purposes. Her only consolation was, that He who judges by the heart, knew the rectitude of her principles.

During the journey home very little was said on the subject, though, naturally enough, it held the first place in each person's thoughts. It might be that fear of saying too much kept them silent, and it is well for poor humanity when it has so much discretion at command, but better still when it has power to use it thus wisely.

Owen was as much displeased with Miss Blenkinsop as with Esther; he blamed the former for being a great help to the animosity of the Brookses. He had noted a variety of instances in which she seemed to lead them on; and not only had they been rendered worse, but it had seemed to him that Mrs. Stevenson's mind was also infected by her. However he kept all these thoughts and memories to himself, for where was the use, he said, "in giving poor Alice more trouble to think of." As for Nora, her memory ran so far back, and her hopes so far forward, that it would be impossible to give a summary of either; perhaps among the multiplied variety of her feelings, sorrow for Mrs. Stevenson's pitiable condition was most predominant.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Nor long after the events recorded in the last chapter, a horseman was seen approaching Urrisbeg at a rapid rate. On reaching the entrance he pulled up his steed, and pausing for an instant, looked over the garden-wall, but seeing no one (for the hour was early), he dismounted, and fastening the bridle-rein to a rail of the gate, passed on to the hall-door. Here he took a letter from a side-pocket, and turning it about in his hand curiously, said, half aloud, "I wonder what change this news will make in Urrisbeg. I hope for the better, but who can

tell? no one but the Brookses I'll be bound, for as to the poor mistress, I dare be sworn she knows nothing of it yet. My heavy curse on them for Brookses, if things go wrong, and I much misdoubt them. But what am I standing here for and has so much to do?" And so saying he rung the bell.

The MacMahons were gathered round the breakfast-table when the sound of the bell (unusual at that early hour) surprised them. The young folks looked at one another, and then at their parents.

"Go, Mahon, and see what it is," said his father, in answer to his inquiring look. Mahon needed no second bidding, he started up and hurried off.

In a moment after—"How are you, Master Mahon?" and "Is that you, Shemus?—what's going on at Liscarrol?" was heard by those within.

"Liscarrol!" exclaimed Owen. "What can be the matter that brought a messenger at this early hour?"

He rose and was leaving the room when Mahon met him at the door, and handing a letter, turned back again. Owen looked at the missive; it was sealed with black wax, which bore the impress of the Stevenson arms, but the address was in a strange hand. He opened it and read as follows:—

"October 12th, 183—

"DEAR MACMAHON—As you were aware of the severe illness of my aunt, you will not be surprised to learn that it has terminated fatally. She expired about one o'clock to-day. The funeral is to take place the day after to-morrow, subsequent to the reading of the will, at which, as Mrs. MacMahon's representative, it is necessary you should be present. Excuse haste, and

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"Liscarrol."

"ROBERT STEVENSON.

Owen handed the letter to his wife, and then went to speak to the messenger, but the latter had gone with funeral-cards to some friends of the deceased residing in the neighbourhood of Urrisbeg.

"What do you think, father?" cried Mahon, as he closed the gate; "sure Robert Stevenson knew nothing of his aunt's illness until he heard of her death."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Owen in astonishment.

"So Shemus Connellan told me, and it was through the Doctor he heard it. The Brookses never mentioned it to him; and when he reached Liscarrol on Monday evening, there was a great battle between him and them."

"A battle! What do you mean?"

"He was very angry that his aunt's illness had been kept secret, for he would like to have seen her before she died; so he spoke his mind pretty freely to the three ladies. Miss Blenkinsop helped him, and between them there were so many home truths said, that the Brookses grew violently enraged, and used language which shocked and astonished Robert Stevenson. Shemus said the servants were all standing in the hall listening. Everybody is crying shame on the Brookses already."

"And no wonder," said his father. "No wonder, when they could



behave in such a manner, and the body of their aunt, not yet cold, in the same house with them."

"Shemus said," continued Mahon, lowering his voice, "that no one was present when Mrs. Stevenson died but Mrs. Brooks and her two daughters; they had sent the nurse to bed, and then locked themselves in. Several times through the night Miss Blenkinsop knocked at the door and asked leave to enter, but was denied. One time she heard a deep groan, and again great whispering and rustling of paper, and walking through the room, and opening and shutting of drawers, and locking and unlocking of boxes, &c. Was not that strange?"

"My dear boy, we must not give credence to all we hear. Now there is a strong prejudice against the Brooks, and every little thing is magnified or distorted. One cannot be sure that all happened just as Shemus related it."

"But wait until you hear the rest. When they opened the door in the morning and called the nurse, they told her that Mrs. Stevenson had died in the night, and they did not like to disturb the household, as nothing could be done in the dark. Nurse set up the keen at once, after telling them they had small thoughts of it when they made so much noise walking about the room all night; and they were very angry with her, and wanted to turn her out again, but she kept her place in spite of them. And while they were talking, in came Miss Blenkinsop. Shemus could not wait to tell me any more, and I am sorry for it—the rest would surely be worth hearing."

"I think you heard enough of the sort," said his father, gravely. "Even the half is too bad to believe."

"They entered the house in silence. Mrs. MacMahon had retired to another apartment, whither Owen followed her, and Mahon sat down to finish his breakfast, and unbosom himself to Nora."

"God bless you, Owen, and send you safe back," said Mrs. MacMahon to her husband, as he was setting off on his journey to Liscarrol.

"Shall I be richer or poorer when I come back, do you think?"

"Bring back your own honest and upright heart, Owen, and you never can be poor," replied his wife fondly.

"It would be well, though, if I could bring you something more," returned Owen.

"You can give me nothing I value so highly," said Mrs. MacMahon. "I expect no pecuniary advantage from this journey, Owen; on the contrary, everything leads me to suppose that any hopes in which we indulged are vain; but God's will be done!"

"Amen!" said Owen, and tenderly embracing his wife, he departed.

On reaching Liscarrol, MacMahon found Robert Stevenson, Mr. Christie, who was married to one of the Brooks, and Doctor Pratt, whose wife was the sister of Robert Stevenson, already assembled, and, as he was informed, awaiting the arrival of Mr. Colman. He was scarcely seated when this gentleman appeared; and after the first greetings were over, Mr. Christie, who felt exceedingly anxious to know if he had been remembered by his late relative, hinted that time was wearing on, and mumbled out something about proceeding to business, upon which Mr. Stevenson arose, pulled the bell, and sent to beg the attendance of Mrs. Brooks. This lady soon appeared, accompanied by

her two daughters Esther and Rosamund, clad in deep mourning, the first and last holding handkerchiefs to their faces. Esther approached the table, and laying a desk upon it, sat down at a short distance, while Robert Stevenson, who had not seen this movement, asked Colman to produce the will.

"I have no will of your late aunt's," he replied, apparently surprised at the demand.

Everyone but Owen looked at the speaker in unfeigned astonishment.

"No will!" cried all save the Brookses and MacMahon, for the fact was already well known to both.

"Pardon me," said Robert Stevenson, "I understood that you were the legal adviser of my late aunt?"

"And so I was."

"And that she gave her last will and testament into your possession?"

"She certainly did give me a will which I myself drew up, and had signed and sealed; and understood at the time (three months ago) it was the last she intended to make."

Here Colman hesitated, and looked towards the Brookses, but the handkerchiefs were not withdrawn by either mother or daughter, and Esther looked quite unconscious of the presence or voice of any one. Stevenson made a gesture of impatience, and the speaker continued—

"About a month since Mrs. Stevenson and Miss Rosamund Brooks called for the will, which, of course, I gave up, and that's all I know of the matter."

"This is most extraordinary," said Mr. Stevenson. "Mrs. Brooks, may I ask for an explanation from you?"

There was a movement of the handkerchief, but no voice came from beneath it, and Miss Esther took upon herself to reply.

"I believe you will find my aunt's will in that desk," pointing to the one she had laid on the table. Colman shook his head and looked at MacMahon, and the latter, by an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, sensibly expressed his opinion on the subject. Mr. Christie "looked unutterable things" full in the face of Miss Esther Brooks; but she bore and returned his looks with a countenance of the most imperturbable coolness. Owen sat a little apart, and in such a situation as enabled him to have a view of the movements of every one at a single glance. He saw that, with the exception of Colman and himself, who, by their previous conversation on the subject, had been prepared for the event, all were surprised and disgusted with the conduct of the Brookses. Even Dr. Pratt elevated his eyebrows at the last observation of Esther. To this Robert Stevenson had made no reply; but turning to the table, lifted a key laid on the top of the desk, and applying it to the lock, opened it. Full in front, and the first thing to meet the eyes, was a bit of paper folded square. This he was about to put aside, when Esther, who was intently watching him, exclaimed—"I believe that is the document you want."

"*This!*" cried Stevenson, holding up the paper to the view of every one—"This my aunt's will!"

A murmur of discontent ran through the room, and all eyes were turned on Esther. A sarcastic smile curled her lips as she said "You

had better read, it as there is no other ;" and Robert Stevenson, pausing an instant in thought, handed it to Mr. Colman.

The latter looked at it attentively. It was a leaf of common letter paper, torn from its fellow, as the jagged edges sufficiently proclaimed, and contained only a few lines, penned, if one might judge of the labour by the execution, with great difficulty. In some parts the writing was almost, and in others quite, illegible. He hemmed two or three times, shook his head as his eyes ran down the leaf, and with a contracted brow read, with considerable difficulty, as follows :—

" 'I, Christian Stevenson, do will and bequeath to Rosamund Brooks the sum of three thousand pounds ; also her choice of the ——' [*Here Mr. Colman paused and looked closely at the sheet.*] 'I cannot make it out,' he said.

"The household linen," observed Esther Brooks.

"Thank you, Miss Esther, I believe you are right." He continued—

" 'The household linen ; and to Robert Stevenson my carriage. I also give to each of my servants the sum of ten pounds, and to Miss Blenkinsop thirty pounds.'

"You are mistaken, Mr. Colman," exclaimed Esther Brooks abruptly, "it is twenty pounds."

"Upon my word, Miss Esther," said Colman, "you seem well acquainted with the contents of this paper ; so well," he added emphatically, "that one might suppose you had written it yourself, only that the penmanship bears a faint resemblance to that of our old friend."

Esther's face grew paler than its wont, and her lips and eyebrows quivered with suppressed emotion ; but she merely observed, coldly, "You had better finish it."

Mr. Colman bowed.

" 'And to Miss Blenkinsop twenty pounds for a ring. And I will that my niece Christian Christie be residuary legatee.' "

Colman gravely handed the paper to Robert Stevenson, saying, "It is a strange document, and very unlike your aunt."

"Yes, very foreign to the wishes expressed not so long ago as to be forgotten," replied the latter gentleman.

"May I ask Mr. Colman if he has read it all ?"

"All, Doctor Pratt."

Robert Stevenson held it towards him, and the Doctor, after scrutinising it carefully, said, "I am convinced Mrs. Stevenson never wrote this of her own accord ; and whoever was her dictator has little reason for satisfaction."

Here he looked angrily at Esther.

"At all events," observed Robert Stevenson, "my aunt must have forgotten all respect for herself, and those about her what would be

due to her memory hereafter, when she wrote, or they countenanced, such a production as *this*!" And he indignantly tossed the paper aside. Colman took it up.

"I know," he said, "that in her proper will—the one she had given to my charge and afterwards withdrew—there was handsome provision made for some relations about whom she had always expressed herself exceedingly anxious, and for whom I know she had a sincere affection."

Here the speaker glanced towards MacMahon.

"I am deeply grieved that her original intentions were not carried out. There were also others," he continued, looking at Doctor Pratt, "whom she had not forgotten. Do you mean to let this document pass for a legal one?" he added, turning abruptly to Mr. Stevenson, "or will you dispute it?"

"There would be no difficulty in that course, I suppose?"

"Very little—scarce any."

"I can vouch for it," observed Doctor Pratt, "that Mrs. Stevenson was not in her right mind when she wrote this so-called will—if, indeed, she ever did."

He stopped suddenly, as if recollecting himself.

"You think, then, that my aunt was unable to pen this of herself?"

"I *know* it," replied the Doctor positively. "I *know* that for the last three weeks of her life she scarcely knew one person from another, and part of the time she was totally unaware of what was going on about her—nay, even of her own identity."

"How do you know, Dr. Pratt?" said Miss Esther Brooks, whose voice trembled with a passion yet admirably well controlled, "that my aunt did not write that paper a *month* ago? There is no date you will observe."

"Praiseworthy finesse," whispered Colman to MacMahon.

The latter made no reply. His disgust at the selfish and artful conduct of the Brookses knew no bounds, and he felt in his inmost heart that he would not change places with any one of them for the wealth of worlds.

"Miss Esther Brooks' knowledge goes far beyond my observation," said the Doctor ironically, bowing to the lady; "I cannot but admire it, however obtained."

"This might be set aside," said Robert Stevenson, who had lifted the paper, and was turning it about in his fingers musingly; "but would it be worth while? What do you say, MacMahon? Will you undertake to break this will?"

Owen smiled as he replied, "It would not suit me to be at expense without some hopes of profit. There can be none here, as without doubt the *real* will was destroyed ere this document saw the light."

"True," said Colman; and he looked at Esther Brooks, but actually shuddered at beholding the gleam of malignant satisfaction that lighted up her features as her eyes rested on MacMahon.

"Then I suppose nothing can be done?" inquired Doctor Pratt, in a disappointed tone.

"I fear not," replied Mr. Stevenson despondingly.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Colman, "if any of you wish to set aside this document, I shall gladly give you every aid in my power, without

fee or reward, but only from the pure love of justice, and a reasonable hatred of its opposite."

"My dear Colman," said Owen, "you are too generous. For myself, I cannot conscientiously accept of your great kindness; for though I do not doubt your success, yet, as I could not be benefitted by it, it would seem to me like an act of mean revenge."

"You are right, my dear fellow; I am sorry to be obliged to own it—you are quite right." And Mr. Colman looked very much as if he wished for the moment that his friend was less scrupulous, or possessed less virtue.

It is impossible to say how far the conversation might have proceeded, had not the sound of wheels brought it to a sudden conclusion. One vehicle after another drew up to the door, and presently the hearse, with its four dark-plumed horses, stood before it. The hour appointed for the funeral had arrived, and the neighbouring gentry, and her own tenantry, were come to pay their last respects to the late mistress of Liscarrol.

Robert Stevenson arose, saying, "We had better adjourn to the breakfast-table; our friends are gathering fast," and, bowing towards the ladies, he led the way. Mr. Christie followed.

"It is hard to part from agreeable company," said Mr. Colman, in a doubtful tone.

Doctor Pratt smiled one of his blindest smiles. "Perhaps," he observed, "as Miss Esther Brooks is so obliging, she will favour you with her society a little longer, if you ask her."

"I don't doubt her willingness to serve a friend," replied Colman.

"That would be little short of heresy, after the proofs we have just had to the contrary," said the Doctor, retiring.

Esther deigned no reply, but the smile with which she returned the parting bow of MacMahon was so triumphant, that Mr. Colman could scarcely contain himself. He said nothing, however, but, placing his friend's arm within his own, they withdrew together, leaving the Brookses to the full enjoyment of their own companionship, and the reflections naturally suggested by the conversation of the morning.

"It is plain, my dear fellow," said Colman, in a low voice, when they had reached the hall; "so plain, that we cannot doubt to whom you are indebted for the loss of your legacy. I wish you would give the thing a fair trial by law."

"No, no, Colman, do not tempt me," replied Owen sadly, but firmly; "I would have no peace hereafter did I yield now. God forgive those who have wronged me! And oh, my God!" he added earnestly, looking upwards, "watch over me that I sin not."

Colman pressed his hand; he said no more, but his heart was divided between indignation and sympathy.

Miss Blenkinsop met them at the door of the apartment, looking flushed and angry. She had just heard from Mr. Stevenson the contents of the will.

"Upon my word, Mr. M'Mahon," she exclaimed, in a loud voice, "you and I have great reason to be proud of our legacies this morning."

Owen was in no humour to answer her remarks, but his companion replied quietly—"You, at least, Miss Blenkinsop, have every reason to be satisfied."

"Satisfied!" she repeated indignantly; "I wonder at you, Mr. Colman."

The latter interrupted her—"I beseech you, Miss Blenkinsop, to lower your voice, it will only attract the observation of others."

"And do you think I care who hears? What I am saying I would say before the king, and that is just ——"

"Pray, pray, Miss Blenkinsop, say no more," whispered Colman, who began to feel uncomfortable, as he noticed the eyes of some of the assembly turned upon him, attracted no doubt by the loud voice of the lady.

"But I shall say more, Mr. Colman; for I think it is only justice to mention what I know, as well as what I suspect."

"Well, well," observed Colman, soothingly, for he knew the violence of her temper, and had the horror of some fearful explosion before his eyes, "let us talk over it quietly among ourselves first, and then we can judge what is to be done."

Miss Blenkinsop looked gratified, and leading him, with M'Mahon, to a side-table apart from the company, and heaping their plates with viands, she proceeded to open her mind to them. A strange mind it was, and if the suspicions were startling, much more so were the facts.

"You think, then, that the real will was burned?" said Mr. Colman, in reply to an observation of Miss Blenkinsop's—"burned upon the night of Mrs. Stevenson's decease?"

She hesitated an instant, and then replied—"I am not prepared to positively affirm so much as that; but I will tell you what I heard and saw, and you may draw your own conclusions. For my part, I think the inference is plain enough."

Here the speaker paused, but seeing her hearers were all attention, she lowered her voice and proceeded as follows:

"For several days previous to Mrs. Stevenson's death, I was confined to my own room with a severe attack of rheumatism, from which I have not yet recovered. On that very day I left it to make personal inquiries of the old lady herself concerning her state, or at least, if she was not able to give me an answer, I would see her and judge by my own eyes; for I never could get a satisfactory reply when I sent a message, and I was uneasy on many accounts. I walked to the door of Mrs. Stevenson's apartment—there was a stir within which ceased immediately on knocking. I waited a while, tapped again, and then steps approached, and the voice of Mrs. Brooks demanded who was there. I stated my errand, and Mrs. Brooks declared that Mrs. Stevenson was asleep, and she would not disturb her. I went away, but returned towards evening with no better success. Determining to go again at night, I vowed within myself that if I received the same reply a third time, they should dearly rue it; and so they shall. I'll expose them through the whole country." Here Miss Blenkinsop compressed her lips firmly, and looked fully determined to do as she threatened. "Well, gentlemen, I was on my way to the sick-room when I met the nurse; and, quite surprised to see her at that hour, for it was ten o'clock, I asked her where she was going, or was her mistress worse? She replied that indeed Mrs. Stevenson was bad enough, but Mrs. Brooks had sent her (the nurse) to take a little rest, for she thought she needed it. 'And who is with Mrs. Stevenson?' I asked. 'Mrs. Brooks and her two

daughters,' said she. 'I doubt they are making themselves too busy,' I remarked. Nurse looked grave and walked down stairs, while I returned again to my apartment. I am making my story very long, Mr. Colman, but I can't help it."

"Pray proceed," said Colman, deeply interested. Miss Blenkinsop resumed—

"When I thought all was quiet, I issued forth, and walking on tip-toe, softly approached the door of the sick-room, and stood to listen ere I ventured to make my presence known. There was a murmur of voices within, but too low to distinguish anything that was said. Then steps passed stealthily to and fro—then I heard a rattling of keys, and presently several boxes and drawers were unlocked, and locked again. Then I heard a rustling of paper, and a voice I could not mistake exclaimed, in a raised tone, 'Well, here it is as last.' A moan came from the sick bed, and then followed a dead silence. I began to grow nervous, and felt more than half inclined to go away. However, I screwed up my courage, and had raised my hand to knock, when a strong smell of burning paper reached me, and the same voice said, 'That will do—fire tells no tales.' 'But if it's found out?' said another. 'Psha!' was the reply. A dreadful suspicion took possession of me. I knew those who had turned away the nurse were capable of any act to forward their own views. I peeped through the key-hole, but could only see a figure stooping over the fire. I knocked—a low whisper followed, then a quick step went in the direction of the dressing-room, and another came to the door at which I stood. 'You cannot be half rested yet, nurse,' said the voice of Miss Esther Brooks; 'go and take another sleep.' 'I am not the nurse,' said I, 'I am Miss Blenkinsop, and I have come to see Mrs. Stevenson.' 'Then, Miss Blenkinsop, you may go back again, for you shan't see Mrs. Stevenson to-night!' cried Miss Esther, in an angry voice. I insisted upon obtaining an entrance; she resolutely refused—one angry word brought on another, but I was at last obliged to retire, taking care though to tell her a piece of my mind about the unlocking of boxes and burning of papers. Early next morning I heard that Mrs. Stevenson had died in the night, and during the nurse's absence. Now, Mr. Colman, what do you think of all this?"

"I think it is one of the strangest stories I ever heard; but, my dear Miss Blenkinsop, I advise you to beware to whom you relate it. If it reaches the ears of the Brookses you may ——"

"It shall not be my fault if it does not reach them again and again; they have deprived me of more than they will give me, and I am determined the whole country shall ring with their conduct. I'll make it too hot to hold them."

Colman knew there was no use in arguing the point with an angry person, but he was saved all reply by a general movement of the company, and a call to MacMahon from Robert Stevenson. This was to take his place at the funeral.

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It is unnecessary to detain the reader much longer, especially as the main interest of the tale is over. But, as it is probable there may exist a desire to learn the after fate of some of the principal persons who have figured in these pages, a few words are added.

Miss Blenkinsop faithfully fulfilled her promise to Mr. Colman on the memorable morning of the funeral. She really did make the country too hot to hold the Brookses. Her story was repeated from mouth to mouth, until it received so many additions, that its questionable if she herself would have recognised it had she heard it again. They in return were not backwards in retaliating, and many tales became current in the neighbourhood which told little to the credit of Miss Blenkinsop.

Nora and Mahon were sadly disappointed at the failure of their expectations; but youth is happily the season of hope, and they looked forward to better times with a buoyancy of spirit suited to their age.

As for MacMahon himself, though he deeply felt the ill-treatment of the Brookses, yet he never regretted his non-acceptation of the offer made by Mr. Colman. Times were often hard enough, and as the different members of the family grew up, they were obliged to separate, and seek other homes. But in these homes the Eye that never sleeps watches over them, and the Hand that never wearies is stretched out to guide them; and while the wealth of the Brookses brought with it nothing but continual mortification, joined to many bitter remembrances, the comparative poverty of the MacMahons took nothing from their respectability or their worth.

And thus it always is, if we watch the course of events with a careful eye: for human nature has still this one characteristic of the Divine, that it loves justice. And though we know that Divine retribution does not at once overtake the wicked in this life, yet enough happens to prove that it only slumbers for a while.

Mrs. Brooks's favourite son, after a short career of extravagance, perished of disease in a foreign land; and Rosamund, who had often declared she would never unite her fate with any man who could not keep a carriage for her, held to her resolution, and married one who had a great many. She thought him a Spanish gentleman, but he turned out to be only an inn-keeper. This was as great a blow to her mother as to herself. In short, the family did not thrive on their gains. The cry of the needy had gone up and was heard; and that one evil deed, with its consequences, was evermore like a cloud between them and heaven.

A. de S. M.



## HAVELOCK.\*

WE suppose that there has been within the experience of living men no other individual on whose career, or at any rate, a portion of it, such mighty and intimate interests have depended, as there have on the life or death, the success or the failure, of Henry Havelock within the last few months; and that this was felt to be so was manifest, for in all this land there was no name so constantly on men's lips, not only in conversation, but in prayer, as his was. Did a man meet his fellow in the street, there was no question asked and answered with greater earnestness than "How was Havelock getting on?" and afterwards "How was Havelock holding out?" and doubtless his name, thus present in all hearts, rose in prayer from as many of them as prayed at all in Christian Britain.

God who raised him up for us, and employed him in the noble cause which centred all England's gaze upon him, has seen fit that in the flesh he should never be seen of his countrymen, to receive the demonstrations of a nation's gratitude and admiration; and the justice rendered to him by the aristocrats in power at the time was so tardy as to have been well nigh too late altogether. It was in the last letter which he ever wrote that he mentions the receipt of newspapers announcing his elevation to the commandership of the Bath; "though," he presently adds, "I do not after all see my elevation in the *Gazette*, but Sir Colin addresses me as Sir Henry Havelock." This slight and unsubstantial instalment of what England would do for him was not too soon. In a few more days he had entered into the joy of his Lord, and was alike beyond and indifferent to what men could say of him. It is however left for us, as a people, to cherish his memory, though hardly shall we individually follow his example. Such, then, being the relation filled by Havelock, or rather by his memory, towards our masses, it was evident that no publication would better chime with the sentiments of the people of these islands than one which told of Havelock—how he lived and how he died.

By the preface of the little work which is at present under our notice, we perceive that it pretends to be little more than a stop-gap, if we may use the colloquialism, until, in the fulness of time, a more ample memoir of its illustrious subject, now in course of preparation, shall appear. Moreover, Mr. Brock's book distinctly professes to have "special reference to the religious character of the deceased General," and purports to let the world know "how good as well as how great a man he was whose loss we so unfeignedly deplore," a man whom Lord Hardinge designated as "every inch a soldier, and every inch a Christian."

Henry Havelock, then, we learn from his own papers, was born at Bishop Wearmouth, in the County of Durham, in April, 1795, which

\* "A Biographical Sketch of Sir Henry Havelock, K.C.B." By the Rev. W. Brock. London: Nisbet and Co., 21 Berners-street.

would make him have been about sixty-three at the time of his death. At the early age of six, he and his brother William, who was two years older than himself, and who afterwards fell in a cavalry action in the Punjab, in 1843, went to school at Dartford in Kent, near to which place their father, who had been employed in ship-building and commerce, had purchased a place called Ingress. Of this father Havelock says :—

“ My father, William Havelock, descended from a family which formerly resided at Grimsby in Lincolnshire, and was himself born at Guisborough, in Yorkshire. After his first improvement of fortune at Sunderland he married Jane, daughter of John Carter, a conveyancer of Stockton-on-Tees, whose wife was the sister of William Ettrick, Esq., of High Barnes, near Sunderland, a man of ancient family, and landed property in the County of Durham, which had belonged to it for many generations.”

During the four years or so that he remained at school at Mr. Bradley's, he frequently evinced the qualities of cool judgment, calculation, and forethought, together with an amount of fearlessness at which his father was surprised. “ Were you not frightened ?” said his father to him one day, “ when you fell off that tree just now ?” “ No ; I had too much else to do to be frightened. I was thinking about the bird's eggs.” This story reminds us forcibly of some of those which we read of the young Nelson. This constitutional courage was always Havelock's, but could hardly have borne him through the experiences with which his future was fraught, had it not been fortified by that courage, horn of faith, in an overruling Providence, so that he was not “ afraid for the arrow that flieth by day, nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness.”

His next step in life was his removal to Charterhouse School, when he was a little more than nine years old. Here he became the companion of several boys, whose future was to be distinguished in several walks of life, himself destined to achieve as brilliant success in his own way, and to bequeath to old Charterhouse as proud a boast, as any of them.

Even at this early period of his life, Havelock was distinguished for a habit thoughtful beyond his years, and which was quite distinct from that constitutional gravity which we sometimes see in the young, and mistake for a symptom of a thoughtful disposition, while at best it is but a musing one, and is as different from the former as random scribbling is from careful drawing. Somehow the boy had got hold of the question whether his faculties were given to him to be exercised only in this fleeting world, and for a limited lifetime, or whether there were not a grander hereafter, for which he had better fit himself before it should be thrust upon him. Accordingly, braving the taunts and scoffs of his schoolfellows generally, he and two or three others established a little prayer-society among themselves, praying and reading sermons to each other in one of the sleeping-rooms of the Charterhouse.

On leaving school, it was the original intention of his parents that Havelock should adopt the Bar as his profession, and in 1814 he became a pupil of Chitty's. Talfourd was fellow-clerk with him—the good Talfourd, who died on the bench but the other day, “ right eloquently

pleading for greater sympathy between rich and poor, whilst for his fellow-student it was reserved to die in camp at Lucknow, exhausted by his exertions in relieving helpless women and children from disgrace and death :”—

“But with the law Havelock was not destined to become familiar. In the year in which his mother died (1810), his brother William entered the army, and commenced his active career at the battle on the Coa. This circumstance drew Henry's attention again towards military pursuits; and when Napoleon returned from Elba, in 1815, ‘he yielded,’ as he says, ‘to the military propensities of his race,’ by asking his brother to get him a commission forthwith.

“There was however some delay, but having greatly distinguished himself at Waterloo, as aide-de-camp to Baron Alterm, his brother—described by his superior officer as ‘one of the most chivalrous officers of the British service’—became a more influential man, and he at once exerted himself on Henry's behalf. About a month after the battle of Waterloo ‘Henry was appointed second lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade, then the 95th.’”

Even at the time of the bird-nesting adventure told above, Havelock's own tastes indicated a bias towards arms. We are told that—

“He was a great reader at this time of all papers on which he could lay his hands relating to military affairs. With the movements of Napoleon he made himself familiar, and evinced such tendencies towards the profession of a soldier, that his mother apprehended the disappointment of her project of educating him for the law.”

He appears especially to have had a genius, at any rate a taste, for military strategy and generalship :—

“Having thus entered the army, he gave his whole soul up to his profession. He read every military memoir and history within his reach. He laid in a rich store of information for his future guidance. He became familiar with every memorable battle and siege of ancient or modern times, and examined the detail and the result of every movement in the field with the eye of a soldier. Frequently has he delighted his friends in India by fighting over again the actions of Blenheim and Austerlitz, and the other memorable battles of Marlborough and Napoleon, calling up from memory the strength and disposition of each division of the contending forces, and tracing on paper their successive movements, till he came to the critical movement which, in his opinion, decided the fate of the day. His great aim was to master the principles of the art of war, which he always affirmed to be unalterable, and which no general could neglect without risk of failure. The history of our own military achievements became perfectly familiar to him, and he could refer from memory to the services of every British regiment in the Army List. For several years he continued to serve in England, Scotland, and Ireland, constantly adding to his stock of observation and knowledge. In 1821, he travelled through France and Italy, and never failed to visit and examine the fields on which great actions had been fought.”

He did not continue long with the gallant 95th, being transferred to the 13th Light Infantry on their augmentation, and with them, in January, 1823, Havelock embarked for India. “It was his own choice to serve in this part of the world, and he had fitted himself for Indian

service by studying Hindostanee and Persian under Dr. Gilchrist in London, before he left." While at sea it was that the grace of God visited him, satisfactorily, completely, effectually. As Mr. Brock has it, "Havelock, like Cornelius, was a devout man, and one who prayed to God alway; but he needed more instruction about the perfect freeness of salvation, or, at least, a clearer conception of his own welcome to the immediate participation of all that Christ had lived and died to procure." And even as Cornelius's prayer was heard and Peter sent to him, so Havelock found on board the transport an apostle to clear away his doubts, and to let in light upon the dark places—this was Lieutenant James Gardner of his own regiment; and he "was," we are told, "most influential in leading Havelock to make public avowal, by his works, of Christianity in earnest."

On his arrival in India, Havelock at once set about working for that Master whose service he had chosen to enter. Finding it perfect freedom, he was not the kind of Christian to sit with clasped hands and upturned eye, crying, "Lord, Lord!" but, fervent in spirit, serving that Lord, he knew that in no way could he act more acceptably than by teaching his holy truths to the many ignorant souls around him, "that he might by all means save some." Accordingly, "with his men he was assiduous and discreet, the earnest exhorter always, but the exhorter who sought to win them to the Lord Christ." The discretion which he shewed in this was and is worthy of all imitation by many who, with the best intentions but less tact, are working in the same field. We read—

"No indiscriminate endeavours were his—endeavours which overlooked constitutional diversities, and made no allowance for a man's bringing-up. He studied men's tempers carefully, and brought truth to bear upon individual minds, as it seemed to him in the best way for them, one by one. His religious influence over them became remarkable; and, though he was a strict disciplinarian, he gained their hearty goodwill."

In 1824, while with his regiment at Rangoon, Havelock was an invalid from liver-complaint, and was compelled to go to the Deccan for his health.

That his having become a Christian soldier did not prevent his being a good one, is vouched for by a brother-officer, who says—

"When I first knew Havelock, in 1824, he was only eight-and-twenty; but he was conspicuous as an earnest student of his profession, a chivalrous soldier, and a man of the highest integrity. That which formed the brightest glory in his whole career was his sterling Christian consistency."

His health was soon restored, and "he sailed back by Madras to Rangoon, found the army at Prome, and fought with it at Napadea, Patanago, and Pagham-Myo."

An anecdote, further illustrating the compatibility between the whole armour of God and the sword of the King is told here:—

"No godliness of mere psalm-singing was Havelock's. It is told that whilst in Burmah, the army was one day suddenly apprised of the near

approach of the enemy. Sir Archibald Campbell sent in great haste to order the men of a particular corps to occupy at once a prescribed post. Imminent as was the danger the order was to no purpose, for the men of that regiment were so many of them intoxicated that they were unfit for duty. The position was embarrassing, and would presently have become serious. The General knew this well, and he knew, too, upon whom he could depend upon such an emergency. 'Then,' said he, 'call out Havelock's saints; they are never drunk, and Havelock is always ready.' The bugle sounded; they were immediately under arms, the enemy was repulsed, and the General's object achieved."

Chapter V. of this little work has the heading, "Havelock's Fragmentary Memoranda from 1827 to 1849," in which he generally speaks of himself in the third person. The first we will take runs thus:—

"1828. *Published the 'Memoirs' by subscription, in the intervals of professional exertions at Chinsurah.*"

The "professional exertions" mentioned allude to his duties as Adjutant to the *Dépôt* of King's troops, to which post he was appointed in the previous year, and the "Memoirs" are those of the "Campaign in Ava"—a work which, it appears, did not sell, though it obtained the barren approval of three Commanders-in-chief.

"1829. *February 9th, Anniversary of Fight at Pagham-Myo. Married at Serampore to Hannah, the third daughter of Dr. Marshman.*"

Mr. Brock gives a characteristic anecdote of Havelock's conduct on this occasion—

"Havelock had been summoned to attend a court-martial on the morning appointed for the wedding. Instead of sending an excuse, he thought it his duty to go down to Calcutta, and proceeded from the altar to the boat. Having completed his duty as a member of the court, he returned to the wedding-feast in the evening."

"April 4. *Havelock baptised at Serampore by the Rev. John Mack, having since walked over with the Baptists.*"

On this incident Mr. Brock makes the following felicitous remarks:—

"In reference to this incident in his religious history, and to the consistency with which he subsequently acted, it has been said, 'He was not a large or liberal-minded man; on the contrary, he was a sectarian of the Baptist persuasion.' If by sectarianism be intended attachment to a particular body of Christians, then this witness, of course, is true; but if, as the critic intimates, sectarianism, in the sense of narrowmindedness and censoriousness, distinguished him, then his witness about Havelock is not true.

"As a soldier he was a sectarian, in that he served immediately with the 13th Light Infantry; but then he was not a sectarian, by refusing to serve with any soldier not of the 13th. By association with a particular military corps, he did not dissociate himself from the main body of the British forces. His regiment was a sect, in the sense of being one part of the whole; it was not a sect in keeping aloof from or in decrying the chivalrous and heroic

doings of every other part. Havelock belonged, no doubt, to the 13th; but then it was through the 13th that he belonged to the army at large. His regimental attachments notwithstanding, he was known as the large and liberal-minded comrade of every soldier, whether of the Company or of the Queen."

"1833. Passed examination in native languages before Station Committee at Agra, and went down to Calcutta for examination at the College of Fort-William."

"1834. Passed examination in languages at College of Fort-William. Appointed Acting-Interpreter to 16th Foot, stationed at Cawnpore."

From the above paragraphs it will be gathered that his religious tendencies did not prevent him from fitting himself to go well through the duties of his station in life.

In 1835 he was appointed Adjutant of his own regiment, the 13th Light Infantry; and we are told that about this appointment there arose serious difficulties on account of his religious habits! This appears to us to be a striking comment upon the hollowness of average *professed* Christianity. What kind of appreciation of the nature of the religion of Christ must they have, who hold that his followers are *ipso facto* unsuited to fill a post, amongst the essential qualifications for which are integrity and conscience? However, the "good part" which he had chosen was not taken from him; and on diligent inquiry as to how his rule answered in his own company, as compared with that of others, it was found that Havelock's company, and those who joined them in their religious exercises, were the most sober and the best behaved in the regiment! "The complaint is," said the Governor-General, "that they are Baptists; I only wish that the whole regiment was Baptist."

In 1838, Havelock's family was up at Landour, in the Himalayas, whither they had been sent for change of air, and there a terrible calamity visited them—their bungalow was destroyed by fire, a little girl and two servants lost their lives, and Mrs. Havelock was dreadfully burnt. The little girl, it seems, was Havelock's daughter—at least Mr. Brock tells us that Havelock's infant daughter died in a few days after from the effect of the fire. Enough that she did die, whether or not her death was besides that of the little girl first mentioned; and Havelock mourned, but not as they who have no hope, nor as Rachel for *her* children, for *he* never considered either his children's or his own abiding place to be here. Of course the natural man was grieved, though not repining; and even in his sorrow he must have felt gratified at the proofs of attachment drawn from his men by this calamity—they came in a body to him, begging to be allowed to devote one month's pay to help him to sustain the loss of property. "This, of course, was declined, but it showed the high estimation in which he was held by his men."

In 1838, Havelock "got his company, AFTER SERVING TWENTY-THREE YEARS AS A SUBALTERN OFFICER!"

As Mr. Brock follows Havelock, he necessarily presents us with a history more or less sketchy of the proceedings of the English to thwart the encroachments of ever-scheming Russia, and in redemption of their obligations towards their allies in Cabool—a summary, in fact,

of the Affghanistan wars from 1839 to 1843, during which time Havelock on many occasions distinguished himself, amongst others in the memorable defence of Jellalabad, where, in the gallant sally which the beleaguered garrison were at length driven to make, Havelock commanded one of the three columns, of 500 men each, which succeeded in overthrowing and dispersing Akbar Khan's forces, which had been investing them for so many weary, starving months. For his gallantry on this occasion, Havelock obtained his brevet-majority, which, in the following year, was made substantive rank in his own regiment, the old 13th. Scarcely had the "soldier tired" sheathed his dinted sword, ere it was necessary to draw and sharpen it again for the protection of the throne of the young Rajah of Gwalior, who, we learn, was "the same Scindia whose recent fidelity to his treaty-engagements has won so much approbation." When this affair was off our hands, the Sikh war sprung up, and occupied Havelock again. He was through the battles of Moodkee—where he had *two horses shot under him*—and the two days' fight at Ferozeshur, where fell the gallant Sale; he was at Aliwal and Sobraon, where again his horse is shot under him, *a cannon-ball going through the saddle-cloth*. This (1846) ended the campaign.

In 1849, Havelock's health became so much impaired by hard work under an Indian sun, that he was compelled to seek a change of climate, and relaxation from his military duties. Accordingly he returned to his native land, having been serving her abroad for twenty-seven years. Acting under advice, he soon went over to the Continent, to take advantage of the medicinal waters of Germany. From whence, after a time, he writes from Ems—"I can hardly describe to you how much I have already benefitted, by God's help, from these potations and immersions. I am to devour grapes at the rate of eight pounds per diem, and then, it is hoped, I may be fit for something. We shall see. Love to all." He did recover his health sufficiently for him, as a conscientious soldier, to buckle on his sword again; and being, as he said, convinced "that the road to India was his path of duty," he acted upon that conviction. First he paid a short farewell visit to England, back again to his family in Germany, and locating them permanently at Bonn, for, after a severe struggle, he had determined upon leaving them behind him, he once more set his face to the East, where lay his duty, turning his back upon the western world, where were all that were near and dear to the natural man, all except two sons, who were in India, and the prospect of meeting with whom must have afforded much consolation to him in his sorrow. He expresses his feelings in the letters which he writes to his family in strong terms, almost daily letters, which exhibit as well the mortal weakness of the man as the heaven-derived strength of the Christian. "If you knew," he says, "what I have endured since I parted with you, I fear it would give you pain; but my God will support me. . . . I have Jesus Christ to comfort me, yet in this mortal state we do feel keenly." Again—"Let us do His will, and leave the event to God; perhaps He may be merciful to us, and grant that we may soon meet again, though we see not how." Other traits of his character, besides his affection for his family and his dependence on his God, appear in these letters, written as he

made his way down to Trieste, whence he was to embark for the scene of his heroism and his martyrdom. We called attention before to his love for strategy and battlefield-plan. He writes from Leipsic, Oct. 30, 1851—"I purpose going to see the battlefield to-morrow morning." Again, Nov. 1, from Dresden—"Next I mounted on the top of the Kreuz-Kirche, and thence saw, as on a plan, all that Napoleon saw at the grand battle, excepting the battle itself. . . . I do now understand Alison's account of the fight perfectly." Again, after his arrival in India, which took place in December, 1851, he writes to his little son—"Read all the accounts of Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann; and if, by God's blessing, we meet again, I will explain them to you." And again, in December, 1854—"My patience is rewarded by the intelligence of the glorious but sanguinary action of the 5th November in front of Sebastopol. I wish my boy George to be fully instructed regarding these matters, for now that I am nearly sixty, I derive great advantage from the knowledge I acquired at school of the affairs of these times."

It happens that Mr. Brock has recorded Havelock's opinion on a question exactly parallel with one which has been within the past month much discussed in this city. It was proposed to throw open the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park to the lower orders on Sunday. Havelock says—"No, you must have no Crystal Palace open on the Sabbath, if you value the small amount of piety to be found in the nation." And we are proud to say that similar sentiments prevailed with a large majority of the body whose province it was to determine a like question in Dublin a few weeks ago.

When war broke out between us and Persia, in 1857, Havelock was given the command of the Second Division of our army. It was not a war of many months; and in March of the same year a treaty of peace was signed at Paris, Havelock having had no occasion to stain his sword.

We have now to do with the portion of Havelock's life which, though ending in his death, has rendered him immortal in history. "During the Brigadier's (Havelock was now Brigadier-General) absence in Persia," says Mr. Brock, "a fearful calamity had happened to our Indian Empire. A mutiny, which has no parallel in our former Oriental history, had broken out, threatening the ignominious and final expulsion of the British race from Hindostan." When Havelock arrived from Persia at Bombay, and found the country in a state of consternation, and almost of anarchy, his first impulse was to get across country to his own Presidency (Bengal), to take his post as Adjutant-General of the Queen's troops, which he still retained; but on consultation decided that it would be highly unsafe to attempt to do so without an escort, and an escort could not be afforded, so "long sea" was necessary, and he sailed without delay in the "Erin" for Pont de Galle, to take the next steamer thence to Calcutta. The "Erin" was wrecked on the Ceylon coast at night; but after some hours' suffering and anxiety, joy came to the sufferers and hope to the despairing ones, when day broke, and they were rescued by canoes from the shore, no lives having been lost; and Havelock, as ever, practically acknowledging the goodness of God, called upon the ship's company to return thanks to Him for his



signal mercy. And there on the shore did he himself read to them, all respectfully attentive, the service appointed for such occasions. From Pont de Galle he made Madras, and thence Calcutta. He writes from Calcutta, under the date of 21st June, 1857, a-year ago, as follows :—

“I have barely time to tell you, by the after packet which leaves to-day, that I was yesterday reappointed Brigadier-General, and leave by dawk, as soon as possible, for Allahabad. Sir Patrick Grant lost no time in recommending me for this important command, the object for which is to relieve Cawnpore, where Sir Hugh Wheeler is threatened, and support Lucknow, where Sir Henry Lawrence is somewhat pressed. May God give me wisdom and strength to fulfil the expectations of Government, and restore tranquility in the disturbed provinces.”

Cawnpore and Lucknow! more suggestive names do not redden the ensanguined map of Hindostan. We do not readily find words to express the thrill of horror or the flush of indignation which we experience when we recall the fate of the brave old man, Wheeler, his chivalrous garrison, and the women, the women and the little children—a fate, the barbarity of which was enhanced by the treachery which compassed it. It is not to be dwelt upon without giving rise to thoughts of a complexion which the Christian religion will not recognize.

Lucknow, equally gloriously, happily, more successfully defended, until gallantly relieved, it may be said of thee that for thee was Havelock born, as assuredly it may, that for thee he died! *Finis coronat opus*—it was a worthy achievement by which to conclude the Christian soldier's career.

A very painfully interesting chapter is devoted to a slight sketch of these two defences. The Cawnpore tragedy had been enacted, and news of it had reached Allahabad, where Havelock was, sent by the noble Sir Harry Lawrence, himself beleaguered in Lucknow. Already some 600 men had started for Cawnpore, under Major Renaud. Havelock was now sent after him with more troops, and he writes under date “Allahabad, 3rd July, 1857—*I march to-morrow to endeavour to retake Cawnpore, and rescue Lucknow.*” It would be superfluous to dwell upon the interests comprised in those words—“To retake Cawnpore, and rescue Lucknow.” Never was there a nobler object placed before a soldier, and never did a soldier attain his object through greater hardships and dangers, forced-marches under an Indian sun in July, and then, too frequently, fierce combats with a bloodthirsty foe, by way of rest. This was the daily experience of Havelock's force. For the particulars of these, graphically written, we must refer our readers to this interesting little book itself. Suffice it for us to call to mind, that when the miscreant Nana Sahib, defeated at the bridge of Pandoo Nuddee, saw that he would not be able to keep us out of Cawnpore, he committed that slaughter of the women and children, whom until then he had spared, which has rendered his name a byword and a curse, and was a fitting consummation to his treacherous slaughter of Sir H. Wheeler and his garrison. Having gratified his distorted nature with this savage indulgence, Nana Sahib retired to Bithoor, there to make a stand, but

his troops failed him, and fled across the Ganges. Mr. Brock sums up the achievements of Havelock in the following words :—

“In his short campaign from Allahabad to Bithoor, Havelock had thus taken forty-four guns, and he had gained four battles: Futtehpore, Aong, Pandoo Nuddee, and Cawnpore. But these successes are mere indications of his almost unparalleled exertions; they had been gained with a force utterly inadequate to the magnitude of the undertaking, and almost destitute of cavalry. They had been achieved, too, against fearful odds, the enemy consisting of troops disciplined and taught by ourselves to fight—some of them Havelock's old soldiers—well armed, strong in cavalry and artillery, and, above all, accustomed to the scorching heat of a July sun.”

From Cawnpore, which was retaken in a day's hard fighting, with reinforcements barely sufficient to fill up the gaps made in his ranks by hardship and battle, Havelock pressed on to “rescue Lucknow,” defeated the rebels again at Busserut Gunge, and next morning fell back upon Munghowur, cholera having broken out virulently amongst his men. In this plight Havelock heard that the rebels were assembled at Unao again. He marched on them, fought them, and, as usual, defeated them, but with heavy loss on his own side. After his victory, he found himself compelled, for the present, to abandon the idea of reaching Lucknow; accordingly, having allowed his men a couple of hours' rest, he fell back again, and next day rejoined the gallant Neill at Cawnpore—not too soon—for Nana Sahib was in the neighbourhood, and wanted Cawnpore back, and Neill had sent nearly every effective man with him to Havelock, whose return was therefore a welcome reinforcement. After a day's rest, Neill fought the rebels at Pandoo Nuddee, and put them to flight, thereby keeping open the communication with Allahabad, which had been in danger of being cut off. Next day Havelock defeated a powerful and strongly-entrenched force of them at Bithoor. On the 16th September came General Outram with reinforcements, “small,” as Mr. Brock says—“small, but the exigency was most urgent.” General Outram was, by virtue of his superior rank, entitled to have assumed the chief command, but magnanimously left to Havelock the opportunity of finishing what he had commenced so gallantly, and suffered for so unflinchingly. We have not space to enlarge upon the difficulties which Havelock experienced in getting his force—artillery, elephants, and various materiel—across the Ganges, which had overflowed the country for several miles on the Oude side, into which he was penetrating. The day after the passage was accomplished was the Sabbath, and the little army of deliverance took that rest which was so needful for them. On Monday the enemy opposed them with the usual result, and Havelock was not interrupted by them again until he reached the Alum Bagh. After their battle, the same day, the force marched twenty miles through an inundated country in a deluge of rain. Next day another march of fourteen miles brought them within sound of the artillery booming around the Residency of Lucknow, and a royal salute was fired from their own heavy guns, in the hope that their friends in danger might hear the report, and comprehend its purport. Next day the enemy made one more stand, and once more were scattered by Havelock, between whom and his harassed countrymen there now lay the city of

Lucknow, on the banks of the Goomtee. The city itself, in the full sense of the word, was in the hands of the rebels, while the Europeans, and a few faithful Sepoys, for of such there were some, true fellows who could neither be bribed nor terrified into joining their rebellious brethren, had shut themselves up in the Residency, which had been well provided with provisions and military stores by the providence of the lamented Lawrence, whose memory the besieged had cause to bless many times during the five months for which this little band held out against overwhelming numbers—

“For they were fifty thousand men,  
And we were wondrous few.”

Not five hundred! The narrative of the defence, with its episodes of individual daring, general suffering, ceaseless vigilance, and frequent death, to be appreciated, must be read in the intensely interesting chapter devoted to the siege of the Residency, in Mr. Brock's book; the materials for which he acknowledges he is indebted for to Lieut. Innes, of the Bengal Engineers, himself one of the garrison. The desperate fighting which followed before Havelock could penetrate to the Residency is given in detail, and the last gallant advance in the evening, after fighting all day, is thus described:—

“No words can picture that march of fire and death! Broad deep trenches had been cut across the road, furnished with every kind of obstruction. Every inch of the way was covered point blank by unseen marksmen; at every turn heavy artillery belched forth its fiery storm of grape and canister. Above, below, everywhere, crowds of human tigers glared from house-top and loop-holed casement upon the intrepid band; while as they rounded the corner which opened on the squares of the Palace, they had to encounter from many thousand rifles an iron hurricane of destruction and death.”

Here fell noble Neill, one more of the many gallant spirits whom this insurrection has immortalised and destroyed, struck in the head by a Sepoy bullet, just to soon for him to say that he had seen that wish for which he and Havelock had so long fought and prayed, accomplished.

“It was now dark,” says Mr. Brock, “but the road was lighted up by the incessant flight of shot and shell, and the furious play of musketry. One obstacle after another was conquered, and the way at last was clear. The gate of the Residency was before them, and with a cheer, which only British soldiers know how to give, the vanguard of Havelock's ‘column of relief’ entered in, bringing to the beleaguered garrison safety at least, if not deliverance.”

“And who shall picture the greetings of that night—the joy of those who once more began to hope, or the gratitude they felt to that brave heart who, for nearly a hundred days, had struggled through an overwhelming tide of battle, disease, and death to rescue them.”

“‘Our reception,’ says one, ‘was enthusiastic—old men, and women, and wan infants pouring down in one weeping crowd to welcome their deliverers.’ While another adds, ‘Many people were nearly mad, and the cheering was deafening.’”

The “Surgeon's Narrative” is fearful; it is a recital of his attempt,  
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next day, with the wounded left in his charge, and an escort, to rejoin the fighting men who had, as we have seen, fought their way to and into the Residency. What these poor fellows went through is almost incredible : their whole party reduced to about eight or nine effective men, shut into an outhouse, and ceaselessly fired upon by a thousand Sepoys from without, replying as best they could. At length when, exhausted, wounded, ammunition at its last ebb, and in sheer despair about to dash into the midst of their foss, to die like men under the sky, not like rats in a cellar, deliberate volleys of the Enfield rifles are heard, and Ryan,\* who was sentry, shouted, " Oh ! boys, them's our own chaps ! " This is a thrilling narrative, and gives a vivid idea of an episode in a war of extermination ; for, had it been a case where surrender were possible, resistance in such straits would have been folly highly to be deprecated, as involving the loss of so many valuable lives, and little chance of the saving of any ; but here the little band knew well that surrender meant death, indignity and torture, and preferred, putting hope of rescue out of the question, to die the speedy death by the bullet, which was the fate of so many of them before the arrival of the despair of relief.

When Havelock and Outram joined the long-tried defenders of the Residency, they found that after all they could do no more than reinforce them and wait for still further assistance ; their combined forces were not strong enough to take away in safety the long accumulation of wounded and sick belonging to the garrison ; and to the wounded, Havelock's own relieving force had made large additions, having, as we know, had to fight their way thither for so many days. This increase of the garrison, however, enabled them to clear the houses in the neighbourhood of the Residency of the enemy, who had for so long occupied them as a 'vantage-ground whence to keep up their incessant fire upon its devoted defenders. Accordingly, the relieving column occupied the series of palaces stretching along the banks of the Goomtee, from the Residency, and were there besieged in their turn for two anxious months.

The series of mining and countermining operations incident to this part of the siege are, we believe, almost without precedent ; and the reader will see that the engineer, besides his mattock in the one hand, must have his revolver in the other, as he gropes for his enemy in the dark galleries of the mine. Weeks rolled on, and at length they received information that Sir Colin Campbell was advancing from Cawnpore, and having united with Brigadier Grant's column, was advancing to the rescue. Then followed the sanguinary conflict in the Sikunder Bagh ; then at the Shah Nujeeff. Street by street and house by house were the Sepoys rooted out, Havelock and Outram, and their garrison meanwhile with straining eyes and ears observing the progress of their rescuers, until they came sufficiently near for themselves to co-operate without leaving their post too much unguarded, and at length, at the bugle sound, dashing with a cheer to "assured victory." The Sepoys made their last stand against Sir Colin's force, for about an hour, at the Motee Mahal (all these places are clearly indicated in a plan of Lucknow in Mr. Brock's book) ; after which communication was at length opened with the Residency. And " I had," writes Sir Colin,

\* Since the above was written, Ryan, and the surgeon, who wrote this narrative, have been awarded Victoria Crosses.

"the inexpressible satisfaction shortly afterwards of greeting Sir James Outram and Sir H. Havelock, who came out to meet me before the action was at an end. The relief of the besieged garrison had been accomplished."

"What a greeting was that!" says Mr. Brock. The Iron Chief, Sir Colin, with the dust of battle still upon him, the "good Sir James," and the dying Havelock! The dying Havelock! Yes; it was even so. He had centred his energies upon the attainment of this "relief of Lucknow," and had been spared just long enough to witness it, but was already enfeebled by his anxieties and his hardships. Indeed he thought so much more of his duties than of himself, that he may be said (humanly speaking) to have hardly given himself a chance. The ruse by which the women, the children, the sick, and the wounded were removed from the Residency in safety to the Alum Bagh, through a neighbourhood infested with their bloodthirsty but baffled foes, is matter of history, we will not enlarge upon it. Let us stand by the dying Havelock! Change of air was resolved upon for him, and for some days he was better, and he wrote a cheerful letter home to that beloved family at Bonn, whom, after all, he was never to see again except, as he often said himself, "in heaven." The day before his death "his illustrious companion, Sir James Outram, having called, he thought it right to say to him what was then upon his mind. 'For more than forty years,' was his remark to Sir James, 'I have so ruled my life, that when death came I might face it without fear.' On the 24th November, 1857, he called to him his son—now alas! Sir Henry—himself wounded at the time, and who was most tenderly nursing his good, his gallant father, "'Come, my son, said the dying hero, and see how a Christian can die.' And Havelock died."

## Sporting Intelligence.

### YACHTING.

"Was that your galley, then, which rode  
Not far from shore when evening glow'd?"  
"It was." "Then spare your needless pain,  
There will she now be sought in vain.  
We saw her from the mountain head,  
When, with St. George's blazon red,  
An ocean clipper hove in sight,  
And yours trimmed sail, and joined the flight."

ON the 22nd of May, too late to notice in our June Number, was sailed the first match of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. The prize for the first-class yachts of 35 tons and upwards was One Hundred Pounds worth of silver "fittins," in the shape of a handsome kettle and lamp,

a tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar-basin, and milk-jug ; in fact, all the requisites that a hardly-used English gentleman requires in order to impart an aristocratic flavour to his "Mocha" or "Souchong." And for the second-class yachts, whose owners may be supposed, from the selection made for their especial benefit, not to ascend higher in the scale of liquids than bitter beer, Fifty Sovereigns' worth of a "silver tankard."

Do, good Mammoth Royal Thameses, take the initiative in this, as in other points, and either give something novel, or the "yellow-portraits" themselves. A gold chronometer watch, with appropriate chain and seals, would be an heir-loom, for One Hundred Sovereigns, and would be seen every day, if only for the pride of the thing.

The course was, as usual, from Erith to the Nore Light and back again, with half-minute time allowed for difference of tonnage in both classes.

For the Hundred Guineas there were entered—

Amazon, 46 tons (o.m.).....	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
Extravaganza, 49 tons (o.m.).....	Sir Percy T. Shelley, Bart.
Avalon, 38 tons (o.m.)... ..	R. P. Monk, Esq.
Cymba, 53 tons (o.m.).....	Thomas Brassey, Esq., jun.

For the Fifty Sovereigns went—

Phantom, 27 tons.....	S. Lane, Esq.
Emmet, 32 tons .....	E. Gibson, Esq.

¶ Taking a leaf from our friend "*Bell*," we will give our readers a glance at the antecedents of these vessels. The Amazon is from the stocks of Harvey of Ipswich, and was originally named the *Fleur-de-lis*; but being lengthened and considerably altered, became in 1855 the property of the late Mr. Alfred Young, who at the same time had the famous Mosquito and the little Flirt, with all three of which he was eminently successful. Under her new ownership she has been well brought out, and bids fair to carry his colours at the fore. The Extravaganza is a noble, fine cutter, built by Wanhill of Poole; and although she has not as yet made so brilliant a figure as her form and method of going would lead one to anticipate, yet, if we mistake not, the time will come when, shaking herself loose, she will astonish some of the knowing ones. We have sailed her beam and beam, and in a heavy sea too, and know well what she can do. The Avalon is another of Harvey's, of 1849, and when built was thought much of; but vessels, unless altered, will be built out; however on this occasion she proved of no mean powers of going, by taking her time off the Cymba and Extravaganza. The Cymba is a fine, slashing, sea-going cutter, with moderate sheer, good lift forward, clean quarters, shoal-rigged; and just the craft in which a man may turn-in snugly of a dark, stormy night, perfectly secure in the fact of having a vessel under him that as long as she is handled will play him no tricks. She is the winner of over £1,000 worth of specie and plate, was built by Will Ffyfe of Fairlie, and in the hands of "Auld Rob M'Kirdy," when he was alive, was very hard to live alongside of. She has the same speed and powers yet, if brought carefully to the starting-buoys, which she certainly was not on the 22nd of May, having a new

suit of sails bent only the day before, and a scratch crew of Greenwich men, running gear rove out of the coil, and everything, as the saying is, as if they were taken out of a "Hurrah's" nest. All this owing to Mr. Brassey's anxiety to promote sport; as, upon the solicitation of some members of the Royal Thames Yacht Club, he hurried a fit-out which could not have been properly completed before the middle of June. Of the Phantom we need say nothing: she is as notorious in the Thames as the "buoy" at the "Nore." She is a light, elegant-looking, racing craft; always brought out to win. The Emmet is a "Wanhill" of 1850, and is an evidence of what pluck and perseverance will do.

The start was effected from the usual moorings in Erith Bay, at 11h. 33m. There was a stormy breeze at S.W., and plenty more "a-comin'." The Avalon and Phantom were the smartest under weigh, with the Emmet and Amazon in watchful attendance. The Cymba's new canvas and running-gear sadly hampered her, nothing would work kind or go aloft handsomely, and she lost fully five minutes at the start. The Amazon soon wrested the lead from the Avalon, and the Emmet gave the Phantom a hint of what her intentions were, by likewise going in front—Emmet and Phantom under single-reefed mainsails; Amazon, Avalon, and Extravagaza, all plain lower canvas, and jib-headed topsails; Cymba carrying square-headed topsail. Going through Long Reach, the Amazon, Emmet, and Phantom drew out, with the Extravaganza and Cymba hard at it, close astern, the Avalon bringing up the fleet. Running through St. Clement's, with the wind aft, the Phantom drew rapidly on the Emmet; but the latter warily held her luff, and it was "No you don't!" with her. Entering Northfleet Hope, the Cymba came thundering down on the two "little'uns." Passing them to windward, the Phantom, with a hawk's eye abroad, the moment she got the Emmet under the Cymba's lee, hauled her wind for a burst; but again the Emmet met her, and no "catch-ee" no "have-ee" was the result. Off Gravesend, the Amazon had considerably increased her lead, with the Extravaganza second, the Cymba making the running to challenge Extravaganza, the Emmet leading the Phantom well, and the Avalon on hand, adjacent thereto.

In Gravesend Reach, the Cymba ranged up to windward of the Extravaganza, and then ensued one of those pretty bits of seamanship, so pretty to look at, but so suicidal where a clipper like the Amazon was slashing away with a strong lead. The Extravaganza would not allow Cymba to pass to windward, and commenced jamming her in on the Kent shore, until probably the thought struck her that all this time the Amazon was laughing in her sleeve at the rate she was leaving them, and accordingly yielded to the Scottish lassie. In the Lower Hope, the Phantom appeared to think that the Emmet was carrying the joke too far; but no sooner did the symptoms of a topsail appear in one, than the other had her's aloft too, watching each other like hawks. Off the Leigh Middle Buoy, the Cymba and Extravaganza sent down their topsails; but the Amazon carried on her's to the last moment, and did not start her topsail-tie until off the Nore Buoy. The Amazon and Extravaganza immediately struck their topmasts; but the Cymba's new jib-halyards working stiff, in shifting her jib, it

got away from her crew, and before she could get all to rights before the wind, it was too late, and she was obliged to round the Light Ship with her topmast on end. They rounded in the following order and times :—

	H.	M.	S.
Amazon.....	1	50	15
Cymba.....	1	54	30
Extravaganza.....	1	55	15
Avalon.....	1	58	15
Emmet.....	1	59	45
Phantom.....	2	0	20

The vessels had to jibe round, and the Amazon was caught napping. She could not stand up to her whole mainsail, and had to haul down a reef. Cymba exhibited her powers of carrying canvas by standing up to her whole mainsail—her foresail would not stand as it should have done, she was hampered getting her jib to rights, and, with her topmast aloft, she lost an immensity, as this is the great secret of Will Ffyfe's craft on a wind—they will look closer and go faster than most craft, but will not stand useless top-hamper. It was not until she reached Southend Pier that she relieved herself of this incumbrance. The Extravaganza, Avalon, and Emmet had single-reefs, and Phantom was double-reefed. Without much further change of consequence, save that the Amazon increased her lead, they reached the Buoy at Erith, which was rounded in the following order and times :—

	H.	M.	S.
Amazon.....	5	19	25
Cymba.....	5	26	50
Extravaganza.....	5	27	50
Avalon.....	5	30	45
Emmet.....	5	38	30
Phantom.....	5	41	30

The Emmet had a narrow squeak for her time, having to luff up to clear the winning buoy, and the Phantom being well to windward, and coming up like a racehorse; however the Emmet held her own by barely thirty seconds. The owner of the Avalon entered a protest that the Amazon had taken two members of the Club on board after the gun had fired, but it was very properly withdrawn; and the first prize presented to the Amazon, the second to the Emmet. The owner of the Phantom appeared not at all to realize the fact that he had been beaten by the Emmet, but so it was; pluck and perseverance will often beat the most exquisite handling. The Avalon deserved well for the manner in which she was handled; had the protest been entertained she would have stood for the first prize. How the Cymba made the race she did, under all circumstances, is wonderful; we hope she will meet the Amazon again before the season is over. The 62 nautical miles was performed in 5h. 46m.; the run down to the Nore was wonderfully fast with the tide, being performed in 2h. 17m. 15s.—nearly fourteen knots an hour.

A large number of yachts accompanied the match, amongst whom



we recognised our old friends the Mosquito, Volante, Pearl, Halcyon, Zuleika, Minion, Lisette, Shadow, together with the Prince of Wales and Sea Swallow steamers.

The next match we have to notice is that of the Royal London Yacht Club, which took place on Monday, June 7th. With the good prizes and liberal encouragement given in the Thames, it is wonderful that more new vessels don't put in an appearance amongst the local celebrities. For the first-class prize, for yachts exceeding 20 and not exceeding 30 tons, another beer-jug, a silver tankard value £40, as also a second prize of a silver tea-kettle and stand, value £20, and a third prize in specie of £10, there came to the buoys the

Gnome, 24 tons.....	A. Arcedekne, Esq., Commodore.
Zillah, 22 tons .....	E. G. Knibbs, Esq., Vice-Commodore.
Phantom, 27 tons .....	S. Lane, Esq.

For the second-class, exceeding 10 and not exceeding 20 tons, a first prize of a silver claret-jug and a small silver tankard, value £30 ; a second prize, £10 ; and a third prize of £5, brought out the

Kitten, 13 tons.....	R. Leach, Esq.
Wanderer, 11 tons .....	G. T. Moss, Esq.

The start was effected at 11h. 50m. 50s., with a fresh breeze at E.N.E. The race was hollow from beginning to end ; the Phantom won the first prize in the first-class, and Kitten first in second-class ; Zillah second and Gnome third in first-class. The Wanderer was no place to be seen, actually could not keep up "a gallop for the avenue" to come and take the second prize of her class. The course was from Erith to a boat about two miles below the Chapman Head for the first-class, and from Erith to a boat off the Chapman Head for the second-class.

The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club's first sailing match took place on Saturday the 5th of June. As usual with the matches of this spirited little club, it was very successful. Four yachts came to the buoys, viz. :—

Elfin, 3½ tons, centre board .....	A. Whitworth, Esq.
Charm, 7½ tons, ditto, .....	J. Poole, Esq.
Snake, 7½ tons, ditto, .....	G. Harrison, Esq., V.C.
Meta, 7½ tons, deep keel .....	St. C. J. Byrne, Esq.

After a very exciting and well-sailed match, the Meta was declared the winner, the Snake second, and the Charm third. We understand she is the first deep or fixed-keel boat that has carried off a prize in the Club. She was designed and built by her owner, Mr. St. C. Byrne, brother of that well-known yachtsman, Andrew E. Byrne, Esq., late of the Coralie. Her length is 33 feet ; beam, 7 feet 7 inches ; draught aft, 5 feet 9 inches, and forward, 2 feet 6 inches ; cutter-rigged, with heavy canvas.

We perceive that the Royal Thames Yacht Club Schooner Match, appointed for Tuesday, the 22nd instant, has failed for want of entries,

How difficult it is to get up a schooner match. We hope to be able to record fuller entries at Cork and Kingstown.

The Royal Cork Yacht Club Regatta, which takes place on the 13th and 14th of July, will command a very large attendance of clippers. On the first day the Eglinton Prize of Sixty Sovereigns, for yachts exceeding 50 tons, will be sailed for, no time allowed; on the second day, the Queen's Cup, value One Hundred Guineas, open to all yachts of 20 tons and upwards, belonging to Royal Clubs and the New York Yacht Club—a time race. A Purse of Fifty Sovereigns will be given for sea-going schooners, no time allowed.

The Royal St. George's Yacht Club programme presents many attractions, and will be productive of rare sport in Dublin Bay, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 21st and 22nd of July. It embraces a Purse of One Hundred Sovereigns for yachts of 30 tons and upwards, belonging to all Royal Clubs; of Thirty Sovereigns for yachts under 30 tons; and Twenty Sovereigns for yachts of 15 tons and under. On the second day, a piece of plate, value Seventy Sovereigns, presented by the Royal Irish Yacht Club; a very beautiful claret-jug, presented by the Marquis of Conyngham, the Commodore of the Club, for schooners, the property of members of the Club; the Club Challenge Cup, value £65, to be run for by members of the Club and the Kildare-street Club only; and a prize of Twenty Sovereigns for yachts of 20 tons and under.

Coming in such good time after the Royal Cork Yacht Club, all the vessels that attend one will attend the other, and we anticipate hearing of a match or two, or perhaps a sweepstakes, from Cork to Kingstown. The following clippers have already been mentioned as likely to contend in the different matches:—the Mosquito, Cymba, Oithona, Amazon, Glance, Foam, Vigilant, Surprise, Flirt, Dream, Peri, Banba, Bijou, Dove, Electric, Extravaganza, Atalanta, Crusader, Ffyfe's new 50-ton clipper the Surge, the Mabella, Daring, Banshee, Vidette, &c., so that closely-contested matches and plucky sailing will be witnessed.

For the Schooner-match are mentioned the Heroine schooner, Commodore Batt, 84 tons; the Maraquita, 125 tons, Captain Henry; the Lalla Rookh, 125 tons, Viscount Bangor; the Ionè, 75 tons, F. Low, Esq.; the Esmeralda, 129 tons, Ormsby H. Rose, Esq.; the Emerald, 82 tons, J. Thompson, Esq.; the Tana, 39 tons, Captain May, and several others.

Commodore Batt has just returned from a cruise to Cherbourg in the Heroine. The gallant Commodore reports the warlike preparations there to consist of an old two-decker converted into a screw, two or three old two-deckers laid up, a yacht building for the Emperor, and a wet dock in progress and nearly finished; calms and contrary winds; left Eugenie and Columbine schooners at Cherbourg.

## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD RACE.—No. IV.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## TIDINGS FROM THE CAMP.

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“Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin  
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed;  
 For every fond eye he hath wakened a tear in,  
 A drop from his heart’s wound shall weep o’er her blade.”

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So the long summer days passed lingeringly over the lovely world; and the summer showers came and refreshed the ground; and the sweet birds, and the bees, and the rippling leaves, filled the fragrant air with dreamy melody. But the pleasant sunshine lighted not the maidens’ souls, while the weary hours went slowly by, and each setting sun left them watching on the Giant’s Tower, and looking ever northwards for the glittering spears of the returning clans, till the closing darkness, and the howling of the night wolves, sent them home with tearful eyes and heavy hearts to Deirdré’s dwelling; but they knew not that a wakeful spy prowled round their path, and followed their footsteps, bearing the King word of all their goings.

And on the evening of the twelfth day, a messenger from the camp stood before the King in the Rath of Eman, and he said—

“May the King of Ulster reign from Tach Donn to Assaroe, and may his life be like the days of the strong-winged eagle. I bring salutations from Barach the son of Leidé, and he gave me the King’s skean to show, in token that he hath not withheld ought of his mind from me, so that the King may speak freely with his bondsman.”

And the King took the skean impatiently, saying—

“Prate not of thine own merits or Barach’s sayings, but tell me what hath befallen.”

And the messenger took breath, and answered—

“From the day that the hosting left Eman, Barach hath been with Clan Usna, and they have opened to him all their hearts, save alone Aínlé the Hunter. And they have sworn to take from the King his betrothed and his daughter, for they deem that the hearts of the people are with them. And for three nights Barach and thy bondsman watched with naked skeans by their camp fires, wishing to rid the King of his enemies, but the eyes of Aínlé and Brassil his fosterer were ever wakeful upon us. Then on the fourth day of the battle, when the Fírbolg pressed fiercely on Clan Usna, we raised a cry of flight behind, so that the people turned in sudden terror. Then the Fírbolg closed round the sons of Usna, striving to take them alive, but they set their backs together, and struck so fiercely, that they cleared a space around them. But Cuchullin and Curoi Mac Daré, with their households,

burst back through the rout, and clearing their way in to Clan Usna, brought them out harmless. And Naisi harangued the people, and taunted them so fiercely, that they cried out to be led back forthwith against the enemy. But he bade them wait for the morning, and by the counsel of Airlé he sent Barach by night with the men of Orghialla to lie in the woods behind the Firbolg. And the next day he drew up the clans within the skirts of the forest, but held them back as though they were afraid, till the Firbolg came down upon them. So we remained in silence, while the arrows and ringing sling-balls came crashing through the woven boughs upon us like winter hail. And many were wounded sorely, but none spoke or cried out, lying in silence where they fell, for such were Naisi's commands. But when the foremost spearmen of the foe were scarce half a bowshot before us, so that we might see next them the dark faces of the fierce Black Golls,\* with their long heavy axes, and could hear the words of their savage war-song, then the son of Usna sprang up lightly; but ere the words had left his lips, with a roar like bursting thunder, all Uladh crashed out upon the foe. Then the Firbolg went down before us like withered stubble, but the Black Golls fought bitterly. Three times Clan Usna clove them like an iron wedge, and thrice they closed again, flinging them back like the wave that breaks on Rathlinn. But when there arose a cry that the ships were burning—for the men of Orghialla had rushed in from their ambush, and fired the ships—they gave back before us, and when Naisi and Cuchullin promised their lives, they yielded. Thrice that morning, in the press of fight, I drew my arrow to the head upon the son of Usna, and either time his destiny, or some strong *geasa*, saved him. Once I pierced a clansman who passed behind him as the arrow parted, driving it through him to the feathered shaft; and the second time, as I drew upon him, scarce a spear-length off, the bowstring shivered in my hand.

"Then for two days we hunted the Firbolg up and down through the forest, slaying them, and taking some for bondsmen. But Barach brought Meva the Queen, whom he had taken with the royal galley. And the chiefs held long counsel, and some were for slaying the captives, but the words of Clan Usna and Cuchullin prevailed, for they said they would not suffer the Red Branch to be stained with murder; so they took tribute and hostages from the Queen, and let her go with the remnant of the ships.

"Then Barach went about among the people, wisely and craftily, and raised a rumour of treachery against Clan Usna, that they had let the King's enemies go for secret ransom; and the people have begun to murmur against them. And the chiefs also are angered, for they thought to have cast lots among them for the crown of Connaught.

"Barach's counsel to the King, therefore, is, that he strengthen himself and wait for the return of the army. And when the sons of Usna claim the maiden, Barach will rise and accuse them of treachery.

\* The coasts of Ireland were subject to constant piratical incursions from strangers (perhaps Scandinavians). They are called in our early annals, Dubh Goll and Finn Goll—i.e., the Black Golls and Fair Golls, and were frequently employed as mercenaries by the native princes.

Then let the King fall on them with his clan, and slay them while the cry is hot against them, and before they can speak to the people."

Then the King's face brightened when he heard Barach's message, and he gave the man rich presents, and sent him away in haste to Barach, bidding him to hasten the return of the people while there remained anger against the sons of Usna. And in short time after he had left the Rath, came the spy from the Wood of Kimbaeth, and he told the King how that a messenger from the camp had come to the dwelling of Feidlimh the Archpriest, and how he had talked long with the lady Deirdré, the Archpriest's daughter. And when he had drawn himself close to the house, he knew that the messenger was Brassil the Silent, the foster-brother of Airlé, the son of Usna. And he heard him bid the maidens hold themselves in readiness, for that Clan Usna would come to them with the close of tomorrow's sun, and carry them with them to Caen Druim, despite the King's power and all Clan Rudri. And the spy said, moreover, that Brassil was coming even now to the Rath to bring the King tidings of the battle. Then the King called for Rori the Jester, and bade him take with him two hundred chosen clansmen; and that when the darkness of night fell upon the land, he should go secretly to the dwelling of Feidlimh in the Wood of Kimbaeth, and taking thence the two maidens silently, yet gently and securely, that he should carry them two days' march into Orghialla, and lodge them there in the King's Rath of Duntrasna.

"But, first," said he, "bring this messenger of Clan Usna, and fill him with wine and strong mead, till thou loosen his tongue and set him prating of the counsels of his master; and bring me word of what thou drawest from him."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Now Rori, the son of Dall, was the King's jester; fleet of foot, strong of arm, cruel of heart, bitter of tongue. And he sat on the lowermost green rampart of the Rath of Eman, by the western causeway, watching the plain. And his left arm bore the scar of a new-healed wound, as though he had been torn by some wild beast of the forest. And while he watched, there came a man forth from the Wood of Kimbaeth upon the plain. And as he strode onwards towards the Rath through the red light of the setting sun, Rori's keen eye knew the gait of Brassil the Silent, the son of Conloch.

Brassil the Silent was the foster-brother of Airlé, and he was faithful and brave. In forest and in battle he clove to the sons of Usna like a staunch hound. Twice had he saved Airlé in fight, while he was yet a stripling; and his honest face bore scarred witness of his valour and truth. He was not of lofty stature, but was square, and deep, and strong as a mountain bull. And because he spoke little, and loved to sign his meaning by gesture from his childhood, men called him Brassil the Silent. Now as Brassil passed up the broad causeway

of the Rath, he made as though he had not seen the Jester, but Rori leaned down from the rampart towards him, and said—

“Hail! and glad welcome to the great Bulwark of Orion, the faithful friend of Clan Usna. What tidings brings the warrior from the fight?”

Then Brassil answered—

“The Firbolg are ——” And pointing downwards with his finger, he stamped his foot upon the ground; then made a gesture of scattering with his hand, and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder, added—

“The clans return!”

Then Rori asked if he sought to speak with the king, and Brassil signed assent; so they ascended the Rath together in silence to the king's house. And the king sat without in the cool evening breeze, playing chess, as he was wont, with Fiedlimh the Archpriest; and he was pulling the ears of Cusbrac the hound, as he lay at his feet. Then the two men stood before the king, and Brassil, saluting, said, “May the king live!” And then he shifted his feet uneasily, and pulled at his beard; and finally turning to Rori, he thrust him in the short ribs with his strong knuckles, so that he well nigh took his breath from him. And Rori gasped and said—

“Brassil the son of Conloch, slow of speech but mighty in war, bringeth greeting to the king, and tidings that the armies of Uladh, with Clan Usna, have trodden down the foe beneath their heel, and scattered them like dust; and that the clans are returning even now to the king with great honour and renown, and rich spoil.”

And the king answered—

“The warrior is welcome, for his own sake as for the tidings he brings. Take him with thee, Rori, and lodge him well; and I will send wine from the king's table, that the son of Conloch may rest and refresh himself this night, and in the morning I will hear from him the deeds of my heroes.”

So at the king's word the men went down to Rori's dwelling on the Lower Rath. And when Brassil saw the king's steward bearing the great flagon, his honest blue eyes sparkled; for though he was faithful and brave, he loved too much the dark wine of the stranger. And closing the outer door, Rori took his place beneath the open casement, and set Brassil opposite to him, so that *he* might be in the shadow while the light fell upon Brassil's face. And he brought forth two deep three-rimmed cups, because he feared the watchful eye of the son of Conloch, and wished to blind him in drunkenness before he set forth to do the king's errand in taking the maidens. And, moreover, he had short time to draw from Brassil's unready tongue the secret counsels of Clan Usna, for he had bidden Credna his cousin, a chief warrior of the king's guard, to come to him at early nightfall with two hundred chosen men. But Rori loved good wine as well as Brassil, so they both drank deep. And as they talked, when the wine loosened Brassil's slow tongue and quickened his wit, Rori asked who of the chiefs had fallen in fight. And Brassil answered—

“The white locks of old Amergin will never shine again in council. Let the widow of Cethern hang his cloven cathbarr in the hall, and weep

over it in secret. But young Angus will brighten her heart; for nobly he wears the eagle plume, and his young cheek has flushed in the foremost fight among bearded warriors."

And Rori said—"They were right royal princes, and brave soldiers, and Ulster will give them tears and costly burial. But I would fain hear, too, of thine own deeds, for Brassil's place was ever next Clan Usna's in the thickest battle."

Then Brassil gave a surly grunt, like a thirsty boar that is disturbed in his drinking.

And Rori said again, in a false, soothing tone—"Though brave warriors are silent concerning their own deeds, they love ever to speak of their friends' valour. How did the noble sons of Usna bear themselves? And did the people follow faithfully where their true courage led? And do they love them still as their noble worth deserves?"

Then Brassil looked doubtingly at Rori, for the wine had made him suspicious and quarrelsome, and he said, roughly—

"The sons of Usna need not my praise or thine, scarce though thy good words be. They are as they have ever been, the Flower of the Red Branch."

And Rori answered softly and appeasingly, though anger glittered in his eye—

"Why, thou knowest *I* have ever been among the friends of Clan Usna. But it was rumoured in Eman that the people were turning against them, according to their fickle habit."

And Brassil asked, quickly—

"Who brought that lie? Have any come from the camp before me?"

But Rori said—

"Nay, I spoke of a rumour before the clans went to the war. But I ever said they were ungrateful, and that they wronged Clan Usna."

"Hark thee friend!" said Brassil, angrily, "say whatever thy black mind prompts thy bitter tongue to utter of me, or whom else thou wilt; but I warn thee now, that if the name of Clan Usna pass thy teeth for good or evil—Nay, man, none of thy murderous looks at me! Leave gripping thy skean, I tell thee, or by the White Fire! I will tie thy long limbs in a knot thou canst not pick, and send thee hopping like an ill-hatched raven to thy master."

Then Rori left playing with his skean, though his fingers twitched after it, and his face was white with deadly rage, even in the dark shadow where he sat. And seizing the great wine-flagon, he filled the cups again to overflowing, saying, with a harsh, clattering laugh—

"The red plague fire thy hot brain, Brassil, for the cursedst brawler that ever quarrelled over good wine! Here, man, drink ere the liquor turn vinegar under thy sour look!"

Then, as Rori slowly swallowed down his rage and his wine together, with his eyes fixed on Brassil over the rim of his cup, he saw the son of Conloch suddenly let fall his quaigh, while his eyes were fixed in amazement over his (Rori's) head.

Now, it had happened that as Brassil cast his eyes upward towards the open casement beneath which Rori sat, he saw a strange child's head with an old face rising slowly up in the pale twilight; then a light

body followed, and the whole figure, three good span long, stood for an instant, at its full height, in the casement—and Brassil knew Cahal Caoum. Quick as thought the dwarf placed one finger on his lips in warning, and then pointing downwards to Rori, he grasped his throat with a meaning gesture. The next instant the casement was empty again. And Rori, turning, looked upwards, but saw nought, and he said in wonder—

“Why curse thee, man! art witch-struck to-night? or what dost thou gaze on now, like a dying wolf?”

And Brassil slowly gathered his limbs close under him, like a crouching hound, and he answered in a low tone—

“I gaze on thy forehead, for there is blood on it—innocent blood!”

And as he spoke, the heavy tread of armed men without fell upon their ears. Then Rori sprang up, his green eyes gleaming in the dusk, and, clutching his skean, he muttered—

“Drunk or mad, ’tis the shadow of thine own thick blood ——”

But ere the blade left the sheath, Brassil bounded on him like a wildcat, and driving him back against the wall, gripped his throat so that he could neither move nor speak. Then Brassil perceived something strange and light fall upon his shoulder; for Cahal Caoum, dropping from the casement upon his broad back, ran down his body like mouse, and quickly seizing a boar-spear that lay at hand, he placed it against the ledge of the door, so that it could not be thrust inwards. Then some one knocked softly on the door without, and Cahal answered—

“How many are with thee, Credna?”

And Brassil started, and well nigh quitted his hold of Rori; for the dwarf spoke with Rori’s very voice and accent.

And Credna answered from without—

“I have two score of the king’s guard, with a hundred bowmen of Clan Rudri, and twenty axemen.”

And Cahal said again, in Rori’s voice—

“Take them with thee to the eastern causeway, and there wait for me under the great rock by the black moat, for we cannot set forth before the rising of the moon.”

Then they heard Credna’s voice speaking in a low tone of command, and the quick tramp of men followed. And when the last sound of the receding footsteps died away upon their ears, Brassil released his grasp of Rori, and he fell to the ground from his hands, and lay with his eyes starting from his head. And Brassil, stooping over him, lifted his hand, but it fell back heavily. And he said to Cahal—

“He is dead—choked in his own den like a cowardly fox; but I would he had died by other hands. I deemed him stronger, or I had not squeezed so hard.”

And Cahal, kneeling, laid his ear on the Jester’s breast, and rising quickly said—

“Fear not, Brassil, his blood will not redden thy sleep—such vermin die not so easily. Just Destiny hath reserved a fitter fate for him. Here! lend thine hand to drag him to the wall, and I will bind him.”

And Cahal seized Rori’s shoulder, like a small beetle tugging at a dead rat. Then Brassil set him sitting against the wall, doing Cahal’s



bidding readily and silently, and holding up his limbs while Cahal's nimble fingers, untwining a thong-cord which he had brought coiled round his body, bound Rori hand and foot.

"Now," said he, "rend me a piece from that sheepskin, and I will make him a soft mouthful, and give him cause for once to practise his tongue innocently, when he finds it."

So saying, he thrust the woolly morsel into Rori's mouth, whereat the Jester coughed and gasped, closing his eyes and teeth together with a snap that well-nigh severed Cahal's hand.

"Ha!" said the dwarf, "did I not tell thee so? He did but feign, like a cunning fox as he is. Fare thee well, friend Rori, use thy time wisely; for betwixt this and morning thou hast full leisure to lay by many a sorry jest for future utterance."

Then Cahal signed to Brassil to lift him to the casement, and he dropped down lightly on the outer side. And Brassil, clambering up, followed him in silence.

## CHAPTER X.

### A RENT IN THE TOILS.

So BRASSIL and Cahal Caoum stood outside on the Lower Rath listening earnestly, and they heard none stirring in the Rath. But from below came the distant murmur to their ears of the women and children returning from the goaling; for a fierce bout had been in playing since morning betwixt Clan Rudri and the men of Orghialla. Then beckoning Brassil to follow, Cahal ran down to the western causeway, and passing forth, they turned short to the right hand, encircling the Rath toward the north, so that they might bring it between them and the people. And still fearing lest any might mark their course, they went without haste as if towards the pine-woods of Gaira. But when they were bidden within the dusky shades of the forest he turned again, and ran like a hare, with Brassil panting behind him, westward towards the Fire Tower. And as the shadows of night darkened over the plain, he went boldly forth from the forest, and paused not in his speed till they reached the uppermost border of the Wood of Kimbaeth. Then whispering to Brassil to follow silently and carefully, he went on with noiseless step, tracing a narrow path, like a hound, through the darkness. And after they had thus gone some space, they saw a faint red light sparkling through the trees. Then Cahal slackened his pace yet more, and moved, step after step, so that not a leaf rustled beneath his foot. And Brassil was following, carefully and silently, when suddenly Cahal seized him by the knee, striving to pull him downwards. And Brassil stooping till his head was level with Cahal, saw against the grey night sky the dark figure of a man standing scarce half a bowshot before them; but his back was towards them, and he was looking forwards across an open glade before him: to a dark, long, and low building, from whence came the glimmering of a pine torch through the open casements, while the faint tinkle of a harp, as of a hand wandering softly over the strings,

reached their ears. And they saw the man glide silently across the opening, and take his stand in the shadow of the building, as though he were watching those within. Then stooping on his hands, Cahal drew himself slowly through the long grass toward the house, and Brassil followed, crawling like a lizard. But they lay motionless when they saw the watcher, suddenly gliding forth again from the shadow, come directly towards them. And Brassil drew his skean, and silently gathered himself for a spring; but the man, turning, passed them so close, that he swept the dew into Brassil's face, and his quick footsteps died away upon their ears as he went down to the plain. Then Cahal rose boldly, saying to Brassil—

"It is the king's spy. Since the clans went to the war I have watched him from the Fire Tower, prowling around, by night and day, and now he goes to bear word to the king. Brassil! if ever thy head was clear, thy heart steady, and thy limbs untiring, prove it now; for we have nought but thy faith and courage to match against speed, cunning, and ruthless power."

Within the women's chamber, that looked northwards, in the dwelling of Feidlimh the Archpriest of Uladh, sat Deirdré the king's bethrothed. Her harp was on her knee, and her fingers wandered dreamily and unconsciously among the strings, while her eye sparkled with her thoughts, for her heart was far away. At the further end of the chamber lay Morna, the king's daughter, sleeping on a couch of soft deerskins; and the flickering pine-torch flung playful waves of light on the golden tresses that rippled around her shoulders. And even as she slept, the warm bloom glowed on her fair cheek, and the happy thoughts of her dreams sent a merry smile to her lips. Near her sat Larha, Deirdré's nurse, croning a mournful old song, in a low voice, as she rocked herself to and fro, with her eyes fixed fondly and admiringly on Deirdré's noble face. Now Larha was mighty in stature; comely, bold, and swarthy of aspect, and strong and valiant as the best warrior in Emain. (In her youth she was wedded to a hunter, and they dwelt alone far out in the forest. And it fell on a time that a band from a wandering tribe of Firbolg came to them, and the hunter gave them welcome, food, and shelter; but when they were heated with mead, the leader spoke insultingly to Larha, and she struck him to the ground. Then the strangers rose in anger to avenge their chief, and fired the dwelling. But Larha took her child, and with her husband clove a way through them, and escaped to the forest. But the hunter was sorely wounded, and an arrow struck the babe as it lay on Larha's bosom, so that it died in her arms. Then on the fourth day after they fled, her husband died before her eyes, and she buried him in the forest, and came into Emain like a raging she-wolf. And as she wandered into the dwelling of Feidlimh the Archpriest, the babe Deirdré stretched forth her hands towards her, for her mother was dead. Then Larha's heart opened to the child, and she became her nurse, and loved her more than aught beneath the sun; and so she dwelt always in the house of Feidlimh the Archpriest.) Now as Larha sat croning by the side of Morna, the king's daughter, she heard the whining as of a hound without, and a sound as though he were scratching upon the door. And then, as she listened, rose, clear and shrill, the cry of a night-hawk over the dwelling. And Deirdré

starting, while her cheek flushed red, and her eye sparkled brightly, said—

“Larha, hearest thou? It is the signal of Clan Usna.”

Then Larha, seizing a bright axe that lay against the wall of the chamber, strode to the door, and flinging open the upper half of it, demanded if any stood without. And a small, shrill voice answered, but when Larha looked forth she saw none. Then she deemed there was witchcraft, and making a sign against the evil eye, would have closed the shutter again, but the deep tone of a man fell upon her ears, saying—

“Hold, Larha! we are friends.”

And the mighty bulk of Brassil the son of Conloch came forth from the shadow. And Larha, looking hardly at him, said—

“If thou art Brassil, the friend of Clan Usna, thou art welcome; but whence hast thou two voices?”

And Brassil answered by raising Cahal Caoum, for Cahal’s head would not reach the level of the half-door. Then Larha took Cahal up in her arms, and kissed him, for she loved him much, as did all the people. But Cahal strove indignantly, and demanded to be set down, and Larha, laughing, set him on the table before Deirdré. Then Cahal waving her aside loftily, said to Deirdré—

“Lady, if thou lovest Clan Usna, or wouldst live for Naisi, thou must fly. The toils are thickening round thee, but we have this night rent a passage through them, and each moment is worth life’s-blood.”

Then Deirdré looked wonderingly at him, and she said—

“Why, what meanest thou, Cahal?”

And he answered—

“Since Clan Usna went to the wars, the king’s spy hath marked ye by day and night. And this night, as I watched from the Fire Tower, I saw him creeping after Brassil stealthily to the door. And when he had heard Brassil’s message, he rose and went in haste to the Rath, and spoke with the king. Then I followed, and I saw Rori the Jester speaking with the king. And Rori came forth and called for Credna his cousin; and as I lay in the hazel-grove on the Upper Rath, I heard Rori bid Credna prepare forthwith two hundred men. Then they spoke lower, and I marked Rori pointing hither with his finger. Then I knew there was evil abroad; but as I waited to escape hither unseen, Rori came up again with Brassil, and in short space I saw them descending from the king’s presence, and going together to Rori’s dwelling. Then I took a strong cord with me, and went through the casement, and we bound Rori, and have left him wherewith to occupy his mind and his tongue till morning; and we have also sent Credna astray till the moon rises. And so, if thou dost not fly with us now, and seek Clan Usna, thou shalt never see them again, save to thy sorrow; for the king will slay us, and carry thee away.”

And Morna had waked with the sound of the voices, and sat listening in silence; but now she rose, and said to Deirdré—

“Cahal hath spoken well and truly, Deirdré; and thou must fly with him, and I will remain and appease my father’s wrath, for he will hearken to me when none else dare come before him. And I know that evil tongues and talebearers have angered him against Clan Usna; but

when he finds them noble and true, he will forgive them thy love at my prayer."

But Deirdré shook her head mournfully, and Morna added whispering—

"And when thou art Ardan's sister I will love thee more than ever."

Then Deirdré said—

"I cannot leave thee thus, Morna."

And Morna's eye lighted with her father's proud look as she answered—

"And why shouldst thou not leave me, Deirdré? Deemest thou the king's daughter fears aught of danger in Eman?"

Then she drew Deirdré towards her, and whispered earnestly. And Cahal called to Brassil as he stood in the doorway, watching towards the forest, silent and dark as a shadow. And he said—

"Come hither, Brassil, and hearken. Ere the moon stands over Eman, Credna's wolf-hounds will be howling on our track. And lest Clan Usna come by the mountains, I will take the path by Slieve Fuadh to meet them; but thou must follow the plain with the women. Take them with thee therefore, silently and quickly, to the Fire Tower, and there in the bawn thou wilt find two steeds tethered and waiting. Mount them, and ride as though the plague were behind ye; for ye must be at the foot of Gortfinna ere the stars fade in the sky. Then when ye have passed the Ballagh Dhu, cut away the great pine that bridges the gap behind thee, and thou hast nought more to fear from Clan Rudri."

Then Brassil signed assent, for he knew that Cahal's counsel was wise and good, and beckoning to Larha, he went forth. Then Deirdré quitted her embrace of Morna and followed Larha, with wet cheek and pale face; and Cahal watched impatiently till the dark shadows of the forest hid them. Then he turned to speak with Morna, but her lip was quivering, and her cheek was flushed, and the tear was brimming in her eyes. And Cahal kissed her hand, and went forth in silence.

## THE DEAD MOTHER.

## A SCANDINAVIAN LEGEND.

## FYTTE I.

JARL CHRISTIAN sailed upon the sea,  
Dear to the blessèd saints was he.

God's angels, with their wings of white,  
Guarded him both in storm and fight.

For Christian's sword had dyed the flood  
As deep as hell with heathen blood.

He slew the heathen, young and old,  
And burned their towns, and took their gold.

God gave good gifts to Christian then—  
A ship, fleet-sailing, feared of men ;

A woman—loving, gentle, fair,  
Of stately beauty past compare :

The Ladye Elinore, and three  
Fair daughters to her lord bare she.

Three beds of gold the ladye made,  
Those children there each night were laid.

And night and morn she took good heed ;  
They had both ale, and wine, and meade.

“ My lot is blessèd among men !  
What lack I yet ? ” said Christian then.

That night his ship lay wrecked on shore,  
That night died Ladye Elinore.

## FYTTE II.

Much of grief did Jarl Christian dree  
For that good ship and that ladye.

## FYTTE III.

The women in the south are fair,  
They have grey eyne and gold-bright hair ;

## THE DEAD MOTHER.

And from the south a woman came,  
Whose beauty shone on men like flame.

On her white breast she bound a spell  
That made Jarl Christian love her well.

She kissed Jarl Christian tenderly,  
That he might not hear his children cry ;

And she spoke love-runes into his ear,  
That he might forget his children dear.

Those three fair babes waxed thin and pale,  
Yet never gave she them bread or ale.

Their white limbs shivered in the cold,  
For she took away their beds of gold ;

So that they cried to God full sore  
For their dead mother, Elinore.

“ Oh ! would God give our mother back,  
Good ale and bread we might not lack.

Oh ! might our mother now behold,  
We should not shiver in the cold.”

Their mother heard her children cry,  
Far off with God above the sky ;

God's Mother, at that mother's prayer,  
Had pity of those children fair.

Who bade her spirit fly away  
To the graveyard where her body lay :

The body was numb, and stiff, and cold,  
And the gravestone scarce from the grave she rolled !

Oh, woe was that poor ghost alone,  
To lift that heavy marble-stone !

Cold blew the wind in the village-street,  
She had no cloak but the coffin-sheet.

Like tombs the houses towered on high,  
The night-dogs barked as the ghost went by ;

And she came where, by Jarl Christian's door,  
Her eldest daughter sat weeping sore.

“ My child ! what dost thou here so late,  
In wind and rain, at thy father's gate ?”

"In my mother's face did red blood glow,  
But thine is whiter than the snow ;

"My mother's robes were silk and gold,  
But thine is of the cerecloth's fold."

"Ah ! how can I be fair and red,  
Who have so many a day been dead ?

"Ah ! how can I wear silk and gold,  
Who lie all night in churchyard mould ?"

The ladye wept as she stood beside  
The bed of Christian and his bride :

"Jarl Christian, you rest softly here, }  
While I lie cold on my death-bier !

"Fair ladye, you sleep warm in bed,  
While my children lack both ale and bread.

"I go, but when I come again  
An evil weird I rede ye then.

"Farewell my eldest child, Christine ;  
Let gold, and ships, and land be thine.

"Farewell my daughter fair, Helèn,  
For you shall be well loved of men.

"But thou my babe come home with me,  
I would God's Mother should look on thee."

Jarl Christian rose with the morning red,  
But his youngest child lay by him dead.

And men have said how since that night,  
That ghost was feared in the new wife's sight ;

And whenever she heard the night-dog's wail,  
She gave those children both wine and ale.

C. P. MULVANY.

## FITZMAURICE OF DANGANMORE.

*To the Editor of the Irish Metropolitan Magazine.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I regret to state that the fears I expressed in my last chapter, that I might not speedily get leave of absence from home, or opportunities of being so eloquent about the charms of my fair *compagnons de voyage*, have been fully verified, and I have not as yet regained sufficient character to be allowed to prosecute my rambles for the benefit of your readers, or for my own, and I am too conscientious to follow the example of other travellers, and draw altogether on my imagination. In these desperate circumstances, rather than be quite forgotten in your Magazine, I venture to appear by proxy, and have stolen a manuscript from a friend, which appears to me interesting enough to fill my place for the present. I have no doubt that the author (who is also, I suspect, the hero of the tale) will feel rather astonished, and perhaps somewhat indignant, at being “sent on” the stage in this unauthorized and premature manner; but as I have taken no liberties with his manuscript, except dividing it into two parts, and as in any case he is fishing in Norway, and cannot claim the “satisfaction of a gentleman” very speedily, I feel chivalrous enough to brave his wrath for the benefit of the readers of the “METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE,” and to present them with the first part of the fortunes of the “Fitzmaurice of Danganmore.”

Yours, dear Editor,

“THE IRISH TRAVELLER.”

FITZMAURICE OF DANGANMORE.

“My early haunts had perished all,  
My early friends departed;  
I sat alone in my father's hall—  
Alone, and broken-hearted.”

IT has occurred to many men to revisit the scenes of their childhood after the lapse of several years—sometimes even in extreme old age. To some this return to the ancient house is a source of honest pride. Sallying forth into the world, relying on themselves, and on themselves alone, and conscious of innate power, they have gazed with unflinching eye on the difficulties which lay between them and the object of their ambition—turning neither to the right nor to the left, neither seduced by pleasure nor intimidated by toil—with steady will and resolute exertion, they have struggled up the steep ascent, until they have stood triumphant on the summit, and then, after a well-spent life, return to the place of their birth, having shed new glories on a name already illustrious, or, what is still higher praise, having overcome all the disadvantages of poverty and an obscure station, and conquered for them-



selves a foremost place among the noblest and bravest in the land. Such men, as they stand, after long years of absence, on the hill which looks down on the home of their youth, may justly feel pride and satisfaction. On the other hand, to many, a view of the old house must be a cause of sorrow and self-reproach, as they meditate on opportunities neglected and advice despised—on resolutions which they have broken and examples which they have not followed ; and, thinking how they have degenerated, exclaim with the Roman poet—

“Stemmata quid faciunt quid prodest Pontice, longo  
Sanguine censi, pictosque ostendere vultus  
Majorum, et stantes in curribus Æmilianos,

. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .  
. . . . .

Si coram Lepidis, male vivitur?”

But, independent of such considerations, hard and callous must be that heart to which a return, in advanced life, to scenes well-remembered, but unvisited from early youth, does not suggest thoughts of a solemn character. As the old man approaches the spot after which, in all the vicissitudes of an anxious life, his heart has yearned, and to which he has longed to return, even as the hunted hare struggles homewards to her form though it be but to die, how his mind, with a retrospective clairvoyance, looks back to the distant horizon of early memory !—how he calls up before his mental vision the faces of those who loved and cherished him as a child !—and, standing on the unforgotten spot, thinks he still hears the voices of those who had spoken to encourage him in well-doing, or if they spoke in reproof, it was reproof administered in love. And as memory recalls all that has happened in the long years which have run their course since he left his father's home, and he thinks over the hopes he had formed, the successes he has achieved, and the disappointments which he has endured, and reflects that they are all now portions of the irrevocable Past, and says to himself, “It seems but yesterday that I stood a child in those halls, and yet where are they whose voices are still ringing in my ears, whose faces are still visible to my mind's eye ?”—will he not reflect that if the past seems to him as a scroll or a map which has been rolled up and put away for ever, Time, advancing with silent but inexorable step, is daily striking off portions of his allotted future, and adding them also to the years gone by ?—and that as the sun which rose behind him in the morning in the distant East, has climbed to the meridian, and is now hastening with rapid declination down the western arch of heaven to sink to his rest, so also his own foot is on the downhill path of life, and proceeding with accelerated velocity to “that bourne from which no traveller returns” ? Reflections of this kind are, however, so trite and obvious, that I shall not suffer them any longer to delay the commencement of my tale, but shall proceed to relate under what circumstances it fell to my lot, after an absence of several years, to revisit the halls of my ancestors.

I am Arthur Fitzmaurice, a cadet of the ancient house of the Fitzmaurices of Danganmore.\* For five hundred years the Fitzmaurices have held the lands of Danganmore. The ruins of the ancient fort in which our ancestors lived, in the gone-by days of battle and strife, are still visible, and many legends of the old feudal chieftains, their deeds of rapine and violence, attack and defence, are still current among the peasantry of the neighbourhood.

The old keep or fortress of Danganmore was situated on the top of a hill, which sloped down on one side to a lake of considerable size, and it commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, great part of which was the possession of the lords of the fortress. Some two-hundred-and-fifty years ago, however, the old fort was abandoned as a habitation, and the Arthur Fitzmaurice of the day (for the name of Arthur has been handed down from generation to generation) built a more commodious dwelling-house in a low and sheltered situation, but still commanding a view of the lake and the hill, on which the ruins of the old fort remain to this day. He also planted large woods on the slopes of the neighbouring hills, and, more immediately in the vicinity of the mansion, a number of single trees in situations where, he fondly hoped, they would in future days add fresh beauty to the lovely scenery. Alas! the woods on the mountain-side have long since fallen beneath the woodman's axe, in order to furnish funds to meet the extravagant expenditure of the descendants of the original planter. A thick copsewood growing among the rocks marks out the site of the ancient forest. A few old trees which have escaped the spoiler, stand as witnesses of the ancient glories of the place; and as their withered and leafless branches moan and creak in the storm which howls along the unsheltered hill, they seem to lament over the ruin and desolation of the old house of Danganmore. Of the trees which were planted for ornament nearer to the house, many have fallen victims to importunate creditors, but some few still remain firm and upright, like valiant chieftains of a routed army, and throw their giant shadows over the old ancestral lawns.

In the old days, the revenues of the lords of Danganmore were amply sufficient for the supply of their simple wants, and the maintenance of their rude hospitality. Intercourse with other countries was difficult and infrequent; and our ancestors, living in their own houses and among their tenantry, handed down the family estate from father to son undiminished and unencumbered. But the spirit of change was at work, and was imperceptibly but surely producing that state of things which eventuated in the ruin of many of the old Irish families, and the introduction of the Incumbered Estates Act. As civilization increased, and intercourse with England and foreign countries became more frequent, the Irish landlords were no longer contented with the rude style of living adopted by their forefathers, but gradually fell into habits of careless and lavish extravagance. Proverbial for their hospitality and reckless in their expenditure—anxious only to obtain the means of present display, and shutting their eyes to the future—vying with each other in the splendour of their entertainments and the number of their dependants—it

\* The great fort or stronghold,

was not to be wondered at if they soon made the discovery, that the revenues of their estates were insufficient to support their style of living. Then the ruin began. Too proud to retrench, ashamed to admit their distress, they continued the same spendthrift career. Universally addicted to field-sports, packs of hounds and large studs of horses were maintained at an enormous expense. Younger sons, too proud or too idle to work for their bread, were kept at home to shoot, hunt, fish, and contract idle and expensive habits; and as the daughters were married, with a miserable and contemptible pride large sums were mentioned in the settlements as their portions, the principal of which never *could* be paid, and the interest of which it was difficult to discharge.

In this state of affairs it was necessary to raise money, and accordingly money was raised from time to time by the mortgage of large portions of the property. The funds thus obtained were seldom applied, as they ought to have been, in paying off debts and incumbrances, but were used as the means of keeping up the old rate of expense. For a short period landlords were thus enabled to keep up appearances, but time crept on with sure and inexorable steps, and brought round the day when interest must be paid on account of the loan. To meet those demands, rents were raised to the highest possible pitch, frequently to a sum which no man could pay. The tenantry fell into arrears, and became insolvent; and many were either ejected, or in despair threw up their land, which was then suffered to fall out of cultivation, or was eagerly taken by some desperate speculator, who, in order to get possession, promised an amount of rent which it was quite impossible to pay, and, after an ineffectual struggle, was ruined in his turn. So long as the war-prices for agricultural produce were obtainable, some of the wealthier or less imprudent classes struggled on; but when, with the peace, prices came down to the natural level, the effort began, with decreasing means, to pay the fixed charges which had strained their resources to the uttermost when in possession of an artificial revenue. Creditors became clamorous, and mortgagees demanded their interest, and when not paid, applied to the Court of Chancery to sell the property. During the suit receivers were appointed, and the whole machinery of the law put in motion. In some cases, where affairs did not proceed to such extremities, the unhappy proprietors, unable to extricate themselves from their difficulties, and ashamed or unwilling to retrench at home, left their estates to the care of an agent, and went to reside abroad, or at some of the watering-places in England, living, as best they might, on such sums as could be squeezed out of their unfortunate tenants, after paying the interest upon the mortgages, and other charges on the property. Among others, the Fitzmaurices of Danganmore had not been free from the prevailing folly — if that is not too light a word to use — and were doomed to suffer the appropriate penalty.

By the time the estate devolved upon my grandfather, a long career of wasteful expenditure, and several election contests in which success, when achieved, was scarcely less ruinous than defeat, had loaded the property with incumbrances which were daily and hourly increasing; for he was, of all men in the world, the least likely to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his house. Ardent in pursuit of pleasure and ex-

citement, generous to profusion, but generous without discrimination, and utterly incapable of self-denial, he took no warning from the past, and reckless of the future, sought but to enjoy the present. Frank, hearty, and jovial in his manner, and delighting in field-sports of every description, he carried the proverbial hospitality of the Irish gentleman of his day far beyond the bounds of prudence; and too mercurial in his nature to attend to the details of business, he submitted with the greatest equanimity and good temper to be pillaged by the numerous tribe of relations and retainers who, on various pretences, lived on the revenues of the Lord of Danganmore. He never could be induced to look into his accounts, or brought to believe that he was living beyond his means. True it was, that he owed a large sum to his wine-merchant, who had a mortgage for some thousands on the property; but as the wine was in his cellar, the only way of getting value for his money was to drink it; and as he killed his own beef and mutton, reared on his own land, there could not be any extravagance in asking his friends to his house; and on the same principle, as the demesnelands produced an abundance of hay and oats, he was entitled to keep as many horses as he pleased. He was also a candidate for the county at every election, not that he coveted a seat in Parliament for itself—for, when successful, he seldom attended to the duties of a representative, preferring the sort of rude chieftainship which he exercised at home to attending on debates in which he took little interest—but as the Fitzmaurices had, from time immemorial, come forward on all occasions as candidates, my grandfather thought that it devolved upon him, as a duty, to do so likewise, and rather submitted to the necessity of representing the county, than sought it as an object of ambition. Nevertheless, during the struggle for the seat, he pursued his object with characteristic ardour, squandering large sums of money for that which he valued very slightly when won, and at each contest incurring an amount of debt which necessitated a fresh incumbrance on his property. The bonds were signed and judgments entered up, and mortgages granted over portions of the estate already heavily incumbered; and from time to time large clearings were made in the woods, and some of the old trees, which for more than a century had adorned the demesne, were cut down to satisfy some creditor who would not wait. Still there was no retrenchment, the usual style of living was persevered in, the old gentleman kept up his jovial, reckless hospitality; and if his agent, who grew rich as he grew poor, would occasionally furnish him with ready money, when he wanted to purchase a new horse or a brace of valuable sporting dogs, he was content, and never stopped to inquire from what source or at what ruinous interest the money was procured.

This mode of proceeding continued until his death, which occurred when I was about eighteen years of age. If the ruin of the property was accelerated by the mismanagement of my grandfather, it was not likely that any improvement would take place under the dynasty of his son, who, by the death of his elder brothers in the lifetime of my grandfather, found himself in the position of inheritor of an estate with a nominal rent-roll of large amount, but which was little more than sufficient to keep down the interest of the incumbrances with which the property was loaded.

My father being the youngest of three sons, had never dreamed of succeeding to the inheritance, and having devoted himself from an early period to literary pursuits, was totally unfit for the position he was unexpectedly called on to fill. Wholly unacquainted with business, shy and retiring in his habits, unaccustomed to mix in society, except with persons like himself addicted to the pursuit of literature, weak and irresolute in action, strictly honest and upright in his intentions, and, like all men of that class, unsuspicious of others, he was accustomed to postpone until the last moment, as if it were a painful surgical operation, all investigation into his affairs; and when forced to attend to the details of business, partly from ignorance, partly from distaste to the subject, and impatience to return to more congenial pursuits, and in a large measure from a want of worldly knowledge and a belief in the honesty of those with whom he was brought in contact, he became an easy prey to the numerous harpies who are accustomed to fatten on the ruins of a decaying house. Unfitted by early habits and infirm health to mingle in the rude sports of the country, and shrinking from the convivial meetings of the neighbouring landlords, he lived very much alone; and it was more from his own mismanagement, and from the rapacity of others who took advantage of his ignorance of business, than from any expensive habits on his part, that the embarrassments of the property continued to increase after his accession. He had had a large family, of whom I was the youngest; all however had died with the exception of myself and my eldest brother, who having married a lady of good fortune, lived abroad for the education of his youthful family.

From a very early period I had resided at Danganmore with my grandfather, with whom I was an especial favourite, and, as I have already mentioned, was about eighteen years of age when my father took possession of the ancient house. My grandfather, who attached little value to such things, had paid but slight attention to my education, and my father, partly from want of means and partly from the irresolute and undecided nature of his character, had not brought me up to any profession. Indulged and spoiled by my grandfather, who, with lavish generosity, supplied me with the means of taking part in all the amusements to which young men are so addicted, I was suffered to grow up almost to manhood without any settled or defined purpose.

Looking back now to the days of my youth, I can trace in my character the peculiar temperament of both my father and grandfather. Often dreamy and abstracted, slow and irresolute in deciding upon the course to be pursued, I was fiery and impetuous in action, bending all obstacles to my will, and overcoming difficulties by the fierce energy with which I grappled with them. Living always in the country, I became passionately fond of field sports, not merely on account of the excitement which to some natures is a necessity of life, but because in the pursuit of sport, particularly in shooting and fishing, I often found myself alone on the wild moor or by the mountain stream, and at liberty to indulge in day-dreams and reveries. Inheriting from my father a love of reading, but being without any one to direct me in a profitable course of study, I read much, but in a desultory manner, and without any settled plan; and thus I passed my life, alternating between idle dreaming and energetic

action. Gradually, however, as I approached towards manhood, the thought would pass across my mind that I was leading a life unworthy of the powers which I was conscious of possessing, and that I ought to seek for some higher reputation than that of being a skilful shot or a daring horseman.

Many a time and oft I formed resolutions of striking out a path for myself, and making my name famous among men. And as I listened to the stories of the peasantry, and their legends of the ancient glories of our house, and thought how we had fallen from our high estate, I remembered Warren Hastings—how when the world was all dark around him, and scarce a ray of light was visible in the distance, he had vowed that he would redeem the fortunes of his family, and be the “Hastings of Dalysesford.” So I, sitting one evening among the ruins of the old fort, and thinking that the wide demesnes which were extended beneath my vision were about to pass away for ever from our name and lineage, vowed that I, too, would do something worthy of my ancient blood, and that the day should yet come when I should stand once more on that spot, having reddened my sword and wiped out the rust, and call myself by the well-earned title, “Fitzmaurice of Danganmore.” Little did I then foresee the chequered course which was before me. But I must not anticipate.

#### CHAPTER II.

“ My life was cold, and dark, and dreary :  
It rained, and the wind was never weary ;  
My thoughts still clung to the mouldering past,  
But the hopes of youth fell thick in the blast,  
And my days were dark and dreary.”

CLOSELY adjoining the demesne of Danganmore stood the woods of Dromard, for centuries the residence of the Kirwans, a family as ancient as our own, and with which we claimed kindred, the Fitzmaurices and Kirwans having intermarried more than once in bygone years. At the time when I wish to introduce them to the notice of my readers, Sir Richard Kirwan, the sixth baronet by lineal descent, ruled over the wide domains of Dromard. He possessed an ample fortune and a large estate, which had come down to him, from a long line of frugal ancestors, clear and unincumbered. Delighting, like my grandfather, in the sports of the field and the exercise of hospitality, he was free and liberal, yet prudent in his expenditure. Ardent and eager in the pursuit of pleasure, he was yet capable of attending to the minutest details of business, for which he was eminently qualified by the possession of a remarkable degree of clearness and intelligence, and an intimate knowledge of human nature. Generous and charitable in disposition, he was always ready to assist a friend, or to relieve the poor, where assistance and relief were likely to produce permanent benefit to the objects of his generosity or charity. He was in this respect wholly unlike my grandfather, whose impulsive nature led him frequently, at great inconvenience to himself, to squander large sums of money in a

manner which was often worse than useless. Thus, while Sir Richard maintained a liberal and ample style of living, and was indeed famed for his hospitality, he was enabled, by prudent management and the close personal attention which he paid to his affairs, to lay by yearly a considerable portion of his large income; and thus, when the distresses of the neighbouring gentry compelled them to sell portions of their estates, he was always prepared to become the purchaser, and being possessed of ready money, and offering at once a fair and liberal price, he added year by year to his already extensive property. And thus, while field by field was stripped from the lands of Danganmore, and the woodman's axe was daily ringing on the hill-side, Sir Richard was adding acre to acre; and while I gazed with pain and sorrow on our neglected and uncultivated fields, and mourned over the fallen glories of the forest, I looked with a feeling of envy, and almost of anger, on the rich pasture and flourishing plantations of Dromard.

In addition to the blood-relationship, there had been, for many generations, the closest intimacy and friendship between the families of Dromard and Danganmore. The distance from house to house, by the road, was about three miles, but in the wall which separated the two places there was a narrow gate, of which both families had keys. The path which led from Danganmore to this gate, passed from the back of the house through the high sheep-walk, and then descended into a valley abounding with fern, which afforded shelter to numerous hares; and on ascending the opposite side of the valley, and passing through the gate in the wall on its summit, the pedestrian would find himself in a dark shady grove, and after walking a quarter of a mile, would come to the bank of a rapid brook, which was crossed by a rude wooden bridge, and then mounting a smooth grass slope, would arrive at the house of Dromard. The distance altogether by this path was something less than a mile. Running parallel to the boundary-wall, on the Danganmore side, there was a gravel-walk which faced the west, and on which, at the points which commanded the finest views, were several rustic seats. Many an hour have I spent in the summer evenings on those seats—sometimes alone with my gun, watching the hares in the valley; sometimes absorbed in dreamy reveries, forgetful of hares and gun; and often in company with one who was destined to exercise a great influence on my future life.

At the time when my father took possession of Danganmore, Sir Richard, whose wife had died several years before, had a family of five children—two sons and three daughters. The two elder daughters were married, and resided with their husbands in distant parts of the country. The two sons, one of whom was in delicate health, and Eveleen, the third daughter, and the youngest of the family, lived at home with Sir Richard. My father, who was wholly absorbed in his books, and, indeed, seldom left the house, kept up but slight intercourse with the house of Dromard; but I, who had grown up from early boyhood under the eye of Sir Richard, passed much more of my time there than at home. Sir Richard was fond of me, and gave me the unrestricted right of shooting and fishing over his estate. His second son, who was named after his father, a gallant, high-spirited young fellow, about my own age, was my constant companion in all my sport-

ing expeditions, and I soon began to find that there was a still stronger attraction which drew me day after day to Dromard.

I have mentioned Eveleen Kirwan. She was some two years younger than myself; in age and appearance not more than a child, but in mind and character a woman. She possessed a considerable share of beauty, but it was the beauty of expression, rather than that which results from regularity of features. We were thrown much together, and met almost daily. The consequence was, that gradually and imperceptibly, but surely, an attachment was formed between us; and although not a word had passed our lips on the subject, I felt by instinct that I had obtained a strong interest in her affections. There was no one to observe us, or to prevent our frequent meetings. My father, who was a widower, was wholly absorbed in his studies, and Sir Richard, who, as is often the case, continued to regard Eveleen as a child, was fully occupied by the sports of the field, and the duties which devolved upon him as a magistrate and a large landed proprietor. The consequence was, that she and I spent hours together almost daily, either walking among the woods, or sitting, in the long summer evenings, on the rustic seats, which I have already described as being placed on the gravel-walk outside the boundary-wall, and facing the setting sun.

I have often heard and read that love springs from a similarity of disposition, and an identity of habits and pursuits, and, in many instances, I believe this to be true; but certainly the strong affection which, day by day and hour by hour, was growing up between Eveleen Kirwan and myself, arose from no such cause. Never were two persons so different in character and habits of thought. I have spoken of myself as dreamy and abstracted—conscious of talent and innate power, yet fickle and unstable; now deciding upon some course of action, which I pursued with ardour and determination so long as I felt the excitement of novelty or success, then quickly abandoning it for some other pursuit of perhaps a totally opposite nature. Far different was Eveleen Kirwan. Wise beyond her years, grave and meditative, yet cheerful, kind and affectionate, calm, but earnest, she discerned with intuitive quickness that which was right, and adhered to it with undeviating firmness.

She was too clear-sighted to be blind to the faults in my character; and yet, with the inconsistency so often found in women where their affections are concerned, the pity which she felt for me on that account was fast ripening into love; while I, on my part, soon discovered not only that I loved her with the fierce vehemence of my nature, but that she exercised over me, with gentle but irresistible force, that influence which the strong mind will always acquire over the weak. And often, as we strolled along together, did she talk to me with gentle and affectionate earnestness about the aimless and objectless life I was leading, and with judicious flattery tell me that I was intended for a higher purpose than to spend my life in an alternation of field sports and day-dreams; and though her voice shook and her arm trembled within mine as she spoke, she did speak, and said that it was time I should leave Danganmore, and, making use of the abilities with which, she said, God had endowed me for some higher purpose, carve out for myself a road to fame. And divining, with womanly quickness, the inmost



wish of my soul (to redeem the fortunes of my house, and preserve the old place to the ancient blood and lineage) she would point that out to me as a worthy object of ambition, and tell me that she foresaw for me a bright career, if I would direct to one steady and honourable pursuit the energies which I so often expended on less worthy objects; that if I succeeded, and that she should live to hear of it, she would rejoice—oh, how she would rejoice in my success! And if I failed, she knew and felt that I would fail without dishonour; and even then she would rejoice and feel proud, that one in whom she took so deep an interest—who had been her companion and friend from childhood—had had the good sense to perceive, and the courage to shake off, the faults which arose more from the circumstances of his bringing up and the errors in his education, than from any inherent weakness of character. And then, with her rich, deep voice, she repeated to me those beautiful lines of Longfellow's—

“In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle—  
Be a hero in the strife.

“Trust no future, howe'er pleasant—  
Let the dead past bury its dead;  
Act—act in the living present—  
Heart within, and God o'erhead.”

I have said that at times the feeling had arisen in my mind that I was leading an unworthy life, and wasting the powers bestowed on me; and day by day the affectionate remonstrances of Eveleen, dictated perhaps by a feeling which she would not even confess to herself, sank deeper and deeper into my heart. I felt that she was right, and determined to act on her suggestions. With the sanguine temperament of youth, although I had formed no fixed plan, I had already in imagination overcome, in a few short years, all difficulties. I had won fame and honour among men; in my dreams by night and my reveries by day, I was sitting once more in my father's hall; I was Fitzmaurice of Danganmore, rich and prosperous, honoured and beloved; and, best reward of all, Eveleen, who had roused me from my torpor, and stimulated me into honourable and virtuous exertion, was sitting by my side, a loved, a loving wife.

Alas, how different are the stern realities of life from the golden visions of youth! How often do we, in our imagination, build bridges over the difficulties of our path, the arches of which crumble beneath our advancing steps. How often do we start in the race of life full of hope, and in joyful anticipation of victory, and then falter and sink on the course ere the goal is won, overcome by difficulties insuperable in their nature, or failing for want of that courage and perseverance without which success can never be achieved. Upon coolly considering the circumstances of my position, there was little to justify the confidence which I felt in the moments of excitement caused by the urgent and affectionate pleading and remonstrances of Eveleen.

I was now nineteen years of age. I had not been brought up or

educated with a view to any profession. It was now too late to begin; nor would the pecuniary circumstances of my father enable him to support the necessary expenditure. We had ceased to have any political influence in the county, and it was in vain to look to those in power for place or employment. My own wishes were for the army, but here I was again met by the difficulty of want of money to purchase a commission, and want of interest to procure it without purchase. Under these circumstances, I enlisted the friendly offices of Sir Richard, who, being a supporter of the existing administration, and a man of great wealth and influence, made an application in the proper quarter, which was promptly attended to. In about a fortnight after the despatch of Sir Richard's letter to the Horse Guards, I received an official communication, appointing me to an ensigncy in the —th Regiment, then quartered in Scotland, but under orders for foreign service, in consequence of which I was informed that the usual leave of absence could not be granted. I was commanded to join the regiment within one fortnight from the date of the official communication.

In less than an hour after I had received this letter, I made my way to the walk where I was accustomed almost daily to meet Eveleen. It was much earlier than our usual time of meeting, but I felt by instinct that she would be there. Nor was I deceived. She was already on the walk, with an anxious, excited expression in her face; for the same post which had brought me the official intelligence, had conveyed a private communication to Sir Richard, in which the great dispenser of military patronage spoke of the sincere pleasure he felt in having it in his power to oblige an old friend, and, at the same time, render a service to a young gentleman so highly recommended as Mr. Fitzmaurice.

Eveleen endeavoured to congratulate me, and to speak with hope of the career which lay before me; of the confidence she felt that now, when a course of energetic action was open to me, I would distinguish myself, and justify the high opinion which she and all my friends entertained of me. But her voice was tremulous and low, her face was flushed; and when I produced the official letter, and pointed out that I must join my regiment at Glasgow within a fortnight, and, therefore, must leave Danganmore within two days, she became deadly pale, and merely saying, "So soon!" remained silent for several minutes. At length she spoke, but rather as if thinking aloud than addressing me—

"'Tis very sudden, but it is right and good that it should be so; the day must have come soon, and it is right and good that you should go; and why should I grieve that it has come a little sooner than I looked for?"

She then relapsed into silence, and we walked together for some time without speaking; and when we parted at the gate, there was no word uttered beyond "Good bye!" We spoke not even of meeting the next day—we knew and felt that we should meet there on that well-known spot once more, and that the time was at hand when we were to say farewell, perhaps, for ever.

The news of my intended departure spread quickly among the old retainers of our house, and occasioned much excitement among them. My father was frail in health, and almost recluse in his habits, and was respected more because he was, as they phrased it, one of the "ould

stock," than from any personal qualities of his own. My elder brother had lived many years abroad, and as his marriage with a rich heiress had made him independent, declared openly that he would never reside at Danganmore; but that the moment it came into his possession, he would sell it for whatever he could get for it, rather than burden himself with the embarrassments of an incumbered estate. His son, a sickly youth of twelve or thirteen years of age, had been born abroad, and had never even seen the old hall and the wide demesnes of his ancestors; but I, on the contrary, had lived from my boyhood at Danganmore, and my grandfather, whose memory was revered by the tenants of the property, had always spoken of me as the only one of the family who had the true spirit of a Fitzmaurice, and was worthy to succeed him as head of the house. From my love of field sports, I had mingled much with the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and was thoroughly familiar with their habits of thought, and enabled to appreciate and return the strong feudal attachment which the Irish peasantry still entertain for the members of an ancient race. Bold, hardy, and active by nature, I possessed those physical qualities which are always attractive in the eyes of a rude people; and the fame which I had attained for feats of strength and activity, the reputation which I enjoyed for skill and daring in horsemanship, and my prowess in all other kinds of sport, were considered by them as reflecting quite as much honour and renown upon themselves as upon me. Hence it was that, in the minds of many, the claims of my elder brother and his descendants were completely ignored and forgotten, and I was looked up to as the heir, and familiarly known as the "young mather," whose *reign* was to bring back prosperity to Danganmore.

Thus it happened that on the morning before my departure my preparations were constantly interrupted by the arrival of parties of the tenantry, who wished to see me, and to say "God speed your honour!" before I went away. And many a handsome peasant girl, with whom I had danced at harvest-home and other occasions of rural festivity, was waiting in the yard to bid "the young mather" good-bye, and to "give his honour" (sure it could be no harm) "one kiss for good luck before he went to the wars." It was thus much later in the day than I intended when I proceeded to the walk, where I knew I should find Eveleen. As I approached the boundary-wall, I saw her walking up and down in front of our favourite seat, on which she had deposited a small parcel. Upon hearing my footsteps she turned round, and addressed me with a calmness and cheerfulness which were evidently forced and unnatural.

"See!" she said, pointing to the basket, "I have brought you some little keepsakes, to put you in mind of your friends at Dromard when you are far away. You must take this purse from me—I hope and trust it will bring you good luck and good fortune. And my brother Richard desired me to give you this, as a token of his regard and friendship"—and here she produced from the basket a small mahogany case, containing a pair of valuable and beautifully-mounted pistols—"and he hopes you will write to him soon and often. And, indeed, you must do so: for you know if you do not write, he, and I, and my father will think you have forgotten us."

"Forget you, Eveleen!" I exclaimed. "Never! never!" And then for the first time I spoke openly to her of the deep and earnest love which had gradually grown up and ripened in the inmost recesses of my heart. Gently and calmly, but, oh! how tenderly, she turned to me, and confessed that she loved and had long loved me; that she knew we must part, perhaps for ever, but that she felt it was right I should go; and that she would conquer her own selfish feelings and pray for my safety and welfare.

I have said that it was a part of my nature, when I earnestly desired the attainment of an object, to despise, or rather to forget, the obstacles which lay between me and that object; and therefore, with all the ardour of youth, I proposed to her to bind herself by an inviolable engagement to be mine. I spoke, as boys of nineteen will speak, of eternal constancy—of love surviving absence and distance—of her image being before my mind through scenes of death and danger—of my returning after a short period and claiming her as my bride. Younger, but far wiser than I was, with broken and agitated voice, but with calm and steady purpose, she refused to enter into any engagement.

"No, Arthur, no!" she said; "there must be no engagement between us. We are both very young. You are going where there will be much to distract your attention, and make you forget the past. If we love each other truly, as I hope and trust we do, there is no need of an engagement. If we do not, and that our present feelings have arisen from the excitement of the moment, or are the result of a passing fancy, it would be madness to bind ourselves by an engagement which would be sure to produce misery and remorse."

Again and again I pressed her, and urged all the arguments which are usual on such occasions. Then, with an ungenerous feeling of pique, I insinuated a doubt of the sincerity of her affection, and said that I put little faith in a love which was not ready to risk all and sacrifice all for its object. As I said this, she trembled violently, turned on me a look in which there was more of sorrow than of anger, and endeavoured, but in vain, to speak. At length she found words, and said—

"No, Arthur, no! it cannot be; there must be no engagement between us. But," she added with choking voice, "do not forget me, and may God bless you!"

She continued to look at me for some moments with streaming eyes, while her lips quivered from agitation; then with a sudden impulse seized my hand between both of hers, and raised it to her lips. For one short moment she suffered me to press her to my heart; then with a long, deep-drawn sigh extricated herself from my embrace, passed through the narrow door, and vanished from my sight.

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## THE ROMANCE OF ART.—VI.

## PAINTING AND DEVOTION.

During the infancy and youth of painting in Italy and Spain, we may observe a deep feeling of devotion pervading the works, and influencing the lives, of the most distinguished painters. In Italy this sentiment was grave, calm, solemn, and tender—in Spain it was more stern and ascetic; for the brand of the Inquisition had stamped its impress even upon the divine art of painting, and the tortures and agonies of martyred saints were as favourite subjects with the artists of Spain as the heavenly beauties of saints and angels, or the charming features of the Madonna. In both countries the Church was the principal patron of art; but in the one she contented herself with employing and rewarding it, in the other she regulated its minutest details, and punished every departure from her precepts, not only as bad art, but also as religious heresy. Although, however, the devotional feeling in Spain and Italy was thus different in its manifestation, and contrasted in its character, it exercised in both a mighty influence upon the lives and works of their artists. These early painters possessed a depth of religious feeling and a firm belief in the sanctity of their art, of which, in this prosaic and practical age, we can form but a faint idea. They believed that they would have to render an account to God for the way in which they employed their talent; that the principal end of painting was to teach men to live better, and to keep constantly before them the great realities of the eternal world. Under these impressions they lived and wrought, often prefacing their daily labour by devotional exercises and penance. And they had their reward; for the truth and fervour of their faith enabled them to transfer to the canvas the bright images of saints, and angels, and Madonnas constantly before their minds, and to impart to them an expression of purity and devotional fervour which the technical superiority of later ages was seldom able to equal, and never to surpass. The Spanish artists were particularly remarkable for the strength of their religious feelings. Joanes—the Spanish Raphael—was wont to prepare for painting by confession and fasting; and Luis de Vargas used frequently to deposit himself in a coffin, and, in that posture, pursue his meditations upon death. In the devotional sentiment of the early Italians, on the other hand, there was more of love and hope, and less of fear—more sunshine and less gloom. They delighted to contemplate Christ glorified, and the Madonna crowned as Queen of Heaven or smiling on the infant Jesus, rather than the *mater dolorosa* or the “Man of Sorrows.” It would perhaps be difficult to select better types of the effects of this devotional sentiment than the Italian monk, Fra Angelico da Fiesole, surnamed “il beato,” and the Spaniard’s Luis Morales, upon whom the popular voice and the exclusively devotional character of his works have conferred the title of “el devino;” and

Pedro Nicolas Factor, who, for his wonderful holiness and austerity of life, was deemed worthy of the honour of canonization.

Fra Angelico was born at Vecchio, near Florence, in 1387, and died at Rome in 1455. His baptismal name was Guido; but, at the age of twenty, he entered the Dominican Convent at Fiesole, and assumed as his monastic name that of the beloved Apostle St. John. His appellation, "da Fiesole," is derived from his residence in that calm and picturesque retreat, removed from the bustle and hum of the great city below, and fanned by delicious and refreshing breezes. The present aspect of the scenery around the abode of Angelico has been thus beautifully described by the most eloquent of word-painters:—

"Few travellers can forget the peculiar landscape of that district of the Apennine. As they ascend the hill which rises from Florence to the lowest break in the ridge of Fiesole, they pass continually beneath the walls of villas bright in perfect luxury, and beside cypress-hedges enclosing fair, terraced gardens, where the masses of oleander and magnolia, motionless as leaves in a picture, inlay alternately upon the blue sky their branching lightness of pale rose-colour and deep-green breadth of shade, studded with balls of budding silver, and showing at intervals through their framework of rich leaf and rubied flower the far-away bends of the Arno, beneath its slopes of olive, and the purple peaks of the Carrara Mountains, tossing themselves against the western distance, where the streaks of motionless clouds burn above the Tuscan Sea."\*

Throughout life Fra Angelico was the most humble, devout, and scrupulous of monks, conforming to all the rules of his order with the utmost exactness. His character was distinguished for the greatest purity and the most child-like simplicity. On one occasion, when invited to breakfast with the Pope, he declined to eat meat without the dispensation of his Prior, quite forgetting that the authority of the sovereign Pontiff superseded that of all inferior ecclesiastics. "Love to God and love to man was his sole inspiration as an artist. Provided for in all things by God, he returned to Him with interest the talent He had given—his every picture was a hymn of praise, and all that he gained by his pencil he gave to the poor."†

He might easily have amassed a fortune, but he despised wealth, and gave up the rewards of his labours to his convent; answering those who blamed him for his carelessness about money matters, that true wealth consisted in being content with little. For him ambition, the master-passion and the bane of so many great minds, had no charms. So little indeed did he value rank and power, that when the Pope wished to make him Archbishop of Florence, he declined the honour, and recommended a brother monk, Antonio Pierozzi, who was raised to the vacant see, and eventually, in 1523, canonized under the name of St. Antony. He often said that his character and disposition better fitted him for obeying than for commanding men. He was never known to give way to anger, but always preserved the utmost serenity and gentleness of demeanour. What wonder, then, that such a frame of

\* "Giotto and his Works at Padua." By John Ruskin.

† Lord Lindsay's "Christian Art."

mind, uniformly calm, holy, and composed, enabled him to conceive and depict that supernatural and seraphic beauty which still survives to charm us in the heads of some of his saints and angels? He never began his works without prayer, and was sometimes so rapt up in his subject, and so affected by contemplating it, especially when it happened to be the Redeemer of mankind, that he was often interrupted by a passion of tears. Of human passions—of the battle of life, with all its anxieties and toils—of the struggle for victory and the bitterness of defeat—he knew little; he lived and breathed in a higher world and a purer atmosphere. And hence it happens, that while his representations of angels and glorified saints are unrivalled, his delineations of mere humanity are weak, timid, and embarrassed. Even the greatest masters, and those whose style differed most from that of Angelico's, have acknowledged and admired the purity of his works. Thus the stern and all-accomplished Michel Angelo, so different in most respects from the humble and devout Dominican, exclaimed, on seeing an "Annunciation" by his hand, that he must surely have been in heaven to be able to represent these subjects so beautifully. But although the singular purity and serenity of the character of Angelico by itself claims our admiration, we must not forget that his merits as an artist were also of the highest order. He had great skill in handling, and his colouring was agreeable and harmonious. "His chief excellence," says Langri, "consists in the beauty that adorns the countenances of his saints and angels; and he is truly the Guido of the age for the sweetness of his colours, which, though in water, he diluted and blended in a manner which almost reaches perfection." Of his masters, and early education as a painter, very little is certainly known, but his first efforts in art are said to have been directed to the illumination of missals; and of some of these embellished with miniatures by his hand, Vasari remarks, "That no words could do justice to their beauty."

Cosmo de Medici was much attached to Fra Angelico, and commissioned him to paint the story of the Crucifixion on one of the walls of the Chapterhouse of San Marino in Florence; and the large compositions with which he adorned the cloisters are very noble, though the drawing is in some cases defective, a fault more observable in the larger than in the smaller works of this charming painter. For the high altar of San Marco he also executed a Madonna of great beauty, remarkable for its pure and simple expression; but his finest work in Florence is perhaps the "Coronation of the Virgin," of which Vasari speaks in the following rapturous terms:—

"But superior to all the other works of Fra Giovanni, and one in which he surpassed himself, is a picture in the same church, near the door on the left hand of the entrance: in this work he proves the high quality of his powers, as well as the profound intelligence he possessed of the art which he practised. The subject is the 'Coronation of the Virgin by Jesus Christ;' the principal figures are surrounded by a choir of angels, among whom are vast numbers of saints and holy personages, male and female. These figures are so numerous, so well executed, in attitudes so varied, and with expressions of the head so richly diversified, that one feels infinite pleasure and delight in regarding them. Nay, one is convinced that those blessed spirits can look no otherwise in heaven itself, or, to speak under correction, could

not, if they had forms, appear otherwise ; for all the saints, male and female, assembled here, have not only life and expression, most delicately and truly rendered, but the colouring also of the whole work would seem to have been given by the hand of a saint, or of an angel like themselves."

This glowing eulogy is confirmed by a more recent observer, the accomplished Lord Lindsay, who enlarges in eloquent and graceful language on the purity and sweetness of this noble fresco.

The saintly life and wonderful genius of Angelico recommended him to the notice of Pope Nicholas V., who summoned him to Rome and employed him in decorating with frescoes two chapels in the Vatican, only one of which, that containing the history of St. Lawrence, is still preserved. Angelico was almost as remarkable for the number as for the beauty and devotional character of his works. He always painted at once, and never touched or improved any painting once finished, altering nothing, believing that all so done at once was according to the will of God. The best of his Cabinet pictures, which were numerous, are collected in the Gallery of the Florentine Academy. They consist of thirty-six scenes from the life of Christ, happily conceived, skilfully composed, executed with the greatest delicacy, and still in good preservation. The colouring throughout is as fresh and brilliant as when first laid on. They have been engraved by Nocchi, in *La Galleria delle Belle Arte di Firenze*. There are two other pictures by Angelico in the Florentine Gallery—"The Burial of our Saviour," and "The Last Judgment." In the former the heads are full of beauty and expression ; and the upper part and left-hand corner of the latter, depicting the felicity of the redeemed, is fine and highly finished, as if it had been a labour of love to the heavenly-minded monk. The lower part, representing the "Inferno," is much more slightly and hastily painted, as if the artist had shrunk from the uncongenial task. But airs from heaven seem to breathe around the company of the saved, some of whom are rejoicing in the light of their Redeemer's countenance, and others ascending in the company of angels to the bright gates of the celestial city.

This pure and holy man, and divine painter, died at Rome, in 1455, at the age of sixty-eight, nor can we better conclude this sketch of his life than in the eloquent words of Vasari :—

"He disregarded all earthly advantages ; and, living in pure holiness, was as much the friend of the poor in life as, I believe, his soul now is in heaven. He laboured continually at his paintings ; but would do nothing that was not connected with things holy. He might have been rich, but for riches he took no care ; on the contrary, he was accustomed to say, that the only true riches was contentment with little. He might have commanded many, but would not do so, declaring that there was less fatigue, and less danger of error in obeying others, than in commanding. In was at his option to hold places of dignity in the brotherhood of his order, and also in the world ; but he regarded them not, affirming that he sought no dignity, and took no care, but that of escaping hell, and drawing near to paradise. And of a truth, what dignity can be compared to that which should be most coveted by all churchmen, nay, by every man living, that, namely, which is found in God above, and in a life of virtuous labour ?"

Luis Morales, surnamed "el divino," resembled Angelico rather in



the exclusively devotional character of his works, than in the purity and disinterestedness of his life and conduct. Like him, too, his paintings are occasionally marked by hard, irregular, and defective drawing, while they are, at the same time, harmonious in colouring, and powerful in expression. The finish of Morales is more elaborate than that of Angelico; but his style, in general, is less pure and cheerful. The Italian delighted in smiling Madonnas, glorified saints, and spotless angels; the Spaniard, in Christs crowned with thorns, or taken down from the cross. But, although the subjects of Morales are generally of a melancholy nature, he seldom disgusts us, like Caravaggio and Ribera, by dwelling with painful minuteness on the corporeal sufferings of the frame; he rather attempts to express the nobler sorrows of the soul, and in delineating these he is very successful. Occasionally, indeed, he has dwelt on the features of mere physical suffering, with an accuracy disagreeable to contemplate; as, in the case of one of his most highly finished paintings, a "Christ taken down from the Cross," formerly in the collection of Marshal Soult. Here the thorns piercing the head of the Saviour are terribly true to nature; one has penetrated the skin, and comes out again from beneath it, and around two others the flesh shows the blue marks caused by the thorns having been pressed in by main force.

As little is known of the early life and artist-adventures of Morales, as of those of Angelico. He was born at Badajoz, where a street still bears his name, about the year 1509, and appears to have spent the greater part of his life in Estremadura, painting chiefly for churches, and the oratories of private mansions. He never left Spain, and as he far excelled any painter who could possibly have been his master, he has a right to stand in the rank of those original and self-taught geniuses, whose excellence is principally due to their own innate strength. With a view of perfecting himself in his art, he is said to have travelled through all the towns of Spain, where there was any master-piece of painting to be studied; and, in this way, to have considerably improved his style. He was much more commonplace and worldly in his life than Angelico. On one occasion, about 1564, Philip II., then engaged in the decorations of the Escorial, sent for him, and Morales made his appearance at Court in such magnificent attire, that the haughty monarch took offence at his ostentation, and was with difficulty appeased by his declaration, that he had exhausted his fortune in order to enable him to appear in a manner befitting the dignity of his Majesty. He painted one picture only for Philip II. After his return to Estremadura, his fortunes began to decline, and, worst of all misfortunes for a painter, his eyesight failed, and he fell into abject poverty, from which he was relieved by the King, on his visit to Badajoz, in 1581. The monarch sent for the disabled painter; and, on his being introduced, thus addressed him—"You are very old, Morales." "And very poor, too, sire," was the reply; whereupon Philip, a munificent patron of art, though a cruel bigot, granted him an annual pension of 300 ducats, which he enjoyed until his death, in 1586. He died at Badajoz, having considerably outlived the threescore and ten years allotted to mortality. The style of Morales is pure and pleasing, his colours soft and agreeable, and his pencil possesses at once strength and delicacy. His heads are highly finished; he especially excelled in painting hair, and the draperies

of his figures are carefully studied and gracefully disposed. His own strong devotional feelings are stamped upon his works. His heads of Christ breathe sublime resignation and unutterable love ; and those of the Virgin, mingled grief and humble submission to the Divine will. The Royal Gallery at Madrid contains several of Morales' finest works ; among them, "The Circumcision of the Saviour," remarkable for the serene beauty of some of the female heads. Those which the French left in his native city of Badajoz, have been, unfortunately, repainted. There is a fine picture attributed to him in the Dulwich Gallery, and another in the Grosvenor Collection. In the Gothic parish-church of Arroyo del Puerco, a pretty village between Merida and Placentia, are sixteen of the finest paintings of Morales, which luckily escaped the rapacity of the French. They are eloquently described and highly praised by the accomplished author of "The Handbook for Spain." The genuine works of Morales are very scarce, as might be expected, from the amount of labour and finish he uniformly bestowed upon their execution ; but countless *mater dolorosas* and *ecce homines* have been, and still continue to be, falsely attributed to his hand.

We now turn to El Beato Fray Pedro Nicolas Factor, who, if we except St. Luke, the patron saint of the pencil, is the only painter who has received the honour of canonization. His father was a Sicilian tailor, who came to Valencia in order to shape out a way to fortune. There he married Ursula Estanna, and the future saint was the second son of their union. Almost from the cradle he displayed strong artistic and devotional tendencies, and behaved as if original sin had been somehow left out of his constitution, showing as great a fondness for fasting as ordinary children for feasting, frequenting his parent's oratory in preference to the playground, and finding his greatest amusement in making altars and images of the saints. His meekness, too, was remarkable. On one occasion a malicious fellow-scholar had procured him a severe chastisement from their master, and Pedro, instead of resenting the affront, humbly thanked the informer, and kissed his hand. He spent much of his time in visiting the poor and diseased, to whom he often gave away his clothes and food, while, at the same time, he cultivated his religious and artistic faculties with untiring assiduity. His father, who had thriven in his vocation, wished to establish Pedro in business as a cloth-merchant, but his monkish tendencies were too strong ; he preferred the cowl to the cloth-yard, and entered a Franciscan convent in the neighbourhood of Valencia, where he took the final vows in 1538. Afterwards he received priest's orders, and was ordained preacher in the Franciscan Convent at Chelva. In the garden of this convent was a cave which was a favourite resort of the youthful monk, whose greatest enjoyment was either to flagellate himself to the accompaniment of a solemn chant, or to get the novices of the convent to flog him soundly till his body was covered with weals and scars. Such austerities soon spread his fame, and attracted crowds to the church of the convent, where his sermons were distinguished for their eloquence and fervour, and where, according to his Roman Catholic biographers, his face often became radiant with celestial light, and even animals who strayed into the sacred precincts, were attracted by the wondrous force of his sanctity. His humility was remarkable ; he would kiss the feet of passers by, in the cloisters of the

convent, or even on the streets ; he went constantly barefoot, and lived upon bread and water. Like St. Anthony, St. Kevin, and a host of other slovenly and ungallant saints, he hated women ; and, like them too, was often sorely tried by demons in seducing female shapes. In painting, his favourite subject was the passion of our Lord ; and, like Angelico, his meditations on that subject were often accompanied by floods of tears. In 1559 he was appointed confessor to the Convent of Barefooted Nuns at Madrid, but the pomps and vanities he there witnessed disgusted him with the metropolis, and determined him to return to his beloved Valentia. This resolution he accordingly carried out, merely stopping by the way to hold a conversation with the image of the Virgin of Atocha, who does not seem to have entirely approved of his forsaking his post of confessor to the barefooted sisterhood. The rest of his life was spent in the Valentian convent, in the cloister of which he painted the "Triumph of the Archangel Michael," illuminated a number of religious books, and became every year more and more distinguished for the abundance of his spiritual gifts, conversing with the image of our Lady, for which he seems to have had a wonderful fondness, considering his hatred for the fair sex, and edifying the faithful by his holiness and his miracles. He spent eighteen months in a journey through Catalonia, visiting the various convents, and preaching in the churches of the principal cities ; but, shortly after his return, he was seized with a fever, which cut him off in December, 1583, in the 63rd year of his age.

"On his death-bed," says Mr. Stirling, "he displayed the same humility and devotion, and enjoyed the spiritual distinction for which he had been remarkable through life. His last wish was, to be buried in a dunghill ; and the midnight before his decease sounds of celestial music proceeded from his cell. His body, being laid out to public view, was visited by the Grand Master of Montesa, many of the nobles, and also the clergy of Valentia ; and reliques of the dead friar were so eagerly sought for, that a poor student, under pretence of kissing his feet, actually bit off two of his toes, before the corpse was consigned to its sumptuous tomb in the chapel."

Wonderful stories were told of the prophetic and miraculous powers of the deceased monk, and his relics were reputed of priceless value in the cure of disease and the treatment of pregnancy. His fame went on gradually increasing, until 1786, when he was canonized by Pope Pius VI., and the following year a medal was struck in his honour by the Royal Academy of San Carlos at Valencia. Factor was a good musician, as well as an accomplished painter, and several fragments of his writings, both in prose and verse, have been preserved, the most curious of which is a spiritual alphabet, in which each letter begins a name or title of the Supreme Being. His verses are devotional hymns on the love of God, the union of the soul with God, and similar subjects. Of his merits as a painter, it is now scarcely possible to speak with accuracy or fulness, as none of his works are at present to be found in Spain, having probably perished with the fall of the convent.

Since the first pages of this article were written, a great painter and a good man has gone to his rest, and we would fain add a flower to the wreath of *immortelles* which will encircle his memory. Of all the ar-

tists of the nineteenth century, Ary Scheffer was the truest follower of those devout, earnest, and simple-minded men, whose labours shed a lustre upon the early ages of the Italian and Spanish art. Born at Dordrecht, in 1795, his artistic education was conducted by Guérin, and, while yet a young man, he acquired a high reputation as a painter of history and genre, and lent his assistance to the overthrow of the classical, and establishment of the romantic, school of painting in France. Many of his earlier pictures are in the Palace of Versailles; these, however, are far inferior to his later productions, especially to his devotional paintings. Yet some of them possess considerable merit, and show that their author, even at a very early period of his career, always made spirit and expression his principal aim. One of these pictures, in particular, produced upon us a more powerful impression than any other painting in Versailles—"Gaston de Foix wept by Bayard and Lautrec." In the foreground lies the young, beautiful, and brilliant leader of the chivalry of France, his battle-harness soiled with dust and blood, and his bosom pierced with many a ghastly wound, while around him stand his companions in arms—among whom are Lautrec, and Bayard, the model-knight of Europe without fear and without reproach—lamenting the untimely fate of their young and gallant leader, struck down in the very moment of victory. Technical defects this picture may have; but the story is admirably told, and the spectator feels for the moment as if he belonged to the knightly group whose hearts are bursting with grief and regret as they gaze on the mangled corpse of their beloved prince. Scheffer lived in Paris, apart from all coteries and strifes, entirely devoted to Art, and constantly striving to advance himself further and further on the path to perfection. His life and manners were simple, grave, and regular, his faith fervent and sincere. He was a devoted adherent of the Orleans family, having been in early life the instructor in drawing of the children of Louis Philippe, and the principal agent in developing the remarkable artistical abilities of the Princess Marie. Latterly he suffered from heart complaint, and his death, during the summer of the present year, is said to have been hastened by the fatigue and sorrow consequent upon a hasty journey to Claremont, on the occasion of the death of the Duchess of Orleans.

The "Madonnas" of Angelico, the "Ecce Homos" of Morales, are not purer in expression, more imbued with meekness and resignation, or more celestial in beauty, than the characters in the devotional paintings of Scheffer. None knew better than he how to express and embody the idea of Divinity suffering, tempted, yet triumphant, or how to affect, and melt, and ameliorate the human heart. Others have excelled him in correct and vigorous drawing, in powerful impasto, in harmonious and brilliant colouring; but in the expression of the sentiment of purity, devotion, resignation, patient endurance, no artist of our times has equalled him. With him the thought was everything, and he sought to express it as forcibly as possible, materialising it in the process as little as he could. He forgot himself in his subject, and never strove to dazzle the eye by tricks of execution or splendour of colouring; and though in some of his pictures the finish is exquisite, it is always unobtrusive. Look at his "Christ in the Garden," or his "Christus Consolator," and you forget the artist entirely, and think

only of the Saviour. You cannot gaze upon them without feeling your soul melted—without wishing to be, and for the moment being, a better man. No impure, or selfish, or unworthy thought can intrude upon the mind in the presence of such pictures, which seem to exhale the very atmosphere of heaven.

We have said that Scheffer's representations of our Saviour tempted, suffering, teaching, consoling, judging, rewarding, are among the finest that the art of painting has ever produced; and when we remember how many of the greatest painters have failed in their efforts to depict our Lord, we cannot award a higher meed of praise. It is far easier to represent profound veneration and exalted piety on the countenance of a human or angelic worshipper, than to delineate adequately the object of that lively faith and devout affection. The greatest masters have felt this. The head of our Saviour in "The Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, in the Ambrosian Convent at Milan, is probably the finest ever painted; and yet that mighty and many-sided genius, after long meditation, and the utmost exertion of his magnificent talents, was unable to satisfy himself, and, after many efforts, left the head of Christ unfinished, being unable adequately to portray the divine image existing in his own mind. And this is the natural and inevitable result of the material necessities of Art; and he is the greatest artist who, in the expression of a theme so lofty as that of the Divine Redeemer of mankind, materialises the least. In this point of view Scheffer is very great. That calm and solemn brow, that sad smile, that careworn and sorrowful face, lighted up with godlike benignity, yet strong in the consciousness of Divine power—all that we can conceive of sinless humanity and incarnate deity—have been by him as nobly represented as the material exigencies of Art permit; and we are sure that most of those who have studied the devotional works of this master, will be ready to acknowledge that our praise is not exaggerated.

Scheffer felt acutely the caustic criticisms to which his peculiar style of treatment exposed him; and perhaps for this reason he, like Delaroche, sent none of his works to the great Parisian Exhibition of 1855. At the Manchester Exhibition he was, however, worthily represented by nearly a dozen pictures, several of them of very high merit. Among these were four scenes from "Faust," a picture of "Francesca da Rimini," "St. Augustine and Monica his Mother," a "Magdalen," "Christ Teaching Humility," and "Christ weeping over Jerusalem."

We cannot, perhaps, more appropriately close our brief notice of this great painter, than by presenting to our readers a translation of the opinion formed of his merits by two eloquent and accomplished critics—the first a German, and the second a Frenchman. Here is what Henri Heine says of two of his pictures in the Parisian Exhibition of 1851:—

"In the first month of the Exhibition, the "Faust" and "Gretchen" of this painter attracted the attention of most people, as the best works of Delaroche and Robert were only later exhibited. Besides, he who has never seen anything by Scheffer is at once struck by his manner, which expresses

\* Collected works of H. Heine, vol. iii. Philadelphia: 1855.

itself peculiarly in the colouring. His enemies say of him detractingly, that he paints only with snuff and green soap. I know not how far they do him wrong. His brown shadows are frequently very affected, and miss the intended Rembrandtish light-effect. His countenances have mostly that disagreeable colour that often might disgust us in our own face, when we see it fatigued and haggard in those green mirrors usually found in old inns where the stage-coach stops in the morning. However, when one observes Schaffer's pictures longer and more closely, one begins to like his manner, and to see that a light heart breaks forth out of the melancholy colours, like sunbeams out of clouds. That dull, swept, washed-looking painting, those dead-weary colours with 'eery' vague outlines, are, in the pictures of 'Faust' and 'Gretchen' even of good effect. Both are life-size, three-quarters length. Faust sits in a red mediæval chair by a table covered with parchment books, that serves for a support to his left arm, on which rests his bare head. The right arm, with the palm of the hand outwards, leans against his haunch. Drapery, a greenish blue. The face almost profile, and of a dead, snuffy look; the features noble. Spite of the sick discolour, the hollow cheeks, faded lips, and imprinted wastedness, the face bears traces of its former beauty, and, while the eyes shed over it a tender, melancholy lustre, looks like a fair ruin gleamed on by the moon. Yes, this man is a beautiful man-ruin. In the folds above these storm-wasted eyebrows brood fabulously-learned owls, and behind his forehead lurk evil ghosts; there, at midnight, open the graves of dead wishes, pale shadows appear, and through the desolate brain-chambers glides, as with fettered feet, the spirit of Margaret. It is exactly the painter's merit that he has only painted a man's head, and at once the mere look of it communicates to us the feelings and thoughts that move themselves in his heart and brain. In the background, hardly visible, and painted quite green, repulsively green, we recognise the head of Mephistopheles, the evil spirit, the father of lies, the flygod, the god of green soap.

"Gretchen," is a pendant of equal merit. She also sits in a dull red chair, the resting spinning-wheel at her side; in her hand an open prayer-book, wherein she reads not, and wherein a faded Madonna looks forth consolingly. Her head is sunk, so that the larger part of the face, which is also nearly profile, is singularly overshadowed. 'Tis as if the dark soul of Faust were casting its gloom over the countenance of the quiet maiden. The two pictures hang side by side, and so it was observable, that all the light effect had been devoted to Faust's face, and that, on the contrary, in the picture of Gretchen the face less, and its outlines so much the more were lighted. Thereby the latter received something indescribably magical. Gretchen's corset is soft green, a little black cap covers her head but sparingly, so that so much the more brilliantly comes forward her gold-yellow, flowing hair. Her countenance is a touchingly noble oval, and the features of a beauty that would fain hide itself out of modesty. She is modesty itself, with her dear blue eyes. A quiet tear trickles over the fair cheek—a dumb pearl of sadness. She is indeed the Gretchen of Wolfgang Goethe, but she has read all Friedrich Schiller, and is rather sentimental than naïve—rather heavily ideal than lightly graceful. Perhaps she is too faithful, too earnest, to be graceful, for grace consists in motion.\* Withal she has something reliable in her, solid, real, like a sterling louis d'or that one has in his pocket. In a word, she is a German maiden; and when one looks deep into her melancholy eyes, one thinks of Germany, of sweet-smelling linden-trees, of Höly's poems, of the stone Roland before the Townhouse, of the

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\* Perhaps an allusion to a thesis of Schiller, in his *Essay on the subject of Grace*.

old Principal and his rosy niece, of the woodman's house with its deer trophies, of bad tobacco and jolly fellows, of grandmother's churchyard stories, true-hearted night-watchmen, friendship, first love, and all other kinds of penny-whistleries. Truly Scheffer's 'Gretchen' can't be described. She is a painted soul. When I passed by, I always said involuntarily to myself, 'Dear child!'

M. Ernest Renan, the other critic to whom we have alluded, in reviewing Scheffer's "Temptation of Christ," affirms that this artist has understood better than any other how to express moral ideas, and how worthily to represent all that delights, affects, or improves us. He points out how thoroughly he has comprehended the symbolical meaning of the passage in the Gospel which he has chosen to illustrate; and then he goes on to describe the picture, in which Scheffer has depicted the rival powers of good and evil placed face to face on a lofty and solitary mountain peak, whose precipitous sides plunge downwards into the abyss. Satan points out and offers the kingdoms of this world, and the glories thereof, which our Lord, without an effort, untouched by the temptation, puts aside with the words, "My kingdom is not of this world." The Christ of M. Scheffer is a noble creation, full of serenity, grandeur, and lofty calm; but his Satan is even more successful, representing disdainful scepticism, disbelieving the possibility of good existing in human nature, and holding it to be entirely actuated by selfishness and cupidity. M. Scheffer has adopted the Miltonic idea of Satan, and has represented him as not less than "Arch-angel ruined." M. Renan thus eloquently and, we venture to think, justly, sums up his estimate of this noble picture :†—

"Let us thank M. Scheffer for having shown us the Christ whom we all adore. The sight of his picture makes us better; we part from it with the conviction that humanity is called to an unknown, but certainly, divine destiny. I have not the right to appreciate the works of M. Scheffer from the special side of Art. Others will, perhaps, regret that he has not displayed a more vigorous execution, and a more brilliant colouring; but M. Scheffer aspires especially to render the idea, and a manner more strongly marked would be, according to his view, an impropriety. The brilliancy of glowing colours would too much materialise the charming creations of his pencil, to which he lends just so much life as is necessary to express the most delicate shades of feeling. Colour is the quality essential to the painter who aspires to portray life and reality; but those artificial means by which the eye is addressed and attracted, without the soul's being touched, would have been only misplaced extravagance on the part of the great artist, who, in our age, has known best how to find the way to the heart."

Y.

"Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse." Par Ernest Renan. Paris: 1858.

## DYING OF LOVE.

## CHAPTER V.

It was a shabby room enough. The carpet had been originally a cheap one, and was not particularly improved by advancing years. Its colours were faded and its texture was threadbare, and grease and darns alternated over its surface—the former being the handiwork of the Irish maid, the latter of the English landlady. The centre of the room was occupied with a large, heavy, cumbrous round table—such a table as would puzzle a spirit to move, and set the strongest Medium at defiance. It was covered, not with a cloth, but with a series of circles, like a board in a mathematical lecture-room. But the circles were not described with chalk. Gin, brandy, or whiskey, coupled with sugar and lemon-juice, had been the cause of those geometrical figures, they being, in fact, the vestiges of past generations of glasses—vestiges which the English landlady had never yet succeeded in persuading the Irish maid to completely efface. A limited number of ricketty chairs, covered with faded, washed-out chintz, stood ranged against the walls; and a spring-sofa with the springs broken, covered similarly with the chairs, was placed in a corresponding position. An old-fashioned mirror, composed of several rectangular pieces, the tarnished gilt frame carefully enveloped in coarse, yellow gauze, predominated over the chimney-piece; and the latter was still further ornamented by two mutilated china dogs, and two cracked receptacles for spills. When we add a cottage pianoforte, half of the notes of which were dumb, and the other half such as, if played, would make the listeners wish to be deaf, we think that the inventory of the furniture of the apartment is perfect and complete.

The house was, of course, a lodging-house. All lodging-houses of a certain class are pretty much like one another. You might think they had all been turned out of a single manufactory, made to order by one firm, and sent up to town fit for instant occupation. From the attics to the kitchen, from the landlady to the maid, they have all the same uniform characteristics.

In the room we have been describing, and on the spring-sofa with the springs broken, covered with the faded, washed-out chintz, sat Mr. Edward Seymour and Miss Walker. They sat side by side, turned obliquely towards each other, each clasping the other's hand. This, we believe, is the usual attitude of all lovers under the circumstances—at least it was so in our own case. There was a time, Madeleine, when you sat beside us on a sofa, as Miss Walker sat beside Mr. Seymour, softly holding our hand, tenderly gazing into our face. We remember it well, as well as if it were only last Wednesday; and you might remember it too, if you chose. We were very fond of you, Madeleine—very fond, indeed; and we believe you were very fond of us. But, then, that was before the young curate came to the parish.

Edward Seymour's outward man has been already described at the



commencement of our first chapter, at least as far as it was necessary to describe the appearance of any person of our own sex. Women attach far less importance to good looks in men than men to good looks in women. Few men, unless they have an interested object in so doing, think of marrying an ill-looking woman. As a general rule, she must have money or beauty—a fortune either in funds or in face. If she has not the latter, you may be certain she is possessed of the former; and in nineteen cases out of twenty you are right. Your friend Johnson transforms himself into a Benedick.

“So Johnson is married! What an ugly woman he has chosen! She has a large fortune, of course?”

“Of course she has; do you think for a moment he would marry her without it? Fifty thousand pounds at the least.”

But, on the other hand, your friend Thomson, the last man in the world whom ladies might be supposed to love to look on, without one rap in his pocket, or a single good feature in his face, carries off wealth, and beauty, and blushing seventeen, from a host of more eligible rivals. Yet nobody seeks an explanation in imagining that Thomson must have unexpectedly succeeded to a property. Nobody declares that there must be some reason, as yet unknown to the world, to have induced the girl to sell herself to Thomson. She is given full credit for disinterestedness in her choice. It was a strange selection, no doubt; Thomson a strange man for any girl to fall in love with. Still, it is admitted that she did fall in love with him—no other motive in marrying him is imputed to her. And if any one expresses surprise that he could have excited such a feeling, and wonders for what she could possibly have married him, you probably content yourself with shrugging your shoulders, and replying, in a tone half of envy and, perhaps, half of disgust—

“God knows, for I don’t. He is the last man I should take were I a girl.”

And no explanation is even attempted — no reason is guessed at, for none is supposed necessary further than the fact, that the young woman had a fancy for him. Why she should have had a fancy for him is a mystery no one ever can fathom. In a certain class of cases, however, there is an explanation given, a reason alleged, which is invariably conclusive. But, though it accounts for the fancy—fully, clearly, and satisfactorily accounts for it—it puts off the mystery by one degree only, and leaves us as much in the dark as before. Somebody asks—

“What on earth made the girl marry Thomson?” Somebody answers—

“Oh! *he’s a CURATE.*”

And the querist asks no more. He is perfectly satisfied. Thomson may be ugly, and poor, and low-born; he may be stupid, and ignorant, and narrow-minded; but he is a curate, and that is enough; he has his choice of all the young ladies in the parish. Why this should be so is a mystery we have never unravelled. But the fact exists, that there is an inexpressible charm about curates which few young ladies are able to resist. There is a foolish cant about the attractions of the army—stupid sneering about cavalry officers. Scarlet-fever is a dis-

ease to which young ladies are proverbially liable. The whole notion is a slander—an atrocious libel on the sex. We would back a curate against a captain, a black coat against a red coat, a white stock against a black one, any day. Quarter a regiment in the next town, and it will not flutter so many hearts as the arrival of the new curate in the parish. “Ah, Madeleine! Madeleine! Heigho!”

But enough of this clerical digression; it has nothing to do with the story. Edward Seymour was not a clergyman, so we had no business to bring in the cloth. Let us return to our *muttons* accordingly.

Whereabouts were we when we happened to fall foul of the curates, as Charlotte Brontë fell foul of them in “Shirley.” By the way, Charlotte Brontë, as everybody knows, was at one time looked on by everybody as a man. She wore her male attire well. Her style and her ideas were undoubtedly masculine, too coarsely so, indeed, for our taste. She deceived us, as she deceived others. We believed in Mr. Currer Bell; we firmly believed in him, not because of his masculine style, his masculine ideas, or his coarseness; we believed in him on account of David Sweeting, Joseph Donne, and Peter Augustus Malone. We remember that, when we first heard that Currer was a young lady, we laughed the information to scorn. Currer Bell a young lady! The idea was simply preposterous. A young lady to write of curates as Currer Bell wrote of them! As well attribute “Pantagruel” to Fenelon. Charlotte Brontë was a very remarkable young lady, one of the most remarkable women of the day; but the most remarkable thing about her was that, being a young lady, she entertained such opinions of curates. She fell at last, it is true, but it was at a time of her life when she was not quite as young a lady as she had been. During a long period of young-ladyhood she had passed on—

“In maiden meditation, *curate* free,”

proof against the love-shafts loosed against her by the Cupids of the pulpit; and if in the end she married a curate, we must put the best construction on it, and presume it was as a *pis aller*. “Madeleine, you had not even that excuse!”

Again—whereabouts were we when we were betrayed into this episode of the curates? About to attempt a description of Miss Walker, we believe.

She was certainly handsome. There was no doubt whatever about that. A profusion of light-brown hair shaded “a cold and clear-cut face”—pale, not as marble in general, but as the marble of Mr. Gibson’s “Venus Victrix.” The colouring of her face, like that of the “Venus,” was very slight—the faintest flesh-tint which the most delicate brush could apply; a tinge of red upon lips whose only fault was that they were rather too thin. Her nose was perfectly straight, chiselled like that of a Grecian nymph, its straightness unbroken by even not “least little delicate aquiline curve” which distinguished the versatile nose of Mr. Alfred Tennyson’s “Maud.” Her eyes were then, blue in colour, and, when she chose it, soft in expression; but

Edw times they darted sharp, sidelong, watchful glances, quite at

variance with their previous state of languor. And, finally, her chin was well-formed, but had the appearance of being a little too narrow, owing to the prominence of the sides of the head, or, in phrenological technicality, to the undue proportions of the organs of secretiveness and cautiousness. Such was the lady at whose side Edward Seymour now sat, whose white fingers he clasped, into whose blue eyes he tenderly gazed.

"You are very stupid to-day, Edward!" she remarked with a smile. "I never saw you so stupid before."

"I know I am," replied he.

"And why? What is the reason? You have scarcely spoken for the last hour and half. There you have been sitting as if you were deaf and dumb, neither opening your own mouth, or listening when I open mine."

"I do indeed listen to you, dearest."

"But you never answer. Your thoughts are wandering elsewhere."

"Well, darling, I believe they are."

One of the sharp, sidelong glances was suddenly shot at him, but its duration was only for a moment."

"And pray, sir," said the lady, playfully, "where may your thoughts be?"

"No matter."

"Yes, but it is matter. Now, I would make any bet that I could tell what the subject of them has been ever since you came into the room."

"Well, I give you leave to guess."

"Thank you for the permission. I think I might do so without it."

"Well, love, guess away. What have I been thinking of?"

"Of Miss Collins. Am I right?"

"Partly so. I have been thinking of her, certainly, but chiefly of her father."

Another sidelong glance, which, as before, was but momentary; and then tears gradually filled the large blue eyes, and trickled down the marble cheeks.

"Good heavens! Mary, what is the matter?"

The tears were now succeeded by sobs.

"Dearest Mary, what are you crying for? What have I done?"

"Oh! Edward, Edward, you will marry her after all!"

"Never, darling, never!"

"You will. I know you will."

"Never, upon my honor!"

"You love her. I know you do!"

"I do not. I have told you five hundred times I don't love her."

"Ah! but you did."

"No, dearest, I never did. I liked her as my cousin—nothing more."

"If you ever had loved her, Edward, you could never love me. True love lasts for ever."

If Barton had been present, he might have quoted Tennyson.

"No; she never loved me truly—love is love for evermore."

Now, Seymour never had been actually in love with his cousin, and

he spoke truth in the above-recorded denial ; but as he had, in his day, been in love with a dozen other persons, he always felt on dangerous ground when the conversation took the present turn. Of his other *liaisons* Miss Walker was still in happy ignorance ; but he lived in perpetual dread lest her darkness on the subject should be enlightened. A close cross-examination might eventually elicit the truth ; so he always got out of the witness-box as quickly as he could accomplish his exit. But she was perpetually putting him into it. Her notion of love-making seemed to consist in eternal teasing about never having loved anyone else. On such occasions Seymour generally diverted the danger by carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

"No, dearest Mary, I never loved my cousin ; but I am afraid you cannot say the same of yourself. Did you never love a cousin, Mary—a cousin six feet high, with large black whiskers, and, perhaps, a moustache?"

"Now, Edward, please don't say such dreadful things."

"Did you never love anyone before you saw me, Mary?" pursued Seymour. "Did no other man ever hold your hand as I am holding it?"

"Never! Oh! never, never!"

"Did no other man ever ——?"

He finished the sentence, not in words, but in deeds ; and the Irish maid, who was on the stairs, declared solemnly that he gave at least a dozen.

"It was quare goings on," Biddy thought, "in any dacent woman's house, and she wondered the mistress allowed it. A lone lady like Miss Walker shouldn't be having gentlemen coming after her and misconducting themselves in such a fashion as that. If Mr. Seymour ever offered the like of that to herself, she'd make his cheek smart for a week. But that Miss Walker was a brazen crature."

"Eh! Mary, did no one ever do that?" asked Mr. Seymour, unconscious of Biddy's strictures.

"For shame, Edward!"

"Shame for what? Is it for ——?"

"Don't now; you have done it enough."

"Shame for what, then?"

"For supposing that I ever allowed any other person except yourself."

"And did you not?"

"Never. Have I not told you over and over again that I never loved till I loved you—that I never permitted any man to speak of love to me till I permitted you to speak of it—that you are my first, and last, and only love, Edward? No! never did I permit any other man to even touch my hand, and never will I, happen whatever may to us hereafter. Even if you desert me—even if you marry Miss Collins—I shall never be the bride of another. I will die."

A plentiful flow of tears succeeded this deadly declaration.

"Could I expect you to care for me," Miss Walker continued, "if you knew that I had ever loved before?"

"Certainly not," assented Seymour, decisively.

"Could you press my hand, as you do, if you knew another had pressed it?"

"I admit I could not," replied he.

"Could you ——"

"Could I what? Go on."

"No, I won't go on."

"Yes, you must."

"No, I won't."

How they settled the matter is no business of your's, reader. All you shall know about it is, that Biddy, who had found some domestic business to detain her outside the door of the apartment, flounced down stairs in a fit of indignant propriety, and gave the landlady warning on the spot.

The tears were dried, and the blue eyes, like the gentianella after a shower, beamed all the more brightly on Seymour. He took out his watch, and looked at the hour.

"You are not going, surely?" said Miss Walker.

"No, dearest; I expect a friend to call here immediately."

"A friend! How strange! And to call here?"

"Yes. You know I told you, when you asked me about what I was thinking, that I was thinking of my uncle and cousin."

"Well!" This was said with a little acerbity.

"Well, the case is this. I have a friend, a very intimate friend, a man who has seen a good deal of life, and who understands how to manage matters of this sort. I called on him this morning, and told him about my engagement to yourself. I told him the difficulty I was in about my cousin, and commissioned him to go to my uncle and break the whole business to him."

"To tell him that you would not marry his daughter?"

"Yes."

"Oh! delightful! And will your uncle consent?"

"To my not marrying his daughter, is it? He may as well do so, for I won't marry her, whether he consents or not."

"But will he consent to your marrying me?"

"That I cannot tell you at present. He must do it in the long run, for I'll never marry any one else. If the worst comes to the worst, Mary, we shall have three hundred a-year, at least as long as I live."

"Only three hundred a-year?"

"I am afraid that is all."

"And only while you live?"

"Only while I live."

Again there was a restless, unpleasant, sidelong glance, and the thin lips were slightly compressed.

"But Mr. Collins must ultimately consent?"

"I hope so. I cannot say anything positive, till I hear how Barton has succeeded. By Jove! there he is. I know his rap."

"What——what did you say your friend's name is?"

"Barton."

"Barton! What Barton? What is his Christian name?"

"Richard Barton, late captain in the ——th, one of the best fellows breathing, and a very dear friend of mine."

"Gracious goodness! he's coming up stairs!" exclaimed Miss Walker, in consternation, as she heard his boots on the stairs.

"Of course he is—I want him to know you. You need not run away, you are dressed quite well enough to receive company."

If Miss Walker had wished to run away, unless she had gone through the window or ascended the chimney, she could scarcely have accomplished her purpose. The visitor was already standing outside the door, and Biddy was inquiring his patronymic.

"What name, if you please, sir?"

"Mr. Barton."

Though he was called Captain by others, and liked to be called Captain—a gratification we ourselves have always afforded him—still, having sold his commission, he never now of his own accord came before the world in a military capacity.

"Misther Barton!" shouted Biddy, without entering the room, contenting herself with announcing him through the door. She told the landlady afterwards that she did not know what she might have seen had she ventured further into Miss Walker's apartment. And she took the opportunity thus afforded of reiterating the warning which she had given ten minutes before, being powerfully moved thereto by the appearance of the new arrival, which somehow or other offended her. "She didn't like such doings at all at all," she said, "and so, please ma'am, look out for another servant."

Barton entered the room with the air of a man not only bent upon conquest, but certain of it. His manner was not that of a nervous, anxious lover, doubtful of the reception which his mistress would afford him. He was fully imbued with the spirit of the undertaking. Mr. Collins had contrived to awaken the vanity and conceit which had lain dormant for the preceding two years. The old habits of imaginary heart-breaking, laid by for that period, were rapidly resuming possession of him; and by the time he had completed his walk from Queen Anne-street to Albany-street, he had altogether forgotten that he ever had been a blighted being. At first starting, it was simply to oblige the uncle, and render a service to the nephew. He was performing a good action, and sacrificing himself to perform it. It was a magnanimous self-immolation on the altar of friendship; an instance of generosity for which he gave himself no end of credit. A few hundred yards effected a remarkable change. The sacrifice grew small by degrees and beautifully less in his eyes. He felt something like the Richard Barton of old. A complacent smile began to creep over his face, and he thought he rather liked the adventure. A few hundred yards more, and "Richard was himself again" completely. Mr. Collins and Seymour vanished altogether from his head, faded away from his recollection, as though they had never existed. He forgot the blight, he forgot everything except the victory he was about to achieve; his vanity scented the coming feast the more keenly from the previous fast. And tell us, dear young ladies, have you never felt the same sensation? After spending six dreary, dismal months in the country, in a parish where the rector keeps no curate, or a married one, have you never felt the same sensation, as you take your seat in the railway-carriage which is to convey you to town for the season? Your hearts have never yet been touched, you have not yet met the fated *he*, still your eyes sparkle at the prospect of the triumphs in store for you, and you are as happy as Richard Barton when he entered Miss Mary Walker's apartment.

Seymour sprang forward and shook him by the hand, as if they had not met for a twelvemonth.

"My dear fellow, I thought you would never come! I know you have good news—I see it in your face. Tell me all about it at once. But, wait; I must first introduce you. Mary, my love, this is my friend, Captain Barton."

Had Seymour looked at Miss Walker as he made this introduction, he would have been not a little surprised at the appearance the lady presented. She would have been a capital Niobe in an exhibition of *poses plastiques*. But he looked at the blooming, smirking face of his friend Captain Barton, and did not see the ghoul-like pallor which overspread that of Mary his love.

Barton bowed low, with the grace which he imagined peculiar to himself. Then, raising his eyes from the mosaic of darns and grease which constituted the carpet, and rapidly recalling the opening speech which he had composed for the occasion during his walk, he turned towards Miss Walker with a ludicrously languishing expression of countenance.

Had a bullet come, bang! through the window, and hit him right between his eyes, he could not have started more wildly. The blood rushed into his face, till it became twice as red as it previously had been; and then, suddenly ebbing, left it as pale as that of the Niobe before him. Staggering back, till retrogression was stopped by the rickety chairs covered with faded, washed-out chintz, which were ranged against the wall behind him, he dropped heavily on one of them, as if his legs were unable to sustain him longer.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Seymour, "what is the matter with you? Are you ill?—shall I run for a doctor?"

Barton sat without attempting a reply, his eyes literally starting out of his head, and fixed with an intense stare on Miss Walker. Following their direction, Seymour looked at that lady in his turn. He saw, not Gibson's "Venus" as she now appears in her heterodoxical hues, but Gibson's "Venus" as she was before the painter succeeded the sculptor. Motionless and devoid of colour as the untinted marble of the statue, was the woman so lately brilliant with health, eagerness, and animation. Seymour gazed, now on one, now on the other, in utter bewilderment, and completed a *tableau* rarely seen on the stage of real life. It would have insured the success of a melodrama.

"What is the meaning of this?" he at length asked, when his astonishment enabled him to find words. "Barton, what are you looking at Mary for in that horrible manner? You are frightening her, sir. What do you mean by it?"

Barton laughed. It was a loud, harsh and discordant laugh—a laugh which made Seymour recoil in horror. The mystery was solved. His poor friend was unquestionably insane.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Barton. "Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!"

"How swift is a glance of the mind,"

says William Cowper, in the character of Alexander Selkirk. The mental operation alluded to by the poet had been just undergone by Barton. A

few seconds had sufficed to lay the whole state of the case clearly before him. He saw it all at a glance. He saw he had been made a fool of; he saw he had made a fool of himself. Shame and rage seized possession of him; hatred took the place of love. And the passions which agitated his soul found a vent in the bitter laugh which Seymour interpreted as a symptom of insanity.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he again shouted, scornfully and savagely shouted; "ha! ha! ha! So you survived me, after all, *Minnie!* Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!"

"*Minnie!*" repeated Seymour, completely thunderstruck at the mention of the name. "*Minnie!*"

"Ay, Minnie or Mary, it is all the one name. Poor Edward! I could almost pity you. So you survived me after all, Minnie? Ha! ha! ha!"

"Minnie!—survived me!—Minnie!" stammered the confounded lover, unconsciously repeating Barton's words.

"Yes, Minnie—Minnie Walker—since that is the lady's name;—my Minnie—your Minnie—everybody's Minnie; the Minnie who never loved anyone except myself, who never could love any man except myself; who could not survive me; who would die of love for me; whom I believed to have died for me—fool that I was, to believe any such nonsense! Yes, there she is, ready to die of love—as she died of it two years ago! She won't survive you—oh, no! No more than she survived me. Oh! dear, no!—not she. Ha! ha! ha!"

"Mary, Mary, can this be true?"

"Survive you!—impossible! She will die if you marry your cousin. Pshaw! Marry your cousin tomorrow; and though you may find twenty bodies in the river—twenty Minnies who, of course, died of love—that lady won't be one of them, you may take your oath of that, my good Edward."

"Mary, Mary, why do you not speak?"

"Oh! she is silent enough now. No protestations—no vows—no declarations of the impossibility of surviving your marriage with Miss Collins! Go back to your cousin, Edward—go back to her at once. Marry her tomorrow, and let Miss Walker die of love, if she chooses. Take my word, she will console herself the day after with somebody else. Die of love! Oh yes, she will. She'll die of love in the arms of the first man she can manage to take in."

"Brute!" muttered Miss Walker.

"And I believed her," continued the angry and voluble Captain, heedless of the parenthetical compliment. "I believed her! And when I was tossing on a bed of sickness, raving in brain-fever—raving of *her*" (and he pointed at her with the air of Rachel in her *Phædre*), "even then she was doubtless telling another dupe that she would die of love for *him* also. And when I wept over the body which I blindly supposed to be her's; when I followed it to the grave; when I shut myself up from the world; when I mourned day and night for the woman I had loved and lost, she was, for aught I can tell, dying of love for twenty other men besides. We are not the only men she has found herself unable to survive, you may rely on it. Oh! no, not we, Edward. So go to your cousin—go at once, and thank your stars that



I came here to-day. Miss—Miss Walker (I am happy to at last know your surname)—Miss Walker, I bid you a very good morning. When you next die of love, send me word, and I'll make a point of attending your funeral. I have done so once already, but a good thing can't be done too often. Good morning, Minnie—Miss—Miss Walker; good morning. As soon as you die, send me the earliest intimation of the mournful event."

Having discharged this furious broadside, he bounced angrily out of the room, slamming the door after him with such violence, that the china dogs actually danced off the chimney-piece, and were duly set down to Miss Walker's account, when the landlady's weekly bill was presented. But this was not the only disaster which was caused by the hastiness of his exit. Biddy, we need not say, was on her knees outside the door, with her ear diligently applied to the keyhole. The rapidity with which the enraged Captain

"Abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit,"

gave her no time to remove from her position; and the stairs being close to the door, the inevitable result was, that both parties rolled down them together. Dread were the howls of Biddy, awful the oaths of Barton, appalling the screams of the indignant landlady; and the Captain, having with difficulty freed his legs from the embraces of the handmaiden, gained the street in a perfect whirlwind of Irish curses, Cockney vituperation, and dust. For the third time that day Biddy gave her mistress warning on the spot—

"All along, ma'am, of that brazen first-floor."

#### CHAPTER VI.

MR. COLLINS passed a miserable night. During the greater portion of it he tossed about in a feverish condition of sleeplessness, suffering all we ourselves suffer when we have imprudently partaken of green tea. One o'clock struck, two o'clock, three o'clock; but sleep on downy pinions still fled from his aching lids. Do what he would, the *orbicularis palpebrarum* refused to act. Four o'clock chimed, and he slept not; five o'clock, and he was yet awake. But he did not hear the sixth hour clanging through the morning air from the tower of the neighbouring church, or modestly sounding from the eight-day clock which stood below stairs in the hall. Ere the hand of the dial had pointed to that hour, Mr. Collins was asleep.

He slept; but he slept a restless, uneasy, unrefreshing sleep. If he had previously lain awake, as we lie after indulging in potations of green tea, he now slept as we sleep after insanely eating a dinner of pork-chops. The night-hag on this occasion did not confine herself to the hours of darkness. She extended the limits of her ride into the morning, and never drew rein until the eight-day clock struck eight. For upwards of two hours the poor gentleman had been her victim, dreaming all manner of horrible dreams, and seeing all kinds of uncomfortable visions.

After a long series of dissolving views, in which Seymour, and Barton, and the governors of the charitable institutions, bore by turns a prominent part, he at length dreamt he was in the presence of Miss Walker. He had never seen her, so Memory could not assist him in picturing her appearance. But what Memory could not, Fancy did, and with a wonderful fertility of invention. Miss Walker at first wore the form of the young lady whose uncle he had so nearly become a few years before. Next she changed into the bride's mother, that strong-minded lady whom Mr. Collins had so signally defeated. Then she became the clergyman, arrayed in surplice, cassock, and hood, with the prayer-book, open at the form of Solemnization of Matrimony, in her hand. And yet she was Miss Walker all the time, and the dreamer saw nothing strange or inconsistent in the clerical appearance she presented. Finally, the face became the face of Barton, the surplice shrunk into a shell-jacket, and the book turned into a regulation-sword. Still Mr. Collins was quite aware that it was not Captain Barton who stood before him. It never occurred to him that young ladies are not in the habit of wearing shell-jackets and swords; one never reasons about such matters in dreams. We meet and talk in our dreams with people who died twenty years ago. We are fully aware while they are talking to us that they are dead, and yet we see nothing remarkable in the circumstance. Thus Mr. Collins felt quite satisfied that the red-faced figure in uniform was the young lady who had bewitched his nephew, and he scowled at it with a feeling of hatred which the phantom seemed to fully reciprocate. Fiercely it gazed upon him; and, as it gazed, its size gradually increased, till, like the Gin when the fisherman released him from his prison, it assumed colossal proportions, and seemed almost to fill the whole room.

The dreamer lay horror-struck on his back as he beheld this appalling sight; but his dismay was doubled when the monster opened its mighty arms, and bent towards the bed to embrace him. Slowly it stooped over him. Slowly the huge bulk descended, till it almost touched his breast. And now it has touched it. It is now upon him. Heavily and more heavily still the tremendous weight presses upon his body, covering his eyes and mouth, and stifling him with its terrible caresses. In vain he struggles against the incubus. In vain he endeavours to free himself from the mountain under which he iswhelmed—the victims of the *peine forte et dure* might as well have tried to escape from the mass placed upon them by their jailers. Choked, suffocated, his breast panting, and the perspiration bursting from every pore of his body, he made one violent effort, one tremendous struggle—and awoke.

Rendered more anxious and nervous by the horrors of the preceding night, Mr. Collins impatiently awaited the visit which he expected from Barton. His impatience was so great, that it prevented his eating any breakfast, and made him fly into a rage when his daughter suggested sending for a physician. The family Doctor could no more “minister to a mind diseased,” than the Doctor in “Macbeth” could; so Mr. Collins consigned both physic and physicians to the dogs—or to worse. He would take neither breakfast nor medicine—he would not even read the *Times*. He would do nothing but walk up and down the

room, as if it were on the quarter-deck of a ship, consulting his watch every five minutes, and looking eagerly out of the window. His daughter at first feared he was ill; she next had a misgiving that he was mad. To all her affectionate inquiries he gave short and angry answers, and ended by ordering her out of the room. For several hours afterwards she heard the creak! creak! of his shoes, as he continued his nautical promenade. Up and down, backwards and forwards—it was enough to drive her mad herself. Nothing is more maddening to a nervous person than this unceasing quarter-deck walking, unless it be the unceasing mew of a cat. We well remember our mother had once a favourite cat, which nearly sent us to a lunatic-asylum. The first sound we heard in the morning was the mewing of this hateful animal; it was the last we heard going to bed. She mewed during breakfast, she mewed during dinner, she mewed sometimes through the whole night. Her cry penetrated through doors and walls with a shrillness which was absolutely distracting. The blankets with which at night we covered our head, almost to suffocation, were not proof against that terrible mew. But, next to the cries of a cat, walking the deck on dry land is the most irritating sound in existence.

Up and down, backwards and forwards, hour after hour, promenaded Mr. Collins; but still Barton did not make his appearance. It was now nearly five o'clock; he would scarcely come to-day. The mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed therefore must go to the mountain. So Mr. Collins bounced into the hall, seized his hat and umbrella, and hurried off to Barton's house.

The Captain had left town for the Continent that very day.

"And left no message for me—for Mr. Collins?"

"The Capting left no message for nobody," replied the old woman who now took the place of "John" at the door. "He went off in such a taking; I never sees him in such a taking, and I have lived with him ever since he —"

"Cab!" shouted Mr. Collins, as an empty Hansom passed slowly by.

"Here you are, sir!" responded the driver, whipping the horse up to the kerbstone.

"Albany-street, Regent's Park; and lose no time."

"All right, sir!" said the cabman, as Mr. Collins took his seat underneath him. And away they went at Hansom speed.

We have said before that Mr. Collins was a man of determination and energy. The exercise of these qualities on a previous occasion had saved him, our readers may remember, from a more imminent danger than the present. On that occasion he had rescued the victim from between the very horns of the "altar." Things were not so bad now, and he trusted to be at least equally successful. Thrown on his own resources, too—no longer leaning on Barton, who, it turned out, was but a rotten reed after all—he felt himself equal to any and every emergency, and was almost confident of glorious success. He would show this designing woman that she had nothing to hope for in seducing his nephew. He would prove to her that she would marry a comparative pauper if she persisted in marrying Seymour. He would convince her that nothing was to be hoped for in attempting to obtain his own consent; that every shilling of the Seymour property should go to the

charitable institutions the moment she became his niece. Nay; he would even buy her off, if he could not manage it any other way. Five hundred—a thousand pounds would be money well spent for such a purpose. “A thousand pounds, sir!” cried he, apparently addressing the horse behind which he was sitting, “I would give double the amount to get rid of her. What are two thousand pounds to the hundred and twenty thousand which will be lost if she marries him? I’ll offer her two thousand as sure as my name is Joseph Collins. But I’ll try other means first. No use in throwing away money if I can help it. If the worst comes to the worst, I’ll offer the cash. Lord! Lord! what a deal of trouble that boy has been giving me for the last ten years—falling in love with every face he has seen since he was fifteen years old; and now, when I thought all was safe, trying to give me the slip at the last moment. Dear! dear! was ever man so plagued with a nephew. There, driver, that will do, let me out. The house next the church I think that flighty, foolish Barton said. What on earth could have taken him away in such a hurry?”

Soliloquising in this manner, Mr. Collins descended from the Hansom and ascended the steps of the house, or what the Americans denominate the *stoop*. An energetic ring brought Biddy in no time to the door.

“Pray, my good girl, does a Miss Walker live here?”

“Troth, does she, and I wish she didn’t,” was the reply.

“Can I see her?”

“Of coorse you can—anyone can see her. She’s not so mighty particular about who she sees or what she sees.”

“Very well, my good girl,” said Mr. Collins, walking in. “Which way?”

“Straight forenenst you, first floor, front room,” answered Biddy, laconically, plunging into the lower regions of the house. “If she thinks I’ll show people up to her any more, she’s out in her reckoning,” muttered the indignant maid of all work. “There’s another of them,” she observed to the landlady, whom she met in her descent, “and he’s ould enough to be her father. I’ll not have him tumbling over me, and laving me black and blue, like that baste of a man who was here yesterday. So they may make what noise they like, and disgrace you, ma’am, as much as they choose, but the divil a step will I go near her while he’s in the house.”

While Biddy was making this virtuous resolve against eavesdropping, Mr. Collins was mounting the stairs. He knocked firmly and decidedly with the handle of his umbrella at the door which stood “fornenst” him.

“Come in,” said a female voice.

Mr. Collins obeyed, and found himself in the presence of Miss Walker.

She rose, and motioned him gracefully to a seat. A faint blush at seeing a stranger had delicately tinged her cheeks, and her face appeared almost to justify the admiration which she had excited in Seymour. Her manners, also, were pleasing and ladylike, unlike what Mr. Collins had expected, though why he should have expected them to be otherwise he probably could not have explained. Somehow, he felt himself

put out by the reception he had met with, and was completely at a loss what to say.

The lady was the first to speak.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit, sir?"

"Ma'am—ahem!—my name, ma'am, is Collins—Joseph Collins."

Miss Walker started at the name, and shot one of her sidelong glances at the speaker.

"Uncle of Mr. Edward Seymour, ma'am."

Miss Walker sat silent.

"You are aware, ma'am, that Mr. Seymour has been for many years engaged to my daughter; that they were to be married next month, ma'am—you are aware of all this, ma'am, are you not?"

Miss Walker inclined her head.

"And yet, ma'am," continued Mr. Collins, "knowing all this, you have, notwithstanding, induced my nephew to break his engagement with my daughter; to forget his duty as a gentleman, ma'am; to act a dishonourable part, ma'am; to do what he ought to be horsewhipped for, ma'am."

"Well, sir, what is the use of all this *now*? Yesterday," added the lady, bitterly, "all this eloquence might have been in place, but to-day it is quite thrown away."

"You—you—you don't mean to say he has married you?" shrieked Mr. Collins, seized with consternation and dismay at these words. "No use to-day!—you don't mean he has married you. Gracious heavens! am I late after all?"

Miss Walker stared at him with unaffected astonishment.

"Only say he has not married you," continued the other, imploringly; "only say you are not already his wife."

"Really, sir, you are a very strange person. I do not understand you."

"Woman!" said Mr. Collins, savagely, "are you married or not? Answer me this moment—are you his wife?"

"No, sir; since I must —"

"Not his wife. Say it again."

"Certainly not, sir. You frighten me, sir."

"Thank God!" said Mr. Collins. "Then I am not too late to stop the mischief."

"Mischief, Mr. Collins! what mischief do you mean?"

"The mischief of his marrying you, ma'am; that's what I mean."

"Sir!"

"Yes, ma'am, marrying you—that's the mischief I speak of, and that's the mischief I am come to put a stop to. It is well I did not find him here, or I'd have laid this umbrella across his shoulders. I'd have broken the puppy's head; and I will break it, ma'am, unless he promises never to see you again, ma'am."

Now, it was not twenty-fours since Seymour had, of his own accord, given that very same promise to herself. He had sworn that he never would see her again; that he abjured and renounced her from that moment. Filled, not exactly with the savage wrath of Barton, but with natural indignation at the falsehood which had been practised towards himself, he had bidden her an eternal adieu, and followed the

precipitate retreat of his friend. The blight of the one and the love of the other had been effectually cured by the same prescription ; and, at the time when the conversation we are recording took place, both gentlemen were on their way to Calais.

"Yes, I'll break the puppy's head, ma'am!" repeated Mr. Collins, "unless he promises never to see you again."

A light suddenly broke on Miss Walker. When Seymour rushed out of her room on the preceding afternoon, she concluded that in ten minutes he would throw himself at his cousin's feet, confess his fault, implore forgiveness, and be happily reconciled with his uncle. So certain was she of this result, that it was only now she understood that Mr. Collins knew nothing whatever of the rupture which had taken place. She had been puzzled at first by the visit, but now she had the key to the puzzle. The old gentleman still believed that his nephew was entangled in her net. What should she do now?—what line of conduct should she now adopt? Should she undeceive him, or should she allow him to remain under the same misconception? And, if she decided on the latter course, in what way could she turn it to her own advantage? Seymour was lost to her now for ever; she knew enough of him to be well aware that she could never whistle the startled falcon back. That hateful, red-faced Captain had done her business in that quarter, and there was no hope of undoing the mischief. She could never be Mrs. Edward Seymour.

These thoughts flashed through her brain even while Mr. Collins was repeating his threat. And, before her visitor again spoke, she had chalked out the course which she considered most advisable under the circumstances.

"I do trust, ma'am," said Mr. Collins, in a moderate tone, "that you will see the propriety of your giving me a similar promise. Consider, ma'am, that he has been engaged to another lady—to my daughter, ma'am—for the last ten years, ever since he was a boy. He was to be married next week, ma'am; every body knew he was to be married—every body knew of the engagement to my daughter, ma'am. Only think of the serious injury which must accrue to my daughter if, at this period of the engagement, when the wedding-clothes have been actually bought (my own coat, ma'am, came home yesterday from the tailor), the wedding-cake ordered; the friends of the family asked—every preparation made; only think, I say, of the injury which my daughter must suffer if her affianced husband treats her in such a scandalous manner. Come, my dear young lady, you will promise me to give him up—you will, I know. You could never act so unjustly as to persevere in this unwarrantable course."

"What, sir! give Edward up!—never!"

"Now, now, my dear young lady——"

"You may spare your eloquence, Mr. Collins. Your nephew has made proposals to me; I have accepted those proposals; and nothing can tempt me to break the word I have given to him."

"Ma'am," said Mr. Collins, "are you aware that, if he marries you without my consent, he loses every shilling of his father's fortune?"

"Perfectly aware of it, sir."

"Are you aware, ma'am, that I shall never give my consent?"

"Very likely, sir; indeed, after what you say, I do not suppose it is possible that you will."

"Are you aware, ma'am," asked Mr. Collins, again, "that he will have nothing to live on but three hundred a-year, paid quarterly, and that only for his own life, ma'am? Are you aware of that fact, ma'am?"

"Quite aware of that fact," replied the lady.

"And you'll marry him?"

"I will."

"Dear, dear, what can be done!" said the old gentleman, in great distress. "Look here, ma'am," he said, suddenly, "give me a written promise that you never will marry him, and I will put into your hands a cheque for one thousand pounds. One thousand pounds, ma'am—think of that! A cheque for one thousand pounds on Spooner and Attwoods, ma'am."

"You are only wasting words, sir."

"Two thousand, then; a cheque for two thousand pounds. Come, let it be a bargain."

And he hastily pulled a cheque-book out of his pocket, opened it on the table, and looked round for pen and ink.

"Now, my dear, give me something to write with, and you shall have the money. Surely," continued he, as Miss Walker took no notice of his request for something to write with, "surely you are not going to refuse TWO THOUSAND POUNDS?"

"I certainly am, sir," answered Miss Walker.

"D——n," exclaimed Mr. Collins, jumping up from the table, "this is enough to drive anyone mad. You must be mad yourself, woman, to refuse the handsome offer I have made. I would give you a cheque on Spooner and Atwoods, No. 27, Gracechurch-street, for the sum of two thousand pounds sterling, and you refuse it!"

"I do," replied Miss Walker firmly.

"Gracious goodness! what is to be done? And all for the sake of a foolish boy with three hundred a year, paid quarterly, and terminating with his life!"

"He is indeed only a boy," said the lady.

"A boy, a mere child," said the gentleman, eagerly catching at the admission; "and you want to marry a boy, do you?"

"Yes."

"And you refuse two thousand pounds—a fortune of two thousand pounds—and for a boy?"

Miss Walker burst into tears.

"She's yielding," said Mr. Collins to himself. "Tears are a good symptom. She'll take the two thousand yet; perhaps the one thousand. Two thousand is too much. I am sorry I offered it."

"You will think better of it, my dear young lady," said he persuasively, sitting down beside her on the spring-sofa with the broken springs. "Come, now, let us say two—one thousand, I mean, and have an end of this foolish business."

"Poor boy!" sobbed Miss Walker.

"Yes, yes; boy indeed! What could put (it into your head to marry a boy? You never could have been in love with a boy, I am certain."

"No," said Miss Walker.

"No!" repeated the old gentleman, astounded at this very candid and altogether unexpected admission. "No! and yet you promised to marry him on three hundred a year, paid quarterly, and ending with his life; and you refused two thousand pounds, a little fortune in itself, which you will have as long as you live, and could bequeath it to anyone you like; and two thousand pounds, at five per cent. (which I could easily get for you) would be exactly one hundred a year! What on earth do you want to marry him for, then?"

"I want a protector," murmured Miss Walker.

"A protector!—a pretty protector he'd be for you."

"He is certainly very young, and I—I—don't like young men; but—but what could I do? I am an orphan, Mr. Collins; without father or mother; without any near relatives; and—and—what could I do?"

Mr. Collins was touched. He found himself in a novel situation; a beautiful orphan sitting beside him, her blue eyes glistening with tears, her panting bosom struggling with sobs.

"My dear young lady," said he, "you shall never want a protector while I live."

Miss Walker's head suddenly drooped on Mr. Collins's shoulder.

"I shouldn't mind to say even three thousand," said he. "Three thousand pounds, my dear, and that is a great deal of money."

"Oh! don't talk of money, Mr. Collins," murmured the orphan, leaning so heavily on his shoulder that he was obliged to relieve the weight with his arm. "Do not, oh! do not talk to me of money. I want a protector; I do not want money."

"Well, my dear, you shall have a protector. You shall always find a protector in me."

Miss Walker sank completely into his arms.

"You'll give him up, then, my dear?"

"Yes, dearest, for you."

"What!" sharply exclaimed the old gentleman, vainly endeavouring to free himself from his fair burthen.

"Yes, dearest, I will give him up. I would give up everybody and everything for you. Oh, I am so happy."

And she lay more heavily still in Mr. Collins's arms.

"What, what the d——l do you mean?" stammered he.

"I never loved him," whispered she; "I never could love a young man. I never could have been happy as his wife. I can be happy as yours, dearest."

"Dear me! dear me! This is a very awkward mistake. I never meant—I never intended—hang it, ma'am, I am too old to marry anyone!"

"I would rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," replied the orphan, playfully; "you know the old proverb, dearest."

"Stuff, ma'am!" said the old man, struggling against his darling's weight, and this time succeeding in his escape from it. "Stuff, ma'am,"



said he, as he bounced to his feet ; " I never meant any such nonsense. I am too old to marry you, ma'am ; I'm not such a fool as all that comes to."

" And must I marry that boy, then ?" asked the lady in a tone of dejection.

" I don't see how that is the alternative, ma'am. Take the money, and give him up. One thousand—nay, two thousand pounds—take the two thousand pounds, and you shall never want a friend while I live."

" No, no ; I want no money ; I'll take no money ; I want a protector. Oh, Mr. Collins, how could you deceive me ?"

" I !—I never deceived you."

" You did ; you did deceive me. You promised to be my protector ; you cruel, cruel man !"

" My dear young lady," said Mr. Collins, in very great distress and perplexity, " I promised to be your protector, certainly, but not your husband."

" And pray, sir, do you think I would allow you to be my protector unless you married me ? Mr. Collins, I am ashamed of you. An old man like you, sir ! For shame !"

Poor Mr. Collins was in greater perplexity than ever. In vain he attempted explanations ; in vain he defended his character ; in vain he offered one—two—three thousand pounds. The lady was deaf to any proposition save the one.

" Let us understand each other clearly," said she. " I am alone in the world ; without family, friends, or fortune ; and I am determined to settle myself as I best can. I am determined not to die an old maid if I can possibly avoid it. You see I am honest and candid. Every woman marries for an establishment. The fashionable young ladies who pass me by in their carriages, who live in Grosvenor-square and Belgrave-square, all marry for an establishment ; and pray, Mr. Collins, why should not I ? And even if they should not marry, they are better off than I ; for they have fathers, and brothers, and friends to protect them. I have none. Your nephew offers me a home ; a respectable position ; an establishment ——"

" An establishment with three hundred a-year, paid quart——"

" Three hundred a-year may be a great deal to me," interrupted Miss Walker.

" I'll secure you three hundred a-year !" eagerly cried Mr. Collins ; " three hundred a-year for your own life, if you will only comply with my request."

" I do not want money, I want a protector," was the only reply vouchsafed to this offer. " A protector, not in your sense of the word, sir ——"

" Now, really, really, I protest ——"

" But a husband, Mr. Collins—a husband whom I could revere and respect, and look up to ; not a foolish, giddy young man, who might cease to care for me a month after marriage, but a man, like—like, in fact, like yourself, whom I could honour as well as love, whom I could nurse when on the bed of sickness, and whose declining years my affection would soothe. This is my idea of happiness. I never, if I could

have helped it, would have thought of becoming the wife of a young man. But necessity has no law. If I cannot have the protection of a husband without marrying your nephew, marry him I will, if he were ten years younger than he is. Yes, I will marry your nephew, sir, if you persist in retracting the offer which you yourself made a few minutes ago."

"Offer, ma'am!—offer I made! Oh! you mean the three hundred a-year. Three hundred a-year for your own life, ma'am! I don't retract it; no, not at all; it shall begin this very day, ma'am—this very day. Where did I put my cheque-book? Oh! here it is. Now where's the ink? You shall have a draft for the first quarter this moment. Let me see—four into three hundred—seventy-five times—you shall have a draft on Spooner and Attwoods for seventy-five pounds sterling this instant, ma'am."

"No, sir, I did not mean the three hundred a-year. That was not the offer I meant. I meant the offer of your heart and hand."

"God bless my soul and body! I never made you such an offer, ma'am."

"Never made me such an offer, when you offered to be my protector. Unless, indeed, you meant ——"

"No, no, I meant nothing of the kind," interrupted the poor old gentleman; "nothing of the kind, ma'am, I give you my honour! I am an old man, ma'am; I have a daughter, ma'am; I give you my honour you are perfectly mistaken!"

"Then, sir, you meant to offer me your hand. However, whether you did or not makes little matter, as I shall be a married woman in either case. I am not ashamed to speak my mind openly about it. I would rather marry you; but if you refuse to fulfil your engagement ——"

"My engagement!" groaned Mr. Collins, raising his hands and his eyes towards the ceiling. "My engagement! Oh! why did I ever enter this house!"

"If you refuse to fulfil the engagement which you made with me a few minutes ago," she continued, in the steadiest tone possible, "I have nothing to do but fulfil the engagement I made with your nephew, which he is always urging me to do as quickly as possible. It was no later than yesterday evening that he implored me to let the wedding take place immediately. I expect him here every moment, and shall certainly tell him that he may fix whatever day he likes."

Having delivered herself of this falsehood as coolly as if it had been truth, she darted one of her sidelong glances at the unhappy old gentleman before her. Never was an old gentleman in such a very uncomfortable position. What to do he did not know; he was in what the Yankees would call "a very pretty considerable fix." How little he guessed what was before him when he entered the fatal apartment! He had come prepared to revile Miss Walker, to frighten her, to bribe her—to do anything and everything but marry her; that certainly had never entered into his calculations. And yet here she was stoutly averring that he had asked her to marry him; that he had actually popped the question; that he had solemnly promised to make her his wife. Pshaw! the thing was too absurd; he had done nothing of the sort; he was too

old a bird to be caught by such chaff. Marry her, indeed!—he wanted no wife; and if he did, it should be a different person.

On the other hand, take it how he would, he was still in an awkward dilemma. If she did not marry him, she would marry his nephew, and one hundred and twenty thousand pounds would be lost to his heirs for ever. The only way to prevent this disaster was to marry her himself; the only means of escape which was open to him. Barton had unaccountably failed him; he was deserted by the only ally he possessed. The enemy was proof against threats, expostulations, and bribes—bribes in, at least, the ordinary acceptation of the term. She would take no bribe except one; nothing short of that sacrifice would be accepted. To marry his daughter he must marry himself. It was a very awkward dilemma, indeed.

Revolving these things in his mind, he walked the quarter-deck up and down the room, while Miss Walker retained her seat on the sofa. During one half of his travels, then, he had her full in his view, and the prospect was far from unpleasing. Every time he wheeled round after reaching the farther wall, his eyes fell on a young and handsome woman—a young and handsome woman who had solemnly assured him of her preference of an old man to a young one. She was a sensible young woman, too, without any affectation; a very sensible young woman, after all. She had honestly told him what she wanted—a protector and a home; she had made no concealment of her object. And was she not right when she said that every woman married for an establishment? She had only the candour to confess it. Why, she was better than the rest of them, for there was no hypocrisy about her; she was open and overboard in her professions. And then, besides all this, if he had even unintentionally made proposals to her, was he not bound in honour to confirm them? And then—his daughter, and his nephew, and the hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The hundred and twenty thousand pounds decided the question.

Having come to this determination, he abruptly paused in his walk, and, approaching the sofa, sheepishly resumed his seat by Miss Walker.

“Ma’am,” said he, and stopped short.

“Well, dearest?” answered the lady, for she knew perfectly well what the result of his cogitation had been. “Well, dearest?” and she took his hand, and smiled sweetly and lovingly into his face.

Encouraged by these caresses, the old gentleman proceeded with more courage.

“I am an old man, ma’am, it is true; but, if you will marry an old man, I’ll do my best to make you comfortable.”

“You dear old duck!” said Miss Walker.

“You’ll never let that nephew of mine into the house again?” continued Mr. Collins, keeping an eye to business even at this interesting moment of his life.

“Never! I’ll never see him or speak to him—that is, until he is my nephew also. My dearest Johnny, how I shall love you! I do so doat on old men!”

“Ma’am, my name is Joseph, not John.”

“Then I’ll call you my dearest Joey—my dearest, darling old Joey!”

And she kissed her dearest, darling Joey, till the old gentleman was put into a whirl of confusion, awkwardness, shame and delight. He began to feel like Don Pasquale, as he appears at the commencement of the opera, and would have sung "*Un foco insolito*" only he did not know it, and could not have sung it if he did. But he already experienced all the ardour which Donizetti's hero has expressed, and even "*Di bamboli mezza dozzina*" may have floated before him in the distance. Miss Walker's triumph was complete. Woman's wit had carried the day. Omphale achieved no greater triumph when she made Hercules spin at her feet.

"But if my nephew should happen to walk in on us, what shall we do?" asked the fluttered lover.

"Oh, he'll never come here again, Joey. Don't be afraid; there's not the slightest danger of that."

"I thought, ma'am, you told me that you expected him every moment," the old gentleman suspiciously remarked.

"Bless me!" thought the lady, "I was nearly letting the cat out of the bag. So I did, Joey," she said, "I quite forget all about it; I was not able to think of anyone but yourself. But I'll give orders that he shall not be admitted. It was very stupid to forget that I expected him."

And she rang the bell for Biddy. Biddy seemed inclined to act on the principle of the black footman, "the more massa call me, the more I won't come;" for the bell was pulled seven times before she condescended to make her appearance. When she did so at last, it was after the manner of Hyperion—

"She entered, but she entered full of wrath."

And her wrath was not lessened by her observing Mr. Collins with his arm (oh! if Barton and Seymour could have seen him!)—with his arm round Miss Walker's waist.

"Biddy, I expect Mr. Seymour to call here at any moment."

"You do—do you?" replied Biddy, rudely, and, at the same time, in a tone of surprise, for she had overheard Seymour's parting denunciation. "It's a quare thing of you to expect, thin, afther ——"

"Biddy!" hurriedly continued Miss Walker, "when Mr. Seymour calls, do not admit him; tell him I cannot see him—that I can never receive him again. If he attempts to force his way, give him in charge to the police. That will do, my good woman—you may go."

"It's not much throuble he'll be giving either you or the poliss, I'm thinking," said Biddy.

"There, there, that will do; you may go, Biddy—that will do. Give him in charge if he annoys the house. That's all I have to say to you, Biddy—you may go."

"And what was the maning at all, at all, of ——"

"You dear old duck!" said Miss Walker, breaking in on Biddy's commentary, which she saw no other means of interrupting; "you dear old duck, how I doat on you!" And she gave him a practical proof that she did so, sending Biddy out of the room in less than no time. The indignant Irishwoman fled in dismay to her mistress.

"Of all the devils that ever disgraced any dacent woman's house, I never seen the likes of that brazen first-floor. And the ould man, that might be her grandfather—ma'am. I'll not stay another day in your service, unless you turn your first-floor into the street."

While Biddy urged the landlady to turn the first-floor into the street, a strange species of architectural sleight-of-hand, the first-floor continued the no less wonderful process of turning Mr. Collins into a husband.

"Are you satisfied now, Joey? He shall never enter this house; he shall never see me again while my name's Walker."

Mr. Collins was satisfied; he was fooled to the top of his bent. And when, a week afterwards, he heard of the Hegira of his nephew, he attributed it to the repulse he must have received. Seymour evidently had called at Albany-street; been refused admittance by Biddy; probably given into Sir Richard Mayne's custody; and then, in despair at his sudden rejection, had gone to recover his spirits on the Continent. He would return in a few weeks, and fulfil his engagement to his cousin, provided Miss Walker were safely out of his way. This must be, however, arranged; Miss Walker must become Mrs. Collins; the hundred and twenty thousand pounds were not fully out of danger until then.

Impelled by this consideration, incited to haste by the lady, who was naturally anxious to forestall the chances of detection, and moved by an unwillingness that his nephew should witness his making a fool of himself—for, in spite of all his sophistry, he could not help being conscious that he was liable to that accusation—Mr. Collins made all speed to be married before Seymour should return to England. When that return would take place no one had the slightest idea. No one knew whereabouts he was; it was only known that he had gone to the Continent. Neither he nor his friend had written since they sailed together from Dover. The fact was, that both gentlemen were very considerably ashamed of themselves; the Captain of his "blight," Seymour of his credulity, and of the impropriety of his conduct towards his cousin. The one felt he had incurred ridicule, the other well-merited censure, and both shrank from encountering their deserts.

In the meantime Mr. Collins had worked himself into a wonderful state of excitement. He could not remain quiet for five minutes together. The amount of exercise he took, not merely up and down the room, but from Queen Anne-street to the Regent's Park, and from the Regent's Park to Queen Anne-street, was actually past calculation. He could not sit still in a cab; walking was now his only means of progression. His daughter thought he was mad, before she knew what he was about, for it was a long time ere he ventured to tell her. When he did venture to tell her, she thought he was madder still. It is needless to say she was thunderstruck at the intimation, and did all she could to dissuade him from such a step. He became angry, and so did she; and father and daughter, for the first time, had a quarrel. The house was divided against itself, and perpetual bickerings on the subject went on. Miss Collins implored the friends of the family to interfere, and they worried her father from morning to night. One of them, an attorney, suggested a commission *de lunatico*, and Mr. Collins was told of the

suggestion. If he did not need the commission before, he certainly needed it now, for he became a very lunatic in his wrath. The more opposition he met with, the more determined he became, and the more he hurried the preparations for his wedding. Miss Walker had completely entangled him in her toils, and the poor old man was over head and ears in love with her. The infantine playfulness which she had so cunningly assumed, the fancy she professed for old men, the "dear old duck!" and "darling Joey!" of her conversation—all this had the due effect of persuading Mr. Collins that the lady was really attached to him. She never actually said that she was ready to *Die of Love* for him—that declaration she reserved for younger men; but even had she done so, the chances are that he would have believed it just as readily as had Barton and his nephew. And thus, in the tumult of this unwonted excitement—of love-making in Albany-street and quarrelling in Queen Anne-street—of wrangling, and badgering, and perpetual motion—the eve of the wedding-day arrived.

Before retiring for the night, father and daughter had one more last quarrel. She still refused to be present at the ceremony next morning; he vehemently insisted that she should. High words passed between them, and they parted in mutual anger.

The hours of darkness passed, and the earth once more rolled into light. The rays of the early sun shone into the bedroom in Albany-street, and found the bride already adorning herself for the altar. They shone on Emma Collins, as she sat at her window, weeping over the folly of a father. They shone on the bed where that father still lay—where the bridegroom, strange to tell, still slept. Is it possible, old though he be, that he can sleep on his wedding-day? Can the impatience of love thus permit him to slumber? Yes, he sleeps; the bridegroom sleeps—calmly, quietly, peacefully sleeps. And the earth rolls on swiftly, and more brightly shines the sun, and man goes forth to his work in the morning. And the bride is fully dressed, and the church-bells ring merrily, and still the bridegroom sleeps. He sleeps—calmly, quietly, peacefully; for he sleeps the sleep of DEATH.

Agitation of mind and body for several weeks had seriously affected his nervous system, and the quarrel of the previous evening was the last feather in the scale, the last drop of water in the cup. He laid his head on the pillow, from which he was never to raise it, a prey to stormy and conflicting emotions—fierce wrath against his own child, once the darling of his heart; doting love for the artful woman who had infatuated him. From angry thoughts and bitter feelings, vain dreams and foolish hopes, God suddenly summoned him to his account. He died, smitten by the invisible hand which strikes down youth and age alike—the victim of a sentiment which age, however, rarely feels. At a period of life when the hey-day in the blood is tame, he had yielded to the fascination of Beauty; and the result was the stiffened corpse, whose only bride will be Corruption, whose only nuptial couch the Grave.

And thus, after all, it may be said, in the words of truth and soberness, that the old man DIED OF LOVE.

## THE IRISH BRIGADESMAN:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

*By the Author of "Whitefriars," "Maulverer's Door," &c.*

## CHAPTER VI.

PHENIX O'NEIL.

PROCEEDING on his reconnaissance, Mahony had speedily satisfied himself his first suspicions were well-founded, and that the wild array advancing through the intricacies of the bog before him was composed chiefly of the Rapparee clansmen of the O'Neil. He recognised Fhad Redmond at once, and other faces were as familiar to him, though not very pleasantly so, as those of the famished horde who daily clamoured round him for a relief he was little able to afford, from the stores of his own scanty commissariat.

The whole band appeared in a state of great eagerness and excitement, though possibly not more of either than was customary in all their disorderly moods of activity. Yet, it is true, the noise was rather unusually heightened by a fellow who marched at the head of the hurly-burly, with a squat *Cainthar Cruit*, or Irish singing-harp, of twelve strings only, strapped on his shoulders, skirling some verses in that language at the top of his voice, with all the discordant unintelligibility of a bagpipes at full screech.

Mahony recognised this man as a drunken, dissolute, humorous rascal, who pretended to poetical talents on the strength of being the hereditary bard of the O'Neils, and certainly possessed some skill in the traditional songs and music of his native land. But the Major could not recall any acquaintance with two persons who came in the midst of the undisciplined host, and were evidently of superior dignity, judging from the respectful distance observed around them. One was mounted on a mule—a large, stout-limbed, burly-faced man, with a peculiar ecclesiastical unctuousity of expression overspreading his jovial animal features, that, in conjunction with his close-cropped hair, three-cornered cap, and black robe, with a flat linen collar turned down on the shoulders, seemed to indicate a cleric who was rather so by education and profession than any natural and constitutional aptitude. His companion came on foot—a tall, stately-stepping youth, in whom, after a slight scrutiny, Mahony had no difficulty in concluding, from his resemblance to his lately-deceased sire, he beheld the surviving heir and chieftain of the Hy-Nial.

It was, however, a likeness which the exceeding beauty of the lad's female parent had most pleasingly modified; for it was hardly possible to imagine a face and figure, in which Celtic characteristics were strongly marked, more irresistibly attractive and fascinating to the gaze. The extreme youth of Phoenix O'Neil—he was little more than sixteen—was counteracted by the influences of the robust training and

habits of the people among whom he had been reared, who inhabited what were then the wildest and least-frequented regions of Ireland, beyond the northern Blackwater, the hereditary refuge and hiding-place of his race. His frame, therefore, with all its slender symmetry and loftiness of stature, was of remarkable strength and muscular activity in its developments, possessing the power, with the quivering elasticity and grace, of the lance of polished steel in the hand of a son of the desert. A classical beholder might indeed have figured to himself that he saw in this youth a realized ideal of the earliest manhood of the goddess-born Achilles, while yet the nymphs imagined it feasible to disguise him as one of themselves, and might have succeeded in their *ruse* had not the warlike instincts of the future destroyer of the beautiful-gated Ilion betrayed him! The long, gleaming black hair; the square, but flexible and shadowy brows; the nose, with its fine, sensitive, race-horse dilation of the nostrils; the projecting, haughty upper lip, scarcely as yet shaded with the down of manhood; the pure, ruddy-brown complexion; above all, the fire-fraught, impassioned eyes, which changed their expression with every varying mood and thought of the bright, fierce, tender, resentful, melting, restless spirit within—combined characteristics to support the resemblance we venture to indicate between our own and the hero of the bard of old, who also (modest conjunctive!) made Love and War the themes of his discourse.

The garb of the young chieftain of the O'Neils was one of a peculiar fashion, and of a very peculiar hue—the latter being a light saffron, which, though the reverse of that emerald green which is now accepted as the national colour of the verdant Isle of the West (doubtless with much poetical suitability) was the ancient and universally favourite national colour before Henry VIII. granted or dictated the present armorial bearings of Ireland. Of course, the clan and chieftains of the O'Neil remained perseveringly attached to the saffron hue in their garments from the time when the English government forbade its use, as an emblem of disaffection, and of a rebellious spirit of segregation. The long cloak, that descended almost to his heels, and the tight-fitting garb that enveloped Phoenix's whole symmetrical frame, almost as closely as its natural skin, were also points of ancient Irish costume, to which Mahony remembered the late Sir Roderick most pertinaciously adhered, in spite of the ridicule it excited, on his brawny conformation, and which had more than once provoked his fiery temper into a sanguinary style of repartee. The youth's broad-brimmed black felt hat, ornamented with a tuft of eagle feathers, and a silver-embossed leather girdle, hung with an armoury of pistols, broadsword and skene, or dirk, were rather more in the style of the time. The latter warlike ornaments, in conjunction with a curious chain of branch coral worn round the neck, Mahony knew were portions of the effects of the departed chieftain, which he had specially desired should be delivered to his son.

Having ascertained these particulars, Mahony pricked on his horse a little sharper, and arrived with his dragoons on the skirts of the bog. A glance at the disposition of the approaching throng induced the skilful Major to order his men to spread themselves in a line that



completely outflanked their advance, and then he shouted to the rabble to halt, in a voice that thundered above all their own noise. Until now the eager, jabbering multitude had observed nothing of the movement which so suddenly enveloped their disorderly march, and they stopped, evidently in as much amazement as if an armed host had arisen from the depths of the bog before them.

"Well, my merry boys, and where are ye all trotting to, this blessed afternoon, with the sun shining so little to the purpose on you—as if all the potato-bogles in Clare County had taken flight from the fields to compose the beautiful runaway regiment of you?" said Mahony, sternly, and yet good-humouredly, too.

"Musha, but it's running away we are towards the inimy this time, Captain Mahony, sir! But here's the young chief coming that will answer the world for us all, if we were ten times as many!" Fhad Redmond replied, turning with the rest, like sheep to the bell-wether, towards the youthful leader, who, young as he was, seemed to have succeeded to the full patriarchal authority exercised by his sire.

"*Serviteur*, Sir Phoenix O'Neil! Have I the honour and pleasure to make your acquaintance?" said Mahony, raising his hat, and speaking in his most Frenchified and courtly tones, as the gallant boy stepped from his ranks, with a look of haughty query and surprise.

"I am THE O'NEIL, sir, since my noble father (God keep his soul!) is no more. If I answered to any Saxon title of honor—of dishonor rather, to a native-born prince of Ireland—I am Phoenix, Earl of Tyrone!" replied the youth in manly, deep-chested tones. "But before I respond in any form to your greeting, I must know whether you are an officer of the King's or of the Usurper's—Irish or English—friend or foe!—for you come in a direction whence either, I am told, may be looked for in this ravaged land."

"Then if you did not know me for a friend, young gentleman," said Mahony, with a degree of professional pedantry to which he was subject, naturally enough, on meeting with such opportunities among his untutored countrymen for the display of his acquirements in civilized systems of warfare, "I must needs say you show an ignorance of the merest elements of the art military, as practised even by the savage Indians of the North American continent, to advance over a doubtful country, without so much as the precaution of a single scout or vidette in your front!"

"My object is to come upon an enemy, not to avoid one!" returned the warlike boy, disdainfully.

"A good soldierly notion, truly, young sir; but I think you officiate as a kind of leader among these Mohocks, Sir Phoenix? And, now, to come upon an enemy—as you may observe you have upon me—at a *disadvantage*, is a piece of generalship you would not have learned, at all events, in the wars where I served my apprenticeship," said the Major, sedately. And Phoenix, glancing around, perceived, with a start of very unpleasant surprise, and a deep blush of indignant shame at his own want of consideration, the unpleasant position, with regard to the confronting force, in which himself and his men were placed. "However, you have fallen into good hands, as it chances, Sir Phoenix," resumed Mahony, affably; "and it is something for a leader to be able

to comprehend, in a single *clin d'œil*, as you clearly do, the difficulties into which he has unadvisedly allowed himself to fall. My dear young gentleman, I helped to put your father, Sir Rory, in his grave last night, for love, and I am not so changed in the humor to-day as to propose making myself more work of the kind with his son, for hate."

"Is your name, then—Sarsfield?" the youth returned, drawing himself up with a haughty and determined look.

"Why do you ask?" said Mahony, much surprised at his manner.

"That I may enter into a clear and full explanation at once with you, General," resumed the proud boy, in a tone suitable to his manner. "I have heard that my father, dying, recommended me to your protection, and placed me under your guardianship. But I would have you to know that my *hand can keep my head*, and therefore Phoenix O'Neil needs not your tutelage for his person! And further, that of all the lands and hereditaments, wide as the eagle's glance from the loftiest rock of Glen Conkain, which once The O'Neil of Tyrone could claim in as full sovereignty as any of the kings of Europe their crowns, their last descendant has not a rood remaining, to demand his own, much less a stranger's, care. My father's bastard brother, base by birth but baser still by nature, has taken possession, under English authority, and with the aid of English arms, of the few dark wolflands of bog and mountain that yet remained unforfeited to our name. And, therefore, though I am hastening, with all my following, to Limerick, to place myself under the orders of the Lord Lucan, it is as a soldier to the obedience of the General who represents his Prince, only, that I come to make tender of my sword and fealty; for since my noble father has gone to his rest, no other man in all this breathing world shall exercise over me any but the authority which God has given to my King, and I myself proffer and will yield to my King's delegate in arms."

"Lord, how these cockerels crow! Your hand can keep your head, perhaps, but can your *head keep your hand*, my dear boy? That's more the question when we speak of tutelage and guardianship!" exclaimed Mahony. "Well, well! to let you into a secret, Sir Phoenix, in return for your communication, I am nothing like so good, and brave, and wise a gentleman as, by my honour and life! he is for whom you mistake me! But I am an officer serving under my Lord Lucan's orders, and have it in special instructions to forward yourself, with all convenient speed, to Limerick, but not to suffer a single rascal runaway of your clan in your company!"

"Know then, sir, whoever you are!" replied this true heir of the O'Neil's, with kindling emotion, "that I am, as I have told you, a man and a chieftain, not a truant schoolboy, and that I will not submit to any such control! I have pardoned my clansmen their craven desertion on a condition, and sworn an oath on my father's bloody grave, neither of which would I break if your Lord Lucan and his whole army were surrounding me to compel me at this instant. My clansmen have sworn on the newly-raised turf never to leave me, and I have promised never to part from them, until we have avenged the death of Roderick O'Neil upon his English butchers, on some field of glory and victory which shall retrieve in full all the defeat and shame of Aughrim!"

This speech was a little highflown ; but Mahony could not avoid in his heart approving of the kind of heroic insubordination implied. Still he rightly conceived the necessities of the case required him to exhibit a very different feeling.

"That day may come, or we may all get knocked on the head in the meantime, young gentleman," he observed, quietly. "But though you only profess yourself a volunteer, I must inform you that the great Turenne never suffered the like in his camps, unless they consented to make themselves amenable to all the rules of discipline. Therefore you must allow me to tell you, as that great Commander's humble pupil, I cannot suffer you to set another foot in the direction of Limerick with this rabble at your heels ; whereas, as you are ordered to go thither alone, alone you must go !"

"Who will compel me ? Am I a prisoner ?" exclaimed the youth. And as the Major, himself irritated, gave a significant gesture towards his admirably posted troopers, Phoenix's eye flashed defiance, and stepping back a pace, he drew his father's sword with a vehemence that made the air scintillate, and amply asserted his power to use it to a purpose. "Landarg abo !" he shouted—the war-cry of his house—and the clansmen answering with a wolvisk yell and brandishing of their miscellaneous weapons, as they flooded in around him, the young chieftain swung his cloak about him so that it formed no bad substitute for defensive armour of a stronger material, and throwing himself into the attitude of a Grecian athlete, "You must win me ere you wear me !" he said, with a species of trumpet utterance in the tones of his musical voice.

"Why, Sir Phoenix, jewel ! don't ye see you are surrounded on all sides, excepting the bog, which is no side at all ?—and according to all the rules of war must surrender ?" said Mahony, quite concerned at this instance of a want of military capacity in one whom he had felt disposed, from his first liveliness of apprehension, to regard with hopefulness. And he continued with great earnestness, "Well, then, I'll teach you your first lesson in the great art (and surely it is the greatest of all, the preserver and sustainer of all the rest ; for I should like to know what became of all the old Roman civilised *artes perditæ* after the barbarians showed themselves the prettier men in its practice ?), and demonstrate the case to you—*Sang Dieu*, fellow ! do you want more lead in your brains than nature put in them ?" the Major interposed in his oration, observing Phad Redmond thrust his huge, red, half-naked body between the chief and himself. But as he was emphasizing the Q. E. D. he had in view with one of the large horse-pistols from his belt, and Phoenix thrust the faithful but too zealous vassal angrily aside, Mahony nodded approvingly, and proceeded in the most equable manner possible, pointing out the inextricable military difficulty in which his own superior strategy had involved the clan O'Neil in the morass. And the young chieftain listened with apparent attention, aware, in fact, without other argument than his own vision supplied, that his irregulars were completely at the mercy of a charge of the disciplined force of his adversary. But unhappily the young man was endowed with a good share of the keen national sense of the ludicrous, and Mahony elucidated the obvious facts of the case with so much super-

fluuous logic of military demonstration, that finally a sense of the absurdity of the whole situation came suddenly upon Sir Phoenix, and he yielded to an irresistible burst of laughter. The Major, on his part, had all a Celt's indignant sensitiveness to ridicule, and imagining himself made the subject of it in the present instance, he lost his temper as suddenly as he had hitherto elaborately preserved it. "Oh, by St. Patrick, if it's laughing at the trouble I'm taking, you are, my young master, I'll demonstrate my theorem in another manner! Make ready, you grinning devils, then! And turn your tails, you rascally curs, as fast to the right about as you did at Aughrim, or——"

"*Valgame Dios!*—God strengthen me, as a man may well say, and the Blessed Virgin to the boot of that! but, by the Irish mothers that bore the worst of us, I think all the devils in the swine are got into us, and are running away with us to the bottomless precipice of destruction!" now roared out the burly ecclesiastic, who had hitherto listened with many signs of impatience, and of a desire to interfere, and who thrust himself very seasonably into the matter, at a moment when Mahony's dragoons had brought their carbines with a rattle to the proper elevation for a discharge. "Why, my dear son, Phanix! what hinders you from persaving, as clear as the daylight burns, that you are running our heads against a stone wall? And which'll prove the harder, think you, before you try? And didn't you promise me, honey dear, now, to do nothing without consulting me, provided I let you have your own way in everything else? And won't you leave off, and be reasonable for a minute or two together, when you hear what your own follower, that was an eye-witness, too, says—that this gentleman is the brave Captain Mahony, who lent such a hand in carrying off your poor father from under the hoofs of the English cavalry at Aughrim, as he himself tould you many's the time; I saw it myself in his letters to you. And is it your father's sword that you are raising for the first time against the man who saved your father's life?—at least till his time came, six weeks after, poor man!—God be merciful to his soul, till I have time to say the masses for him he begged of me!"

"Are you that valiant soldier, that true comrade—and would *you* have me desert my poor clansmen, and leave them again to the starvation and despair in which I found them howling on my father's grave? Would *you* snatch from me the vengeance I owe for the slaughter of all my kindred, the broken heart of my mother, the downfall of my house in the dust?" said the youth, in the swelling utterances of passionate feeling; and with a sudden revulsion of the vehement and changeable emotions of his race, tears rushed to his eyes, and bowing his face to the hilt of his sword, he burst into a paroxysm of sobs and lamentations, in which the only words audible were, "My mother! my brothers!—my poor, dead, murdered, heart-cloven sire!"

"Troop, Galmoys, troop! The devil fetch me if I'll interfere any more in this matter! Go to Limerick, and take your ragamuffins with you if you please, O'Neil, for Patrick Mahony will not be your hinderance; though you may believe me, not a soul, or a body of them, will ever squeeze inside the Thomond Gate, and I shall deserve to be broken for neglect of orders!"

"No, no, dear, brave Mahony! Rather let me return with you and my poor fellows to Quin Abbey. I will serve under you; I will obey you in all things, save in leaving them to perish in starvation and disgrace!" the boy returned, in pathetic tones, and dropping his sword, he ran with open arms towards the Major, who, leaning from his horse, most affectionately received him into his own, and embraced him, taking great care that the hostile pistols he still necessarily retained, ready on the cock, did not go off in the act. The impulsive throng around immediately shared in their principals' change of feeling, and nothing was for some time audible but cries of "Wirra, wirra! the Lord love and presarve them both, living and dead!"

The result of this scene was Mahony's complete acquiescence in the young O'Neil's ideas on the subject in dispute. The beauty, spirit, and warmth of feeling exhibited in the person and demeanour of Phoenix O'Neil had won irresistibly upon him, and he reflected that Lord Lucan would be more embarrassed than served by such an addition to his charges as a choleric and intractable boy, who showed so little disposition to submit himself to his guidance and authority.

"Well, then, I'll make your excuses to the General by letter, until I go back to Limerick myself in person, which I expect will be in a few days; and meanwhile you shall come with me to the Abbey, and I'll do what I can to find your poor devils, for a time, in something better than hog's wash, though I can't quite promise them whiskey and potatoes even on saints' days. But they'll starve with pleasure, providing they are not set on any harder work—bother to them for the waste they made the whole campaign, when we took possession of our corn and cattle from the Sassenach! Meanwhile," he concluded, with an embarrassed glance over his shoulder, suddenly recalling the association of Molly Maguire in the expedition, "I must explain who you are to—to—a lady that is running away with us—not that *we* are running away, *par Dieu!*—from shot and shell in the town—and—and whom I have promised to set safely on her way to Galway, so far as we go ourselves, which is to Quin Abbey to-night!"

"A lady!—A WOMAN?" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, with a look of such knowing inquiry at Mahony, that the poor Major's apparently well-seasoned complexion crimsoned all over like the jowl of an excited turkey-cock. The good man gave rather a singular sort of leer on observing this sign of modesty, and a wink which he was at some pains to perform on the side of his vision turned from his pupil. But suddenly recollecting himself, on noticing Mahony's vexed and unappreciative look, he declared demurely there was no occasion to introduce the O'Neil to any stranger, and advised an instant movement on the Abbey, since thither they were to return. "The poor child must needs be hungry," he said, compassionately smoothening his own capacious weam, "for we only got a few spoonfuls of oatmeal-porridge from your men there this morning. Not that I trouble myself on that score, for I am accustomed to fast in the regular way of duty, and feel as tight and pleasant as a drum on it. But my bowels yearn for the young man's sake; for say what we may of the country of the O'Neil in other respects, we had always a great plenty to eat and drink there, when we were so minded, which is more than has happened to us on any occasion since

we left it, excepting once in the hills, some five days if it's an hour ago, when Sir Phœnix himself brought us our dinner down from the sky in the shape of a couple of wild geese."

"But you are mistaken, reverend sir, about this lady! That is, Miss Maguire is a traveller merely, under my escort, and will take it strange if we do not explain the cause of our delay to her," persisted Mahony, much annoyed at the interpretation he could not but perceive the priest put on the statement he had made.

"Maguire!—Maguire! Is she a lady of the first quality, then?" returned the latter, struck now with the still gorgeous though faded splendour of Molly's conveyance.

"Her father was an honest gentleman, though a sutler-general, and Miss Maguire has a loan of the late Lord Viceroy's equipage for her journey," said Mahony, still more embarrassed.

"Maguire!—the late Viceroy! Sure, then, I hope, it is not Miss Molly Maguire your're meaning, Mr. Mahony?" rejoined the ecclesiastic, with a most provokingly sly wrench of the jaws, which satisfied the Major but too well that the collocation of sounds suggested a full explanation of what he would most have desired to conceal, even to a remote provincial of Ulster. But the generous fellow's feelings revolted against what he plainly perceived was the disparaging and contemptuous tone adopted by this clerical stranger towards a woman whom nevertheless, but a few instants previously, he had himself, as he imagined, irrevocably condemned in his own judgment.

"Why, then, it is Miss Molly Maguire I am meaning; and I think you might remember, father, that He whom you call your Master—but if so, it's the bad servants you are to him often enough, you out-of-doors, secularised, hob-nobbing friars!—the blessed Lord of us all Himself, I say, suffered Mary Magdalen to anoint his feet and wipe them with her hair, while the ungodly Pharisees, I suppose, like yourself stood by forming all manner of bad constructions on the goodness and mercy of Him to a poor sinner of the sort!"

"Do you undertake to teach me the Holy Scriptures, and put your own glosses on them, too, Major Mahony? Faith and sure! and it's a pretty time of day we've come to when men of your cloth undertake to scholar one of mine in such matters!" returned the priest, firing up at this invasion of his professional rights; but Phœnix O'Neil, in his turn, now interposed to calm the effervescence.

"Miss Maguire is, at all events, a woman, and as such entitled to our courtesy, dear father," he observed, in his winning tones. "And now, as I am the cause of the delay—which may well alarm a person of that sex in such a time and scene—I shall feel honoured by Major Mahony's permission to pay my respects in person to the lady, and make the proper explanations!" he said, with all the chivalrous *politesse* of a youthful Don Belianis of Greece, or Amadis of Gaul, anxious to remove the alarms of some fugitive princess.

"And suppose she is a woman, and I say nothing to the contrary, what worse would you have?" continued Father Clery, only very slightly subsiding from his irritation. "Have you forgotten, my son, that woman is the root of all mischief, and the beginning of all that has ever happened in the world, by getting us turned first hand out of Paradise?"

"But she is also the *flower* of all happiness, and has been busied ever since in repairing her offence, by making the earth itself paradise enough for man where she pleases!" said the gallant boy, laughing and yet colouring like a young girl with mingled enthusiasm and modesty. "Come, Major, however, and present me to the Oriana you are escorting; for the lady whom so gallant a soldier pleases to hold in honour, I shall always myself consider entitled to every mark of respect from every other man who approaches her."

"Stuff! stuff! stuff! out of the Spanish romances I was obliged to let him read in teaching him the language, as the Holy Inquisition has banned and barred almost every rational book in it," said Father Clery, peevishly; but at this point Mahony, delighted with the youth's politeness and good feeling, flung himself from his horse, and pushed him eagerly towards the equipage. And thus it came to pass that Phoenix O'Neil came within the range of Miss Maguire's large, rolling, too, too expressive eyes at the moment when, having concluded her conference with Captain Taase, she was at leisure to form that opinion of the young chieftain's personal advantages which we have commemorated in the exclamation whereby she gave utterance to her lively convictions on the subject.

## CHAPTER VII.

## QUIN ABBEY.

A MONTH elapsed, and found all parties in this accidental rencontre located at Quin Abbey.

A strange fact, undeniably!—and one which, if Miss Molly Maguire's reputation had been of a class susceptible of much deterioration, would not, at all events, have improved it, in the judgment of a censorious world.

Yet let the "candid reader" fully acquit our excellent Mahony of any wrongful participation in the causes that led to so prolonged a residence on the part of the lady in his vicinity, even under shelter of the same extensive though ruinous roof. He might be to blame, perhaps, in the first instance, in yielding too weakly to her earnest entreaties to be allowed to remain under his protection, for a very brief period, at this stage of her journey to Galway. But if innocence of the evil imputed to us be, as moralists assures us it is, a sufficing consolation under blame, then had Major Mahony no cause to concern himself very greatly at the opinion formed on the circumstance of Miss Maguire's prolonged tarriance at Quin Abbey, by almost every person who undertook to give judgment in the case.

It was the Major's own intention and, as he confidently assured himself up to the moment of the experiment, particular desire, that Molly should have proceeded without delay on her journey, after being safely escorted as far as Quin. But Molly herself had no notion of the sort, and went into such ecstasies of dismay and anguish when she heard she was not to be allowed to make any stay at the Abbey, that Mahony found it altogether impracticable to put his design in imme-

diate execution. She declared that she should inevitably be robbed and murdered if he forced her to proceed with her valuable baggage, unattended by a strong escort, to her remote destination, which lay over a country infested by brigands and marauders, shaken loose from the skirts of the contending armies, and rendered desperate and merciless by their own sufferings. There was plenty of room in the "ould rewin" surely, where she and her maid could live, entirely out of sight of every one! If it was the *victualling* he was thinking about, Mahony agra! she would pay for every bite and sup they had, most rigidly, out of her own purse. But well she knew, God bless his free heart! he cared no more who fed at his cost than the good heavens that spread their keep for the sparrows on the bushes! And was she to be banished from the dear sight of him the moment she had come to look upon him again with the eyes of all the blessed kind old times, when they were so happy and merry together, the brave soul of him! *coortin'* and laughing in her father's tent, that was next his most sacred Majesty's own, the short time he staid at the siege of Londonderry—bad luck to them and their 'prentice boys, as long as Ireland was Erin!

Vain it was for the troubled Major to declare there was only a small portion of the Abbey tenatable; imprudently adding, that if the accommodation were twice as extensive, he should need it all for large reinforcements he expected to follow him from Limerick. Molly was struck at once with the statement.

"Why, what are ye going to fight out here, Major darling, with your reinforcements? Unless it's by this road they are going to run away from the town—don't be telling your stories to an old soldier's daughter!" she said, and yet the words dwelt on the sharp-witted creature's recollection, and Mahony himself was afraid to venture further argument on that score. As to the notion of taking up her quarters in the village, which the Major, as a last resource, suggested, Molly dismissed it as the cruellest and unfriendliest one imaginable! For didn't he know—hadn't my young Lord Tyrone himself told her—that it was full of poor wretches all covered with nasty wounds, or lying down in the shaking fever, the very sight of whom was enough to set one as bad! And little pleasure it would be to him, after all maybe's, to stand on the cold grave of her, and know that it was himself, and nobody else, whoever did the spadework, that put her into it! Did he remember poor Carolan's lament to his love in her narrow bed, he used to sing in the old time, and did he want to sing it now over her's?—*Green be the place of thy rest, my darling, And bright bloom the flowers that deck thy repose!* forsooth, when a man has broken your heart for the very purpose!

Thus Molly rattled on, and she even managed to enlist the intercession of Father Clery in her behalf—perhaps, in some degree, by the seductive externals she exhibited in the course of her vehement argumentation. For, though a priest, and one who had taken his orders under the shadow of the Spanish Inquisition, Father Clery remained an Irishman—in consequence, poor man, of a fact in which he was not to blame—his birth! But a reasonable pretext for clerical interference was afforded him in Molly's declaration, that she had made a vow as she came along, she would go twice round the holy old place



(for, sure, an abbey, said she, is holy as long as there's one stone on the other!) on her knees, in satisfaction of divers little offences and shortcomings in her *religious duties*, of which she felt conscious. Then, again, she needed spiritual advice and consolation so much, and wasn't there his reverence, sent, as it were, by heaven itself, ready to offer them to her? Whereas in Limerick, the very priests themselves took part against her, and would have imposed upon her penances that must have left her a beggar, though she was willing enough to contribute in any fair manner to the good of the Church, and of the poor suffering souls in purgatory, which the war had sent thither.

It may be Father Clery considered the whole scene was a farce, played to support what he secretly concluded to be Mahony's pretence of the want of understanding between himself and the fair fugitive. He certainly imagined he was making himself agreeable by the part he took in support of Miss Maguire's right to stay at the Abbey, till she could accomplish the religious observances she had imposed on herself; and he smiled and winked very knowingly more than once in the course of the exercitation. But Mahony's resistance was only overcome by the young O'Neil's earnest appeal in the lady's behalf, towards whom, from the first, he adopted a tone of chivalrous homage, natural enough in an inexperienced, romantic youth, from the wilds of a remote province of Ulster, who had hardly ever before contemplated a specimen of showily-dressed, town-polished womanhood.

On her part, Miss Maguire had already exhibited marks of particular kindness and respect towards the youthful chieftain, which entitled her to some return from him. In their first interview, she received his ceremonious, but evidently admiring and embarrassed greeting, and explanation of the circumstances of the delay that had occurred, through his means, on her route, with extreme graciousness, assuring him there was no reason in life why he should be at the trouble to make them. As far as her native recklessness and imprudence permitted, Molly, in fact, endeavoured to affect the stately airs of a lady of high fashion of the time. But the agitated vibrations of her fan—without which weapon, no matter how incongruous the occasion, she rarely trusted to her powers of expression—revealed a very considerable degree of flutter in her own nerves; partly, no doubt, occasioned by apprehensions lest the evasion of Captain Taafe might be noticed by the Major, but much more by some new, indescribable sentiment of wondering admiration and interest in the appearance of Phoenix O'Neil, which plunged her into a strange kind of perturbation for a woman so brazen and insensible to emotions of a finer quality, the circumstances of her career seemed to demonstrate her to be. Indeed, the earnest audacity of her gaze, and the crimsoning glow in her already high-coloured cheeks, contributed to support the rôle of quality-dame of the time, which she had instinctively adopted, from the tone of stately deference that marked Phoenix's manner. But Molly speedily got over her first confusion, and was herself again, in style! For, declaring she was sure the young gentleman must be tired with coming such a way on foot over those "black, dirty bogs, where there were five jumps to every standing-place," she herself opened the door of the vast, old, roomy coach, and begged Sir Phoenix to mount into it, and take the empty seat at

her side on his return to Quin Abbey. And though he declined repeatedly, with many expressions of acknowledgment, and assurances that he should not weary with a week of such marches as he had taken that day at the head of his clansmen, Molly persisted in her polite offer, patting the cushions beside her in her impatience, until Mahony grew anxious to put an end to a scene which somehow or other greatly annoyed him. So telling the youth he could not possibly refuse to comply with so kind a request from a lady, he in a manner forced him to accept the attention. For, thus put on his gallantry, Phoenix, half laughing and half confused, sprang, with a single agile bound, into the vehicle, and performed his return journey to Quin Abbey in the voluble society and close shouldering of the handsome, and by no means prudish, relict—of the affections, at all events—of the late Duke Deputy of Ireland.

It was the indiscreet vivacity, not to say downright forwardness, of Molly's manner on this occasion, that revived Mahony's uncomfortable impressions respecting her character and possible demeanour, and set him so obstinately (as he thought) on his resolution that she should not stay at the Abbey. It could not surely be that he shared in the apprehension that entered at once into the head of Father Clery, on learning how his pupil was disposed of. Such appeared to be the relation in which the young chieftain stood towards the ecclesiastic.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, with a roguish smile, but rather doubtful classicality of allusion, "how could you put the boy in the way of such a *monstrum horrendum*—such a devouring syren of a woman—as all accounts represent this lady-traveller of yours, Major Mahony, to be? The lad, young as he is, has a leaning already towards the whole crocodile sex, as you must have noted yourself when he contradicted me with that high-flown nonsense of his in their favour! And now it only needs for him to fall in the way of any minx, not quite a haythin and wildcat to look at, and he'll fall into her clutches, like a cock in a cateran's, and get his neck wrung off before we can hear him flutter on the perch!"

Mahony was, however, only stirred to wonder and indignant repudiation by what he considered this effusion of clerical bile and suspicion. He scorned at Father Clery for his absurd apprehensions on behalf of a youth who had hardly down enough on his cheeks to distinguish him from a wench of the same years! He reproached the priest with a lack of Christian charity to make such unreasonable suggestions against a woman whose one fault, under circumstances of such unusual temptation, ought not to be exaggerated into so universal a proneness to evil of the sort as to induce her to form designs against a tender lad! In short, the worthy Major, irritated with the continued jocose asperity of the priest's remarks and surmises, wrought himself up to a high pitch of eloquence, and succeeded eventually in silencing his adversary, while he more than half convinced himself.

Father Clery was, in fact, not so little a man of the world, and impervious to reasoning, as to remain obstinately condemnatory of a very handsome woman, whose cause he found so earnestly pleaded by a person to whom he was to look as an Amphytrion and protector for probably some time to come. He was even pleased at last to express, and perhaps he felt, some curiosity to obtain a nearer view of a creature

who, whatever her faults, was universally reported to be a goodly specimen of her sex in external beauty. Not that he, as a member of the ecclesiastical order, took much interest in such subjects, he observed, with jovial unction, but he considered that inasmuch as the possession of such mere carnal advantages rendered a female agent of Satan the more dangerous to society, it was a more particular obligation of his function to endeavour to turn one so constituted from the error of her ways.

Mahony rather coldly replied to this pastoral intimation by observing there would be no time for conversion, as he purposed *they should part company from the equipage and its alleged dangerous occupant as soon as they arrived at Quin.*

Father Clery smiled incredulously, and considered he played his part as it was cast for him, by adding the weight of his authority to the reversal of this decree when the moment for its execution came.

After this discussion was lulled, however, the priest grew greatly more sociable and communicative. He inquired, with much apparent interest, into the particulars of Luttrell's case, confused tidings of which had met them on his own and his pupil's arrival at Quin. This latter event took place, it appeared, only a few hours after the departure of Sarsfield and the burial of Roderick O'Neil, to whom the General, not knowing his son was so near at hand, had determined to pay the last honours before leaving with his prisoner and escort. But Mahony was not a little startled and staggered—in spite of all his French enlightenment—to find the young O'Neil had arrived with a perfect conviction he should find his father dead, having heard the Banshee of their house “crying the *coronach*” as they lay the previous midnight in a hut on a mountain-side, miles away from the place of that father's comfortless departure.

In return for the information received concerning the Luttrell affair—which the ecclesiastic declared, with divers grunts and groans, was ominous of little good to “the Church,” under which designation he seemed always to speak of the Irish national cause in general—Mahony learned some particulars respecting the character and position of Phoenix O'Neil that interested him.

The tutor spoke of him with a singular mixture of satisfaction and misgivings—of praise and blame—that at times puzzled the usual directness and simplicity of his military listener's conclusions. He declared the boy was a perfect miracle of genius and natural talent, but had a profound aversion to study and application, which, in his quality of preceptor, he had only overcome with difficulty, so far as to force upon him what were then considered as the rudiments of a polite education; whereas there was no idle old ballad rubbish, however absurd and worthless, Dermot the Harper could rave, which did not find in him a delighted and unweariable auditor, from earliest childhood upwards. Nay, so far had the poor boy carried this infatuation, that he himself composed all manner of flighty stuff in the barbarous Irish tongue, while no human effort could induce him to turn a Latin hexameter correctly! It was one of his wild ballads which the Bard—who, in spite of his dignity, could fashion no verse himself—was screeching like a madman at the head of the clan when Mahony encountered them. And these poetical frenzies, according to Father Clery, seemed to infect the people with

a worse madness than usquebaugh, and worked them on to more extravagant "deliriations" "Though as you are a soldier, Major Mahony," said Father Clery, with a sly smile, "I cannot expect you to deem that a valiant resolution to go and put carcasses, full of the finest nerves and marrows, and covered with a thin, delicate, sensitive film, as much as possible in the way of shot and sabre—is frenzy!"

For the rest, it appeared the young O'Neil's pursuits were altogether of the most uncultivated, adventurous, headstrong character—climbing up and down precipices, tracking savage animals in the most pathless ranges of mountain and morass—hunting, wrestling, swimming; in which diversions, and indeed in all other corporeal exercises within the compass of his remarkable youthful strength, Phoenix far surpassed the boldest and most active of the wild people among whom he had been reared, and who looked upon him as the glory and pride of their race. The priest added, he was little accustomed to control, and always impatient of it, though it could not be denied—he subjoined, with a degree of emotion which testified to the sincerity of the words—that he had a natural goodness and tenderness of heart which beautifully tempered the fire of his disposition in the hands of those who knew how to avail themselves of his generous impulses and sensibilities. Withal, Phoenix was endowed with a brilliant wit, though somewhat too reckless and audacious in the occasions he took for its display; and so, on the whole, was evidently, in the opinion of Father Clery, a sort of Irish Admirable Crichton, or Alcibiades, minus the taste for learning and philosophical investigations for which the Scotch and Grecian prodigies were so remarkable.

The priest added some less interesting information on his own career, making no secret of the fact, that though descended from an ancient Irish family, despoiled of immense possessions in some indefinite period of English tyranny, he had begun life as a wandering beggar-student. The father of Sir Roderick—"own son of the famous Sir Phelim O'Neil, who organised the great massacre of 1641"—had, however, the sagacity to discern his natural aptitude for learning, and had furnished him with the means, scanty as his proper resources were, to proceed to the University of Salamanca, and take his degrees there in the "Humanities, Sacred and Profane!" After a very successful scholastic career, according to the worthy father's own somewhat pompous statement, he had returned to bury all this acquired information in the solitudes where his patron was compelled, by adverse fortune, to fix his abode. And there he had officiated for many years as private chaplain in the chieftain of the O'Neil's family, and pastor to his half savage tribe, on allowances that scarcely afforded him the necessaries of existence in their most primitive form. It was as a relief to the monotony of this charge he had taken upon himself the education of the youngest son of his patron, and had been enabled, by constant labour and attention, to supply the want of congenial endeavour on the part of his pupil. All these services were, however, likely in the end to count for nothing, the ecclesiastic dolefully concluded, considering the almost hopelessness there now was of the "Church's" redemption in Ireland, and consequent possession of the means to reward her faithful children and servants.

How the time consumed in this confabulation between Mahony and Father Clery, passed in the late Duke Deputy's coach, they could only guess. But it was plain when the favoured travellers alighted, that Molly had extracted some particulars of the youth's history, from the pains she took afterwards, in spite of his repudiation of the title, to address him always as "My Lord Tyrone!" And she had certainly managed to insinuate herself not a little into the lad's good graces, from the evident interest he took in her favour in the dispute on their arrival at Quin, and the zealous satisfaction with which he set his clansmen to work to remove her treasures to the Abbey, when she achieved her great and decisive victory over the scruples of her quondam admirer.

We will not deny our kind and patient reader, however, his share in a secret conviction we have already ourselves arrived at, that Miss Maguire more than amply reciprocated The O'Neil's favourable sentiments towards herself. Indeed she expressed herself on the subject in a very high, perhaps irrationally enthusiastic, tone, to that effect, the moment she found herself alone with her faithful tirewoman, Nora.

"Oh, then, by my faith, girl, that's a boy who will some day become a man for a woman to fall down on her knees and adore, as the old pagans did, in the time of the Greek and Roman statues! And small blame to them for that same, if the *Polly Belvedere* the Duke would tell me about in Italy, was to be mentioned in the same day with my Lord Tyrone! Phoenix they call him, too, and I remember me now Tony Hamilton used to tell me the phoenix was a bird that had feathers of fire, and banded all the peacocks that ever spread their tails for beauty! And so *he* does! What a face the boy has, Nora! I'd rather look on it than through the gates of Paradise! And so I will, in spite of that cock-nosed tyrant of a cross-grained Mahony, who thinks, I'll be sworn, to shut us up all by ourselves in this darksome hole of a corner, while he enjoys the light of the sun and Sir Phoenix all to himself, the old blind bat in daylight!"

Molly was gazing with infinite pique round the gloomy walls of a remote chapel in the aisles, to which Mahony, in yielding to afford them accommodation at all, had relentlessly consigned them.

"Och, miss, thin, and that's so like the min!—they are all for themselves, and a little for the bottle! But if we can't better ourselves, faix, we had better remain as we are!" returned Nora, who was busily engaged, on her hands and knees, in blowing into life some clumps of peat furnished by the kindness of one of the troopers, whose favour she had taken already some successful steps to achieve.

"I'll worsen myself, Nora, but I'll have my revenge on that poker in red tatters, who thinks he has me at a vantage now, and keeps me at such a distance, as if he thought I had the plague! Did you see how I was almost obliged to beg on my bended knees for a night's lodging? And that boy, perhaps, and the grinning old ape of a friar, for certain, thinking I was some castaway of the fellow's that he is tired of, and wants to be rid of! But I'll be even with him yet, and let them know the difference!"

"Will you force the Major to fall in love with you again, Miss

Molly, dear, my lady?" said Nora, gapingly, but evidently in implicit confidence in her mistress's power of bringing about such a result.

"He is in love with me, and worse than ever, only the mean bla'guard hasn't got the courage to own it, and give in for being beaten! and pretends to hold me in scorn over and above all, forsooth! But I'll touch him up, as the poor Duke used to say, when he was talking of some Protestant vagabond he had it in view to serve a turn to! And besides, I tell you, Nora, that's the very handsomest boy in the whole world, and the new Americas to the weight of it! And it would be such an amusement, while we are forced to stay in this out-o'-the-way place, to set the young heart of him beating for the first time faster than the proudest dame that steps in shoe-leather ever can again!"

Whatever were the projects this ill-regulated, impulsive, headstrong creature formed, she set about their execution with particular caution and craftiness. Her first business was, of course, to prevent Mahony from forming any suspicions, and to resume so much of her old ascendancy over him as would secure her from any danger of an abrupt dismissal from the scene of her intended exploits. She had the ways and means amply at her command—which we do not purpose to detail, only declaring the results, which were, that in the course of a very few days the honest Major arrived at the conclusion, that Molly Maguire was still greatly the Molly he had once so much admired; that she utterly repented and abhorred her offences against him; and that she would give all that she possessed to retrieve the place she had once occupied in his affections.

It may be concluded what effect this notion had upon the warm, generous, overflowing tender and susceptible heart of the man. Ought we to blush for our future renowned Irish Brigadesman, when we confess the extreme act of loving condonation to which finally the united influence of his kindly nature and amorous constitution urged him? Yes! our brave Mahony so far forgot his own established notions and the world's on the subject; stifled so effectually the suggestions of pride; rebuked so imperiously all the mocking fiends of worldly opinion and ridicule—brought himself so earnestly to believe Molly had placed him under an obligation to preserve her reputation from the utter damage it must else sustain from her fond resolution to remain with him at any price!—that he came to the determination to *marry her*! To marry her; for the cajoled Major could not doubt that an offer of marriage on his part would be received with the unbounded satisfaction and gratitude he had a right to expect in such a conjuncture from a woman who had so recklessly sacrificed himself, and to whom he made so great a sacrifice.

But previous to arriving at this result, Mahony suffered a protracted campaign in his own breast of contending desires and dreads, resolves and irresolutions, which delayed the catastrophe for a certain lapse of time, during which some other occurrences are necessary to be recorded.

It was at this happy period of re-courtship for poor Mahony, that the friendship and alliance between himself and the hero of our narra-

tive arose, destined to exercise so much influence on the careers of both, and on the fortunes of that noble military body which redeemed the glory of Ireland on so many foreign fields of fame, from the shadows cast on it by a long course of failures and disasters on its native soil.

Nothing could seem less likely, in the first instance, to come to pass, than this most intimate and lasting conjunction of mind and heart, between one who might almost be looked upon as a veteran of civilized warfare, and the youthful chieftain of a semi-barbarous Irish sept. Phoenix inherited all the uncertainty, irascibility, and impassioned temperament of his wild ancestry, heightened in his case by a strongly poetical imagination, towering sentiments of national and personal pride, while Mahony had acquired the strictest notions of discipline in his foreign service, and had schooled himself, as he imagined, so much out of the vagaries of his vehement nationality, that he had little patience for their display in others. But there was some peculiar charm and fascination about the young O'Neil which won irresistibly on all who knew him, in spite of every defect or excess in his unbalanced character. His generous heart and brilliant fancy shone through the most changeful phases of his moods, and threw a spell of love and glory around him which attracted men and women alike by some peculiar potency.

Above all, Mahony was pleased with O'Neil's passionate predilection for a military life. He could not but feel flattered with the unbounded deference and appreciation the ardent boy expressed for his superior abilities and science in military affairs, and he joyfully accepted an office urged upon him very shortly after the commencement of their acquaintance, and became the *Chiron* of this blooming Celtic Achilles in the art of war.

Struck with the results of the discipline cultivated and enforced by Mahony in the troops under his command, Phoenix was seized with an eager desire and determination to reduce his wild clansmen into the order and efficiency of a regiment. Mahony declared this was the most rational notion that had ever entered the cranium of an Irish chieftain, readily promised his advice and instruction in the task—and the youth proceeded in his purpose with a zeal and energy only to be matched by the docile awkwardness and implicit submission of the Rapparee recruits. It is true they continued unprovided with all the external decencies and appointments of a military body; their weapons were of the most uncouth; their uniform only one of rags and tatters. But by degrees a means of obviating these difficulties in the formation of a regular force seemed to arise. Sarsfield himself agreed to furnish the despised horde with the means of some efficiency and regularity in these respects; and he was likely soon to have the power, from the assurances he received of the speedy arrival of a French fleet, with stores of every kind, to the relief of the valiant defenders of Limerick, for so the garrison now placed under his resolute command speedily exhibited itself to the world to be. And yet Sarsfield was led into the project of availing himself of the services of these hitherto contemned levies, by the strong and increasing necessities and dangers of the position he so courageously maintained.

It was known before many days elapsed, at Quin Abbey, and by none sooner than Molly Maguire, that the chief of the plotters against his patriotic efforts, Henry Luttrell, was likely to escape, at least for a time, the just punishment of his treachery.

It became apparent that intrigue was still at work among the defenders of the besieged town—that secret communications were kept up with the enemy in spite of the example made. Almost at the very hour when Luttrell should have been led forth to suffer his deserved punishment, a flag of truce arrived from the English camp, with a message from General Ginkell—to the effect that if Colonel Luttrell, or any other person, was put to death for proposing overtures of peace or surrender with his most clement Prince, he would refuse all terms to the city, its defenders and inhabitants, and would inflict on all his prisoners the identical doom the garrison of Limerick should dare to urge against those humane persons who desired to stop the further useless effusion of Christian blood!

The strength of the underhand opposition to Sarsfield appeared in the results of this menace. The General himself would have put the sentence of his court-martial into force the more inflexibly for it; but D'Usson summoned a council of war, in his quality of senior commander, and in this assembly the measure was opposed so strenuously and fiercely that Sarsfield, apprehensive of an open outbreak of these mutinous sentiments, was compelled to yield so far as to promise to reserve Luttrell's case for further consideration.

The circumstance, however, convinced Lord Lucan more than ever of the necessity of the military *coup* he had concerted with Mahony. But it was incumbent to observe great caution in the execution of the plan. The necessities of the defence were in themselves engrossing and devouring; so it was only by slow degrees Mahony's forces at the Abbey, consisting of picked men, on whom reliance could be placed for the purpose in view, swelled in numbers. Certainly too slowly for the increasing dangers of the crisis; so that when Mahony, urged on by a new and exasperating personal motive of his own, proposed the arming of O'Neil's Rapparees, after earnestly representing the degree of efficiency they had already attained, and the zealous good-will exhibited by their young chieftain in the cause of his country, Sarsfield readily adopted the suggestion.

And this new and exasperating motive was nothing less than the REJECTION of the honourable offers of the brave Mahony to the disgraced ex-mistress of the departed Lord Deputy of James the Second!

Surely a remarkable circumstance! which we must take a new chapter to elucidate.



## THE BEAUTIES AND BLEMISHES OF MILTON.

## BOOK I.

THE subject upon which we treat in this essay is hacknied ; nevertheless, it may prove interesting to others who have not investigated the subject, prompted by the same reasons, and induced by the same circumstances, as those by which we have been influenced. We have met many who have complained of the dulness of Milton—who have said that he was too heavy to be read—and we were anxious to ascertain the reasons of this reluctance to read the works of a poet who had been praised so highly by persons who were the most eminent in literature. We once read Milton by the seaside, and were so struck by the magnificent image of the enormous proportions of Lucifer “extended long and large, floating many a rood,” that we determined to re-read the poem from time to time slowly, and, as an animal chews the cud, bit by bit. While we were engaged in this snail-like process through the fields of sublimity, a letter, written by the poet Cowper to a reverend friend of his, and some very clever criticisms on Milton by Henry Reed, in his “Lectures on the British Poets,” happened to fall in our way. Cowper, in the letter to which we have referred, has the following passage :—

“His (in allusion to Dr. Johnson) treatment of Milton is unmerciful to the last degree. He has belaboured that great poet's character with the most industrious cruelty. As a man, he has hardly left him the shadow of one good quality ; as a poet, he has treated him with severity enough, and has plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of the Muse's wing, and trampled them under his great foot. I am convinced, by the way, that he has no ear for poetical numbers, or that it was stopped by prejudice against the harmony of Milton's. Was there ever anything so delightful as the music of the ‘Paradise Lost’ ? It is like that of a fine organ—has the fullest and the deepest tone of majesty, with all the softness and elegance of the Dorian flute—variety without end, and never equalled, unless, perhaps, by Virgil. Yet the Doctor has little or nothing to say upon this copious theme, but talks something about the unfitness of the English language for blank verse ; and how apt it is, in the mouth of some readers, to degenerate into declamation.”

The time employed in perusing and critically reviewing this sublime poet, is, in our opinion, well employed. So highly do we reverence him, that we will, before we offer a single objection to his great work, “Paradise Lost,” set before our readers as many of his beauties as we can conveniently notice in an essay. How soft and harmonious are these lines in the opening passage :—

“Silva's brook that flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God ;”

and the comparison that the Almighty

"Dove-like sat'st brooding o'er the vast abyas."

The exclamation of Lucifer, "All is not lost!" is very fine, and a noble conception of his character is formed from the words—

"So spake the Apostate Angel,  
Tho' in pain, *vaunting aloud*."

How much of horror is conveyed by the thought—

"Here in the *heart* of Hell, to work in fire."

How painful the idea—

"*Fall'n cherub*, to be *weak* is miserable."

What a rallying of his prostrate nature is indicated by the resolution to "Summon his afflicted Powers," and ascertain

"What *reinforcement* he might gain from Hope;  
If not, what *resolution* from Despair."

We almost sympathize with the afflicted demon, and regard him as *sublime* in his grief and suffering, when we find him surveying the soil, and clime, and mournful gloom that he should exchange for Heaven. There is something inconceivably pathetic in his apostrophe—

"Farewell happy fields,  
Where joy for ever dwells."

And how much of philosophy there is in the remark—

"The mind is its own place, and on itself  
Can make a *Heaven* of Hell—a *Hell* of Heaven."

With what graphic power is painted the true character of Satan in these words:—

"Here we may reign secure, and in my choice  
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell;  
Better to *reign* in Hell than *serve* in Heaven."

Again, observe his unconquerable will in resolving once more to rally his army, and see what could be "regained in Heaven, or lost in Hell." How grand the description of Beelzebub, "the superior fiend,"—his ponderous shield, his enormous spear, his "uneasy steps" over the burning marl—his voice resounding through the hollow deep of Hell—his legions lying

"Thick as autumnal leaves,"

constitute images of great sublimity. And then his address to the

“Princes, Potentates,  
Warriors, the flower of Heaven;”

the description of

“Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood;”

and in the concluding admonition—

“Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen !”

what could better express a last appeal to souls unconquered, though despairing ?

There are portions of these passages too elaborate, prolix, discursive, and parenthetical, by which the strength of condensation is destroyed. Milton sometimes sacrificed effect to a display of his learning. His description of the angels hovering under the cope of Hell is fine, but rather marred by long interweaving and involving sentences. Then come the principal fiends—

“First Moloch, horrid king.”

The idea that our world is filled with good and evil spirits is thus expressed :—

“Spirits when they please  
Can either sex assume, or both, so soft  
And uncompoundd is their essence pure.”

The grouping of spirits is very noble—Astarte, Queen of Heaven ; Dagon, the Sea-monster, and Belial, the most lewd of all the spirits ; but we cannot avoid thinking that there is a certain ruggedness and prolixity in the language that detracts from its graphic power. The description of the downcast looks of the fallen angels is heart-touching. What a picture of *dignity in distress* is that of Satan :—

“His wonted pride  
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore  
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
Their fainting courage ——.”

We should like to see a picture by Martin, Hadyn, or Dante, of the tall cherub “Azazel,” the Imperial Standard Bearer—the *flag of Hell*, “streaming like a meteor to the wind.” Is not this, too, a grand conception of a shout—“Tearing Hell’s concave, and frightening the reign of Chaos, and old Night.” The scene is full of sublimity, dark, horrible, agonizing :—

“Ten thousand banners rise into the air ;  
Deliberate valour breathed ”

by the legions—their firmness, fortitude, and courage ; and destitute,

indeed, of feeling must that heart be, which does not thrill with an exquisite sensation while these lines meet the eye :—

“ Thus they,  
Breathing united force with *fixed* thought,  
Moved on in *silence*, to soft pipes that charmed  
Their painful steps over the burning soil.”

Now, behold the general-in-chief of this sorrowing, suffering, but magnificent army—

“ His heart distends with pride,  
He glories in his forces ;”

in shape and gesture *proudly* eminent; like a tower, firm, erect, seen from a distance—a mighty landmark, o’ertopping all things :—

“ His form had not yet lost  
All its original brightness, nor appeared  
Less than archangel *ruined*.”

Then behold his face—black, convulsed, scarr’d and scorched by the thunder, like a Mirabeau or a Marat, *glaring* through the hellish fires of a revolution. View him again :—

“ Care  
Sits upon his faded cheek.”

Is he not like Bonaparte, looking on the blazing splendour of the Kremlin, with *one cheering thought*—the *devotion of his soldiers* ? Here is fidelity, indeed, each standing like a scathed, a scorched, and withered pine upon the blasted heath. See ! he prepares to speak—his legions enclose him round—he weeps ; his tears are those which angels only shed, and words, interwoven with sighs, find a laboured and imperfect utterance :—

“ Henceforth *his* might we *know*, and know our own.”

Here is a declaration—how much it speaks of a fixed and determined mind ! And thus he concludes his speech to the

“ Myriads of immortal spirits,”

bidding them prepare for

“ War,  
*Open or understood*.”

What is the response ? Do the angels—“ matchless,” save with God—shrink, skulk, cower, tremble ? Oh ! no. Out fly *a million flaming swords* from *mighty* cherubim. Hell is illuminated. Their sounding shields rattle and clash with the din of war ; and looking up, with faces all black with smoke and red with blood, and wings expand-

ing and stiffening, as for a flight to scale the ramparts of Heaven, they "hurl defiance" towards the vault on high.

This scene is electrifying. One feels almost disposed to rush to the defence of the afflicted Powers, and "do battle" for them against God! We do not mean to be profane; we do not feel profanely. We merely translate the impression that the splendid painting of Milton has made upon our mind. The leading on of the troops by *Mammon* is well painted—

"Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell  
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts  
Were always downward bent, admiring more  
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine, or holy else enjoyed  
In vision beatific."

Then we have the erection of "Pandemonium"—

"Anon out of the Earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation."

The architect of this was *Mulciber*, or *Vulcan*, who was thrown by angry Jove "sheer o'er the crystal battlements." We consider this to be a blemish in Milton. The epic here, like *Vulcan* himself, falls from its lofty height, and becomes lame in the descent. *Vulcan* was one of the fables of mythology. The great charm of the poem is the approximation of the brigade, or legions, of *Lucifer* to our humanity; and we certainly can have no sympathy for "the greatest cuckold of Olympus," as *Vulcan*, the husband of *Venus*, was styled; and who was kicked down from Olympus by *Jupiter*, for an attempt to release his mother from the golden chain to which his autocratship had fastened her. This mixing up and confounding of *Mythology* with *Revelation*, and *Grecian romances* with *Christian orthodoxy* and truth, is disagreeable to any person of pure taste or true feeling. It was, however, the fault of the schools and the times. But to resume. The legions of Hell appear on all sides—

"Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air,  
Brushed with the hiss of rustling winds."

The signal given, these bee-like swarms of *dæmons* are changed to dwarfs, and they in an instant fill the building :

"But far within,  
And in their own dimensions like themselves,  
The great seraphic Lords and Cherubim  
In close recess and secret conclave sat ;  
A thousand Demi-Gods on golden seats,  
Frequent and full."

Thus closes the First Book, which is full of sublime objects and images, pictures that never can leave the mind—the legions rolling on the burning lake—the re-assembling of the afflicted Powers—the heroic

devotedness of Satan—his farewell to Heaven—the council-chamber of Pandemonium—the dwarfs and Demi-Gods—the resolve to yield not an inch of ground to the Almighty—present to the mind figures and conceptions never to be forgotten. We cannot close our observations upon this Book without availing ourselves of a sustainment of our view relative to the mythological digressions which we find in *Johnson's* criticism of *Milton* :—

“He saw Nature,” as Dryden expresses it, “through the spectacles of books, and on most occasions calls learning to his assistance. The Garden of Eden brings to his mind the Vale of Euna, where Proserpine was gathering flowers; Satan makes his way through fighting elements, like Argo between the Cyanean rocks, or Ulysses between the two Sicilian whirlpools, when he shunned Charybdis on the larboard. The mythological allusions have been justly censured as not being always used with notice of their variety, but they contribute variety to the narration.”

With all due respect to the great Doctor, variety is not to be procured at the expense of *consistency of design and integrity of purpose*.

#### BOOK II.

Now comes the consultation of the Infernal Deities. Satan addresses the Powers and Dominions—

“Though oppressed and fallen,  
He gives not Heaven for lost.”

The first orator who answers to the call, “Who *can* advise may speak,” is Moloch. He was the strongest and the fiercest spirit that fought in Heaven, and despair had made him stronger—

“His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less,  
Cared not to be at all.”

Then followed *Belial*—

“A fairer person lost not Heaven; he seemed  
For dignity composed and high exploit;  
But all was false and hollow, though his tongue dropt manna,  
And could make the worse appear the better reason.”

“His thoughts were low—  
To vice industrious, but to noble deeds  
Timorous and slothful.”

This *Belial* is not alone logical but eloquent. He says that he too would advise revenge, but “the towers of Heaven are filled with armed watch;” nothing is left but annihilation. But would God “let loose

at once his ire," and destroy those whom his anger saved "to punish endless !" How touching these lines are—

"That must be our cure,  
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being—  
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity—  
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost  
In the *wide womb of uncreated night*!"

He declares himself against war, and points out the dangers incidental to an encounter with God—one of which is, that they might be sunk under the boiling ocean,

"Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved."

Then up stands Mammon, and advises that they should *endure* rather than *war* against Heaven. He describes the misery of "forced hal-lujahs," servile offerings to Heaven, and splendid vassalage, and prefers

"Hard liberty before the easy yoke of servile pomp."

He is a philosopher, for he thinks they can "thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain, through labour and endurance;" and that

"Their torments may in length of time  
Become their elements; these piercing fires  
As soft as now severe, our temper changed  
Into their temper, which must needs remove  
The sensible of pain."

He has one sublime idea—

"How oft amidst  
Thick clouds and dark, doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire  
Choose to reside, His glory unobscured,  
And with the majesty of darkness  
Covers His Throne."

A murmur of applause, like the sound of winds through hollow rocks, is heard in the multitude; they approve of his advice—

"For such another field  
They dreaded worse than Hell."

Beelzebub, perceiving this, came forward. He arose with an aspect of gravity, tall and erect, "like a pillar of state." His face had the marks of care and deliberation; he was only a little inferior to Satan—

"Majestic, tho' in ruin, sage he stood,  
With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear  
The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look  
Drew audience and attention, still as night  
Or summer's noontide air."

He addresses them with dignity ; he speaks to them as "Thrones and Imperial Powers ;" and he proposes, what first occurred to the mind of Satan, to assail the inhabitants of another world. This he considers worth attempting, and preferable to "sitting in darkness, hatching vain empires." This bold design "pleased highly the Infernal States, and joy sparkled in all their eyes." He approves of their determination, and speaks to them in words of hope and consolation, that "the soft, delicious air of Heaven shall yet breathe its balm to heal the scars of the corrosive fires" of Hell. The question is—

"Who shall tempt with wand'ring feet  
The dark unbottom'd, infinite abyss?"

The synod of Gods

"Sit mute,  
Pondering the danger with deep thought,"

until Satan rises—

"Long is the way  
And hard, that out of hell leads up to light ;"

but he resolves to undertake the mission alone, and forbids even an offer of aid, or that any one shall presume to rob him of his glory by volunteering to share the danger.

"At once with him they rose ;  
Their rising all at once was as the sound  
Of thunder heard remote."

The legion of devils rejoice. And what could so well express the removal of the load of misery, and the dispersion of the thick gloom of despondency, from the hearts of these wretched outcasts from Heaven, as the noble metaphor, that their grief and gloom vanish as the clouds disappear from the mountain-top when

"The radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extends its evening beams, and  
Fields revive, and birds their notes renew."

The Stygian council has been dissolved. A band of fiery Seraphim inclose Satan, Cherubim proclaim his grand design to the four winds of Heaven, and his troops wander where sad choice or inclination lead them, where they may best obtain truce to their wandering thoughts. Some fly upon a swift and restless wing ; some in swift race contend ; some curb the steed ; some whirl stones in the air ; others, "more mild," retreat into a silent vale, and sing to a harp their own heroic deeds ; some sit discoursing on a hill, and with a pleasing sorcery "can charm pain for awhile or anguish, and sigh fallacious hope, or arm the obdurate breast with stubborn patience."

In reading this passage, we were struck by Byron's description, in the first canto of "The Corsair," of the manner in which Conrad's



pirate band employ and amuse themselves during the absence of their chief :—

“In scatter’d groups upon the golden sand  
They game, carouse, converse, or whet the brand.”

Two artists, Danby and Maclise, might paint these pictures. The fiends hurling the stone, curbing the steed, or competing in the race—the pirates whetting the brand, repairing the boat, or gazing out upon the sea,

“With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise,”

for the distant sail that may yet prove a rich treasure to the band.

The description which Milton gives of Satan exploring his flight towards the gates of Hell is very vivid ; he compares him to a fleet which, descried far off at sea, seems to hang on the clouds — “So seemed far off the flying fiend.” What an idea of distance is here conveyed—what a conception of lonely, illimitable space. The description of the figures at the gates of Hell is graphic, though rather laboured. Sin, ugly as the hag of night, lured by the smell of infant blood, and Death, “black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell.” Satan beholds these hideous forms, but fears not. He strides onwards, Hell trembles beneath him, but, undaunted and unfearing, he regards the misshapen offspring of his revolt. The dialogue between Lucifer and Sin is bold and horrifying. The revelation that Sin sprung from his brain, that Death is the child of Sin, and the monsters that prey upon the vitals of Sin are the offspring of death, the children of his own mother, his own children — the hideous spawn of incest. Lucifer, incensed, stood “unterrify’d,” and each frowned at the other like two black clouds. He then tells them what his mission is, and he promises to bring them to a place where they shall dwell at ease, and—

“Up and down, unseen,  
Wing silently the buxom air, imbalm’d  
With odours.”

He ceased. Death grins horrible, a ghastly smile ; and Sin, the *daughter* and the *darling* of the *Evil One*, unlocks the gates of the infernal regions, and lo ! an illimitable ocean, where “eldest Night and Chaos, ancestors of Nature,” hold *eternal* anarchy, presents itself, and Satan soars aloft through the surging smoke, till “plump down he drops ten thousand fathom deep,” but the strong rebuff of a “tumultuous cloud” hurls him as many miles on high. Then, with head, hands, wings, every part in motion, he swims, and wades, and creeps, and flies, till at last he beholds “the pendent world in bigness as a star, and springs upwards, like a pyramid of fire, into the wild expanse,” followed by Death and Sin. The expressive words, the graphic painting, the strength of imagery, by which Milton is characterized, appear in all these passages ; as likewise the defects of the great poet, an unwieldy elaborateness, and the too frequent use of the parenthesis,

which, in too many instances, serve not so much as a stepping-stone over the current of the verse, as a block or dam to impede and obstruct it.

## BOOK III.

THE third book opens with Milton's magnificent Apostrophe to Light. With how much tenderness and deep, heart-felt emotion, he speaks of his privations and sufferings! What a beautiful image, to compare himself to a nightingale, tuning his nocturnal note, and singing in the midst of dark foliage and *impenetrable gloom*! Then follows the fine Vision of God, who sits *enthroned above all heights*—

*"About him all the sanctities of heaven  
Stand thick as stars."*

At his right hand his only Son, beneath him our first parents in the blissful solitude of Paradise, and Satan prowling about like a burglar, a wretched outcast and wanderer, "coasting the wall of heaven," willing to rest anywhere, to alight anywhere, to relieve his wearied wings and wayworn feet. Have you ever seen at night the shadow of an emaciated being, a thing that *was* a man, flitting by you, with pallid face, torn and worn-out garments, fragments that would be transparent were it not for the mud by which they were bespattered—a self-accusing, self-degraded creature, *one who had seen better days*, one who once slept on a bed rich and luxurious, almost princely in its magnificence, but now willing to rest "on the bare outside of this world," upon the miserable straw in the obscure corner of a public asylum, to which the forlorn and houseless creep and crawl at night, without a sign of recognition or a word of consolation from their companions in distress? Here was Satan, the discomfited antagonist of Heaven, "walking about alone," pacing to and fro like a condemned Sepoy, seeking in vain for a spot of earth whereon to repose his exhausted frame. Above him were the angelic host, and floating around him the ambrosial fragrances and seraphic melodies that served to render more excruciating his agony and desolation. Could Danby paint more gloriously—could Martin select a finer subject—could Michael Angelo conceive anything more sublimely desolate than this solitary Fiend, this ambassador from Hell?—his rebel host below him, lost, powerless, despairing, and his tremendous foe above him—moping and groping like a blind idiot along a dead, isolated wall upon a rainy and tempestuous night, far from any human habitation, yet fancying that Fate had yet in store for him a splendid destiny and transcendent glory. The dialogue between the Almighty and our Saviour would, in our humble judgment, suit better the "Paradise Regained;" and the description given by God of the free-will of man, and the influence which Satan has over him, seems to be more like the disquisition of a Churchman than the necessary and appropriate address of the Deity. We cannot divest our mind of the idea that it is *Milton* who is speaking—the Poet and not the Creator—the dialogue smells so much of

the lamp, and is so full of scholastic argumentation. The Creator asks the Heavenly Powers—

“Which of them will be mortal to redeem  
Man's mortal crime?”

To this there is not any reply.

“He asked, but all the heavenly choir stood mute,  
And *silence was in Heaven.*”

Our Saviour offers himself as the atonement, and declares that He will

“Subdue  
His vanquisher, spoiled of his vaunted spoil ;  
Death his death's wound should then receive.”

Here Milton could not resist the prevailing defect of the age—playing upon words—the fault of Shakspeare and of Cowley at an earlier period. Then follows the address of the Deity to His Son, which is not very eloquent—if it be at all so—if we except the familiar line in which we are told that in the new Heaven and Earth we shall

“See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds.”

But the genius of Milton bursts forth like one of Mendelssohn's splendid inspirations in music, when he describes the effect of the address of the Lord upon “the multitude of angels”—their shouts of exultation and delight, loud yet sweet—their casting down their crowns of amaranth and gold—their song accompanied by the golden harps, which are for ever tuned, and hang “glittering by their sides like quivers”—and the melodious blending of ten thousand voices in celestial concord, heard and known in Heaven alone. They sing a glorious song to the Father and Saviour, and narrate the history of the Redemption—our Lord

“The copious matter of the song.”

Here follows another magnificent description of Satan walking up and down the desolate and unpeopled earth, and prowling about like a vulture. The contrast between his loneliness and the splendid company of Heaven is striking—the picture is sublime ; but we think its effect is weakened by the cumbrous and heavy similitudes which Milton applies to illustrate his thoughts—the long, drawn-out figure of the Vulture, and the allusions to the Ganges, Hydaspes, and Chinese wagons—or, as he calls them, “Chinēses”—destroy, in our mind, the strength of the image as completely as some of the old masters marred and disfigured their works by the introduction of mythological absurdities. A confusion of images renders us incapable of perceiving where the real beauty exists. Who that has seen Paul Delaroche's picture of “Napoleon at Fontainebleau” can ever forget it? The single figure, the melancholy expression of face, the loneliness, the despair,

the consciousness of defeat and impending ruin, have been depicted with wonderful power—the strength of simplicity. We have in Milton also a single figure, but the subject has been rendered complex by extraneous and eccentric illustrations. We are almost inclined, when reading such ponderous passages, to agree with Lord Chesterfield, that an occasional pinch of snuff is requisite to enliven our drowsy faculties while perusing Milton. The passages which follow would not require any such titillating stimulus, for most undoubtedly they are pungent enough. In our mind it is clumsy sarcasm, and might have been avoided; it is a blot and stain upon the face of sublimity, pimples on the glorious countenance of the sublime—very well adapted, however, to a satirical poem of a theological character, for we needs must laugh at the description of

“The friars,  
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery,”

blown transversely ten thousand leagues “awry,” at the very moment they fancy that St. Peter is about opening the crystal gates of Heaven to admit them—cows, hoods, and habits, with their wearers, tost and fluttered into rags, the sport of winds, all whirled aloft. We pass over these Hudibrastic touches of wicked wit—we pass over his eccentric image of “indulgences, reliques, beads, pardons, bulls,” flying over “the backside” of the world. We know not whether Milton here indulged in one of Swift’s rather broad bursts of humour—perhaps so; he was the advocate of a Parliament the name of which was rather in unison with this freak of fancy; or, perhaps, he merely pretended to be geometrically or astronomically accurate. We pass these things over with an inward chuckle and suppressed grin—we pass also over the Paradise of Fools, and walk onwards, till we stand with Lucifer before the magnificent palace of the King of Heaven, embellished with a frontispiece of diamond and of gold, well pleased, indeed, to be delivered from the medley of Mythology, Scripture, Sec-tarianism and Sarcasm, in which the great poet has revelled, very much to the satisfaction, no doubt, of the sombre gentry with closely-clipped hair, long shirt-collars, and long ears; but, in our mind, the passages to which we have referred are like blocks of decayed wood or putrifying guano, interrupting the genial flow of the stream in which are reflected the glories of Heaven and the sublime miseries of Satan and his dis-consolate band. We could have spared the classical allusion to the fool who, to leave behind the impression that he had ascended on high as a god, threw himself into the crater of Mount Etna, but, like Cindrella, forgot, not a slipper but a sandal, and thus exposed the intended deception; nor do we feel more satisfied with the laboured introduction of the youth who drowned himself at once to realize the elysium of Plato. These are scholastic illustrations, and sublimity ceases when a writer is laboured and pedantic. At length, after much painful wandering, the Fiend alights upon “a place beyond expression bright,” and discerns an angel—

“The same whom John saw also in the sun.”

This was the Archangel Uriel, a stripling—

“Not of the prime, yet such as in his face  
Youth smiled celestial, and to every limb  
Suitable grace diffused.”

There is much grace in the description of this beautiful young spirit ; his flowing hair streaming under his coronet, and playing upon each cheek. Satan addresses this favoured spirit, one of those “who stand in sight of God’s high throne,” and then follows the fine passage, so often quoted—

“So spake the false dissembler unperceived ;  
For neither man nor angel can discern  
Hypocrisy, the only soul that walks  
Invisible, and, except to God alone,  
By His permissive will, through Heaven and Earth,  
And oft, tho’ Wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps  
At Wisdom’s gate, and to Simplicity  
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill  
Where no ill seems.”

The Spirit speaks to him in the simple language of a pure Intelligence, and Satan, “bowing low” to the Superior Spirit, throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel,

“Nor stays till on Niphates’ top he lights.”

This terminates the Third Book.

S. N. E.

## THE LADY'S LAST STAKE.

"A great and original genius, and rather a writer of comedy with a pencil than a painter, using colours instead of language."

—*Lord Orford's Opinion of Hogarth.*

ON a glorious day in June, 18—, I was sauntering down the promenade of the far-famed "Ride" in Rotten Row; I had run up to town for a day or two from Cowes, where the "Juanita" rode peacefully at the anchorage, awaiting her truant master. Sorely did my spirit chafe to regain her snowy decks, for, good reader, I hate fashion, despise folly (except in myself), love a woollen shirt, the smell of all that's briny, and the grasp of an honest, hard fist, better than the most faultless cut of "Stultz," or "Nugée," the subtle essences of "Jean Farina," or "Bailey," or the languid salute of an exquisitely "Jouvin" fitted hand. Hosts of lovely women, enough to drive any St. Anthony to destruction, hovered on every hand—the man of broad acres, the lordling, the fop, and the fool, jostled side by side—all bent upon the same errand after different fashions. As I looked around me, the cold, heartless selfishness that apparently pervaded the ever-changing mass of Fashion's votaries, struck a chill into my heart. How I longed for the broad, blue sea, a few hearty yachtsmen, and a slashing breeze! Oh! how I yearned for the fierce, wild roar of the surging ocean. I felt alone amidst a multitude, without a kindred spirit to turn to; and although all that was calculated to please the eye and excite the mind was passing before me—youth, beauty, grace, pride of birth, royalty, learning, law, physic, and frailty—yet of all was I heart-sick, tired of the great world of London, and disgusted at being obliged to remain therein for days longer. At this moment a gallantly-mounted cavalier dashed rapidly up the ride; my eye caught his as he advanced. To pull his mettlesome charger on his haunches, fling the bridle-rein to his groom, and spring lightly to the path, was the work of an instant; and the next I was interchanging the warm greetings of long separated friends with the gay and elegant Adrian Luttrell.

In a moment all my vexation of spirit had vanished. I became suddenly amiable, liked the Row and its occupants, and if I had been told that I was free to leave the modern Babylon, I would unhesitatingly have consigned my informant to

"Where good manners won't let me tell."

"Harry Martin, by all the gauze-walls in Galway!" ejaculated the lively Adrian; "where are you from?—where are you bound to?—and last of all—what devilment rides on the broomstick?"

"Cowes—the Mediterranean—and a "Faire Ladye!!" was my answer.

A convulsive start, accompanied by an expression of intense anguish, caused me to regard the ever-joyous Luttrell with anxious astonish-

ment.' In a moment all his spirits had vanished, sorrowing despair was written in every line of his fine features, and I would have given worlds on the instant to recal the silly words which had wrought this astounding change.

"In heaven's name, Adrian, what unpleasant recollections have I recalled by that foolish speech? Pray pardon me, my dear friend, I knew not ——"

"Nor could you, Hal; but speak not of it—we will walk a little!" and motioning to his groom, we sauntered down the Row.

By degrees he recovered his composure. We talked of our boyish days; of our wild adventures in "Old Trinity;" of the "Blazers," and "Ballinahinch;" of "Delphi," and the salmon-raids of yore; of the merry May mornings, when we strove with the boldest cragsmen for the nests of the wily peregrine falcons, and the wintry gales we had weathered off the iron-bound headlands of our Wild West.

We enjoyed the faultless cuisine of M. Soyer at the "Reform," on that day, surrounded by Irish wit, rich and racy, and wittiest of all was Adrian Luttrell. I could perceive at times, that a mortal melancholy, a secret fight with some phantom of the heart, pervaded the silent seconds of the gallant spirit before me. I went down to the "House" in the evening for a short time, previously making an appointment to meet him at the opera. Punctual to my time, I entered his box; the audience were entranced with the incomparable "Grisi," and apparently so was Adrian with the occupant of the opposite box. He heeded not my entrance, and as I happen to be of a peculiarly observant nature, I fancied I could unravel the mystery of the afternoon. If ever there was a woman that could influence a man's destiny, that woman was now the object of Luttrell's attention. He appeared to be absolutely spell-bound; and I confess, for many minutes I felt myself subjected to some mystical influence that chained me to the spot. So many more able writers have described the various charms of lovely woman, that to attempt to give even a faint idea of her who sat opposite to us on that evening I dare not.

"Pshaw!" I mentally exclaimed, "Harry, my boy, stuff; you have had enough of that sort of thing. Just out—made up for fashionable matrimony—Paris next. Will read well some fine day in the *Morning Post*—'At the British Embassy,' &c., &c. It would not do. I felt a craving, an instantaneous, and not to be overcome desire, to learn more of the wondrous beauty that attracted the attention of even royalty itself. Noiselessly leaving the box, I sauntered round, but had nearly failed in my object, when, who should I stumble against, but the portly Sir Archibald Stair. Not recognising him immediately, I made my most courtly apology, and was departing, when a heavy hand laid on my shoulder caused me to turn sharply round, and there stood the fine old Chieftain of Stairloch.

"Irish Martin, I should know!" he exclaimed; "but come with me, boy, I am delighted to have the opportunity of introducing you to my daughter; she has often heard of you, and what a wild Irish sea-dog you are. But mind, Harry," and he paused, as I thought, with a singular expression, "no folly; she is a girl of sense, and carries her brains inside her head!"

One instant, and the next, my heart almost ceased its functions. I was sitting near—breathing the same atmosphere—and in actual conversation with the beauteous Mabel Stair.

The time seemed to fly—the beauty and grace which at a distance charmed, became doubly dangerous when near. As artless as she was lovely, the soft music of her voice was like the sweetly-breathed melody of some syren alluring man to madness; those brilliant orbs of more than Spanish darkness seemed to read one's soul, and yet not mean it; the waving masses of her luxuriant hair, devoid of ornament save a curiously-wrought silver star, that shone from its jetty cloud as though 'twere studded with the diamonds of Ind, shadowed forth her wondrous features as by the magic manipulation of a "Lely;" whilst her form, just ripening into womanhood, would have enchanted the brain of a "Corregio."

But enough. I had just made an observation, which, as a bashful Irishman (?) I thought sufficiently interesting to attract attention, when I perceived my fair companion's features suddenly o'erspread with an unnatural palor. At first I thought it was the heated air which usually pervades such crowded assemblages, and was on the point of calling Sir Archibald's attention, when with a convulsive effort she raised her lorgnette, gazed long and earnestly, and uttering a cry of heart-wrung agony, so low, so mournful, so intense, none save myself knew she had fallen fainting against the box. For a moment I was paralysed as to the cause, but glancing across the house, I read a chapter in the history of two young lives that will remain for ever engraven on my memory. There within the shadow of that box I could perceive Adrian Luttrell—features, expression, and attitude betokening the most intense anguish—the labouring of a breaking heart.

#### PART II.

In the autumn of 18—, some years antecedent to the previous part of this tale, Sir Archibald and Lady Stair were residing in a romantically-situated villa at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and hither fatality drove Adrian Luttrell. The haughty Scottish chieftain at first regarded the gallant Irish gentlemen with sentiments anything but akin to favourable; but by degrees the frank, fearless bearing, the open, cheerful heart, and the gentle courtesy of the Son of the Shamrock, completely won over the warm friendship of the Knight of the Thistle. Lady Stair, too, relaxed her habitual austerity, and Fort Lilian became the daily centre of Adrian's movements. To no one would the old baronet take more delight in narrating the ancient legends of his romantic glens, as they cantered quickly over the grassy downs. Her ladyship's ponies and equipage were not considered safe for the day, until the fiery little animals underwent the censorship of Luttrell; and Mabel, their idol Mabel, not a thought of their hearts concerning her that was not confided to him. Time wore apace, and St. Leonards gave place to "Stairloch." They parted with all the affection of parents from a son, exacting a faithful promise that he would visit their highland home as



speedily as circumstances permitted. Circumstances did not permit this visit to take place for a space of years, and when Adrian fulfilled his promise, he found his old friends as unchanged as of yore. But little "Mabel," the child of St. Leonards, was now blooming forth the woman, the dangerously-lovely woman; and soon, fatally soon, their secret was mutually revealed—they lived but for each other.

From this hour Luttrell became a changed man; he felt he had committed a grievous wrong, and betrayed the confidence reposed in him. Sensitive to a fault in honour and principle, he felt that he had won the daughter's heart as a thief would steal within a household. Too late, too late—the wild happiness of loving and being beloved by such a being, like a mountain-torrent, swept everything before it. Too late—alas! too late—he discovered that he could not tear himself away from her in whose heart he lived; and too late he became acquainted with the fact that Mabel Stair was destined by her parents to bear a titled name, and never could be his. Wrought to despair, to madness, the impetuous Irishman rushed into the presence of Sir Archibald Stair, and demanded the hand of one of the richest heiresses in all broad Scotland.

The stern baronet neither raved nor swore, but for one half hour he spoke bitter words—cold, blighting words—piercing the soul like subtle poison. His language was neither insulting nor dictatorial; but it was worse—it was the cold, calculating, crushing irony that paralyses the heart and breaks the spirit—the hard, biting truths, which the brain almost refuses to comprehend—the rigid, stony indifference to mental misery, plainly implying unuttered contempt. And Adrian left him with knitted brow and sternly compressed lip, but the tell-tale twitchings of the muscles indicated the dreadful conflict within; he moved warily, and glanced suspiciously from side to side, as though fearful of encountering some horrid phantom. Once or twice he uttered a low, gasping cry, until he reached the broad steps of the terraced frontage, when bounding recklessly over the parapet, he disappeared amid the darkness. Two days afterwards he was discovered in the forest of Stair, a jabbering maniac.

#### PART III.

MANY seasons had rolled over my head since Adrian Luttrell had confided to me the particulars I have given to my readers in my second portion, after we had left the opera on the night of my never-to-be-forgotten introduction to Mabel Stair. I had recently arrived in Kingstown Harbour, and was lounging on deck, smoking a cigar, when a shore-boat pulled alongside, and who should present himself but my friend Luttrell. Time had not dealt lightly with either of us, but he was the mere shadow of his former self; still there was that neatness of attire, that courteous bearing, that courtly address, which always characterised him. After our greetings had subsided, I observed, with real concern, many little points, which my pleasure at again meeting the companion of some of my happiest days prevented me from previously noticing. It was plainly to be perceived that the world

had gone hard with poor Adrian : by degrees I led him to speak of himself, and where he had been since last we parted.

"You know all that has overcast my life, Harry!" he exclaimed. "After I had left you I adopted your advice, and travelled. Many continental cities have I sojourned in since that period; and having always had a taste for the Fine Arts, I devoted myself to making a collection of paintings—a devilish expensive pursuit it is, too, as I have found to my cost. On my return to Ireland, I discovered that my worthy agent had grossly mismanaged my little property; it was in sad confusion. One fine morning the news reached me that my gentleman had levanted, and that I was a beggar. Oh! Harry, how that word racks my brain. I was once taunted with being so, and the designation of 'adventurer' appended to it; but no matter, he that crushed my fondest hopes on that fatal night is gone to his last account, and has, I trust, been forgiven as heartily as I have forgiven him. I found myself, as I said, a 'beggar' in every sense of the word—without money, without interest, I may say without a friend!"

"Hold, Adrian!" I exclaimed, "as long as there is a little ship called the 'Juanita' afloat, you know where to find one!"

"Thanks, my dear lad; I might have expected as much from your good heart. But to proceed: my pictures stood me in good need, and what had been a pleasure and a solace to my weary spirit in collecting, now proved my support. They are all by this time scattered to the winds, all save one—it is my last stake!"

"By the god of War, Adrian, it is very odd; but I have an engraving here, which you must accept, for the title of it savours strangely of your last observation!"

I proceeded to my chart-locker, and took from it a steel-engraving, which I had purchased at an old picture-shop in London for a few shillings.

"There it is, I exclaimed!" trying to cheer him up with a hearty laugh. "You will have two last stakes now, and as many beefsteaks as you like, whenever you choose to sling a hammock with me!"

His eyes appeared to start from their sockets as, with trembling hands, he spread it before him; for a few moments he seemed to breathe with difficulty, and at last exclaimed—

"Harry, there is surely some fatality about this! This is an engraving of my famous 'Hogarth'—'The Lady's Last Stake.' In heaven's name, how did you come by it?"

"As I told you, for the insignificant sum of two shillings, in an old picture-shop in London."

"And you will give it me?"

"Certainly."

As a miser closing up his gold did he fold up that treasured engraving.

"At last, then, perhaps!" he cried, with a grim smile, "this mystery will be solved!"

"What mystery, Adrian?"

"You must know, Harry," he replied, "that the authenticity of my picture, which I value at 800 guineas, is disputed!"

"Indeed! and by whom?"

"It is, as I told you, my all; and as such, is of no mean consequence

to me. The sum appears paltry, yet will serve to eke out my few years here; but I am forgetting. The Earl of —— has a counterpart, which he states is the original, and was painted for his ancestor by Hogarth, in acknowledgment for favours received. That Hogarth painted a portrait for his ancestor is well known; and the 'Gate of Calais,' with the 'Harlot's Progress,' make up the four 'Hogarth's' which are stated to have come from the easel of the renowned artist into his collection. I need scarcely say, then, that it just seems to be fate that has thrown this engraving into your hands, to unravel the mystery of authenticity."

At an early hour on the ensuing day, Adrian Luttrell and myself, with our precious engraving, took our way to —— House. We were received with courteous attention; but the polite attendant little knew the anxious hearts that beat beneath our jackets, as we asked to be shown Hogarth's paintings, particularly that of "The Lady's Last Stake." Such of our readers as have not seen this fine painting, may desire to know the subject thereof. A lady and a cavalier have been engaged, as the clock informs us, until close to four o'clock in the morning, in the not very reputable amusement of gambling; she has lost everything, money, watch, necklace, bracelets, jewels—all are gone into the possession of the relentless cavalier. The cards are dashed on the floor, on which also lies a letter; Don Juan has risen to depart, and the pouting gamestress seems in despair at the extent of her losses. But there is one stake left—the brightest jewel of all; and the audacious *roué* stakes the sparkling baubles in his hat against the virtue of his victim. The tale is told as none but Hogarth could tell it, as none save Hogarth could conceive. One feels a sudden impulse to seize the villain by the neck, and inflict upon him merited chastisement.

Stealthily we got out our engraving, and line for line compared it—it was true to the shadow of a hair; not a single stroke of figure, light or shade, differed; and I felt a sad, sickening sensation, as Adrian's pale and anxious face met my gaze of inquiry. He shook his head with an expression of blank despair. I had not yet seen his painting, but it was to be on board at our return.

After we had dined, the eventful examination was proposed. In a beautiful mahogany case, jealously screened from mortal eye, lay the cause of our anxiety. On removing the cover, there was the identical picture, the same in every respect; but of the two, a more exquisitely executed gem of art. Again our engraving was brought into requisition, and never did canvas and paper undergo such a searching investigation. I felt of the two more interested; I was wound up to a pitch of intense excitement, and as inch after inch was compared and found identical, I found a great weight removed from my mind—I began to breathe freer, and I could see the quiet gleam of joy that lighted up poor Adrian's eye, as we simultaneously exclaimed, "We must be right!"

Suddenly my eye caught the letter represented in the painting as lying open on the floor; I wish now from my heart I had never seen it. Taking the engraving in my hand, I remarked, that there was a date at the heading of the letter in the painting, I examined the engraving—there was not any date there! Could my eyes deceive me? I called in the aid of a magnifying-glass—ay, there the date stood out plainly enough, too plainly; there, indeed, were the figures, infinitely small in

size, yet large enough to blast the last hope of a proud, broken, forlorn heart ; there they stood out like figures of fate—1780—*exactly sixteen years after Hogarth had died.*

## PART IV.

"A LETTER, please, sir, marked 'immediate,' and the waterman says he was directed to have an answer!"

I broke the seal hurriedly, and my worst fears were realised. Making a hasty toilette, I was quickly on shore, and under the guidance of the old waterman, I found the humble dwelling of Adrian Luttrell. There, stretched on four miserable chairs, lay the once brilliant cavalier, the victim of blighted love, of cold, calculating ambition. And there, kneeling by his side, her hands clasped in his, her head pillowed on his breast, was the constant, high-minded, noble Mabel Stair. Now her own mistress, she had sought out her "Last Stake," and to offer him name, fame, and fortune, had travelled unceasingly, and from afar.

I must now draw the curtain. What his high sense of honour prevented him from seeking whilst life and hope remained, the faithful heart of his first and only love came to offer him in his extremity, but too late. The burning tears coursed silently down my cheeks, as I perused the last chapter of a chequered life ; in a short twenty minutes, I supported a fainting form to the carriage which awaited her, and returned alone to the chamber of the dead !

Let any of my readers who may chance to visit the collection amongst which hangs this famous "Hogarth," remember my little yarn ; for, with the exception of names, it is an "ower" true tale.

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## COURAGE FOR LIFE.

Look at life bravely!—shrink not in fear,  
 Tho' long be the path, and forlorn and drear ;  
 Tho' vanished for ever the wild, gladdening dreams  
 That brightened thy path, like the young morn's beams.  
 Thank God for the sunshine—look bravely at life,  
 With new strength in thy soul for its sadness and strife ;  
 Sadness that may but depart with thy breath—  
 Strife that scarcely may cease until death.  
 Still look at life bravely!—shrink not in fear,  
 Each hour that flies bringeth evening near.

Look at life bravely!—turn not away ;  
 Bear it thou canst, if thou look up and pray ;  
 Nerve thy weak soul for strong sorrow and pain,  
 Bearing in silence, new strength thou shalt gain.  
 Murmur not—murmuring addeth to grief—  
 Chafe not at fate, it will bring no relief ;  
 Wish not the past, with its joys, might return,  
 Tho' deep in thy soul their memories burn.  
 Look bravely at life!—set thy face to it now,  
 With strong, faithful spirit, with calm, cheerful brow.

Look at life bravely!—look at it with hope,  
 Trusting in God, with the worst thou may'st cope :  
 It is not all darkness, unvarying sorrow—  
 Where are shadows to-day, may be sunshine to-morrow ;  
 On the dark cloud of sadness Hope's rainbow shines fair,  
 Look upward, be trustful, and never despair.  
 Waste not thy life—know that work is a boon—  
 Work steadily, faithfully—rest cometh soon ;  
 And look at life bravely, be steadfast and true—  
 Time passes swiftly with heaven in view.

X.

## ON THE RELATION OF ETHICS AND LAW.

WHAT is law? Is it a mere embodiment of the will of a government, arbitrarily imposed, and sustained by force? Is it the shifting reflexion of public opinion, cast into rules, which may be changed at pleasure? Are its depositaries, codes, statutes, edicts, reports, mere chaotic expressions of supreme power; are its instruments, tribunals, magistracies, and judicatures, mere agencies of authority? Or, has law really any relation to, or deviation from, these ethical truths whose voice is the harmony of the moral world? Is there, in fact, any "law within that law," which, in every state, marks out those rights and duties, a comprehension of which is the lawyer's business? In this age of legal education, we may fitly inquire shortly, whether municipal law has any original, and what is its relation to it.

We venture to think, that if we define law in the abstract, as "an ordinance of understanding," we shall include in this definition the principal conceptions of it. Now, this definition implies two things—an intelligent ruler, and a rule of action. Action, however, presupposes some subject; and hence, in its highest sense, and applied to its most extensive subject-matter, law signifies the rule of action impressed by the Creator upon the Universe, by which it was from the first called into being, and ever since, in all its manifold relations, has been kept in order. The universe, however, for this purpose, has well been divided into natural and voluntary agents—the former meaning these creations which fulfil their operations necessarily, and the latter those which, to some extent at least, work by their own will; and thus we arrive at the true idea of law in general, namely, "That rule of action prescribed by Infinite Wisdom to nature and to man." The knowledge of the one implies a perception of the entire constitution of natural things, from what elements it is formed in all its parts, by what process it is carried on in all its operations, and what are the conditions of its being and continuance. The knowledge of the other requires an insight into the principles of human action, into its true end and fitting object, and into the requisites for its development and completion. It is needless to observe, that a perfect comprehension of these things is not attainable by a finite intelligence; that many of the rules which direct the world of nature and of man will always remain unknown, and that of the *reason* of them we are generally ignorant; but wherever groups of these rules, associated by the common character of their subject, have been discovered, expounded, and reduced into a system, there we say we are masters of a science. Law, in general, thus comprises science in all its branches.

But though our understandings are too weak to grasp the entire scheme of the operations of natural and of voluntary agents, and, at best, can catch but glimpses of "that mighty maze though not without a plan," we can sufficiently discern their general object and purpose. Reason would lead us to expect, that what is created and set in motion

by Infinite Wisdom, can have *good* for its only object, and Revelation expressly confirms the conclusion. But here we must notice an essential distinction between natural and voluntary agents: for while we doubt not that the works of nature, necessarily obedient to the impulse which animates and regulates their operation, are all directed to good absolutely, man, who is free, while in his every thought, purpose, and action, he proceeds to some fancied good, has not any certain tendency to actual and perfect good, however we may feel that such should be his course of conduct. Why this is so—why in the constitution of the world man is not made the passive doer of perfect good—and why, in this life, he is permitted to be lured into the course of evil by the counterfeit of good, we need not here inquire, and, perhaps, is beyond our inquiry. But from this difference in the conduct of natural and of voluntary agents, it follows that a knowledge of the law which guides the former, cannot be of such practical importance as a knowledge of that which directs the latter. The one, with all nature for its subject, unfolds to our eyes parts of the scheme of the universe; the working of causation reducing all phenomena to method and order, the harmony of systems linked to systems, distinct, and yet each running into the other, and that which, not inaptly, has been termed the “concordant discord” of creation. The other, confined to the consideration of man, teaches us the steps and processes by means of which, in life, we can so rule our conduct as to secure the chief good—happiness. Leaving, then, the contemplation of *natural law* as foreign to our subject, except so far as it is a part of law in general, let us briefly consider *moral law*, or that rule of action by which voluntary agents attain the chief good—happiness. For, we think, we shall see that this law is the original and justification of all human law, and, in the poet’s words, is the “spirit which feeds from within, and the mind which moves,” that far-spreading mass of rules of action.

All human action is towards something desirable, that is, something that, at the time, appears good to the agent. Action towards evil, deliberately ascertained to be evil, and without any supposed good to counterpoise or neutralise it, is contrary to the nature of man. The exclamation, “Evil be then my good, my port, and haven of repose,” put by Milton into the mouth of Satan, finds no echo in the human heart. Not indeed that good, as such, is necessarily sought, or evil, as such, necessarily shunned by human action, for then the world would not present its actual appearance of perversity, error, and degradation; but, that our course of conduct, while often, nay generally, wandering away from positive good, has even an imaginary good for its object. “There is,” says Hooker, “in the will of man, naturally, that freedom whereby it is apt to take or refuse any particular object whatsoever being presented to it. Whereupon it followeth that there is no particular object so good, but it may have the show of some difficulty, or unpleasant quality annexed to it, in respect whereof the will may shrink and decline it; contrariwise (for so things are blended) there is no particular evil which hath not some appearance of goodness whereby to insinuate itself. For evil, as evil, cannot be desired; if that be desired which is evil, the cause is, the goodness which is, or which seemeth to be, joined with it.” And again, “Nor let any man think that this doth

make anything for the just excuse of iniquity. For there was more sin committed, wherein a less good was not preferred beyond a greater, and that wilfully, which cannot be done without the singular disgrace of nature, and the utter disturbance of that Divine order, whereby the pre-eminence of chiefest acceptation is by the best things worthily challenged." And very similar are the opening lines of the "Nicomachean Ethics:"—"Every art, every line of instruction, every act, and every purpose, has some good for its object." We know too the proverbs, "That Providence deranges the man whom he means to destroy," and that "Evil appears good to him whose mind God gives over to ruin;" and these assert that the end of action is that imagined good into which, by moral delusion, evil has been converted. It may, therefore, we think, be assumed that *conceived good* is the end of all human, that is, all mental and moral, action; that although real good is rarely, such is our perversity, our object, yet that we never act, or form a purpose, without some fancied good in view; and therefore that evil, considered as such, and without any overpoise of imagined good, is not within the range of human objects.

The end, then, of all human actions, on every possible occasion, is *conceived good*; but the different ends of human action are, for the most part, referrible to some ulterior end, and therefore, compared with it, are merely means. Thus we build a house for comfort, we buy a picture for pleasure, we become subjects of a state for security, we master a science for instruction; but all these ends are pursued for one greater and more complete. This end, then, must be that which includes in itself all other ends, and to which they all converge and direct themselves. Now, though men, in all the variety of occasions of action, show a very different preference for subordinate ends, they all agree that this final end is happiness. This, it will be at once admitted, is the sum of our desires and aspirations, to attain which all human action is directed, and to which all arts, sciences, governments, institutions, and, in a word, all mental and moral action, mediately or immediately, are bent and turned. But as each particular end of human action is conceived good to the agent, and the final end comprises in itself all the subordinate ends, it follows that happiness is the greatest good of which man can have a conception. What, then, is happiness? We feel that it is not to be placed in pleasure, for this is transient and short-lived, and is so mingled with pain, that we all echo the poet's mournful exclamation—"That something bitter springs from the very fountain of joy." We feel that it cannot rest in reputation; since this would be to base it on the shifting and insecure foundation of external opinion, often deluded, rarely able to form a perfectly correct judgment, and varying according to the natures of those who create it. We cannot set it in riches, or titles, or wealth, or knowledge, or power, for the possession of these we feel to be that of means only; and, finally, it is not repose, since this implies a passive suspense of our faculties, and is rather absence of evil than fruition of good; or, as Aristotle quaintly expresses it, "the felicity of sleep."

Two methods of reasoning lead to the conclusion, that happiness consists in the practice of moral excellence, or, as it is commonly termed, virtue. The first draws its inference from a contemplation of man's



nature, independently of external objects ; the second, from a consideration of the natural results, in life, of virtue and of vice. Let us glance at them separately. If we look upon man as a creature composed of several parts, each of which is adapted by extraordinary wisdom to fulfil its proper function, we cannot doubt that man, as man, and as a whole in himself, is constituted to perform his peculiar work. Now, as the happiness of each of these several parts consists in the excellence with which it completes its work—as, for instance, the eye can have no greater delight than perfect vision ; the ear, than perfect hearing ; the limbs, than perfect strength and activity in motion—so the happiness of the united sum of them, or man himself, must rest in the excellence of his peculiar action. What, then, is this excellence ? Following up the argument from analogy, as with regard to each of his several parts, it is working according to its true nature, so with respect to man, it is setting his conduct in harmony with his real being. Now let us see if this be not acting virtuously. In judging of the conduct of others, we term vice foolish and unnatural, and virtue wise and befitting man ; that is, when contemplating the play of human nature apart from ourselves, in the “ calm and serene ” air of thought, and free from those blinding influences which too often sway ourselves, we at once perceive what is man’s natural conduct. So, when we reflect upon any past evils we have done ourselves, when the impulse of temptation has spent its force, we wonder that we could have so violated our true nature, we feel that then we were degenerate from our true being. So, too, even in the triumph of vice we are sensible that virtue, somehow or other, ought to be our habit of life ; that there is something unnatural and unbefitting in vicious conduct, and that it tends to destroy our real nature. For though, unhappily, we are often so false to ourselves as to fall off into every kind of error, still conscience echoes back upon us, as it were, after the peculiar occasion for delivering its voice is past. These considerations will show that the practice of virtue is fulfilling our real nature, which we have seen constitutes happiness.

No speculation, however, on this subject can be so conclusive as the practical test. It is idle to deny the essential, and as it were the natural, relation of happiness and virtue, and misery and vice, even in this actual world. But, to make this plainer, let us, to use the simile of Plato, “ reading in the large type those characters of truth which we cannot apprehend in the small,” contrast what would necessarily be the fate of a state whose citizens were completely virtuous, and that of a wholly vicious political society. In the one, by the hypothesis, the practice of truth, justice, and charity would be the only rule of action ; in the other, that of falsehood, iniquity, and malevolence. From the unremitting and perfect exercise of virtue, it would follow that all these crimes and vices, with their correlative miseries, which appal the thinker, and deface actual society, would necessarily be absent. There would be no conflict of factions, with its concomitant evils—the sacrifice of the public good for private aggrandisement ; the check upon prosperity, caused by the hostile jealousy of parties ; and all the arts and vices of public corruption—since the universal observance of justice would insure the triumph of patriotism. There would be no trace of that social struggle, always raging, and sometimes breaking out into ruin, between the

owners and seekers of property, since perfect charity would forbid the existence of want, and true wisdom would provide against it. The savage animosity of sect, which, in different forms, has embarrassed political society, and which is the more dangerous because it springs in part from the good elements of our nature, would be unknown, since there would be necessarily but one faith. The moral law would be the only rule of action; and, therefore, there would be no need of its imperfect substitute, municipal law, with its inherent incapacity to fathom the whole truth, with its necessarily imperfect general rules, and necessarily inaccurate measure of rewards and punishments, and, consequently, with its essential commixture of evil with good. The absence of selfishness, of destructive ambition, of social hostility, of national crime, and of moral evil, and the harmonious concentration of its energies upon public and private duty, would make such a community so flourishing, so secure, so full of riches, so abundant in all the elements of happiness, that probably it would absorb into itself many nations. And even if this fair and complete fabric of a commonwealth were overthrown by some shock of force from without, it is not difficult to see that by degrees its virtues would overcome its conquerors; and that, far more quickly than barbarous ignorance yields to civilized intelligence, these would melt into the perfect society. On the other hand, in the completely vicious state, there could be no fellowship except for evil objects, and when these had been accomplished, there would be perpetual discord about their results. As iniquity would be the rule of life, universal selfishness and deceit would characterise all dealings between man and man, and society would jar pitifully in all its relations. Law would be a hideous caricature of justice, founded upon the principle of securing the fruits of robbery for the strong, and of coercing the weak, and throughout supporting wrong against right. The bonds of family and of friendship, which are the ultimate ties of society, would not exist, or, if for an instant they were formed, would be rudely snapped asunder by fraud and crime. There could be no public virtue, for this implies very high private morality, and government would be a succession of triumphant tyrannies, accompanied by every example of fraud and wrong. To use the language of Thucydides, when describing a state of politics not altogether dissimilar in such a state—"Life would be in utter confusion; and the evil of human nature, ever prone to do wrong against law, would conquer all law, and would rejoice in displaying itself uncontrollable, superior to justice, hostile to all degrees." Such a state, indeed, from its inherent evils, could hardly be formed, and would speedily decay; but during its existence would, we have seen, be a mere receptacle of misery.

In actual life, this essential relation between happiness and virtue, and misery and vice, is not so apparent; for, in the first place, the subjects of observation are necessarily few, since the real life and the real fate of any man, or societies of men, are seldom exposed, in all their fulness, to our eyes. And, again, the conduct of most men is so intermingled with good and evil, is such a chaos of mixed motives and actions, that it is not often possible to adjust this sequence. And, lastly, Providence, who has made our lives here a state of trial, frequently for reasons unknown to us, permits the vicious and the

criminal to enjoy external blessings, conducive to happiness, and frequently deprives the virtuous of them, thereby seeming to interrupt this natural connexion. In this state of things, which, morally as well as materially, has been "turned askance," as Milton portrays it, from its perfect order, we see such apparent exceptions to the moral law we have stated, that some, perhaps, doubt its existence. But let us consider whether there is not evidence of its presence and operation, even amidst the disturbing jar and fret of the world. If we abstract from the state and position of the virtuous and the vicious man all accidental and merely external influences, and suppose each equally set in society, and equally subject to scrutiny and remark, the balance of happiness would altogether incline in favour of the former. The one would be at peace, and the other at war with his own conscience—that monarch which, however often dethroned, visits his rebellious subjects with continual chastisement. The one would have the satisfaction of knowing that all he ever said or did could bear the fullest examination—the other would have to bear and to stifle the dread of detection. And how would the case stand with regard to external advantages, which, doubtless, contribute to happiness? It must be conceded that, in a number of instances, temporal rewards, from the highest to the lowest, have been obtained by the vicious and the criminal, and that the virtuous and upright have sometimes been disgraced, and very often neglected. But no case, we think, can be shown where vice or crime, as such and in themselves, were the efficient causes of the distinction, or where virtue and goodness, in themselves, were the causes of the degradation. Robespierre was made Dictator, not because he guillotined the French aristocracy, but because he was considered incorruptible. Aristides was banished, not because he was just, but because his justice caused a transient envy. In all these cases, which appear to interrupt the natural harmony of the world, the distinction will be found to be attributable to something beside vice, and the degradation to something beside virtue. In some of them this seeming contradiction arises from a mistaken notion of character; in some from the triumph of mere force; in others from fear; in a few from their wilful crime; and in others from some prominent virtue or virtuous action cancelling, as it were, the stain of vice or criminality. On the other hand, virtue, as such, and in itself, is often the efficient cause of external advantages. Place the virtuous man in any circumstances and amidst any society, and, by degrees, he will, by his virtues alone, insure the confidence of those around him—the first great element of success. And the general respect which every one gives to the good for their goodness, whether allied or not with the accidents of wealth and station, is, in itself, a great advantage. And, on the other hand, the indignation displayed at the occasional eminence of the unworthy, because of their unworthiness, is a great check and discouragement. So that, even as regards external blessings, vice appears to possess them by accident only, and without any title, whereas they belong to virtue as of right. Thus, viewing its operations, even in this life, where, against many foes, and amidst much disorder, it indicates the existence of a moral government, let us conclude confidently, that the true rule of human action

is to act virtuously ; and that, if happiness is the end, virtue is the means. And so, in the beautiful words of Plato, "We shall lead our lives well, and shall not stain our souls, and happily shall cross the waters of oblivion."

But if it be the moral law, that we must act virtuously to secure the chief good, happiness, we must inquire in what virtuous action consists ; for the occasions of human action are innumerable, and how are we to ascertain whether any particular act, in any particular instance, bears the character of virtue ? Now it has been proved, and, we think, beyond contradiction, that as we have a physical sense, which, in its natural state, pronounces at once whether a subject of taste is pleasant or not so, so we have a mental sense, which, in its normal condition, declares any subject of action to be good or evil. For any grown-up ordinary man, in any part of the world—and this, surely, is the fair test—would we apprehend, admit, as an abstract question, that for one person, without any motive, to kill another is evil ; and that for a person, though without any advantage, to save another, is good. But as the physical sense may be degraded, and that in every degree, from complete perversion to the slightest obtuseness, so it is with the mental sense, of which we only assert, that it has a *natural* power to discern good and evil. And again, as we have a natural instinct to shun any danger which we see before us, so we have a mental instinct to perceive that which is injurious to us. For we apprehend that any man, in any nation, even if certain of escaping punishment, would prefer to accomplish any given object by honesty rather than by dishonesty, and this because he feels that dishonesty may injure him. And as in judging of the conduct of others, we are able to see what is or is not for their benefit, we may be assured we are equally so with regard to ourselves, were it not for temptation. We do not, of course, maintain that this instinct *prevails* ; on the contrary, we frequently see it overborne in men rushing to their own destruction ; all we contend for is, its *natural* existence. This sense, then, and this instinct, we may call conscience and true self-love—which discern and declare, on every occasion, the proper, that is the virtuous, line of conduct. Their mandate, indeed, is often disobeyed—its voice is often lost in the pleadings of temptation ; but it is not the less given, and, if followed, will produce virtuous actions. And hence the moral law resolves itself into this :—That man, on all occasions, should obey the commands of conscience and of true self-love, by means of which he will act virtuously, and obtain the chief good—happiness.

This great law contains in itself, and reveals all those social rights and duties which, on every occasion, man should assert and obey ; and the observance of which would always set his actions, through all its ends, in harmony with, and directed towards, the one great end—happiness. The precepts, that we should be true in our actions, just in our conduct, charitable in our behaviour, and temperate in our lives, are simple injunctions of conscience and of true self-love, in particular instances of conduct—echoes, as it were, from those voices which should be the law-givers of mankind. It is this law which dictates that natural justice which man, as Aristotle observes, "perceives by a kind of divination," and which is not for yesterday, or to-day, but for ever ; it is this law,

through all the countless series of human actions forbidding wrong and commanding right, whose voice has gone through all lands, and whose sound through all the world. And it is obedience to this law, illustrated in all the infinite occasions of practice, to which we owe whatever happiness exists in society. It is obedience to this law which triumphs over force and violence, even when let loose, and which gives a right to the conquered, and prescribes a duty to the conqueror. It is deference to this law which establishes confidence and fellowship between races which have no other bond of union—between the tribes of the desert and the civilised dwellers in cities. It is deference to this law which keeps in harmony the elements of every nation, which is the parent of national virtue, and the source of national peace. Of this law, the ultimate standard of all law, we may exclaim with the poet, "That God is great in it, and groweth not old." Were it to govern the world wholly, as it does in part, it would establish everywhere universal happiness.

From the moral law, in very different degrees of purity, with more or less commixture of evil, and attended, so to speak, with very dissimilar accidents, is derived *human law*, or that rule of action set up by mankind for themselves to obey. It is obvious that society is the natural and the necessary state of man. In a perfect state, his action could not develop itself into complete virtue, unless he were in fellowship with his kind; in his actual state, neither his good principles nor his evil passions could have scope and play in a solitary existence; and, besides, all his physical wants and instincts force him, as it were, into associations. Society, then, is as much a part of that natural state of things called the world, as the air we breathe, or the earth we tread upon, and may well be accepted as a fact, without a curious inquiry into the cause of its creation. And, actually, society all over the world embodies itself everywhere in the form of distinct communities, each of which is more or less different from the other, and identical within its own limits. And each of these communities is independent of the other; but within itself is composed of a body that governs, and one that is governed. Hence is formed political society, in all its vast variety of nations of hunters, shepherds, agriculturists, and mixed classes. And from this state is evolved a two-fold kind of action—that of sovereign states in their relations to each other, and that of each independent state within its own members. We do not pause to inquire by what secondary causes this arrangement of mankind, and this development of human action, were effected; how the family grew into the tribe, and the tribe into the nation; how from the rude elements of barbarous communities were gradually composed civilized states, with their intricate subordination of classes and orders; by what accidents national boundaries were marked out, sovereignty was acquired, and subjection was assured—for all this is foreign to our subject. But let us examine the method of this action, whose rule is human law.

We have seen that the moral law, inculcating right, ought to be the rule of all human action, since it guides it, through all its objects, to the chief good—happiness. We have seen, however, that man obeys it more or less perfectly; sometimes acting according to it—sometimes in the

pursuit of evil, in the mask of good, transgressing it ; and thus the actual law of an individual, which he makes his rule of action, varies more or less from the moral law. So is it with the law of social action. In their conduct towards each other, and within themselves, states sometimes disobey, sometimes regard, the moral law. And thus their rule of action, which falls into two great divisions—namely, *international law*, or that rule of action prescribed by states to each other, and *municipal law*, or that rule of action prescribed by each state to its own members—is more or less in harmony with the one great law which should rule mankind. But, for many reasons, right prevails far more in the actual law of society than in the rule of action of a given individual. The law of an individual, in conformity with which he acts, is prescribed for himself to himself, and is, therefore, signally liable to the influence of those passions, follies, and caprices which blind us to our real good. But the law of society is, for the most part, made by a minority for others, and must, therefore, be in a great degree free from those evil influences. Again, the law of the individual is often a mere hasty rule, adopted upon a momentary impulse, and, therefore, ill-considered, and often foolish. But the law of society seeks to lay down general rules, and to command a large assent, and, therefore, cannot expect obedience, unless more or less instinct with wisdom. Indeed, notwithstanding the many cruel and absurd laws which deface the history of every country, we may be assured the mass of laws in any given system is on the side of the moral law. For, on the whole, any code of laws whatever, taken altogether, will be admitted to have a tendency to promote social happiness, which we have seen to be the consequence of obeying the moral law. Were it otherwise—were any code of laws to have an inherent tendency to create misery—it would speedily dissolve and fall to pieces ; and, at least, we may feel convinced, that the mass of human laws existing in the world, however faulty and imperfect in particulars, is, on the whole, harmonious with the moral law. Here and there a code may show symptoms of injustice and folly in parts, though, perhaps, as a whole, it may contain more right than wrong ; here and there force, and violence, and ignorance, and passion, may obtain for bad laws a casual ascendancy ; but it would be to suppose the entire sum of human rules of action at variance with the order of a moral government, to assume that all law was on the side of wrong. The voice of man, like that of Antigone, would cry out in overwhelming indignation, were the ordinances of their rulers steadily in contradiction to right.

Human law, like the moral law, unfolds itself in a series of rights and duties. But while those prescribed by the moral law are unchangeable, and everywhere binding, those proscribed by human law are only so in part, and partly are of accidental obligation. For, in the first place, the ends of the action of different states which their laws determine are often different from each other, and more or less divergent from the great end—happiness. Thus glory is the end of the action of one state, wealth that of another, peace that of a third, commerce that of others, real happiness that of very few. And hence their systems of law are more or less dissimilar from each other, and at variance with the moral law ; and consequently the rights and duties they prescribe

are more or less unsanctioned by that great original. And, in the next place, the means by which the different ends of social action are attained, which, of course, are also the subject of law, are very different, and contribute more or less to the one true end; and hence the laws which direct them are more or less harmonious with the moral law. And lastly, society multiplies and diversifies human action into countless varying forms, mutually dependent in innumerable relations; and thus it establishes, in different states, distinct species of government, and a vast subordination of classes, and fixes, under different conditions, the institution of property. And of the rules which harmonise and control this varying and multitudinous action, many are quite indifferent to the moral law, and therefore act upon a very different authority. And thus we arrive at a subdivision of each great division of human law—namely, that body of rules in each code of international and municipal law which establishes rights and duties directly fixed by the moral law, and that which sets up rights and duties that are merely expedient. Thus the right of a prisoner of war to personal security, and the consequent duty of the State which captures him to insure it, a general rule of international law, is based directly upon the moral law. Thus the right of the subject to possess his property intact, and the consequent duty of the State to punish theft, is directly derived from the same original. But the rule that the flag covers the merchandise, or that, in the administration of assets, debts of record are to be paid before debts by simple contract, mark out rights and duties that cannot claim an equal authority. And hence every system of human law, while, in its leading rules, generally accordant with the moral law, runs out into a variety and complication of subordinate rules, which are merely of accidental obligation. These latter may be changed according to the exigencies of the State, and have no greater binding force than the obedience we owe to it. And if, upon sufficient evidence, it is clear that any of these subordinate rules violates the moral law, it is our positive duty to seek its abrogation.

The moral law and human law assert their authority, and enforce obedience, by a very different method. The one adjusts its rewards and penalties by a self-acting process, with an equity which we cannot doubt to be unerring, though it cannot always be apprehended, making its subjects the ministers of their own happiness and misery. And, as Butler observes, this mechanism by which every man is made his own rewarder and punisher, is more perfect than that of any system of human law. The other operates by and with external and visible agents, laying down certain rules, which fix and define certain rights and duties, establishing certain tribunals to determine their observation and infringement, and appointing certain recompenses and penalties, as they are obeyed and disregarded. In the case of international law, these rights and duties are contained in the mass of international jurisprudence, and of treaties; these tribunals consist of conferences and congresses between the representatives of sovereign states; and these rewards and penalties are to be found in the good offices of peace, and the mutual injuries of war. In the case of municipal law, these rights and duties are comprised in the actual code of every distinct nation; these tribunals are the established courts of justice in each country;

and these rewards and penalties are the benefits and losses, personal and pecuniary, to which they who obey or disobey the law are liable. But it is to be observed, that while human law is busy in settling scales of penalties for its infringement, it rarely makes a measure of reward for its observation. We rarely hear of sovereign states appointing an interchange of benefits as the express recompense of international good faith. We do not often find a legislator declaring that the due observance of any particular law, or of the laws of the country in general, shall entitle the subject to a special national favour. Human law wisely leaves this province to the moral law, which, with a power, unseen indeed, but irresistible, secures, upon the whole, authority for virtue.

And thus the mass of human laws in the world, while ultimately proceeding from the same source, as it diffuses itself through, and incorporates itself with, the races of mankind, breaks out into a strange multiplicity of forms. But, however varied and conflicting codes of human laws may be, we may be assured that they return at last to the one great moral law, "Act right, and be happy." It has passed, we fear, into a proverb, that the practice of law, as a profession, tends to narrow the understanding. Many have asserted that it has an injurious effect upon the character, by continually setting before lawyers an imperfect standard of action. If this be so, we may be assured that this tendency will best be counteracted by seeing and keeping this in mind, that the actual law, of which lawyers are the ministers, is an offset from the perfect law, which is the rule of life.

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# Sporting Intelligence.

## YACHTING.

“Where Cumray’s isles, with verdant link,  
Close the fair entrance of the Clyde.”

SOME twelve miles above the guardian “Cumrays,” in the pretty bay of Gourock, celebrated as the rendezvous of all yachtsmen who most the Clyde frequent, commences our review of the month of July. There the Clyde Model Yacht Club held their “tryst,” on the 25th of June, when, for the first prize of Fifteen Sovereigns, the *Fairy Queen*, of 8 tons, James Grant, junior, beat the *Bella*, 8 tons, and the *Armada*, 8 tons; the *Meander*, 7 tons, giving up the race, and the *Maud*, 8 tons, throwing herself out by fouling the flag-ship. The second match was for a piece of Silver Plate, value £12, for which five little clippers came to the buoys, when the *Wee Pet*, 6 tons, John Ferguson, bore away the laurels and the *Salver*, defeating the *Clutha*, *Excelsior*, *Leda*, and *Pearl*. The *Wee Pet* was built by Morris and Arbuthnot of Glasgow. The third race was for a Silver Claret Jug, value £8, when the *Lily*, of 3½ tons, John Ure, obtained the privilege of christening the Jug, by defeating the *Mayflower*, *Coquette*, and *Banshee*. That veteran Clyde yachtsman, James Smith, Esq., of Jordan Hill, is the Commodore of this spirited little Club, and long may his broad pendant wave ere it sees “t’other side of Jordan.”

The Pembroke Dock Royal Regatta took place on the anniversary of the Queen’s Coronation, and the holiday enabled many of the sons and daughters of labour to enjoy the aquatic festival. The sports were opened by the race for the Prince of Wales’s Cup, value Fifty Guineas, for yachts of 25 tons and upwards, when the *Vigilant*, 34 tons, J. C. Atkins, Esq., Royal Cork Yacht Club, defeated the *Extravaganza*, 48 tons, Sir Percy Shelley, by a close shave of 32 seconds; the *Glance*, Major Longfield, also engaged in the contest, took the ground, through the sharpness of her pilot, and was thrown out. For the Pembroke Dock Cup, the *Vesper*, 15 tons, George Bevan, Esq., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland, had a walk over, as the *Flirt*, of 19 tons, Capt. H. H. O’Bryen, took the ground shortly after starting. For a Cup of £10, the *Fairy*, of 9 tons, Mr. G. Thomas, defeated the *Arrow*, 10 tons, and *Imp*, 10 tons.

On the 6th July, the Leviathan Club held their second match on the bosom of Old Father Thames, when the Pearl, 21 tons (Royal Thames measurement), the Hon. A. Annesley, won the Silver Gilt Vase, value £40, beating the Whisper, 21 tons, Zuleika, 22 tons, Oriole, 25 tons, Dart, 27 tons, and Silver Star, 25 tons. For the second prize — a Silver Gilt Jug, value £40 — the Vampire, of 20 tons, Mr. C. Wheeler, defeated the Midge, of 13 tons; and for the prizes of £30 and £10, for fourth-class yachts of from 7 to 12 tons, the Emily, of 8 tons, Mr. R. Hewitt, and the Julia, of 8 tons, Mr. P. Turner, defeated the Undine, of 8 tons, and the Violet, 8 tons.

The Prince of Wales's Yacht Club sailed their Challenge Cup (Seventy Guineas) Match on the 8th July, when the Little Mosquito, 8 tons, Mr. Bulwer, relieved the Club of its responsibility (having won the cup the previous year), defeating the Hawk, 4 tons, the Valentine, 8 tons, and the Rover, 7 tons; the Undine, 8 tons, and Blue Belle, 6 tons, were entered, but did not start.

The Tenby Regatta was held on the 30th of June, when, for the first prize of £70, the Amazon, 46 tons, J. H. Johnson, Esq., defeated the Extravaganza, 49 tons, and Wildfire schooner, 59 tons. The latter vessel was aground on the shoal called the White Bank for some time during the race, and the Amazon also grazed the same bank. On the second day, Friday, the 2nd July, for a Prize of £40, the Glance, 35 tons, Major Longfield, defeated the Vigilant, J. C. Atkins, Esq.; the Blue Belle, S. Padley, Esq., and the Flirt, Captain O'Bryan.

A Prize of £15 was won by the Flirt, 19½ tons, Captain O'Bryan, beating the Imp, 10 tons, W. B. Morrisson, Esq.

The Birkenhead Model Yacht Club held their second match of the season, when the Meta, 7½ tons, H. St. Clair Byrne, Esq., won the cup, beating the Charm, 7½ tons, the Snake, 7½ tons, and the Mayflower, 7 tons.

The Regatta of the Royal Cork Yacht Club commenced on Tuesday, July 13th, with plenty of rain and wind. The Scottish clipper Oithona, of 80 tons, for the Eglinton Prize of £60, defeated the renowned Mosquito, and the not less celebrated Wildfire; the former by some seven minutes, the latter coming in with loss of bowsprit and head gear.

The second match was for a prize of £45, for which seven yachts started. The Extravaganza, Sir Percy Shelley, and the Meteor, D. O'Sullivan, Esq., fouled each other shortly after starting, in their endeavour to clear a merchant-ship which lay in their headway. Our old friend the Glance, Major Longfield, led the remainder of the fleet a merry dance, the Amazon, J. H. Johnson, Esq., in close attendance, with the Vigilant, J. C. Atkins, Esq., hanging on to the Thames clipper. At length the Amazon shook off her vigilant attendant, and, on rounding the buoy, collared the Glance. The Dream, M. Hayes, here began to overhaul the Vigilant, but carrying away her bobstay, retired from the fray. The Glance, mindful of former triumphs o'er

the same watery path, again went to the front, and defeated both the Amazon and the Amphitrite, W. D. Seymour, Esq., arriving at the Flag-ship at 3b. 55m. 20s.; the Amazon coming in at 6 p.m.; Amphitrite not timed.

Wednesday proved more favourable for "crinoline" and "canvas," so far as permitting a salubrious lounge to the one and an aristocratic drift to the other. The first race was for Her Majesty Cup, value One Hundred Guineas. The base of this handsome prize is formed of dolphins gracefully curving round two shells, which support on each side of the pedestal two figures of mermaids in frosted silver, performing (per imagination) on a lute and lyre; above these springs a bunch of (not fives) coral, upon which rests a model of a Nautilus shell, with a frantic-looking mermaid a dressin' of her hair, and offering her waist, in the most forward manner, as a handle!

For this the following vessels came to the starting-buoys:—

Extravaganza, 49 tons	...	...	Sir Percy Shelley, Bart.
Glance, 34 tons	...	...	Major Longfield.
Foam, 26 tons	...	...	H. Longfield, Esq.
Amazon, 45 tons	...	...	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
Mosquito, 60 tons	...	...	T. Groves, Esq.
Vigilant, 34 tons	...	...	J. C. Atkins, Esq.

These vessels had ample opportunity of enjoying the scenery of Queenstown and the Bay of Cork, and in their pursuit of the picturesque, neglecting the hour at which all truants are expected home—viz., 9 p.m. The race was appointed to be re-sailed.

Thursday, a flat calm precluded the possibility of the larger yachts sailing, so that the day's sports consisted of rowing matches afloat, with a fair amount of flirting ashore.

Friday, a fair breeze from the south moved the canvas backs to their work. The first match was for a Purse of Fifty Sovereigns for sea-going schooners, no time allowed. This brought to the buoys the

Ella, 105 tons	...	...	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.
Urania, 140 tons	...	...	W. Wise, Esq.
La Réve, 40 tons	...	...	James Thompson, Esq.

The Ella led from the start, and was never headed; La Réve held second place for some time, but ultimately had to succumb to the Urania.

The second race was for the Queen's Cup, of the value of One Hundred Guineas, postponed from Wednesday, and the £45 Prize of Tuesday, which, after all, appears not to have been awarded to the Glance.

For Her Majesty's gift the following started:—

Vigilant, 34 tons	...	...	J. C. Atkins, Esq.
Mosquito, 60 tons	...	...	T. Groves, Esq.
Amazon, 45 tons	...	...	J. H. Johnson, Esq.
Foam, 26 tons	...	...	H. Longfield, Esq.
Extravaganza, 49 tons	...	...	Sir P. Shelley, Bart.
Glance, 34 tons	..	...	Major Longfield.

For the £45 Prize were the following :—

Meteor, 33 tons	...	...	D. O'Sullivan.
Julia, 50 tons	...	...	G. Howe.
Dream, 25 tons	...	...	M. Hayes.

Both classes started together, and after a well-sailed match, they arrived in the following order and times, the Mosquito winning the Queen's Cup, and the Dream the £45 Prize :—

			H.	M.	S.
Mosquito	...	...	4	47	2
Dream	...	...	4	54	0
Extravaganza	...	...	4	55	30
Amazon	...	...	5	0	45
Vigilant	...	...	5	13	27
Foam	...	...	5	26	16
Meteor	...	...	5	37	37

[Julia and Glance not placed.]

The time allowed was half-rate of Acker's Scale, and below that one half-minute per ton.

The Dream, which distinguished herself on this occasion, is a new boat, built at the Isle of Wight, and remodelled and lengthened nine feet by Mr. Wheeler of Cork, this Spring.

On the 20th July the Royal London Yacht Club held their last match of the season, for third class yachts only. Course, from Erith to the Coalhouse Point, and back to Greenwich. First Prize, Claret Jug £20; Second Prize, Cash £10; Third Prize, Cash £5!!

There were entered—

Julia, 8 tons	...	...	Mr. P. Turner.
Blue Belle, 6 tons	...	...	Mr. J. Ridgway.
Atalanta, 4 tons	...	...	Messrs. F. and T. N. Talfourd.
Little Mosquito, 8 tons	...	...	Mr. E. S. Bulmer.

The start took place at 11h. 33m., with a light breeze at South. The match between the Little Mosquito and Julia, which terminated, after a prettily-sailed and exciting race, as follows. Flag-ship off Greenwich Hospital :—

			H.	M.	S.
Julia	...	...	4	26	15
Mosquito	...	...	4	29	55
Blue Belle	...	...	5	2	9

[Atalanta sprung her mast, and gave up early.]

On Wednesday the Royal St. George's Yacht Club Regatta came off in Dublin Bay.

The first race was for a Prize of £100, open to all yachts of thirty tons and upwards : a time race. Long course, twice round. For this were entered—

Surge, 50 tons	...	...	C. T. Coupar, Esq.
Mosquito, 59 tons	...	...	T. Groves, Esq.
Amazon, 46 tons	...	...	J. H. Johnston, Esq.
Cymba, 52 tons	...	...	T. Brassey, Esq.
Oithona, 80 tons	...	...	G. Harrison, Esq.
Schooner Maraquita, 111 tons	...	...	Captain R. J. Henry.
Wildfire, 60 tons	...	...	J. T. Turner, Esq.
Dream, 32 tons	...	...	M. Hayes, Esq.

At 2h. 37m. these clippers started, and, after an interesting contest, those placed arrived at the Flag-ship as follows :—

			H.	M.	S.
Mosquito	...	...	8	27	26
Surge	...	...	8	28	13
Oithona	...	...	8	37	16
Cymba	...	...	8	40	25

The Surge was declared the winner, with two minutes thirteen seconds to spare. The wind was light and variable, with occasionally strong puffs at N.W.

The second race was for a Prize of £30, for yachts under 30 tons. Short course, three times round. The following vessels started :—

Fingal, 7 tons	...	...	F. Gowan, Esq.
Whim, 18 tons	...	...	J. M. Ternan, Esq.
North Star, 26 tons	...	...	D. Gamble, Esq.
Flirt, 19½ tons	...	...	Captain H. H. O'Brien.
Banba, 24 tons	...	...	W. J. Dogherty, Esq.
Kelpie, 22 tons	...	...	J. Todhunter, Esq.

The Banba, Kelpie, and Fingal led out of the harbour, when, after a most exciting contest, they arrived at the Flag-boat as follows :—

			H.	M.	S.
North Star	...	...	7	51	50
Flirt	...	...	7	53	50
Kelpie	...	...	7	55	55
Banba	...	...	8	11	0
Fingal	...	...	8	13	7

[Whim not placed.]

For the Third Prize of £20, for yachts of 15 tons and under, the following little clippers started :—

Dove, 12 tons	...	...	T. Keogh, Esq.
Vidette, 8½ tons	...	...	T. W. Hodgins.
Zuffa, 9 tons	...	...	A. Hargrave, Esq.
Bijou, 10 tons	...	...	R. D. Kane, Esq.
Gazelle, 5½ tons	...	...	J. Whinton, Esq.
Banshee, 12 tons	...	...	R. Johnston, Esq.
Flirt, 7½ tons	...	...	R. Battley, Esq.
Electric, 8 tons	...	...	P. Thompson, Esq.

The start took place at 1h. 26m., the Zuffa, Vidette, and Bijou taking the lead, when, after a hard-sailed race, during which several of the vessels met with the usual mishaps attendant upon hard carrying in, the following vessels were placed :—

				H.	M.	S.
Bijou	...	...	...	7	10	0
Banshee	...	...	...	7	16	0
Zuffa	...	...	...	7	37	0

On the second day, Thursday, the ball was opened by the Schooner Match, for a piece of plate, presented by Commodore the Marquis of Conyngham for schooners the property of members of the Royal St. George's Yacht Club.

The following vessels came to the buoys :—

Heroine, 79 tons	...	...	Robert Ball, Esq.
Querida, 30 tons	...	...	Simon Little, Esq.
Corsair, 105 tons	...	...	Arthur Kavanagh, Esq.
Maraquita, 111 tons	...	...	Captain R. J. Henry.
Esmeralda, 130 tons	...	...	H. O. Rose, Esq.
Phantasy, 20 tons	...	...	Captain Morant.
Tana, 36 tons	...	...	G. May, Esq.
Ella, 105 tons	...	...	Sir Gilbert East, Bart.

The Maraquita, from the recent splendid passage she made from Iceland, and the Ella, from her winning at Cork, were the favourites ; but the Ella put speculation quickly at rest, by taking the lead from start to finish. We must say, however, that she was peculiarly favoured throughout, during a very variable day, and that the long lead she obtained at the start gave her an opportunity of taking advantage of slants of wind, and tidal chances, which her competitors, becalmed a long way astern, had not a chance of.

The vessels arrived at the Flag Ship as follows :—

				H.	M.	S.
Ella	...	...	...	8	57	52
Maraquita	...	...	...	8	37	53
Heroine	...	...	...	8	40	50
Querida	...	...	...	8	48	0

[Corsair, Esmeralda, Phantasy, and Tana, not placed.]

The second race brought out a row of clippers which the world could not produce their superiors, for a piece of plate, value seventy sovereigns.

The following came to the buoys :—

Surge, 50 tons	...	...	C. Coupar, Esq.
Mosquito, 59 tons	...	...	T. Groves, Esq.
Amazon, 46 tons	...	...	J. H. Johnston, Esq.
Cymba, 52 tons	...	...	Thomas Brassey, jun., Esq.
Wildfire, 60 tons	...	...	J. T. Turner, Esq.
Kelpie, 22 tons	...	...	J. Todhunter, Esq.

After as fine a sailed race as we ever witnessed, which the Surge sailed three parts of without a topmast, it having been carried away, they arrived as follows at the Flag Ship :—

				H.	M.	S.
Mosquito	...	...	...	8	1	10
Surge	...	...	...	8	6	20
Amazon	...	...	...	8	9	10
Cymba.	...	...	...	8	10	20

The third race was for the Kildare-street Challenge Cup, for which the following vessels went :—

Water Lily, 24 tons	...	J. Mulholland, Esq.
Peri, 80 tons	...	J. W. Cannon, Esq.
Atalanta, 27 tons	...	H. Scovell, Esq.

This prize was won, beyond further contention, by the Atalanta, and which she now retains, having won it twice in succession, a valuable addition to her long list of well-won prizes.

The fourth match was for a prize of Twenty Sovereigns, given by the Dublin and Wicklow Railway Company, for yachts of 20 tons and under. The following vessels started :—

Fingal, 17 tons	...	F. Gowan, Esq.
Dove, 12 tons	...	T. D. Keogh, Esq.
Whim, 18 tons	...	J. M. Ternan, Esq.
Flirt, 19½ tons	...	Captain H. H. O'Brien.
Zuffa, 9 tons	...	A. Hargrave, Esq.
Bijou, 10 tons	...	R. D. Kane, Esq.
Electric, 8 tons	...	P. Thompson, Esq.

The usual hard contest which characterises the races sailed by these little clippers, eventuated in the following being placed :—

				H.	M.	S.
Flirt	...	...	...	6	53	0
Fingal	...	...	...	7	17	47
Bijou	...	...	...	7	22	0

Several excellent rowing-matches took place, in which the Dublin University Rowing Club upheld their prestige. These winning were—W. Keogh, Esq., *stroke*; J. Keogh, Esq.; Arthur Bushe, Esq.; Fletcher Moore, Esq.; David Latouche, Esq., *cox*.

We perceive our French friends have followed our example in yacht-racing, as they have on the turf, and have held a very successful regatta at Bordeaux, when the Mouche, Chateau, and Svea, Degenauer, won the first-class prizes; the Sirène, Duprat, and the Iris, Rousse, the second-class prizes; and the Gazelle, Leon Ducos, and the Roitelet, E. Lafon, Fils, the third-class prizes.

On Wednesday, the 30th of June, a new schooner yacht, of 72 tons, was launched from the stocks of Mr. Ring, of Strood, on the River Medway. She was designed by Mr. R. Pemble, built for Charles Appleyard, Esq., and named the Santa Catarina. Her dimensions are, length over all, 75 feet; length between perpendiculars, 60 feet; breadth extreme, 16 feet; depth in hold, 7 feet 10 inches.

H. Bridson, Esq., has disposed of his yacht, the Nimrod, 40 tons, to J. Blewitt, Esq., of Grantham House, Cowes.

The schooner Odalique, 50 tons, has been sold by the Messrs. Ratsey to Mr. Vandeleur, who has changed her name to the Marlet. It may be well for yachtsmen to remember, that once a yacht is registered, that, unless under certain alterations, her name cannot be changed under a heavy penalty.

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## THE COURTSHIPS AND FLIRTATIONS OF JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

IN the varied experiences of human beings, there are no passages of so universal and intense an interest, as the traits and incidents that appertain to the romantic passion which is the origin of the most intimate relations between man and woman. As Emerson remarks, in his beautiful essay on *Love*, "What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment?" Yet, as biography is commonly written, we can learn but little, and often nothing, of particulars so exciting to our curiosity, and with which there exists so general and profound a sympathy. The delineation of human fortunes, as far as they are affected by the tender and passionate emotions, is left entirely to fiction; and thus, through the medium of imaginary, and frequently unreal, descriptions, one of the most beautiful phases of our existence is but imperfectly shadowed forth, which might be very effectively, and more instructively, exhibited by the representation of reality. For though we willingly admit fiction to be a suitable vehicle for representing states of private and impassioned feeling, and will acknowledge that when this is done in strict conformity with the laws of our emotional nature, the fabulous plot and incidents are no material impediment to the truth of the representation: we nevertheless hold it to be undeniable, that events and circumstances which are known to have actually occurred have a superior claim to credibility, and carry with them a greater power of conviction and impression, than is possible to anything that is purely imaginary. "Let anyone bethink him," as Carlyle observes, "how impressive the smallest historical *fact* may become, as contrasted with the grandest *fictitious event*; what an incalculable force lies in this consideration: The Thing which I here hold imaged in my mind did actually occur; was, in very truth, an element in the system of the All, whereof I, too, form a part; had therefore, and has, through all time, an authentic being; is not a dream, but a reality."

Moved by this consideration, it has occurred to us that the courtships and innocent flirtations of Jean Paul Richter, if consecutively related, might form a graceful and interesting love-story; which having the advantage of being true in all its details, might on that account have peculiar attractions, and be not only a sort of novelty in biographic portraiture, but also prove as pleasant a piece of reading as any that could be selected from the most popular and exquisite romances. The materials for the delineation are amply provided for us in his biography and letters. An accomplished American lady, Miss E. B. Lee, has furnished us, in her "*Life of Richter*," with fair translations of these interesting documents; and as they are better translations than we could pretend to make, we propose to use them, as far as they may be available, in the present article.

Like most poetical minds, Richter would seem to have been visited

with foretastes of the tender passion at a very early age. He was not yet ten years old when he became enamoured of a little village maiden, whom he describes as his first love:—

"This," says he, "was a blue-eyed peasant girl of his own age, with a slender form and an oval face, somewhat marked with the small-pox, but with the thousand traits that, like the magic circles of the enchanter's wand, take the heart a prisoner. Auguste, or Augustina, dwelt with her brother Römer, a delicate youth, who was known as a good accountant, and as a good singer in the choir. It did not, indeed, come to a declaration of love on the side of Paul, or it would appear in this division of the readings already printed, but he played his little romance in a lively manner, from a distance, as he sat in the pastor's pew in the church, and she in the seat appropriated to women, apparently near enough to look at each other without being satisfied. And yet this was only the beginning; for when at evening she drove her cow home from the meadow-pasture, he instantly knew the well-remembered sound of the cow-bell, and flew to the court-wall to see her pass, and give her a nod as she went by; then ran again down to the gateway to the speaking-grate—she the nun without, and he the monk within—to thrust his hand through the bars (more he durst not do, on account of the children without), in which there was some little dainty—sugared almonds, or something still more costly—that he had brought for her from the city. Alas! in many summers he did not attain three times to such happiness as this. But he was obliged to devour all the pleasures, and almost all the sorrows, within himself. His almonds, indeed, did not all fall upon stony ground, but in the Eden of his own eyes; for there grew out of them a whole hanging-garden in his imagination, blooming, and full of fragrance, and he walked in it whole weeks long. For pure love will only *bestow*, and, through making the beloved happy, is happy! And, could it give an *eternity* of ever-increasing happiness, what were more blessed than love? . . .

"In this focus of love, Paul remained opposite to Augustina, and lived whole years without so much as touching her hand; of a kiss, indeed, he could never dream. If sometimes a homely servant-maid of his parents, whom he did not love, rashly and bashfully laid one upon his lips, soul and body rushed unconsciously and innocently together in that kiss; but the mouth of a beloved, which, at a distance, shone warmly down, like the sun, upon the most inward spiritual love, would have immersed him in the warmest heaven, and left him entranced and evaporating in the glowing ether; and yet it must be confessed, that once or twice in Joditz he was thus entranced. In his thirteenth year, when his father received a much richer parsonage, he, or rather his eyes, were driven two miles distant from his beloved. His father, out of love for his old residence, had taken with him to his richer parish a young tailor, whom he entertained for many weeks. When he returned, our hero furnished him with many pretty potentates, that he had sketched with wax and soot, and, with his colour-box, had coloured after life, to carry to Augustina, with the commission that the knights and princes were made by himself, and he presented them to her as an eternal *souvenir*."

Another love-passage belonging to the same period need scarcely be alluded to, as he informs us that his passion "endured no longer than dinner-time," and was besides entirely restricted to himself, the young lady knowing nothing of it. We just extract a sentence or two, for the sake of the beauty with which he has clothed the soft remembrance. Speaking of himself still in the third person, he records:—

"As he sat, wholly sunk in deep silence, at a respectable table in Joditz,

surrounded with grown-up young people, the above-mentioned young lady sat opposite, and, in appearance, was one of them. There swelled in his heart, as he looked at her, a love inexpressible in sweetness, seemingly inexhaustible—a gushing of the heart, a heavenly annihilation and dissolving of the whole being into her eyes. She said not a word to the enchanted boy, nor he to her. Had she only bowed, or wafted a kiss to the poor parsonage-boy, he had passed from heaven to heaven. Nevertheless, there remains the memory of the feeling of the moment, more than of her face, of which he retains nothing but the scars.”

This is the second beauty marked with the small-pox that appears in Richter's history; and somewhat later we meet another, of whom we have the following description, as idealized by her lover. Young Jean Paul was now living, still a boy, in his father's second parsonage at Schwarzenbach, on the Saale. Here, for the first time, he had the boldness and the felicity to perpetrate a *kiss*.

“As in earlier life,” he says, “on the opposite church-bench, so I could but fall in love with Catherine Bürin, as she sat always above me on the school-bench, her pretty, round, red, small-pox-marked face, her lightning eyes, the pretty hastiness with which she spoke and ran. In the school-carnival, that took in the whole forenoon succeeding fast-nights, and consisted in dancing and playing, I had the joy to perform the irregular hop-dance, that preceded the regular, with her. In the play ‘How does your neighbour please you?’ where, upon an affirmative answer, they are ordered to kiss, and, upon the contrary, there is a calling out, and in the midst of accolades all change places, I ran always near her. The blows were like gold-beaters’, by which the pure gold of my love was beaten out, and a continual change of places, as she always forbade me the court, and I always called her to the court, was managed.

“All these malicious occurrences (*desertiones malitiosæ*) could not deprive me of the blessedness of meeting her daily, when, with her snow-white apron and her snow-white cap, she ran over the long bridge opposite the parsonage window, out of which I was looking. To catch her, not to *say*, but to *give* her something sweet—a mouthful of fruit—to run quickly through the parsonage-court down the little steps and arrest her in her flight, my conscience would never permit; but I enjoyed enough to see her from the window upon the bridge, and I think it was near enough for me to stand, as I usually did, with my heart behind a long seeing and hearing trumpet. Distance injures true love less than nearness. Could I, upon the planet Venus, discover the goddess Venus, while in the distance its charms were so enchanting, I should have warmly loved it, and without hesitation chosen to revere it as my morning and evening star.

“In the meantime, I have the satisfaction to draw all those who expect, in Schwarzenbach, a repetition of the Joditz love, from their error, and inform them that it came to something. On a winter evening, when my princess's collection of sweet gifts was prepared, that needed only a receiver, the pastor's son, who, among all my school companions, was the worst, persuaded me, when a visit from the chaplain occupied my father, to leave the parsonage while it was dark, to pass the bridge, and venture, which I had never done, into the house where the beloved dwelt with her poor grandmother, up in a little corner chamber. We entered a little alehouse underneath. Whether Catherine happened to be there, or whether the rascal, under the pretence of a message, allured her down upon the middle of the steps, or, in short, how it happened that I found her there, has become only a dreamy recollection; for the sudden lightning of the present darkened all that went

behind. As violently as if I had been a robber, I first pressed upon her my present of sweetmeats, and then I, who in Joditz never could reach the heaven of a first kiss, and never even dared to touch the beloved hand—I for the first time held a beloved being upon my heart and lips. I have nothing further to say, but that it was the *one* pearl of a minute, that was never repeated; a whole longing past and a dreaming future were united in one moment, and in the darkness behind my closed eyes the fireworks of a whole life were evolved in a glance. Ah! I have never forgotten it—the ineffaceable moment!

“I returned, like a *clairvoyant*, from heaven again to earth, and remarked only that, in this second Christmas festival, Ruprecht\* did not precede, but followed it; for on my way home I met a messenger coming for me, and was severely scolded for running away. Usually after such warm silver beams of a blessed sun, there falls a closing, stormy gust. What was its effect on me? The stream of words could not drain my paradise; for does it not bloom even to-day around and forth from my pen?

“It was, as I have said, the first kiss, and, as I believe, will be the last; for I shall not, probably, although she lives yet, journey to Schwarzenbach to give a second. As usual, during my whole Schwarzenbach life, I was perfectly contented with my telegraphic love, which yet sustained and kept itself alive without any answering telegraph. But truly no one could blame her less than I that she was silent at that time, or that she continues so now, after the death of her husband; for later, in stranger loves and hearts, I have always been slow to speak. It did not help me that I stood with ready face and attractive outward appearance; all corporeal charms must be placed over the foil of the spiritual, before they can sufficiently shine, and dazzle, and kindle. But this was the cause of failure in my innocent love-time—that without any intercourse with the beloved, without conversation or introduction, I displayed my whole love bursting from the dry exterior, and stood before her, like the *Judas-trees*, in full blossom, but without branch or leaf.”

These enamoured ecstasies were too glowing to be otherwise than evanescent. A time arrived, even during his boyhood, when graver things put an end to such delights. Being a lad of genius, and passionately devoted to the acquirements of knowledge, and being, through some offence given to his father, withdrawn from the parish school, he began to employ all his available time in reading. Accordingly, as his biographer informs us, “he found no time and no object to satisfy the wants of the heart, and no food for the imagination. The little, round, red, pock-marked face of the little girl could scarcely have filled his fancy, and all his efforts were directed to the cultivation of the reason and intellect.” Years ensued in which hardships began to arise, driving far from him all chances of the luxury of love. In 1779, his sixteenth year, he was placed by his father at the Gymnasium, or town school of Hof, a little city not far from the parsonage of Schwarzenbach. Here he endured various buffetings from unfriendly school-fellows, along with not unfrequent browbeatings from pedantic and incompetent instructors. For Paul, with his splendid gifts, shot far ahead of their attainments, and unpleasantly unsettled them in their pedantic ways, by his lambent eccentricities of fancy and speculation. His masters taught him little, and even that which they *did* teach, they,

\* *Ruprecht* may be called “the Father Nicholas who comes on Christmas Eve and plays all sorts of tricks.”—*Tr.*

for the most part, taught wrongly; so that in after years he had actually to make an effort to forget a good deal of what he had wasted his time in learning. *Teachers and love*, he says, were denied to his youth; and the want of these, no doubt, considerably impaired the free development of his mind and disposition.

Another circumstance which occurred shortly after he entered the Hof school — namely, the death of his father — tended greatly to embarrass and embitter his youthful life. To Paul, who was the eldest of his children, the good parson left nothing but the care of his surviving family and the payment of his debts, with next to nothing in worldly substance to meet the responsibility. We find him, nevertheless, at the age of eighteen, entering the University of Leipsic, where, with a "certificate of poverty," it was supposed free tables and free lectures would be open to him. He gained but little help from the professors of the place; and being sadly in want of money, he made some attempts at authorship, with a view to improve his circumstances. These, however, for the most part failed, and he seems to have passed the two first years of his university existence amidst the greatest straits and difficulties. Neither disposition nor opportunities for love-making were possible while things continued thus; and Paul's heart, accordingly, remained all the time barren and inactive as a fallow field. At the end of the two years, however, when Paul was twenty years of age, namely, in the summer of 1783, he ran down to Hof to pass the vacation with his mother, and there, as it chanced, he fell in with a small adventure.

Paul had lately published a little satirical book bearing the title of "*Greenland Lawsuits*," copies of which had been forwarded to Widow Richter and her friends, hoping, perhaps, that the Hof people might be thereby incited to some little admiration of his talents. But as Paul was remembered by most of them as an humble country parson's son, whose father could hardly pay his way in the world, they could not readily conceive how he could write anything worthy of their august notice or attention, and, therefore, his little work received from them but an imperfect appreciation. Instead of the universal acknowledgment of its merits which he expected, he found that it had gained him only one lone admirer — a certain young lady, who appears in his biography under the name and designation of *Sophia*. This sympathetic damsel, however, expressed her admiration with immense enthusiasm, so that Paul's susceptible heart instantly warmed towards her, and inclined him to raise her to the vacant throne of his affections. The days for advancing his suit by presents of sugared almonds, and drawings of kings and princes, had now long since passed away, and instead of these, Paul sent the young lady some volumes of rare extracts which he had made out of the latest literature. Love-billets were exchanged, and matters seemed progressing towards an agreeable understanding. Sophia went so far as to present Richter with a ring; but on his own part, he was too poor to offer her anything of equal value. He refrained, likewise, from making any definite proposals; and thus, when he returned to Leipsic, the intimacy, if not exactly broken off, was left in a state of vagueness and uncertainty. Paul appears to have been under a promise to write, but he delayed a month in doing so, and then

his letter was filled with little other than excuses for not writing sooner. The young lady, being vexed at this, remonstrated, and demanded back her ring. Paul's reply was characteristic :—

"Every sort of dissimulation," said he, "is hateful to me, therefore it shall be wholly removed from the *answer* to your late letter. The letter that punishes my negligence pleases me better than the one that pardons it; and you appear to love me better when you are angry with me, than when you are reconciled. The letter contains the *silhouette* of your head, but not that of your heart. The light of the one has taken the place of the warmth of the other; and I hear your reason speak it, but not your love. Shall the warmth of your love depart with the warmth of summer? This suspicion your next letter will destroy or confirm. The ring that I sent back yesterday, and the want of which you so sadly regret, you need not send me again. Not the *ring*, but the form it gilded, was valuable to me, and such an image, yes, a better likeness, you can always present me."

This letter remained unanswered; and Paul, whose fancy represented his heroine in too charming colours, or who perhaps felt that he had not met the young lady's love with the warmth it deserved, wrote again as follows :—

"The curtain is torn upon which so many hopes were painted, and our love will fade with the flowers that put forth their short bloom at the same period. This, and nothing else, can I understand from your neglect to answer my last letter. We will not part from each other with reproaches. I leave you as we leave the grave that we love and must ever love! You can take your love from me, but not your image; *that* will endure longer in my heart than mine in yours. You cannot deprive me of the happiness I *have* enjoyed, for the recollection of it will daily be repeated. May he who has taken my place, or who will take it, reward you for the happiness that you have given me, and may you reward him by loving him better than you have him who now is nothing more to you!"

Thus philosophically, after asking for the return of his letters, ended the love-passage between Richter and the maiden of Hof, named Sophia. One cannot regard it as anything more than a mere flirtation, which it would have been wiser on both sides never to have commenced. To our thinking, Paul's heart was never heartily engaged in it; and this, indeed, is manifest from the tone and manner of his correspondence. As his biographer remarks :—

"His letters to Sophia are stiff, cold, and poor in thought, compared with letters to his male friends; and when we recall that childish love for the little peasant girl, whose first stolen kiss seemed ever to glow in his memory, and when we think of the glowing, but pure light in which he could paint a higher and more spiritual love, so that he kindled the hearts of the German youth, and made himself the idol of the women of Germany, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that the attachment was chiefly on the side of the lady, and that Jean Paul suffered very little from the disappointment of his hopes."

His university-life at Leipsic was of no long duration, and was too much beset with difficulties to admit of his forming any feminine intimacies in that town or neighbourhood. He was quite an unengaged

and' lonely man now for a considerable period, having enough to do to struggle with grim Poverty, and the varied failures and disappointments attendant on his efforts to gain a living by means of authorship. Publishers and editors, as if in determined conspiracy against him, declined his writings. From his mother he received no regular income, and, as a consequence, he became involved in a number of small debts, which it seemed impossible for him to pay. To such straits was he driven at last, that he resolved to fly from Leipsic, and, by way of diminishing his expenses, to take up his residence in the maternal household at Hof. There he thought authorship might be prosecuted as successfully as elsewhere, and at any rate he decided to try the chances, and abide his time.

His mother had lately lost what little property was left to her, by a law-suit, so she could only welcome him to a small tenement containing one apartment; and there, amidst the cooking, washing, scrubbing, spinning, and other labours of the domestic sort, he sat himself down to write, and write on, till he should achieve a reasonable success, or die in default by the alternative of starvation. After a trial of some time, however, without success, he was induced to engage himself to an old school and college friend, to instruct a younger brother in the French language; and after two or three years of such employment, he opened a school on his own account at Schwarzenbach. Here he seems to have resided, after the Yankee fashion, alternately with the different families that provided him with pupils; and the reader, doubtless, will be glad to hear that he found this way of life not only immeasurably more comfortable than that he had been previously leading, but also in nearly all respects agreeable and satisfactory to his feelings.

Having now gained something like a composed and settled mind—though school-teaching had been resorted to only as a temporary expedient, to be given up as soon as he should acquire any literary reputation—it might be expected that on the earliest opportunity a person of his susceptibility would be sure once more to fall in love. But for the present, it seems, nothing of the sort occurred, though there was no lack of opportunities. Every Sunday he walked to Hof, and spent the day with his mother. There he always found a party of young feminine friends to meet him, who greatly delighted in his society, and much admired both his character and conversation. With some of them he carried on a correspondence on questions relating to taste and literature, and special points of ethics and religion; but if ever love was mentioned, it was only in Platonic terms, and discussed chiefly as an element of æsthetics. The truth is, Richter had at this time formed to himself an extraordinary Ideal of womanly excellence and beauty—an imaginary Perfection for which his heart panted secretly, but which as yet he could not find embodied as a reality. He longed for intimacy and communion with a soul all grace, and purity, and passionate affection—a being such as his own mind had created for him in seasons of poetic reverie, and such as he afterwards drew in some of his celebrated novels; something of the rose-pink order, without a flaw of imperfection. In his journal there are many passages, wherein he dwells upon his hopes of one day meeting with this idol of his dreams. He writes on one occasion—"I ask not the most beauti-

ful *person*, but for the most beautiful *heart*; in *that* I can overlook blemishes, but in *this* none." Even at times when his spirit was overflowing with universal kindness, and he spread out his arms, as it were, to embrace the entire living world, a small voice from his inmost being whispered, that among a thousand none had yet been formed for him. Again he writes:—

"There can be but *one* beloved that can forget all for thee, and give thee every minute, every glance, every joy, every beating of the pulse, and say to thee, 'We have chosen each other from the whole world: thy heart is mine, mine is thine, thou deeply, deeply loved!'"

Among the young ladies whom he knew, there was none that seemed to answer to his extravagant demands, and thus his affections were left to dwell upon a vague, impersonal loveliness, created by his imagination. Once indeed he fancied he was drawing nigh to an actual embodiment of that Most Beautiful which delighted him. There was a certain Caroline who is said to have carried him beyond the limits which separate friendship from love and passion. In accordance with his aspiration above quoted, it was not her extraordinary beauty that fascinated him, but the great liveliness and charm of all her sentiments and emotions. We are told, however, that this dream lasted but a short time; and that the lady herself dissolved it, would appear from an entry in his journal—"I alone," says he, "must repeat in solitude, with flowing eyes, Thou lovest her yet, eternally, eternally!" Yet his letters to Caroline differed very little from those to his other young feminine friends. To all he addressed letters full of wise counsel, playful and humorous suggestions, delicate and penetrating sympathy with sorrows only betrayed in hints and whispers. He wrote for them fables; imaginary journeys all over the world, to teach them the customs of foreign countries; a fanciful history of the inhabitants of the moon; dreams, in which he veiled the most delicate hints and instructions; and to one, who wished for some assurance of the immortality of the soul, he sent an essay which contained the foundation and outline of his memorable *Campaner Thal*.

Years passed over with Richter, and, at length, his ambition to achieve distinction as an author was successful. In the year 1791, when he was about eight-and-twenty, he had the good fortune to get interest with a publisher to bring out a novel of his, bearing the title of the "Invisible Lodge;" and some two or three years later, he sent forth his celebrated "Hesperus." Both works speedily became popular, and were the means of introducing the author to a new and extensive circle of admirers and friends. Persons of rank and wealth, in various places, came forward to do him homage; and numerous were his invitations from all sides to dine, and to be lionised. A wealthy Jewish merchant, named Emanuel, invited him to spend some weeks at his mansion in Bayreuth; and the next year he was urgently solicited to pay a visit to Weimar. Among the many refined and notable people to whom he was in this way introduced, he inevitably came in contact with many elegant and cultivated women, by all of whom he was favourably recognised, and in some of whom he excited the most tender and profound



emotions. As was to be expected from what we know of him, he, on his own part, found it impossible to withstand the captivations by which he was now surrounded. We are here arrived, indeed, at that period in Richter's history, "when," as our authority remarks, "the silk and golden threads of love began to be woven thickly in his web of life; when, borne in triumph by eccentric and distinguished women, although with chains of flowers, he often felt the concealed thorns pierce his heart." The publication of "*Hesperus*," and other works which followed, drew upon him the attention of women in the higher ranks of society, who were not only attracted by his peculiarities as a writer, but began to manifest for him a deep, personal, and more than friendly interest. In reading what follows, the reader must recollect Paul's easily-kindled imagination—the sentiment, almost amounting to reverence, with which he ever regarded women; his previous exclusion from the more elevated circles of social life, and the disappointment of his former hopes—in order to understand the excitement, the abounding joy, with which he seems to have met this new manifestation of the interest his writings had produced.

Among the letters he received, desiring him to go and spend some time at Weimar, there was one bearing the signature of a noble lady, some parts of which it is here needful to transcribe:—

"During the last month," said the fair correspondent, "your works have been made known to us in Weimar. They excited attention, and to many have they been most welcome. To me they gave the most agreeable entertainment; and I have to thank you for some of the sweetest hours of the past, which I willingly wooed to linger, while the images of your fancy, like lonely phantoms from the realms of spirits, wandered before my mind. Often was I so deeply moved by the charm and riches of your thoughts, that, overpowered by my gratitude, I would seize the pen to express it to you! But how insignificant would be such a token from one unknown to you! In a happy hour, I heard your praises from men that you have long known and revered, and the wish to write was again excited. Now, it is not the solitary flower of my own admiration that I send you, but an unfading wreath, which the applause of Wieland and Herder have woven for you. . . . Wieland calls you 'our Yorick, our Rabelais—the purest spirit.' He discovers in you the highest flights of fancy, the richest humour, that often displays itself in the most surprising, the most agreeable terms."

The writer goes on to say, that Richter would find many friends in Weimar, whose names she mentions; and then concludes as follows:—

"Farewell! Be happy through the enjoyment of nature, and inspired through the creations of art, and continue to make us acquainted with ideals that honour the poet, and elevate the reader."

Richter is represented as like one struck by an electrical shock on the reception of this letter. To be known and read where such men as Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, and Herder were living and recognised as the heads of a literary aristocracy, was something immensely gratifying and flattering to his feelings. Long had the polished little city of Weimar lain in distant shadow like an enchanted world before his longing fancy, and now he was actually invited within its charmed and brilliant

precincts ! His fair eccentric correspondent was the Madam Von Kalb, a lady attached to the Court of the Duchess Amelia ; and, therefore, a person moving in the very highest circles. To a bewildered author, in the first flush of his success, it could not but be agreeable to be introduced to the most select society in Germany. Yet he hesitated about going to Weimar, inasmuch as a confidential friend, named Otto, looked with coldness and alarm upon the correspondence which had been opened by Madam Kalb. He accordingly wrote to her, declining the invitation, though, from the tone of his letter, it was evident he did so with reluctance. In a short time the lady wrote again :—

“ Two-thirds of the spring is gone,” said she, “ as I perceive by the almanac. The trees are yet unleaved in the beautiful park ; the nightingales have not yet sung ; you are not yet here ! All signs of spring are absent—which waits for the other ? *They* may come with all their charms !—the beautiful foliage, the perfume of the flowers, the love-songs of the birds, the gentle fanning of the spring breezes ; but for your friends they will be nothing, if you do not appear also. You are the soul and spirit of our union ; we are rich only in the esteem, admiration, and hope that your writings excite ; we know who are our friends by their admiration of you, and it is the first word of our greeting when we meet—Has not Richter yet come ? ”

Whether wisely or not, he now no longer hesitated. “ Like a travelling apprentice, he took his pack and staff, and turned his face towards the Mecca of his hopes, not as a merely modest, but as an humble pilgrim. For twelve years he had looked longingly from his solitary Fichtelgebirge to this paradise of exalted men, tender and accomplished women, love and glory, and all that in a poet’s golden dream awaited him.” And now the time was come when he was appointed to enter through its gates, and partake, as an inheritor, of all its delights and splendours !

Immediately on his arrival, he visited his unknown correspondent, Madam von Kalb, and through her was his presence made known to the distinguished literary characters of the place. It is related—“ All wanted to see the wonderful man. The men received him with outstretched hands—the women with beating hearts. They vied with each other in attentions to him ; even the Duchess Amelia, who had given orders that they should immediately inform her of his arrival, flattered him by many expressions of sympathy and admiration. Herr von Oerthel took him as a guest to his house, and supplied all those little domestic attentions so grateful to a stranger. Whoever had read his books wished to be introduced to him, and whoever saw and heard him, was compelled to love him.” Madam von Kalb did not disappoint his expectations. She was a brilliant and fascinating personage ; exactly such a one as must have kindled the warmest attachment in a heart like Richter’s, had there not existed one insuperable objection—she was married ; married, it is said, unhappily. However, “ her imposing exterior, the glance from her large, dark eyes, the strength and elegance of her language, her exalted sentiments, the fire of her emotions—that might consume as well as warm—marked the first impression as very powerful, and suggested the name by which he was accustomed afterwards to call her, the *Titanade*, as the original of his Linda, in the ‘Titan.’ ”

The days went joyously with Richter during this Weimar visit. He says, in one of his letters, that he lived twenty years in a few days. A "joy-intoxicated life," he calls it; and, all things considered, it must be held to be excusable, should it appear that the humble author, who left his home with his pack on foot, and found himself, in less than a week, a courted guest at the table of princes, invited and caressed by the most accomplished men, and the most beautiful women; these things considered, we say, it must be deemed excusable if he was now seized with a little giddiness. His worst danger, however, lay in his intimacy with the captivating Madam von Kalb. She is described as being somewhat older than himself, and at that age when an accomplished woman can exercise the utmost power over the mind of an imaginative man. Poor lady! she was living in an unhappy union with a husband greatly her inferior in intellectual capacity; and, finding the time dull, she wanted a sentimental variation in her tiresome, unsufficing way of life. At that time, also, the revolutionary ideas emanating from Paris had partly infected Germany; and thus her notions of decorous propriety were, probably, somewhat lax and indeterminate. At any rate, the morning after Richter's arrival in Weimar, she commenced a daily correspondence with him, which seems to have exceeded the limits of Platonic intercourse. In this strain she wrote:—

"Have you slept well? Friendship has prepared a home for you, and I am indeed glad that you are no longer in an inn. Ah! are we not always in inns and pay-houses, where everything is done for us from interested motives, that kills all heart? You told me that you could not live where they did not sympathise with you as a human being. I understand you—among the good, we are good; among the loving—happy. Write me the very moment that you will come to me, that I may not wait. All waiting destroys me; I would rather suffer pain of body than of soul—that of waiting . . . . ."

Paul answered, expressing an earnest desire to meet again; and the next morning Madam von Kalb sent him another note. She says:—

"I awoke this morning about dawn; as soon as I could distinguish the colours around, I longed for your answer. But I could write before it came. Ah! heaven, there was your billet! But, for God's sake, do not show yourself to others as you do to me, or all who understand you will die for you. . . . . You are as if in an apartment of glass, from which you can overlook all with the power of your intellect; but we—we are no glass, so smooth and cold. None! none! The soul loves an ideal representation; the heart, an ideal man, and would appropriate him. . . . ."

Madam seems here to be nearing a rather dangerous precipice; but, perhaps, we should allow something for the character of German sentiment. It is hardly to be doubted that her ladyship was in love with Richter, though there is no reason at all to believe that their intimacy was otherwise than altogether irreproachable. It is true, they continued to write to each other every day during the three weeks that Paul remained in Weimar; but their notes were chiefly upon the passing events of the time, and could only be interesting to readers intimately acquainted with the literary and political history of the period, and the

eminent characters then residing in the place. When he at length took leave of Madam von Kalb, it appears to have been with the understanding that they were to continue to correspond; and, shortly after his return to Hof, he received the following letter:—

"It is four weeks to-day since you came to Weimar, and what I so long expected is finished. Finished? Ah, no! If I never see you again, yet I shall know where to find the being to whom I can impart my most secret thoughts and sentiments. That which, like the ephemera, existed only with the sun, and in the evening was gone, holds now a second and longer life; and I can say to those who misunderstand and correct me, to me also the treasure of his mind is confidently imparted. . . . I have yet received no letter from you, and to-day is Monday, the 11th. Say many beautiful things from me to Otto. Farewell! How often have I thought of you—how often! for to you I can say all that I think, and even my anticipations will be like certainty. Farewell! How long will be the first letter I shall receive from you?"

Paul seeing, at length, the impropriety of this correspondence; and being privately inclined to discontinue it, waited eight days, and then wrote thus:—

"Time has crept over the last eight days with cold, wet wings, without one swift feather. I cannot forget my friend; I cannot do without her; I cannot bear that a heart I would hold as my own should be melted, without individual form, into the whole transparent mass of the public heart. . . . Nothing makes me so indulgent and mild as a fault. I am not accustomed to have my inmost soul wounded; therefore its bleeding imparts a new and more tender life. Distance consecrates the soul, and warms the heart anew. If my eye should again sink into thine; if I should again dare to shed tears in your presence; yet, our hearts and souls shall remain unveiled to each other. Upon your birth-day I will ascend a high mountain, and looking upon the sun that sinks down in the direction of your plain, I will think of your life. Look you, at the same moment, upon this glowing, sinking orb, and be certain that I am thinking of you; that I count the clouds of your shadowed life, and weep anew for all your deep sorrows. I will pray when I think of your heart, so crushed as if it had been thrown from rock to rock in the past. O, good destiny! will I pray, give this weary soul a tender, green repose; rend not asunder again the hardly yet united parts of her wounded heart. Give her calmness of soul, and a gentle life's course, accompanied by congenial beings, and rest—rest! Oh! I shall be eloquent on your birth-day, and my tongue shall stream as my eyes, and overflow with wishes; and, when I am silent, and sink down with panting-heart upon your beloved hand, my heart will be fuller and not lighter!"

From this letter it would appear that something of pity was mingled with Richter's enthusiastic sentiments of admiration for this lady; and that he was anxious, as far as possible, to console and soothe her in her troubles. Nevertheless, he steadfastly refused her solicitations to go and reside permanently in Weimar, as though fearing a too close neighbourhood with her fascinations. In allusion to this refusal, she writes, in August, 1796:—"I am not yet, but I hope I shall soon, perhaps, be sufficiently resigned. Ah! I shall at last learn to understand my destiny, for always the same wounds are repeated. Perhaps you will

answer me, if it is only a few lines, to tell me that my letter is received, and what I have further to fear or to hope from Jean Paul."

Paul did answer, but in a manner that hardly pleased her ladyship. She indeed appears to have adopted that modern French doctrine which affirms, that as all purity is from within, the external relations of life are, morally considered, of very little consequence. But this doctrine Richter held to be a heresy; and thought, at any rate, it ought not to be applied to the breaking down of those established relations between men and women which society recognised as sacred. A little sentimental friendship with a married woman might be just allowable or excusable; but his strength of principle and natural delicacy of mind made him shrink from any closer intimacy. Therefore, when her ladyship began to insinuate that she should like to get divorced from her husband, and marry Richter, he politely signified that such an arrangement would not suit him. Hence arose a certain coldness and estrangement, and, for the present, all communication between them was suspended. We shall meet with Madam von Kalb again, but here we leave her, to introduce another enchantress.

In the month of June, 1797, Richter, finding his health impaired by too much literary labour, went to spend a little time at the baths of Eger, in Saxony, where, as usual in the summer time, there were collected some of the most distinguished and brilliant persons in the country. Among them he was destined to meet Emilie von Berlespsh, a rich and beautiful young widow, lately arrived from Switzerland. Falling a good deal into her society, Paul's fancy was intensely kindled; and he was the more captivated, inasmuch as this beautiful and spiritual woman professed at the beginning to love him more with the *fancy* than the *heart*, and thus seemed to avoid the rock upon which poor Madam von Kalb had struck. A domestic event occurred, during his stay, which tended greatly to enlarge his admiration, and to excite in him a profoundly tender feeling towards the fascinating young widow. This was the unexpected death of his mother, which suddenly called him back to Hof; whence, however, he shortly returned to Eger, and found in the sympathy of his new friend as much consolation as the severity of his sorrow would admit of. It was this sympathy which peculiarly attracted him; and the circumstance which called it forth no doubt increased the interest which he had excited in the lady. She had lost her husband after a very short period of a married life that was quite happy, and was left childless. Feeling thus her own loneliness, she could enter into the loneliness by which he was oppressed. He writes in one of his letters to his friend Otto:—

"I have found the first female soul that I can completely unite with, without weariness, without contrariety; that can improve me while I improve her. She is too noble and too perfect to be eulogised with a drop of ink. She belongs to that class of women who with firm step go straight forward on their path, and do not turn, or observe the gazers on the right or left. She has more love in her heart than in her eyes, and therefore she is not understood, nor happy; and her clear reason and brilliant fancy surpass the glow of her imagination."

This lady's affection for Richter was at first of the most Platonic

sort ; but it soon appeared that she demanded a more exclusive devotion and a warmer expression of attachment, than Paul, with his attention absorbed by his *imaginary* heroines, could be prevailed upon to give. Hence arose a succession of stormy scenes which agitated his life for the next twelve months. A few extracts from the correspondence which ensued will best show us how matters went. After Paul had left the Baths and returned to Hof, the fair Emilie thus wrote to him :—

“ . . . Follow your heart when it speaks for me ; for notwithstanding all your goodness, all your sympathy with me, there is something in me that will always doubt. Do not look upon little hindrances and outward relations. What we lose at the present no eternity can give us back. There is for me only one real, pure joy, and in no future life can there be a higher than the intimate sympathy of soul with you. Ah ! we have as yet said nothing to each other. To-morrow I shall go to Weimar, and there I shall find a letter from you. This tells me why I have such an inexpressible longing to be there, where no joy except this, and meeting with Herder, awaits me. Ah ! I pray you not to love me—that were silly ; but I pray you to view justly the heaven that you create in me ! and if you can estimate it, then you will never destroy it. . . . ”

A week later she writes :—

“ I have received your letter. . . . Breathless with joy I seized it from the hand of the bearer. My nerves trembled ; for some moments I could not read it. At last it was read. But now—I would I could use any other image—but now the high-swelling waves of feeling were instantly checked, as if by a sudden frost. But wherefore ? *That* never ask me ! The heaven from which I wrote the first part of this letter is destroyed. . . Farewell ! When you are a *little* good to me, if you would not make it utterly impossible for me to write to you with unreserve, write, but never again in *such* a manner.”

How Richter had written we are not informed. Perhaps he had too readily taken the lady at her word, and promised *not* to be guilty of the indiscretion of loving her. To her second letter, however, he replied on this wise :—

“ How could I take from your view even the smallest blue spot in the cloud-heaven of life ? Nothing is so painful as an epistolary misunderstanding, when it must be effaced through the slow post, rather than with a glance of the eye. I stand already at the door of my literary cabin, and look at the opening in the distant prospect. How few men have a life-plan, although many a week, year, youth, or business-plan ! Men in their movements are without aim—accident, necessity, desire press one upon them that they take for their own. Gold pieces and medals of honour draw them down in life, and the outward dies without the inward being thought of. The folly of human wishes, indifference to the integrity of the soul, the half-fragmentary, half-accidentally formed inward, ideal man, where one half is a giant, the other a dwarf, makes one not only melancholy, but desponding. Upon the churchyard of the whole earth should this universal epitaph be placed—‘ Here lie the beings who in life knew not what they would have.’ My leave-taking with all my dear associates here gives me many wounds to take with me to Leipsic. May I there in your precious heart find none.”

From this it will appear that Jean Paul had decided on removing from

Hof, where, since the death of his mother, there were no longer any ties to bind him. Being concerned about the education of his youngest brother, whose maintenance devolved upon him, he determined to go and reside in Leipsic, where his brother would be able at the same time to enjoy the benefits of his personal guardianship, and the advantages of the University. Paul was no sooner settled in his new place of residence, than he came again into contact with Emilie von Berlespsh; of whom, in one of his earliest letters to his friend Otto, he thus writes :—

“Fate is spinning for me, for I hear the whizzing of her wheel, a network that will overspread my whole life. The Berlespsh is here. I find in her a soul that has not once fallen beneath my ideal, and I should be wholly happy in her friendship, if she would not be *too happy* with me.”

About the time of his removal to Leipsic, she had purchased a country-house a short distance from that city; and when Paul visited her, he found a quiet, retired apartment in the lower story fitted up expressly for his use as a study. Here he might repair when he wished to be alone, and seek society when he wanted it with the lady and her friends in her apartments. On all occasions, we are told, he met a glowing heart, and a warm, disinterested friendship. The intimacy, indeed, was now hurried to a crisis, as appears from a letter to Otto, which we next insert :—

“Harpocrates, lay thy finger upon thy lips, for the theme is of her—the purest, most spiritual female soul that I have ever known, but the firmest and most ideal, and possessed with an egotistical coldness of philanthropy that demands and loves nothing but perfection. She fulfils all the duties of benevolence, but without warmth of feeling. At the baths of Eger I treated here with extreme reserve, and took rarely her hand, only a sympathising part in her hard fate. She introduced to me a beautiful, rich, and highly moral young lady, her friend from Zurich, for whom no wooer had hitherto been pure and good enough, and wished that I should marry her. Her proposal, when she came now from Weimar, was, that my little winnings and the young lady’s property should be thrown together, to purchase a country-house, and that she should live constantly with us. She yielded when I represented the folly and impossibility of such an arrangement; but her soul hung on mine with more warmth than mine on hers, and I have lived through fearful scenes, blood-spitting and swoonings, such as no pen can describe. At length, as I sat one evening reflecting upon her severe destiny, my heart melted within me, and I went in the morning and told her I consented to the marriage with herself. She will do whatever I wish—will purchase a country-house where I like best, on the Necker, the Rhine, in Switzerland, or Voigtland. None, perhaps will ever love or esteem me more, and yet I am not satisfied; my fate was not decided by myself. In so far as greatness and purity of soul, and worldly riches, can make me happy, I shall be so—*perhaps*. . . .”

Notwithstanding promises, Paul did not get married. He did not like the match, and he therefore determined to back out. This he did successfully; and it has been cited as a proof of his extraordinary powers of address, and of the elevating influence of his moral nature, that he not only reconciled the lady to the refusal of her passionate

demands, but continued with her afterwards upon the most friendly and confidential terms, without further question of love or marriage. Paul's account of this singular breaking off is thus given in a letter to his friend :—

"I told Emilie that I felt no passion for her, and that it would be impossible for us to live happily together. I passed two inconceivably wretched days ; but now her wounded heart closes again gently, and bleeds less. I am free, free, free, and blest ! In Hof you will hear of it most extensively ; but my justification will precede the censure. It depended on myself, after my *confessions*, to form with her a social and friendly bond. At the end of May we shall go together to Dresden, Seifersdorf, and on the Elbe. . . . I should be much happier in marriage than you imagine. If there were only the *spring* of love, I would ask little from the summer of marriage."

As indicated in this letter, he some time afterwards actually accompanied Madam von Berlespsh to Dresden, and visited its famous galleries of painting and sculpture. But a few weeks of travelling in her society tired him, and gave him reason to rejoice that a more permanent union with her had not been formed. Writing to Otto during his tour, he says :—

"In future I shall journey alone, and on foot. With Emilie I found, upon our journey, too much egotism, and a too aristocratic manner towards those beneath her in rank. I have again made peace with her, although she, not I, has often opened the old wounds. In the spring of 1799 (*sub-rosa*) she will go to England."

At this point the intimacy seems to terminate. The lady went to England, and for some time resided in the Scottish Highlands. She subsequently returned to her native Switzerland, where, in 1801, she was married to a personage named the Rath Harms, with whom she settled in Berne, in the neighbourhood of her own estates.

In the meantime, Richter's residence at Leipsic was not answerable to his expectations. His brother, for the sake of whose education he had removed thither, robbed him of a hundred-and-fifty rix-dollars, and ran away and enlisted for a soldier. After this, Paul had no inducement to remain in a place connected with so painful an association, and he therefore resolved to renew his acquaintance with some of the celebrities of Weimar. In October, 1798, he again entered the gates of that pleasant city, and thus notified his arrival in a brief letter to Herder :—

"At length I have passed the Arabian Desert of two years, and have arrived with the same pilgrim's garment, like an Israelite to the promised land, where I wish to conquer nothing but—yourself."

His reception was even more flattering than at first, as personal knowledge had confirmed the former admiration. All doors and all hearts were opened to him. The autumn and early winter months passed pleasantly, when, in January, his old admirer, the Madam von Kalb, returned from her country seat into the Weimar circle, and



immediately a storm arose which turned the "Indian summer" he had been enjoying into a succession of unsettled days. Her ladyship had at this time brought her husband and her own family to consent to her divorce, and, as a consequence, she insisted on being married to our hero. His own relation of the affair is thus rendered in one of his frequent letters to Otto :—

"After a supper at Herder's with Madame von Kalb, Herder was sitting by her, for he esteems her highly, and immediately, in the presence of his wife, kissed her heartily; and as the reflection of this ancient flame fell upon me, she said, 'In the spring, in the spring.' I said afterwards to her, decidedly, *No!* And after a glow of eloquence from her, it stands thus—that she shall take no step for, and I no step against, the divorce. I have at last acquired firmness of heart. In this affair I am wholly guiltless. I can feel that holy, genial love, which I cannot indeed paint with this dark water—but it passes not beyond my dreams."

Richter remained firm against the seductions of Madam von Kalb, and soon escaped entirely beyond their influence. "He happily knew that such stormy heroines as Madames Berlespsh and Von Kalb were never formed as wives for him. He needed a mild and gentle spirit, not to dazzle and to be admired, but in whose unselfish love he could find a sanctuary for his heart." Perhaps, all things considered, it would have been better if he had not dallied quite so much with their fiery fascinations; for if he "did not mean anything" by his flattering attentions, the ladies evidently thought he did, and he, no doubt, occasioned both of them a great deal of pain and disappointment. All this must be admitted; and yet, as regards himself, it must be considered highly fortunate for his after-peace, that he did not suffer himself to be more than dazzled by these burning beauties.

From Weimar, Richter was called away, in the spring of 1799, by an invitation from the Duke of Hildburghausen, at whose Court he resided as an honoured guest for the space of several weeks. The Duke's society was not the main attraction, as the reader will readily understand when we mention that one of the attendants of the Duchess was a very beautiful young lady, whom he had met during the previous winter in Weimar. Her name has not been disclosed to us, she being merely designated in the documents before us as Caroline von F——. With her, however, Richter was soon avowedly in love, and seems to have met with every desirable encouragement, as far, at least, as the feelings of the lady were concerned. It will appear afterwards that "objections from noble relatives" stood in the way of matrimony, or otherwise, in all likelihood, Paul would have immediately entered into the responsibilities of that unromantic state. The reader may judge whether he was not sufficiently enamoured from the following description, extracted from a letter to his everlasting correspondent Otto :—

"My Caroline lives with her mother, sisters, and brother, and the time I am not at Court is passed with her. I know her now more intimately, and in no female soul have I found such serene, sedulous, religious morality—immoveable and incorruptible in its smallest branches. One feels, alas! by

her moral tenderness, that he has been long in Weimar. If I were united with her, my whole being, even the smallest stain, would be purified. She does not read, as young ladies usually do, merely to dissolve a sentimental manna upon her tongue, but to learn—that is, she reads history, and natural history. She has formed a complete herbarium, and a succession of ingenious flower-paintings. She makes verses, as you will learn by the accompanying inclosure, and therefore she cannot forget the satire upon female poetry in J. P.'s letters. It was true, she said, but too bitter. She drinks no wine at dinner, and passes great part of her time in the open air in the garden. 'Now that I am healthy,' she says, 'I will make myself hardy.' . . . Her delicate mother certainly guesses all, and by her silence gives consent. I dare tell you all. With three kind words you can give this dear being three heavens. . . . Her complexion is fair, and pale red; her brow poetical and feminine; her eyebrows strong—indeed too much so—and her eyes dark. The nose is the reverse of little and short, the lips naturally cut, and the chin a little too prominent. Of the beauty of her hair I enclose a proof. Pray return it immediately. I derive from her, God knows why, unless it is my five-and-thirty years, a sense of firmness and security that enables me to enjoy the present hour, without anxiety for future years; and thus my life completes its circle—its enchanted circle."

This seems to have been the most genuine attachment that Richter had ever had; and, as we have already said, the lady appeared to reciprocate his emotions: but the course of their love was, nevertheless, ruffled by the caprices and objections of Caroline's "noble relatives." All summer long was Paul annoyed and tortured by their criticisms and gainsayings. At one time the beloved obtained their consent to the betrothment, and Richter wrote, full of joy, to Otto, to desire him to postpone his marriage, which was then approaching, that they might have the happiness of solemnizing both weddings on the same day, and then to retire altogether to the little city of Bayreuth, and there realise the plans and fancies of their youth. The winter passed in frequent correspondence between the lovers, and in May, his friends the Herders went with Paul to Ilmanau, where Caroline was then staying, to celebrate the festival of betrothment. Apparently, Richter had never before loved so naturally and prudently, and he might reasonably hope for much happiness from the union which he contemplated. Yet, just at the eleventh hour, the whole affair was dissolved like the illusions of a dream. Some "little moral differences" were discovered which seemed likely to destroy the whole happiness of the marriage; the opposition of the lady's noble family was likewise manifest and unremoved; and, as a consequence, the betrothment did not take place. The match, in fact, was broken off. Richter returned to Weimar with a crushed heart. He had no words to describe the agitation occasioned by his disappointment; his health sank under the weight of his distress; and in his loneliness it seemed to him that his life before him was all a desert. Writing to Otto, he says:—

"The blow is given that has cut me to the inmost heart. I also am superstitious—misfortune and happiness come twice, not three times. I long infinitely for the little corner of my birth, and the innocent and touching scenes about you. You know not how my heart, even to sadness, dwells upon your day of ceremony."

All his letters to his friend at this time betray a profound restlessness and discontent—a deep longing for quiet and retirement, yet an unwillingness to retire, until he had formed a union that would satisfy his heart, even if it should not be answerable to his ideal. The several disappointments he had suffered tended greatly to moderate his demands. He says, on one occasion—"I would fain find a gentle girl who could *cook something* for me; and who would sometimes smile and sometimes weep with me." This, doubtless, was but the momentary yearning of an unsettled and disappointed heart; yet from this point it begins to be clear to him that he must not expect to find in any woman utter perfectability. Adieu! ye shadowy, angelic beings, such as the enkindled imagination creates in dreams and reveries, the time is come when one must even be content with some tolerable mortal—some kindly, gentle creature, who is not "too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

Such a one Richter had, at last, the exceeding blessedness to find. In the year 1800, he being then arrived at the ripe and mature age of thirty-seven, circumstances which need not here be specified called him to sojourn for a few weeks in the city of Berlin. There, one night, at a festival given in his honour, Paul had the good fortune to fall in with a certain Dr. Meyer, Professor of Medicine and Royal Privy Counsellor, who was accompanied by his two unmarried daughters. Strictly speaking, he met with one of the daughters first, and was afterwards introduced by the other to their father. The account of the introduction, as we have received it, is as follows:—

"A little accident, his being too late to take the place assigned him at the right hand of the President, brought him to an unoccupied seat at the side of Caroline, the second daughter of the Counsellor. It was the only vacant place at the table; and the young lady's heart began to beat when she saw the wonderful man, the 'observed of all observers,' approach it, and, with timid humility, she shrank from supporting a conversation with him; but as Richter had come from dining at *Sans Souci*, the conversation about the Queen and the Court immediately became interesting. The mildness and friendliness of Paul's manner wrought a sudden change from timidity to the most ingenuous confidence in the soul of Caroline Meyer. Richter, in his personal appearance and manners, exerted a magical influence over all minds, and nothing interested him so deeply as the unveiling of an innocent female heart. He was touched; and at rising from the table gave Caroline the flower from his breast, and asked her to present him to her father. It happened that her sister Ernestine, who sat opposite at the table, and, like a true woman, had observed the impression that had been made on Caroline, now met them with her father. They had seen in his eyes an expression of high esteem for Jean Paul, and secretly happy, about midnight they left the party. Richter led the sisters through the long avenues of the garden to their carriage, and bade them silently good-night."

A day passed, and on the next Richter called at the house of the Counsellor, with some complimentary excuse, and thus gained an opportunity of seeing Caroline at home. The impression made upon him was eminently a pleasant one; and as regards the lady herself, it is said that, since she had first seen him, her imagination had been dwelling exclusively upon him; and when he made the unexpected visit, "he

stood near her as a being that she must regard with almost religious veneration." Mingled with this reverence, a tenderer feeling crept in, and it soon became apparent to her family that she was ardently in love with Paul. However, as he did not, as matter of certainty, immediately discover this, and as perhaps at first his own feelings were not very decided, he left for Weimar without making any advances. The little attention he had paid to Caroline was in the meantime not unnoticed: the gossips of Berlin even spread a report that she had kissed his hand in public; and this, coming to her father's ears, induced the old gentleman to forbid any reference to Richter by the family, until he should himself make some more positive declaration of his wishes. This, as it happened, was not long wanting. When Richter returned to Berlin in October, Caroline was the first person informed of his arrival, by a few lines, in which he asked permission to visit her family that evening. Though they had never as yet said a word of love, their eyes had met, and their hearts had spoken too truly for them to be longer silent. "And that very evening," says the record, "as he conducted Caroline to visit her mother, his tongue was loosed, and their destiny for ever united."

Nowise backward was the young Fraulein to make the circumstance known to the old Counsellor. Early the next morning, kneeling at the bedside of her father, and whispering in his ear how Richter had made a "declaration," Caroline asked his blessing on their love, with a timidity and earnestness such as to a maiden was becoming. The good man's answer shows his simplicity and disinterestedness of character. "My child," said he, "if the satisfaction of your father can add anything to your happiness, believe me, no union could give me so much joy. I feel it as a reward for all my care of your education." Now when it is remembered that Richter was not a man of landed estate, or of pecuniary substance in any shape; that he had not even the prospect of a dollar, except what he could coin by his own wit; it must be acknowledged that father Meyer was as unworldly and as unselfish in his notions as his daughter. The connexion has not been unfitly styled romantic; and no doubt many of the "respectabilities" of Berlin regarded it as imprudent. For we are assured that Caroline had been brought up and educated amid luxury and refinement; and thus what she had been accustomed to might not unreasonably seem to her as the necessities of existence. The Counsellor, living in his sumptuous fashion, seems, indeed, to have regularly spent his income as it became due, and therefore was not in a position to give his daughters any dowry; yet in point of rank and standing in society, he was a personage who, had he possessed a narrow or vulgar mind, was likely to look somewhat contemptuously upon an alliance between his daughter and an author who was dependent for his daily bread upon his talents. That no objection was raised on this score seems to speak highly for the unselfish and trusting disposition of Herr Meyer. At any rate, in the correspondence between Richter and the worthy Counsellor, not a word is said of property. Paul says, when asking the father for his daughter:—

" . . . . In this moment of my *great request*, all other things appear too little to be touched upon by either of us. I approach the man for

whom my esteem and love, even without the relation I desire, would be almost filial; as his feminine tenderness and manly philosophy have together nourished the root of this beautiful flower of the sun, and made it so firm, yet so tender. To this *good* father of this *good* daughter, I present my short, but weighty prayer. Let her be mine! She will be happy, as I shall be!"

In a strain no less elevated the father answered—"That it had been the aim of all his plans, in the education of his daughters, to prepare them to unite themselves with such men as Richter—and that he gave his unconditional consent." The mother also concurred; and the betrothing (or public ceremonial by which in Germany two persons signify that they are indissolubly engaged) took place immediately.

Paul, as he thought, had at last, in his thirty-eighth year, found that embodied ideal of feminine perfection and loveliness which had so long haunted his imagination. He says, in some note or letter:—"Caroline has exactly that inexpressible love for all beings that I have, till now, failed to find, even in those who in everything else possess the splendour and purity of the diamond. She preserves, in the full harmony of her love to me, the middle and lower tones of sympathy for every joy and sorrow of others." Her personal charms and graces he thus describes to Otto—"She has the beauty, rare among Germans, of a dark, soft eye, and Madonna brow;" and he goes on to say that she has a "self-sacrificing love, without equal; modesty, openness; and in the midst of the purest love for me, her heart trembles at every sound of sorrow. She has the warmest friends among women and young girls, and the innumerable visits of congratulation that she received at the news of our betrothment (*verlobung*) shows how much she is beloved by the Berliners."

These descriptions are sufficiently glowing and poetical, though there is no reason to believe that they much exceed the truth. Caroline Meyer seems really to have been a very remarkable young woman—one in all respects worthy of the exalted opinion which her lover entertained of her. The coldest and least exaggerative of Richter's biographers says:—

"Purity of mind, unlimited love to her parents and sisters, and benevolence to all mankind, were native to her. She added inexpressible reverence for Richter, and unconditional submission to his wishes. With a love for all that was beautiful in art, she had very moderate views of the value of the outward in life; great enthusiasm of feeling, and through trial and experience a penetrating knowledge of the world; but with an accomplished education, and almost unlimited resources within herself, her outward life and appearance was modest, and without pretension."

Such a one was certainly worth the wooing; and happy must have been the man who had the privilege of winning her. Perhaps Richter had never been so happy as he was during the few months that followed his betrothment to Caroline. Everything went on agreeably; and at length, on the 27th of May, 1801, the marriage was duly solemnized. Leaving Berlin, Paul and his bride travelled over the most beautiful parts of Dessau, visited the Herders in Weimar, and then proceeded on to Meiningen, where they for a time set up their household. In their

new life, both deemed themselves the favoured of earth and heaven. In a long letter to her father, shortly after their marriage, Caroline writes—

"I never believed I should be so happy as I am. Every minute binds our souls closer to each other. It will sound extravagant to you if I say, the high enthusiasm which Richter excited in me has continually risen as we have entered into real life together. Never can a misunderstanding arise between us. My mind, through love and the highest goodness, is so tenderly tuned, and my sense of obligation so elevated, that I never, as formerly, despond. How could I place my will in opposition to this splendid humanity that works only through love and humility? Thank God, I have a husband with whom love in married life can only take the path of honour and morality; one that I must obey, as we obey virtue itself. And this man so loves me, that I have nothing to wish but that we may die together."

Richter's testimony to the felicity of his new estate is nowise less emphatic. To the correspondent so often named, he says:—

"That the brightest and purest fountain of love to mankind takes nothing from love to the individual, I learn from my Caroline. Every day it becomes more expansive. Rare as beautiful is her adoration of the spiritual of poetry and nature; wonderful her disinterestedness and complete abnegation of self. There is nothing that she would not do for me, or others. World-long cares are to her nothing, as her industry and love of duty are infinite. . . . As yet we have had nothing, or only very little, to irritate, I cannot say that I am satisfied, but I am certainly *blest*. Ah, see her! What are words! Marriage has made me love her more romantically, deeper, *infinitely more* than before."

Thus, after all his courtships and flirtations, Richter has gained at last the helpmate meet for him. His good fortune was, perhaps, more than was to be expected. It was certainly the reverse of that indicated in the proverb about going through the wood in search of a walking-stick, and coming out with a crooked one at last. Richter's wife was every way a genial and right admirable companion. Their wedded life was not without its measure of cares and trials, and even commonplace vexations; but through all they clung lovingly to each other; and thus whatever burden there might be was lightened, and every passing joy through mutual participation magnified. Children were born to them, and grew up to be the consolation of their later age; and when the parting hour came, neither could look back and reproach the other with unkindness, or any lack of conjugal devotion.

## THE BALLARAT GOLD-FIELDS.

As I was purposing to return to the old country, I resolved, previous to my departure, to take a critical survey of the celebrated Ballarat gold-field, which I chose in preference to any other digging, not only on account of its vast size and productiveness, but also because it exhibits every mode of gold-mining in a more perfect and practical manner than any of the other mining communities. I need not trouble the reader with an account of the first day's journey to Geelong, nor need I delay him with what I imagine would be a stranger's impressions of that very quiet, respectable-looking little town. Everyone who has been in the Colony has heard of the quietness of Geelong, and most people have experienced the truth of the common report. As it would be unnecessary to give the reader an account of my first day's journey, so it would be cruel to distress him with a narration of the sufferings of the second. Stuck, or rather jammed, on the top of a coach, badly cushioned and poorly horsed; scorched by the sun, choked and thoroughly blackened by the dust, and jolted and racked in a manner which it would be impertinent to describe, I passed eight hours in a frame of mind and body which strongly reminded me of that middle state between heaven and hell believed in by certain Christians.

After leaving the immediate vicinity of Geelong, the country presents, for the greater part of the way to Ballarat, a very barren and inhospitable appearance. No river, no lake, no verdure relieving the monotony of the brown plains, and half red, half yellow-looking trees. But as you approach Bunningyong, which is about twelve miles from Ballarat, a marked improvement takes place, the soil being of a richer nature, and the verdure being proportionally improved.

Of the mountain Bunningyong, from which the little town at its base takes its name, I shall have more presently to say. As it is, we must keep with the coach, which passes through the town to the chief inn, where the horses are changed. While this operation is being performed, we may give a word or two of information about the town. Gold had been discovered in Bunningyong some time before it was found in Ballarat, consequently the advance of the township was at first very rapid, and would likely enough have continued to be so, had it not been compelled to hide its diminished head before its Herculean rival. The wonderful richness of the latter digging drew all the mining population from Bunningyong, leaving it, for the most part, a collection of closed public-houses and deserted stores. Land which had sold for £1,000 would not now fetch £100; and if Bunningyong has not the beauty, it certainly has the desolation, of the "Deserted Village of the Plain." There are some substantial houses still occupied, and a few deep-sinkings are carried on near the township.

Once again in the coach, we enjoy an agreeable drive into Ballarat, having fresh and good horses, and the singular novelty in this country of an excellent road through a pleasant landscape. As we gradually approach the great centre of attraction, we are warned of its proximity

by the number of "Prospect Holes"—that is, holes sunk on trial by parties who were endeavouring to find the lead or direction of the gold. Groups of anxious diggers, too, passing along the road, become more numerous, and two or three half-way public-houses, as each claim to be, excite and direct a stranger's attention to the singular scene he is now approaching. The drive through the Ballarat diggings gives one a very inadequate idea of them as a whole, and the rapid pace the horses are worked up to as they approach their destination, the innumerable number of pursuing dogs, as well as the novelty of the objects immediately about us, occupy one quite enough, without leaving time for general observation. I shall therefore digress a little from the natural order, to state the general appearance which the diggings present when viewed from the neighbouring mountain of Bunningyong.

The Flat of Ballarat, where the greatest yields of gold were originally found, is of very considerable extent, and is bisected by the River Lee—river I call it, as other people do so, but I must privately inform the reader that it is nothing more than a dirty, and at times imperceptible, watercourse; very useful, however, in mining operations. This Flat was the original gold-field, and still is the principal one; from it branch diggings run out from twelve to fourteen miles, presenting, by reason of the tents and the excavated clay, a whitened appearance over more or less of the country. Ant-hills in white ground give an apt illustration of the appearance of the diggings; in truth, the operation in both cases is precisely similar, even to the piling up of the excavated clay, only that the ants perform this latter operation with more skill than the miners. The Sebastopol diggings, the most remote connected with the Ballarat group, appear to the north, the tents at that distance being like so many white mushrooms. On the eastern and southern sides the mountains of Bunningyong and Warrenheip surround the plain, while the lakes of Burrembeet and Learmouth display their glassy, shining surfaces near the distant horizon to the west. On the side of the mountains, a deep, lofty forest, extending up to the diggings, presents a striking contrast to the bare and whitened plain. Beyond this general description of the situation of the gold-fields, nothing more can with truth be said of its appearance, as in itself it is little else than a ragged collection of very dirty-looking tents on a very miserable plain.

As the coach reaches the end of the main road everybody stops to stare at us. Diggers, very muddy about the legs, stock-men very bowed about the legs, and Chinese very curious in every respect about the legs, are all turning and gaping at us; so that in fact we get no relief from the public gaze till we are turned into the coach-yard of the George Hotel, by a rapid kind of whirl that almost sends us from our seats, and makes us feel full of gratitude that for the present, at least, the dangers and tortures of the journey are over. The George Hotel, the chief one of the place, is a wooden building, well enough provided and furnished, though the attendance at our first day's dinner was not exactly what we were accustomed to, the waiter having put the fish and meats on the table together, and after having disposed of both, asked us if we would like any soup? Not however to weary the reader with insignificant particulars, I shall at once proceed to give him



my general impression of the diggings, on my first stroll through them the following morning.

It is customary to speak of the wonderful advance of the township ; certainly the change in its character is extraordinarily rapid, from a sheep-walk to the scene of action for a population of some 50,000 people, collected from every place, and, in some instances, the most distant parts of the earth. And this population, of course, have not lived there without some respectable buildings and other signs of civilization springing up about them. But anyone who expects even as much as the appearance of a respectable English market-town will be vastly deceived. One street does indeed display a few stone and brick buildings, among which the gaol, court-house, and church are conspicuous ; but the rest of the settlement is a collection of very frail-looking edifices and innumerable tents, varying in size from what accommodates a party of ten or twelve, to that into which the solitary inmate can with difficulty creep. In passing through the township, the public-houses appear conspicuous, and the shops (of which there is every possible description) display in abundance the latest fashions and inventions. Indeed, in the general appearance of the town, you are struck by the junction of the rudest shifts of immediate necessity with the latest and most costly discoveries of civilization. Thus, you see the telegraph wire passing over canvas-sheds, in which no farmer in England would shelter his pigs ; and photographic establishments, with skillfully-executed views of public places, of which an English hamlet would be ashamed. You also perceive frequent proof of the disorganised state of society : such as a barrister having part of a tailor's shop for his chamber, and a doctor and a baker displaying their wares in the same front. There is nothing remarkable about the diggings, except that you are struck with the monotony of their aspect. The unsettled and uncomfortable look of the place, the not very taking appearance of the inhabitants, and the dirt of their dwellings, made me glad that mine was but a passing visit.

Looking from the township, our attention is attracted to Black Hill, as it is called ; it now appears far more deserving the name of " White Hill," as it is literally turned inside out ; being composed of bright shining quartz, it presents, as may be imagined, anything but a black appearance. The workings on this hill differ from those on other parts of the diggings, inasmuch as they are carried on by one or two diggers, and require little machinery or capital. The sinkings are seldom over eighty feet, and gold is found in small quantities from the very beginning, so that diggers, when they have failed in more adventurous undertakings, retreat for subsistence to the Black Hill. As these diggers, from time to time, appear in numerous bodies, the hill is so worked and re-worked, that little gold escapes for future adventurers. Several parties, however, whom I met, were doing pretty well, and some of the cans of stuff which I saw washed out yielded a fair quantity of gold. I may remark in passing, that the operation of washing out the cans is very simply performed. The washing stuff is placed in a tin dish which is kept filled with water, and is then shaken to and fro till all the clay has been washed off, when the gold appears at the bottom. Being so much heavier than the clay, the gold always sinks to the end, so that not a particle is ever washed out. This hill presents a striking instance of

what willing industry will do. For the extent of a mile and a-half up to, and about it, the whole ground is excavated in every conceivable manner, in nearly every case without the aid of machinery, and in many in the most unskilful and laborious manner. Large open pits, as large as any ordinary room, and often twenty and thirty feet deep—wide openings sunk to a depth of eighty or ninety feet, by pickaxe and bucket, and drives going straight under the hill for fifty or sixty yards—are lasting evidences of the unassisted manual strength that must have been expended there. Further than what I have mentioned, there was nothing particular to notice on this hill, so I turned my steps to Golden Point, another of the suburban diggings, if I may use the expression; but there the works were of a very different description from those I have just been describing.

This digging is on the western side of Ballarat, and through it the gold leads out in the Arrarat direction. It is never got near the surface, and, unlike all gold soil, presents a dark and rich appearance. Golden Point is extensively and substantially built on, and being partially cultivated, has a settled and very unmining-like appearance. In fact, there is no mining on or near the surface; but down at a depth of three, and sometimes four hundred feet, the ground is cut through by drives or tunnels in every direction. The companies who have these claims consist of parties of forty at least, it being necessary to keep on the sinking day and night perpetually. In these deep sinkings it takes eighteen months, sometimes two years, before the gutter or gold soil is reached, during which time there is not the least return, and then if successful, the yield of gold gives between four and five hundred pounds to each man. Even where successful, the amount gained is a very inadequate return for the labour and capital employed. For, as may be imagined, the expense of furnishing, as it is called, that is, supplying the necessary machinery, &c., for one of these claims, is something very considerable, especially at Australian prices. In the first place, there is a steam-engine to be provided for getting up the buckets of clay, and pumping out the water when necessary; then the whole of the shaft has to be planked with wood, brought from the country for the purpose; and when passing through a "drift," or current of sand and water, stronger and double planking has to be used. All the drives or underground passages have also to be planked, and kept perpetually lighted with sperm candles. Besides these leading items of expenditure, there is the maintenance of the party, and the innumerable incidental expenses necessary to such an undertaking. And when the dangerous, unhealthy, and disagreeable nature of the occupation, the unseasonable hours, the dirt, the darkness, and the denseness, as well as the uncertain nature of the profit is considered, any mechanic or labourer in employment has little inducement to leave an easy, independent occupation, for a harassing, and perhaps unsuccessful pursuit. While I am on the subject of deep-sinkings, I will give the reader an account of two claims that I inspected, from which he can form some idea of what they are like. One was the George Claim, so called from being in the back-yard of the George Hotel, two hundred and sixty feet deep, undermining a central part of the township.

Having previously agreed to "shout," I provided suitable grog for the miners, and being properly covered with an oilcloth to keep off the

wet and dirt, I was placed in the bucket or barrel over the mouth of the shaft. The signal being given, steam was turned on, and away down into darkness I rapidly disappeared. Keeping my eyes fixed on the bright speck of light, I saw it gradually grow dimmer, when suddenly the sound of voices below, and the slackening of the speed, warned me that I was approaching the close of my dark career. Indeed I can scarcely say the close, for the darkness below was nearly as great as on the passage down. The first view of the place of gold is anything but enchanting. Five or six half-naked, ferocious-looking diggers, crowding round like wild beasts, the damp oppressiveness of the air, the terrible gloom, and the overpowering pressure of the atmosphere, imparted anything but a pleasant sensation. The whole scene forcibly reminded me of Milton's hell—

“A dungeon horrible on all sides round,

No light, but rather darkness visible.”

The idea of being down with such company in such a distant hole of the earth, has nothing very pleasing to the imagination. The part of the mine under the shaft where I got out was eight feet high, and more lightsome than the rest; from it two drives branched out, each about five feet high and four feet broad, and one about fifty yards long, and the other at least one hundred. In the smaller one there was nothing particular to see, as they had not come to the gold soil, but were driving through a hard rock, behind which they were expecting to find it. In the other, they had come on the gold soil, and got some gold from every spadeful; sometimes very little, of course, but at any rate so much as to make it worth their while to wash it. The clay was of a red mottled appearance, very clammy and wet. This clay is the best to find the gold in, as it has consistency enough to retain it, which the soil, if looser, cannot do. From the direction of certain pieces of sandstone, the soil was evidently formerly acted upon by a strong current, as the stones were of considerable size. Under such soil gold is always found, so the miners follow it whatever direction it takes, or to whatever depth it goes. Having expressed a desire to have a turn myself at miners' work, I was speedily accommodated with a pickaxe, and actively commenced to pick down the sides, expecting every moment to see some nuggets rolling at my feet. Having continued some minutes, however, I was quite satisfied to leave off without my expected reward, as the denseness of the atmosphere rendered the work severe enough to any one, but more particularly distressing to one not accustomed to it. The candles, which were stuck in wet lumps of clay, were only used at the ends of the drives, and other places where active operations were carried on; so that the light, dim enough everywhere, was almost lost in the centre of the drives. All the miners collected at the end of the drive to look at the stranger, and to drink the brandy which he had provided;—such a number of persons crowding in so small a place, made the atmosphere insupportably oppressive, the more so as I had been in it some considerable time. The aforesaid brandy, too, had evidently taken an upward tendency in

the miners' heads, which did not at all contribute to their desirability as companions. Shouting, squabbling, and proposals to force more brandy from the stranger ensued, and somewhat interfered with my scientific observations of this interesting locality. As I saw no advances made for getting me up again, I ventured to hint that my curiosity was satisfied, and that I would have no particular objection to form part of the cargo of the next bucket despatched. After some considerable delay, I was not sorry to find myself again under steam, upward bound to the regions of sunshine and life. This claim which I have described is a fair specimen of the clay-sinkings in general. The "Crown Claim," which I will now say a few words about, is by far the most wonderful of the quartz-sinkings. I may here mention, that nothing can be more different than the two kinds of mining—the one being, for the most part, narrow drives through damp, clammy clay; the other, deep, large, and dry excavations in masses of bright and solid quartz. In the latter, of course, no planking is required; but the work is very tedious, and the gold has to be crushed out of the rock, and not washed or picked out, as it is from clay. Another advantage in the quartz-sinkings is, that there is not the risk of the drives falling in, a catastrophe which so often occurs with fatal effect in the clay-sinkings. Excepting the dust naturally caused by the working operations, nothing can be cleaner than the interior of a quartz claim, while there is not that oppressive damp so unbearable in clay drives.

This Crown claim belonged to a party of six of the most respectable, intelligent miners that I met with in the course of my wanderings. They never increased beyond the original adventurers, so that there was a confidence among them that could not have existed in a more promiscuous collection. Everything about their dwellings, arrangements, and works, denoted comfort, independence, and skill, and, amid the dirt and discomfort around, they seemed a kind of oasis in the desert.

The quartz-sinkings are never so deep as the clay—this one was only one-hundred-and-sixty feet in a direct line of measurement; but, judging from the enormous excavation, it must have been a work of far more labour and expense than at first sight might be imagined. We first went down sixty feet by ladders and inclines, when we came to the main excavation, which was about one hundred feet long by twenty broad, and about thirty feet high; from it branched out drives and cuttings in every possible direction. There were six of us together, and as each had a lighted candle, a very brilliant effect was produced on the shining quartz; and when, dividing, we distributed our lights in opposite nooks, the vast cave looked like the ruin of some ancient abbey, and the drives, branching out from the tops of the pillars of quartz, like the niches where the monks used to pray. The heaps of quartz piled here and there, and the sombre gloom through the whole, seemed to carry out the idea of desolation. After having surveyed this main stage of the works, we were let down by a rope through the second shaft, which pierced the solid quartz rock to the second drive—a depth of about one hundred feet. This drive was the ordinary size of the clay-sinking drives, but differed in having purer air, and being free from damp. In it they had struck on the gold, and in several places we saw the veins of the precious metal edging out along the sides. The gold thus found has to be crushed out of the quartz—an operation

which at present the diggers find much difficulty in getting effectually performed. But this is a want not likely to be lasting, as every kind of machinery is daily coming to the diggings. One of our party was an engineer, who was about to set up a quartz-crushing machine which would crush two hundred tons a-day. This party had already made about £2,000, and besides had quantities of quartz from which they had not yet extracted the gold. The only other mining party of which particular notice need be taken is the "White Flat Mining Company."

This Flat had, on the first discovery of the gold-field, proved to be of extraordinary richness, and consequently was soon seized on, and the gold worked out in as perfect a manner as could be by the machinery then at the disposal of the miners. But the Company, considering that much gold remained yet unfound, got a grant of the five acres of the Flat from Government, and, with proper washing machinery, commenced the somewhat stupendous operation of excavating and washing the whole five acres, from the surface downwards, as far as it continued to pay. The party, which consisted of seventy-five persons, turned off a creek that used to inundate the Flat, and with two steam-engines, and a great deal of minor machinery, managed to keep the enormous excavation dry, and to carry on with sufficient rapidity the washing of the gold soil. The enterprize was, on the whole, paying, but the success was not very striking. They had the day before I saw the works realized sixty-three ounces. The excavation was already carried to a considerable depth; and the engineer of the works told me that when they found mining operations no longer paying, they intended to turn the creek into its old bed, and make the enormous excavation a monster swimming-bath for the unwashed population of Ballarat! As some wretched little mud-holes, misnamed baths, are at present crowded at one shilling a bath, such a speculation cannot fail to be profitable.

To attempt any further general description of the diggings would be a useless and unpleasing task. In several walks about the various "leads" and suburbs of Ballarat, no new observation or view could, by any acuteness, be discovered. One unvarying monotony of yellow hill and yellow gully, heaps of yellow clay, holes from which they came, and rude windlasses by which they were turned up, dirty diggers and yelping dogs, miserable tents and blinding dust, was all I met with during many days' perambulation. Yellow clay, and red clay, and white quartz was all the eye had to rest on; and had it not been for the forests in the distance, you would have forgot the black soil and bright green of the country. This last expression may appear strange to some who have been accustomed to hear of the sterile nature of the Australian land; but whatever the soil may be in some parts, it certainly merits this praise about Ballarat.

Mount Bunningyong, of which I have spoken before, formed the subject of one day's excursion. I and a friend, who was well acquainted with the country, started on horseback early in the morning, and proceeded to the station of an old pound-keeper named Ennis, who lived at the foot of the mountain. After passing through a fine bush of very tall she-oaks, of a light wood and stringy bark, for some considerable way, we were warned of our approach to the pound-keeper's by the loud sound of voices, and the frequent cracking of whips. On coming nearer we found a dray and

eight bullocks trying to pass a creek, into which one of the bullocks had sunk to a considerable depth. The driver had been behind, and the poor animals, thirsting and exhausted, had stopped to drink and cool themselves, when one, weaker or more unfortunate than the rest, had sunk into the creek as we found him. The driver, as is usually the case, kept lashing the helpless animal in such a furious manner that all interference was useless. The cruel treatment of all beasts of burden in Australia is a matter of pain to any intelligent person. Horses are broken-in with a violence and brutality which is never ventured on in England, and are then ridden and driven with a cruelty and want of consideration that is only not regarded because it is universal. Bloody spurs and panting animals you meet at every view; while the only consideration of the English and Christian rider is, that he feels it tiresome to ride seventy miles a day for five days in succession. And as for those unfortunate beings of patience, the bullocks, they are gashed, and battered, and maimed, and starved, in a manner distressing to think of.

We now arrived at the old pound-keeper's, who gave us a feast of biscuits and milk, and a long history of the country around for the last twelve years, during which he had been there. How he could not keep the kangaroos out of his paddocks, nor the snakes out of his bed; how he never saw a being, except when, once a year, he went to town; and how often he rode over the Ballarat Flat, occupied then by a few sheep, and without a sound or sign of man; and how he encountered and put to flight the celebrated bushranger Melville. After we had received some information about the mountain, and much information about our way, we departed, greatly gratified with our visit to the old settler. The approaches to the mountain being very woody, we had considerable difficulty to find out the riding track for ascent. Nor were we much assisted by the information we got from a solitary stockman that we met, "To go straight on, till we met the Ballarat track, and then turn to the left, till we came to the sawyers, and then to go up to the right, till we came to a quantity of stones, when we would have the highest peak just before us." This last direction was particularly indefinite, as the whole place was covered with stone, on which volcanic action was manifest, especially a little way up, where pumice-stone abounded. On ascending, we had a good view of the crater; it was of enormous size, and one dense mass of wood. The highest point on the top is marked by a surveyors' stage, erected for the purpose of surveying the routes for the railways about to be commenced in Australia. Wild-flowers grew about in remarkable abundance, and the length and luxuriance of the grass particularly attracted the attention of our horses. The view of the diggings from this mountain was interesting. Having from this elevated position a commanding view, we could see, for nearly one hundred miles around us, the vast, unpopulated, picturesque forest; and the solemn stillness and wildness of the view contrasted strangely with the busy scene which Ballarat displayed on the other side. A few short years ago any hardy adventurer who stood where we then did, could have perceived nothing within the furthest range of vision to indicate man or civilization. The loneliness of the place induced contemplation; and as we gazed on the picture, on this side and then on that, the common-

place idea could not fail to occur to us with force, how singular and unexpected a destiny had produced such a singular change! Mount Warrenheip, the Bald Ranges, and other lesser mountains that surround Ballarat, are all volcanic as well as Bunningyong, and give evidence of some strong internal convulsions in ages past.

Lake Burrambeet, from several curious facts connected with its history, deserves some mention here. "History" is, perhaps, a misapplied term; for, in fact, this lake, though now so broad that it would take hours to sail across it, has been in existence only six years. At first I altogether disbelieved this current report, nor was I satisfied of its correctness till I had the assurance of old settlers in the neighbourhood, whose veracity and means of judging I could not question. Several told me that they had often driven sheep where the lake now is, and showed me the spot, marked by a flag, where the remains of a sheepfold could in clear water be seen. The day which our party selected for an excursion to the lake turned out intensely hot; so we kept sailing about till dark, steering from place to place, to see the bush-fires that were raging about the adjoining country. After that we rode back to Ballarat, in the middle of the night; and a pleasant ride it was, for our horses knew the way, and left us at liberty to watch the opossums and wildcats on the trees. In our morning's journey we saw many comfortable farms, and much cultivated land—evidences of settled industry, every day on the increase.

A leading squatter near Ballarat having kindly asked me to his place to see the Lal Lal Waterfalls, I had another journey through the bush, which, though interesting enough, does not furnish much for particular notification. The reason why I mention it is, because it affords an opportunity for correcting a very prevalent misapprehension as to the nature of the squatting occupation in Australia; and though this may be irrelevant to "Notes in and about Ballarat," it yet may be of value to some who ignorantly meditate embarking in that very odious pursuit. I must premise, that I do not meddle with the case of many squatters now in the Colony who have made their fortunes by the gold discovery, and who only follow squatting in an easy, gentlemanlike way, leaving all the disagreeable parts to be done by their underlings. I speak of the case of a young man embarking in the business for a livelihood, and I will tell him what is that occupation which he makes his business for life. The occupation seems to combine everything odious and detestable. You must be a butcher, killing and cutting up your meat; a breaker, half murdering your horses; a bullock-driver; a stable-man; and last, though I do not mean it least, a brander of, and operator on, your cattle. I cannot add the cleanly, innocent occupation of baker to your other requirements, for you will live on a burnt dough, called "damper." As in the beginning you will have only a few assistants to oversee, your chief business will consist in learning thoroughly the occupations I have enumerated, as well as making yourself proficient in menial business in general. And I can give it to you on the word of one of the chief squatters of the country, that it will be utterly impossible to attempt such a thing as reading, for if you desire success, you will have to be more occupied and laborious than your stockmen. In nearly every case, after a few years of the business,

as a natural consequence, you will find your ideas shaped, according to your pursuits, in perpetual oscillation between mares and horses, flocks and fat cattle. During the evening that I spent at my friend's, I met a party of fellow-squatters, and their conversation never varied from cows and colts, except, indeed, when they began a lamentation on some unfortunate brother who had been recently killed by a kick from one of the latter animals. With his fate they did seem feelingly touched, one of them pathetically remarking, "He was, indeed, a superior fellow; he would boldly go up and stroke a horse when another man dare not go near it."

I have gone out of my way to warn any enterprising young man who has a spark of intellect or noble feeling about him, not to throw himself away on pastoral occupations, which, among other objections, combines the evils, without the innocence, of a hermit's life.

Before I close, I may as well state my impression of the general character of the digging population. There is a common cant in Australia about the wonderful intelligence and good sense of the diggers; and there certainly is a sharpness and self-sufficiency about most of them, gained by knocking about among mankind. And to a stranger, unacquainted with the gold-mining process, their operations appear very wonderful and sagacious; while in fact they are only following what others more skilful than themselves have taught them. The same effect would be produced on a person totally unacquainted with farming, when he first observed the various skilful appliances of that branch of industry. In truth the diggers are a very promiscuous collection of men, brought together from every corner of the world, by want of money, or dislike of settled occupation. In former times, a great deal of discontent and disaffection was excited by the conduct of the Government officials, but none of this now remains. Indeed, the old licensing system being abolished, there is nothing now to complain of. Any digger who chooses can take out a "Miner's Right" for a trifle, and this confers on him the right to vote, and to be protected by the Camp authorities, if his claim is encroached on. It is quite optional to take out this Right or not; but to secure the advantages it confers, nearly all the diggers hold one. The great difficulty of the Wardens of the Gold Fields is to keep the diggers from encroaching on one another's claims, and from digging into, and abstracting the gold from shafts adjoining their own. Once they get a sight of where the gold leads to, it is impossible almost to keep them from following it on land not their own. For the present, so long as the yield of gold at all keeps up, this is the only difficulty the Camp officials have to contend with. The diggers, not having their old hobby of complaint against the Government, now expend all their grumbling and animosity on the Chinese, in which, I regret to say, they are too much joined by the Legislature and the Government. A more industrious, peaceable people than these foreigners could not be, even though they may not rank high in the moral or intellectual world. Among the number of criminals tried yearly in the colony, a Chinese scarcely ever appears; they are never found drunk; they never encroach on one another; and they are never mixed up in rows, unless indeed when other diggers come to plunder them, and drive them away from their dwellings. And yet every kind of objection and com-



plaint is urged against them, and everything and anything they do. If they, not being very extravagant in their expectations, content themselves with washing the gold from soil which other diggers have long ago deserted as not sufficiently profitable, all the rest exclaim against it, though it is open to any one to do the same if they thought proper, and no one's choice ought to be interfered with. Then, if these foreigners congregate together, as foreigners naturally will in a strange land, the complaint is, "This unsocial race ought not to be allowed to come and take our gold unless they assimilate to us and our customs." If any of them do mix with other diggers, the general exclamation is, "This moral pest cannot be allowed to contaminate us; they must be kept separate." If then they are allotted a separate part, as is generally the case, the other diggers, if they think proper, make no scruple of driving them out from it. The reader has doubtless heard of the Buckland outrages. On that disgraceful day, a number of the English and American diggers rose against the Chinese in the district, murdered many of them, destroyed and pillaged their houses, temple and stores, and drove the survivors, without shelter or food, to perish in the forest. It was said, forsooth, that they merely acted under a feeling of stern necessity, and that after dislodging the Chinese from their settlement, they gave them time to go peaceably off. True enough they did, and for a very good reason, too. They liked murder and massacre much, but they loved pillage and plunder more; and before they went after the defenceless Chinese themselves, they secured everything they could steal, and burnt everything they could not. The Government had to indict the leaders of the riot; at the trial the case was clearly proved against the accused, yet a British jury acquitted them, and a British audience cheered them from the court. This is an evil beginning for Victoria, and if continued in, must lead to consequences more disastrous to the oppressors than to the oppressed. There is in the colony, even now, too much aping after America, too much clamouring for license, too little regard to the principles of true liberty.

The outrage I have spoken of is, as yet, the worst consequence of the too-wide dissemination of doctrines which assume to be, what they are not, the doctrines of true liberty. But if the present course is persisted in, worse results will come, and Australia will follow in the wake of America, the land of a novel kind of freedom, which crushes in heartless bondage a helpless and a simple race.

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## FITZMAURICE OF DANGANMORE.

## CHAPTER III.

“My native land, Good night!”

WHEN Eveleen had disappeared from my sight, I was for some time undecided as to what course I should pursue. My first impulse was to follow her, and again endeavour to induce her to enter into an engagement; but after a little reflection, better thoughts prevailed. I felt convinced that I possessed her whole heart and affections, and that it would be ungenerous to take advantage of the excited state of her feelings, and of the influence which I possessed over her, to entangle her in a clandestine engagement of which her conscience disapproved. Although more than two years younger than myself, she had by degrees obtained an influence over me for which I could not account, but which I found it impossible to resist. She had so often endeavoured to infuse strength and stability of purpose into my weak, irresolute, and vacillating nature, and at other times had, with such gentle and affectionate wisdom, restrained the rashness and impetuosity with which, for a time, I was accustomed to follow some ill-advised and hastily-adopted project—I had become so accustomed to rely on her judgment in preference to my own—that I required but a short time for reflection, after the excitement of parting, to feel convinced that she was right, and that at my age, and with my broken and almost desperate fortunes, it would be madness to enter into an engagement which her father, with all his affection for me, could not be expected to sanction, and which, in all human probability, could never be carried out. Nevertheless, it is a difficult thing to extinguish hope in the heart of youth; and as I thought, not with vanity, but with excusable, though it may be selfish, pride on the love which she had avowed for me, and the agony it had cost her to reject my passionate entreaties, I felt that I should not be easily forgotten. And with that feeling came courage and determination; and there, standing on the spot where, a short time before, I had strained her to my heart, I resolved that the weak and irresolute, yet rash and impetuous boy, should become the strong-minded, energetic man; and that if I lived, although I might not win, I would yet, by “men’s opinions and my living blood,” prove that I was worthy to win such a creature as Eveleen Kirwan.

I was too excited to return to the house, and remained out for at least two hours in the cool night air, passing and repassing the scene of my recent parting from Eveleen, and sometimes sitting down on the rustic seat, thinking over the past and speculating on the future, before I turned my face homewards. Instead of following the circuitous course of the path, I descended into the ravine, which I have already described, at the point where the hills on either side were of a somewhat precipitous character. As I was crossing the narrow valley,

with folded arms and lost in meditation, I was roused from my reverie by the loud bark of a large dog, which rushed towards me as if with hostile purpose; but immediately recognising me, crouched at my feet. The next moment I heard a whistle, "wild as the scream of the curlew," and on raising my eyes to the opposite hill, I saw a man standing on the edge of the cliff, his figure strongly defined and brought out in full relief by the silvery brightness of the full moon which had just risen behind him. He was of spare form, and very tall, but somewhat stooped from age, and "bent like a labouring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean." I at once recognised old Michael Cashin, who from his youth had been herd at Danganmore.

At the period of which I speak, he was long past seventy years of age, but was still hale and vigorous; and but for the slight stoop which I have described, and the long grey beard which he suffered to grow wildly about his face, might have passed for a much younger man. He must in his early youth have been very handsome; his countenance was more of the cast which we are accustomed to call Spanish, than like that of the Celt. The features were sharp and finely cut, and, though somewhat wrinkled by age, and roughened by exposure to the weather, were yet such as we like to look upon. His head was small and well-shaped, the forehead was high and ample, and his eyes, which were of a light blue shade, were restless and ever-changing in expression. His character, as is often the case with the Irish peasant, was composed of a number of conflicting elements. Vehement and passionate, he was yet kind and tender-hearted, abounding in wit and humour, and capable, in the highest degree, of appreciating them in others. He at times, when excited, spoke with a rough eloquence, expressing his thoughts in language at once figurative and poetical. His forefathers, for many generations, had lived under the Lords of Danganmore, and Michael had inherited, in a large degree, that strong feudal attachment so universally felt by the lower orders of the Irish for an old name and an ancient race. He had often been my companion and attendant in my field sports; and many a time have I listened to his legends of the deeds of my ancestors, as we lay down in the heath on the hill-side, to rest ourselves and our panting dogs, in the hot days of the August grouse-shooting; or sat by the river side, waiting for a cloud to pass across the sun before trying a fresh fly over the large salmon which I had failed to strike at the first rise. I had become much attached to him; and the idea that, considering his advanced age, and the life of danger on which I was going to embark, it was only too probable that I was about to separate for ever from a faithful and attached friend, caused no small part of the sorrow which I felt at leaving Danganmore. Indeed I had formed the resolution of avoiding a parting scene; but Michael was not to be defeated in his determination to see me once more, and bid me farewell. He well knew where to find me. The nature of his avocations led him constantly out into the fields; and many a time, when looking for some straggling sheep, he had seen Eveleen and myself walking under the old wall, or sitting by the bank of the narrow stream which ran through the centre of the valley. He was far too keen and sharp-witted not to perceive that an attachment existed between us, but much too delicate to make any allusion to the subject,

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and I knew well that our secret was safe with him. Nevertheless, whenever he met Eveleen alone, he would address her with the most affectionate respect; and as if she was formed to make all things love her, his dog Keeper, fierce and savage to all others, would bound forward with joy when he saw her, fawn on her, and walk by her side, as if she were something committed to his charge, of which he was bound to take care.

When old Michael perceived that he had attracted my attention, he descended into the valley, walked straight up to me, and grasped my hand.

"I thought," said he, "that I would meet your honour near this spot, and that by this time you would be alone; and as they told me you were to be off before the flight of night, I knew there would be many in the morning wishing to say good-bye to your honour, and you would have no time or place to give a word to ould Michael; so I made bould to meet your honour here under the lonesome moonlight, and if it be the will of God that I am never to see your honour again, to shake your hand for the last time, and say *bannacht liath*!"\* I hear your honour is going away for many a year. I am now well nigh fourscore years old, and long before you come back, for come back you will, these four bones may be lying in the chapel-yard of Carricktriss. They are trying to persuade me that the ould stock is dying out of the ould place, and, indeed, the mather (my father), though a good gentleman, is not fit for the place or the people; and your honour's brother, Mather Edward, has lived so long among the foreigners, that he has lost all love for the ould ground, and if ever he gets the place, he'll sell it, and put a stranger over us all. But there are times when the thought comes into my heart that God is good, and that he will make the sun to shine through the dark cloud before I die; and 'tis often I think in my dhramas that the ould stock will stand once more on the ould sod, and while grass grows and water runs, there will always be a Fitzmaurice in Danganmore. And if the dhrame comes true, and when your honour comes home, rich, and grand, and powerful, to reign over us, if ould Michael is to the fore to see the day, he will give once more the ould cry of 'Danganmore for ever, and the blue sky over it' and then if it be the will of God to take me, I am content to die. And now may God be between you and all harm! *Bannacht liath*!"

As the moonlight gleamed on his face, I saw that he was deadly pale, and that his features writhed under the influence of feelings which he vainly endeavoured to control; while, affected and softened as I was by my recent parting from Eveleen, it was with great difficulty that I could command myself sufficiently to speak.

"Michael," said I, "if it be the will of God, I will come here again, and shake your hand once more on this spot. But while I am away you must have something to remind you of me; and in the cold March nights, when you are looking after the young lambs, this will put you in mind of an old friend."

I put into his hand a meerschau-mpipe and tobacco-pouch of some value; he looked hard at me for a moment, pressed my hand again with

convulsive force, thrust my gift into the breast of his coat, turned sharply round and walked away with a rapid step. . . . Sadly and slowly I followed his retreating footsteps, and proceeded to the house, where I found my father still sitting up to bid me farewell. As I gazed on his weakly frame, and pale, worn features, the thought fell heavy on my heart that this interview would be our last; and I almost doubted whether I was justified in leaving a person so ill-suited to the contest, to struggle with his adverse fortune unaided and alone. During my parting scenes with Eveleen and old Michael, I had been supported by the conviction that I was doing right; but this parting from my father in the old ancestral hall, and, as it seemed to me, deserting him at his utmost need, with a foreboding on my mind that I should not look upon his face again; and that if I ever again beheld the old place which I loved so well, it would have passed into the hands of a stranger, quite overcame me. In vain I struggled against my feelings, and at length I burst into tears and wept aloud. The old man partook of my emotion, and under the influence of his feelings, his cold, abstracted manner gave way, even as ice melts in the sun. For some few minutes he sobbed bitterly and struggled for utterance; at length he recovered himself, and spoke with a dignity and firmness which I scarcely expected from him.

"Arthur," he said, "you are the last prop and stay of an old house, for Edward has cast in his lot with strangers to our name and race, and I blame him not for it; and when you shall have left me, I am alone in the world; but it is right and just that you should go. Let the old tree fall by itself, and not crush the young sapling in its descent. Farewell, my son, farewell!"

I struggled in vain to speak, and raising his hand with reverence and respect to my lips, hurried from his presence.

The strain and tension upon my feelings during the day, and the excitement I had gone through, produced, as is sometimes the case, a sense of bodily weakness and exhaustion. On retiring to bed I slept the profound dreamless sleep consequent upon great fatigue, until I was aroused by a servant, who had sat up for the purpose, knocking at my door and informing me that the car which I had ordered out from the village of Ballyneale was in attendance. As I had a long journey to make in order to reach the nearest railway station, I had made all my arrangements to start at the first break of day; and dressing myself as rapidly as possible, descended to the yard, desiring, if possible, to avoid the pain of any further leave-taking, lest the fortitude and strength of mind which I had endeavoured to regain, after my parting from my father, should again desert me. But early as it was, I found the yard crowded with the tenantry and old retainers of the family, who had come to say good-bye, and wish good luck to my honour; and many a rough hand was clasped in mine, and many a broken voice called down blessings on my head, and prayed for my safe return, and that the old stock would come back once more to reign over them in Danganmore. At length I broke from them, and springing on the car, waved my hat in token of farewell. I could not trust myself to speak as, in spite of all my efforts, tears were coursing down my cheeks. The horse started off at a rapid pace, and I was in hopes that the last farewell was

over. I covered my face with my handkerchief, partly to conceal from the driver the tears which I could no longer restrain, and partly to shut out from my view the much-loved scenes which I could not bear to look on for the last time.

As I reached that part of the avenue from which the ruins of the old fort were visible, I was startled from my reverie by a loud whistle; and as I looked to the place from which the sound proceeded, I perceived old Michael, with his dog Keeper by his side, standing in the early twilight on one of the moss-grown and ruinous mounds of the ancient building. As I drove rapidly by the spot, the old man took off his hat, waved it several times round his head, and the early morning breeze bore upon its wings the sound of his farewell—" *Banacht liath.*"

Late at night I arrived in Dublin, and the next morning's post brought me a large double letter in the handwriting of Sir Richard Kirwan. On opening it I found a letter enclosed, directed to Messrs. Wilson and M'Gregor, Bankers, Glasgow, and a note addressed to myself, which contained the following words—

"DEAR ARTHUR,—I was in the army myself when a young man, and I know that the expense of an officer's outfit sometimes exceeds his calculations: present the enclosed letter according to its address, and make free use of what Messrs. Wilson and M'Gregor will hand you in return. I know that you are a proud young fellow, and you know that I am very particular about money matters; I shall, therefore, *insist* on your repaying me the full amount when you are colonel of your regiment.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"RICHARD KIRWAN."

I had been so long accustomed to consider Sir Richard in the light of a father, that I had little scruple in accepting his gift; but I felt an inward sense of satisfaction that Eveleen had had the firmness to resist my wish for a secret engagement—that I had left her free and unfettered—and that I was at liberty to accept his bounty with a clear conscience.

I remained but a few days in Dublin, and then proceeded to Glasgow to join my regiment. The change of scene, and the excitement arising from the novelty of the circumstances in which I was placed, the duties I was called on to perform, and the society of my brother officers, all tended to raise my spirits, and strengthen my character. Day by day I felt how wise and kind Eveleen had been in urging me to leave Danganmore, and became convinced that man's best chance of happiness is to be placed in a life of active usefulness, and the earnest and faithful performance of his duty. During my stay in Glasgow, I heard frequently from young Richard Kirwan. His accounts of the state of affairs at Danganmore were of a melancholy character. He spoke of the increasing debility of my father, both in mind and body, and said that he was careless and almost unconscious of the state of his affairs; that he lived almost entirely alone, and seemed to have no wish except to be allowed to pass his days unmolested among his books and papers. He mentioned that several executions had issued from the Superior Courts, and that most of the personal property, and all the farming-utensils and stock on the lands had been sold by the sheriff, at an enormous loss; that several of the larger creditors had applied to the Court of Chancery; that



receivers had been appointed over the greater part of the estates, and that the demesne, which had been under meadow and pasture for hundreds of years, had been broken up, turned into tillage, and let under the Courts to the highest bidder.

While I lived at home, Richard had never spoken to me on the subject of Eveleen. It was, however, impossible but that he should have been aware of our growing affection for each other. I knew that he was firmly attached to me, and I felt certain that the dearest wish of his heart was to see me at some future day united to his sister. In all his letters there occurred, as if by accident, some allusion to Eveleen. One day it was, "Eveleen desires to be remembered to you;" or "Eveleen has taken the two pointer puppies which you gave me under her own management, and will not allow any one to feed them but herself." And in one letter he wrote, "I enclose you an order for a hundred pounds. Eveleen has persuaded my father to purchase your grey mare Camilla, which you left for sale, and intends to have her trained for her own riding." Again he wrote:—

"There have been great festivities at Kiltinan, on account of Charles Courtney's coming of age; he is a fine, handsome young fellow, and enormously rich. Young as he is, all the mammas of the county have decided that he must be in want of a wife, and great are the speculations as to what young lady is destined to carry off the prize, and become the mistress of Kiltinan. He gave a great ball a few days since to the whole county; I was there of course, but the united entreaties of my father and myself were unavailing to induce Eveleen to accompany me. She seems out of spirits, and passes much of her time in reading, and in solitary walks through the woods."

Things continued in this state for about twelve months after I had joined my regiment, and I was beginning to grow weary of the monotonous life of a garrison town, and to long for some fresh excitement to keep my mind from brooding over my gloomy prospects, when a sudden order arrived, commanding us to prepare immediately to embark for foreign service. The order was so urgent that we were all absorbed in the bustle and hurry of preparation, and I with difficulty found time to write to Richard Kirwan, to inform him of our departure, and to request he would address his next letter to Halifax.

We arrived at our destination without any event worthy of being recorded, and great was my delight at being emancipated from all the miseries of a crowded troopship, and at liberty to explore the scenery of a country which, to me, was entirely fresh and new. When not occupied by duty, I joined in several parties with my brother-officers, and visited many scenes of great beauty and interest—

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,  
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

While such of us as were fond of field sports contrived to obtain excellent shooting and fishing; and in the winter time we had a never-failing source of amusement in skating and sleighing. I was sedulous and attentive to my duties, and soon had the satisfaction to find that I stood

high in the opinion of my superior officers ; and what perhaps was better still, I felt that I was acting right, and had earned my own self-respect. Though by no means shunning society, I had still preserved my liking for occasional solitude, and many a time have I wandered away from my quarters, with my gun or rod, careless as to the direction of my steps, and often sending my thoughts across the wide expanse of ocean to the distant fields of Danganmore, and conjuring up before my mind's eye the image of Eveleen, as she looked when we parted the evening before I left home. As I recalled to my memory her agitated features and broken accents as she bade me farewell, the hope would rise up in my heart that she could not forget me, and that the love I felt for her would one day meet its reward. Then the dream would pass away. I recollected that she was, at that time, very young, almost a child ; that perhaps the affection which she avowed for me sprung merely from the circumstance that we were much thrown together, and that it would fade away as she mixed with the world, and met with other men more worthy of her love, and in a position to claim her hand. I thought of her great beauty, her rank and position in society ; the gentle amiability and softness of her character, so strangely mixed with firmness of purpose, and clear-sighted views of what was right ; the extraordinary influence which she possessed over all those with whom she came in contact, and the fascination with which she, as it were, compelled them to love her. And as I thought of these things, I saw the wealthy and the noble seeking her love, and one more favoured than the rest gradually effacing the memory of the friend of her early youth, and carrying off the prize to which I dared not aspire. And many a time, after one of these solitary rambles, have I resolved to tear her from my heart, and to forget a hopeless passion. Then again would rise up before me the memory of our last parting, under the old boundary-wall, and the tone of anguish in which she prayed me not to forget her, even while she rejected my suit, sounded once more in my ears, told me that I was beloved, and spoke hope and courage to my heart.

I continued to hear occasionally from Richard. There was no great change in the state of affairs at home : my father had left Danganmore, and gone to live in Dublin ; all the furniture, books, plate and pictures, had been sold off, the house had been shut up, and put under the care of Tom Donoghue (the son of a former steward), who was allowed to occupy some of the lower rooms ; old Michael Cashin had been ill of typhus fever, and given over by the doctors ; but, in spite of his great age, had recovered chiefly, as Richard thought, from the unremitting attention of Eveleen. He mentioned that his own brother William, who had been for years an invalid, was much worse, and was not expected to live beyond the autumn ; that he and his father seldom went over to Danganmore, as it made them melancholy to look at the old deserted house ; but that Eveleen passed an hour or two every day walking on the Danganmore side of the boundary-wall, and in the long summer evenings she was always to be found on the rustic seat, which faced the setting-sun, with old Michael's dog Keeper crouching at her feet.

For three years our regiment remained in Canada, during which time there had, of course, been changes and promotions among the officers, and I now stood high among the lieutenants. I never heard from home,

except from young Richard Kirwan, who wrote to me by almost every mail. His elder brother, William, had died, and he was now the heir-apparent of Dromard. After the death of his elder son, Sir Richard contemplated travelling on the Continent for some time, but Eveleen expressed so much disinclination to leave home, that the project was abandoned.

The intelligence from Danganmore was still of a melancholy character. The property was all in the hands of receivers, who, being obliged to pass their accounts in the Court of Chancery, were compelled to use harsh measures with the tenantry to obtain payment of their rents. My father, in order to obtain the means of providing the absolute necessities of life, had cut down several of the large trees, which up to that time had escaped the axe of the destroyer; among others a gigantic elm, of unknown antiquity, which stood close to the northern angle of the house. I had always associated in my mind the stability of our house with the existence of this tree. It had stood for so many years, throwing its shelter and shadow over the old roof, that it had become to me a species of tutelary deity; and when I heard of its downfall, I felt that our race was doomed, and that the glory had departed from Danganmore.

For several months after the receipt of this intelligence, I did not receive any letters from Ireland, and was beginning to feel alarm at the unusual silence of Richard Kirwan, who, up to this period, had been a regular correspondent, when one morning a large letter, edged and sealed with black, was put in my hand. It bore the Dublin postmark, and was in the handwriting of my elder brother. He was some twenty years older than I was, and we had seldom corresponded. The manner and tone of his letter was somewhat cold and constrained, but by no means unkind. He was sorry to communicate so much bad news; his only son had died at Florence, after a long illness. The day after the funeral, he had received a letter announcing the death of my father, in consequence of which he had hurried over to Ireland. In the short time allowed to him for investigating into the state of the property, he had come to the conclusion that it was hopelessly embarrassed. He had proposed to the creditors that they should file a bill in Chancery praying for a sale, to which he would be a consenting party; but he feared, from the complicated nature of the encumbrances affecting the property, and the difficulty of making out title, that such a proceeding would be attended with much delay, and involve great expense.\* He was sorry to add, that the settlement of a thousand pounds which my father had made in my favour would be unavailing, as there was but little hope that the property, even if sold at the highest value, would produce sufficient funds to satisfy the creditors for valuable consideration, whose claims must of course take precedence over a voluntary settlement of a much later date.

I thought I had exhausted all the bad news in my brother's letter, and laid it down with a heavy sigh; but seeing the words "turn over" on the bottom of the page, I read on.

He was much pained, knowing my great intimacy with young

\* The Incumbered Estates Court was not then in existence.

Richard Kirwan, to be obliged to communicate the intelligence of his death—he was no more. He had attempted to follow the hounds across the river when in a flooded state ; his horse had lost its footing in the strong current, and rolled over with him. Richard had extricated himself, and attempted to swim to the shore, but had received a kick in the forehead from the struggling animal, in consequence of which he immediately went down and perished, notwithstanding the almost frantic efforts of his father and many others to save him. Sir Richard and Eveleen had been for some time in a state bordering on distraction, but had now become somewhat calmer, and more reconciled to their loss. They were, however, breaking up the establishment at Dromard, and were about to proceed to the Continent, with the intention of remaining abroad for several years.

From the state of my father's health at the time I left home, I had but little expectation that we should ever meet again in this world ; therefore the intelligence of his death, painful as it was, did not either surprise or shock me. I was not aware that he had attempted to charge the property with any settlement in my favour ; therefore the announcement in my brother's letter, that the payment of the debts to which the property was liable, would more than exhaust the full value of the estate, gave me no pain on my own account. The fiat had gone forth—our name was to be blotted out—the old place was to know us no more, and it mattered little to me whether or not a few loose planks from the wreck of our fortunes floated within my reach. But the death of young Richard Kirwan caused me inexpressible sorrow ; it seemed as if the last link which connected me with the scenes of my youth was broken. And as I read over again and again his last letter, in which he spoke of the death of his brother, and his own altered prospects as the heir of Dromard ; and the generous and delicate manner in which he expressed his wish to serve me in my profession ; and how he hoped that when the time came that money might be of use in purchasing my promotion, I should look on him as a brother ; I felt that I had indeed lost a friend, and was alone in the world. It seemed also to me, that with poor Richard's death all hope of keeping up even the slightest communication with Eveleen was at an end. She and her father had gone to travel, without any fixed plan, and there was now no person living through whose means I could hear of their welfare ; and it was only too probable, that in the excitement of foreign travel, and in the society into which she would be thrown, the image of Arthur Fitzmaurice would ere long fade from her memory. I felt that she was lost to me for ever, and strove, but in vain, to banish her from my thoughts, and to forget the past.

For some time after the receipt of my brother's letter, I laboured under a dejection which I found it most difficult to shake off. It seemed to me as if I had no longer an object to live for. I became listless and indifferent to all that was passing around me ; the old faults of my character, irresolution and weakness of purpose, began again to exercise their benumbing influence over my faculties. Brooding over my sorrow, and looking back to the past, without courage or strength of purpose to strike out a future for myself, I cared not how soon Richard Kirwan's fate might be mine ; and was beginning to experience the truth

of the saying, that no man's courage is proof against long-continued meditation unrelieved by action, when I was aroused from my torpor by a sudden order for the regiment to embark, without an hour's delay, for the West Indies.

## CHAPTER IV.

“ And I have seen War's lightning flashing ;  
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing ;  
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing ;  
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,  
To yield one step for Death or Life.”

THE order for our change of quarters had come so suddenly, and the time allowed for preparation was so short, that I could not find an opportunity to write to my brother to announce the fact ; it was therefore several months after our arrival in Jamaica that I heard from him. He spoke in his letter of the great depreciation in the value of property in Ireland, and that he would endeavour to postpone the sale of Danganmore for some time, as to sell it during the panic and alarm on account of the repeated failures of the potato-crop would involve a ruinous sacrifice. He spoke of Sir Richard and Eveleen as still travelling abroad, and moving about from place to place, but said that he did not know their address ; it was thought, however, that they would remain away for at least three years. He also mentioned, as a piece of gossip, a rumour that Eveleen was about to be married to a foreign nobleman of great wealth, but could not say whether the report was deserving of credit. I think at the time I should have rejoiced to hear that the story was true. I felt that she was lost to me ; and yet the tendency in youth to hope against hope, and the uncertainty in which I must necessarily remain, made me restless and miserable, and I almost longed for the certainty of despair.

We had been ordered out to the West Indies to relieve a regiment which had suffered severely from yellow fever, and when we reached our quarters the plague had by no means disappeared ; within a few weeks after our arrival the fever broke out in the barracks, and many deaths occurred among the officers and men. I was myself twice attacked, and was considered in a hopeless state ; but owing to the natural strength of my constitution, and my hardy, active, and temperate habits, I passed safely through the crisis, and recovered to find myself, on account of death-vacancies, promoted to the rank of captain. I must, however, pass rapidly over this part of my life, and shall merely state, that after we had been about three years in the West Indies, reports began to be circulated that there was every probability of a war with Russia ; and soon afterwards we received orders from home to embark immediately for England, it being the intention of the authorities at the Horse Guards, in the event of the negotiation for peace being broken off, to despatch our regiment at once to the seat of war.

On our arrival in England, war had been declared with Russia, and we found orders awaiting us to prepare, with all possible expedition, to embark for the East. I heard the intelligence with unmixed satisfac-

tion and joy ; the excitement of preparation, and the immediate prospect of active and dangerous service, were admirably calculated to withdraw my mind from the contemplation of sorrows which were eating into my heart, and paralysing my energies. I had no longer a home in my own country; no friends to leave behind; no ties were to be broken, with an anguish which even the strong sense of duty often fails to subdue. I felt nothing but joy as the shores of England receded from my view, and the cheers of the spectators, assembled to witness our departure, fell fainter and fainter on my ears.

It is not my intention to write a "History" of the War; abler pens than mine have written, and will yet write, and stir the hearts of future generations, with an account of the great struggle in the Crimea, and the deeds and sufferings of the British army in "The Camp before Sebastopol." Abler pens have written and will write again—

"The tumult of each sacked and burning village;  
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;  
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;  
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns.

"The bursting shell, the gateway rent asunder,  
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;  
And, ever and anon, in tones of thunder,  
The diapason of the cannonade."

Neither is it my intention to dwell, at any length, upon my own humble share in the bloody strife. I hope and trust that I performed my duty, and I put forward no claim to have done more. I mounted the heights of Alma along with my regiment, and escaped unhurt from the murderous fire of the Russian batteries, which endeavoured, in vain, to check our irresistible advance.

In the fierce struggle of Inkermann, the "soldiers' battle," as it has well been named, I again escaped unharmed; and, though frequently on duty in the trenches, and engaged in the deadly struggle for possession of the rifle-pits, I, whose death would have occasioned no loss and little sorrow to any person, was still uninjured; while many a poor fellow, whose wife and children were praying for him in his distant home, fell to rise no more. But I was not destined to return home unscathed from battle. It fell to my turn of duty one dreadfully cold night, to command a party in one of the most advanced trenches; our sentries, worn out with fatigue or benumbed with cold, slept upon their posts, and we were surprised by a strong party of the enemy. There was a desperate hand-to-hand fight for several minutes, but we were taken by surprise and out-numbered. I was immediately wounded, my left arm was broken by a musket-ball; I received, at the same instant, one ball in my hip, and another below my right knee, and a severe bayonet wound in my side. I have a confused recollection of hearing the alarm-bugle, then the tramp of advancing men; then the British cheer sounded in my ear, as a company of the —th Regiment advanced in double-quick time to our assistance, and drove the enemy from the trench at the point of the bayonet. I suppose that I must have fainted from loss of blood, as I remember nothing more until I found myself in my tent,

with two regimental surgeons kneeling by my side, and engaged in bandaging my wounds.

## CHAPTER V.

“Oh! maiden fair! oh! maiden fair, how faithless is thy bosom!  
To love me in prosperity,  
And leave me in adversity,  
Oh! maiden fair! oh! maiden fair, how faithless is thy bosom!

“The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!  
It flows so long as falls the rain,  
In drought its springs soon dry again,  
The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy falsehood!”

IN consequence of the great loss of blood from my wounds, particularly from the bayonet-thrust in my side, I continued for many days in a state of great weakness, and scarcely conscious of what was passing around me; but this circumstance probably preserved my life, as it saved me from the fever which the surgeons were apprehensive would result from the severe injuries which I had received. I had been returned as “very dangerously wounded;” and for ten days the surgeons would not hold out any hope that I should recover. And even then, when I became strong enough to put questions to them, as to my chances of life or death, they spoke gravely, and said, that while there was no immediate danger, any access of fever would probably prove fatal; and although they believed that by great care I should recover, to a certain extent, it was very improbable, from the nature and situation of my wounds, that I should ever again be fit for active service.

As soon as I was strong enough to bear the journey, I was removed, with many wounded comrades, to the hospital at Scutari. Here I found young George Winton, an officer of my own regiment, and belonging to my company, who had been very severely wounded at Inkermann. After the retreat of the Russians from that hard-fought field, he had been carried from the ground in a state of insensibility, with “twenty mortal murders on his head;” but his indomitable courage, his cheerful temper and never-failing spirits, in conjunction with his youth and strong constitution, enabled him to weather all danger; and when I arrived at Scutari he was convalescent, and able to move about. He and I were much attached to each other, and had been constant companions in field-sports and other amusements; and now, though weak and wounded himself, he devoted himself to me with all the affection of a brother, and often, by the very exuberance of his animal spirits, and the rich vein of humour which ran through his conversation, forced me to forget for a while my sufferings and my sorrows. Poor fellow! he little knew what pain and anguish he was about to inflict upon me.

I was slowly progressing towards convalescence, and the surgeons held out hopes to me, that I should soon be strong enough to return to England, as there was no chance that I would be able to resume my duties during the present campaign, the nature of my wounds causing, as they said, an absolute necessity for complete rest and care-

ful nursing for a long time to come ; while, at the same time, I should derive much greater benefit from the sea-voyage home, than from a continued residence in the crowded hospital at Scutari.

As I reclined one bright morning in my bed, just beginning to experience that feeling which, after long illness and great weakness, tells us (particularly in youth) that life is still desirable, George Winton came into the ward of the hospital which I inhabited, in company with several other wounded officers, and opening a letter which had just arrived by post, he read for some time in silence, and then suddenly addressed me as follows—

“ I say, Arthur, here is something about you, in a letter from my brother Walter, who is now at Rome ; but I shall read you what he says—

“ ‘ If Arthur Fitzmaurice has not been killed by the Russians, tell him that his old friends and neighbours, Sir Richard and Miss Kirwan are here. She is looking very handsome, and is greatly admired, and going to be married to the Marquis of A——. The affair has made a great sensation, as there are numbers of English ladies here with daughters, in their own and their mothers’ opinions, better entitled to the coronet of a marchioness, than this Irish beauty, who has distanced them all, and carried off the prize. I saw them at the Opera a few nights ago ; the marquis was all attention and devotion, and *la belle fiancée* looked very handsome. But it struck me that she did not seem to set much value on her conquest—there was a fixed expression of sadness on her countenance, which they tell me she has never lost since the death of a favourite brother, who was drowned some years ago in Ireland. However, it will be a good thing for Fitzmaurice. The Marquis has great interest at the Horse Guards, and will be able to procure for him some good staff-appointment ; and he has the very best fishing and shooting in all Scotland. And as Fitzmaurice is an old friend, and I believe a relation, of *la belle Marquise* that is to be, he will of course have full liberty for rod and gun.”

I groaned aloud as he read these words, and Winton, looking at me, claimed—

“ Good God, old fellow ! what is the matter ? Is your wound giving you pain ? I fear you have been making too free with your broken arm.”

I made some excuse about the bandages having slipped, and turned my face to the wall to conceal my agitation.

Had I been in strong and vigorous health, and able to partake in the duties and dangers of my profession, at the time I received this intelligence, it would probably have given me comparatively little pain. I should have reflected that Eveleen had done me no wrong—that she had broken no vow and violated no engagement—and that it was madness to think that the affection which she felt for me when little more than a child, and before she had the opportunity of mixing in the world—could have survived during long years of absence, or that, for sake of the boy from whom she had parted so many years ago, and of whose existence she was probably uncertain, she would refuse the brilliant lot which was offered to her acceptance. But worn and exhausted as I was by sickness and suffering, and debilitated by great loss of blood, unable by action to relieve my mind from the contemplation of



my own sorrow—the intelligence that Eveleen had forgotten me, and was about to bestow her hand and heart upon another, caused me to feel the greatest misery and depression of spirits. As is generally the case, the mind reacted on the body; and when the surgeon, at his next visit, felt my pulse and examined the state of my wounds, he looked grave, pronounced me to be extremely feverish, enjoined the strictest quiet, and privately informed George Winton, who, weak as he was, took upon himself the office and duties of nurse, that my case was one of extreme danger, and that his alarm was in a great measure caused by the sudden manner (to him wholly unaccountable) in which the symptoms of my case had assumed an unfavourable character.

For many days I lay in fever, unconscious of what was passing around me; and when at length the crisis was passed, and I had nothing left but weakness to contend with, I found the faithful George Winton by my side, ready, with his joyous laugh and lively conversation, to cheer me during the tedious hours of convalescence.

I suspect that in the ravings of fever I had betrayed my secret, and that George thoroughly understood why the intelligence of Eveleen's engagement to the Marquis had so strangely affected me; for with the most scrupulous delicacy he abstained from all allusion to the subject, and never in any manner recurred to the contents of his brother's letter.

Shortly after I was out of danger, he was pronounced to be fit for duty, and ordered to return to his regiment.

After a long consultation upon my own case, the surgeons having expressed an opinion, that from the wounds in my hip and knee I should probably be lame for life, and in any case I should require long rest and great care to re-establish my health, I determined to sell out and leave the service. I found no difficulty in doing so; I had fairly and honourably done my duty, and was even said, as far as opportunities had been offered me, to have distinguished myself, and it was only too evident I was wholly unfit for service. I therefore sent in my papers to the proper quarter, and took all the necessary steps to dispose of my commission. I was advised that sea-air and change of scene would conduce much to the restoration of my health. I therefore took the earliest opportunity of returning to England, and stopped a few days in London to make some arrangements as to the investment of the purchase-money of my commission. During my stay in England I heard no intelligence, and made no inquiries, as to the state of affairs at Danganmore or Dromard. I knew that all was lost to me, and that my best wisdom would be, as far as possible, to forget the past. In London I met with a brother-officer who, like myself, was obliged to travel, in order to recruit his broken health, and he readily agreed to accompany me to Madeira, where we remained for some time. The delightful climate of the island was of great service to me, and at the end of six months, with the exception of a considerable lameness, my health was completely re-established.

As I grew strong, however, the spirit of restlessness came over me. I felt that there was no safety for me but in action; and having seen enough of Madeira, I made a proposal to my companion, which he at once accepted, to go to Egypt and ascend the Nile. I wrote, therefore,

to my agents in London, to send me a remittance to Alexandria ; and having taken a passage in a homeward-bound vessel, which touched at Gibraltar, we waited there the arrival of the Peninsular and Oriental steamer, which in due time landed us at Alexandria.

I am not going to weary my readers with a repetition of the oft-told tale of a voyage up the Nile, the wonders of the Pyramids, the passage of the Cataracts, or of the mighty ruins which still exist, and attest to the modern traveller the ancient glories of the now fallen and degraded Egypt—all these things have been described over and over again, and I have no hope of being able to invest them with any fresh interest. Having, therefore, gratified my curiosity, and seen everything worth seeing in Egypt and Syria, the old restless, unsatisfied feeling came over me again, and without any defined purpose, beyond the necessity which I felt for change, once more turned my face towards England, and in about twelve months after leaving Madeira, found myself at an hotel in London. Here I met with a brother-officer, an enthusiastic fisherman, with whom I had passed many an hour by the lakes and rivers in Canada. He was about to go to Norway, to follow his favourite pursuits, and asked me to join him in the expedition. I readily accepted his offer ; and believe had he named Spitzbergen, or Terra del Fuego, I should have said "yes" with equal alacrity, so strongly did I feel the necessity of flying, as it were, from myself, and escaping for a time from the conviction that all the romantic views which I had formed in youth of redeeming the fortunes of my house, had faded away like the baseless fabric of a dream, and that I was once more, as it were, driven in upon myself, without an aim or an object for which I cared to live. It was not however ordained that I should visit Norway at that time. Taking up an Irish newspaper which happened to be on the table, and running my eye in a careless manner over the advertisements, my attention was at once arrested by seeing the word "Danganmore" in capital letters ; and upon reading the paragraph in which the word had occurred, I found that the house and demesne-lands, and entire estates of Danganmore, were to be sold in a few days in the Encumbered Estates Court at Dublin. There was, as usual, a florid description of the beauty of the scenery, the excellence of the salmon-fishing, the extensive manors, over which the purchaser would have the right of shooting, and the contiguity of a kennel of first-rate fox-hounds at Dromard ; and Mr. Allen, a well-known solicitor of great eminence and respectability, was mentioned as having the carriage of the sale.

As I read this glowing description of the scenes of my childhood, I smiled bitterly to think that I, whose dearest wish was to build up the old house, and pass my days under the shadow of the old trees, must stand helplessly by and see all pass into the hands of strangers, who would regard the purchase of land, which had been the inheritance of my fathers for hundreds of years, merely in the light of a commercial speculation.

I determined, however, that I would see the old place once more before it passed away for ever, and that I would again sit and meditate among the grass-grown ruins of the fort. I therefore persuaded my friend to postpone his journey to Norway for a fortnight, within which time I promised to rejoin him.

I started at once for Ireland, and arrived in Dublin about a week before the day appointed for the sale. I lost no time in waiting on Mr. Allen, the solicitor who had what is technically called "the carriage of the sale." Upon being shown into his room, I announced myself as Captain Arthur Fitzmaurice. On hearing the name, the old gentleman sprang from his chair and advanced to meet me with a perturbation of manner which puzzled me exceedingly. He repeatedly inquired as to my health, and asked me over and over again if I was certain that I was quite well. After some time the mystery was explained—I was supposed to be dead. No certain tidings of my decease had reached Ireland; but there was a rumour to that effect, which had at least the character of probability. I had never written to anyone during my travels in the East, and a report had gone the round of the newspapers that two Englishmen, said to be officers, who had been wounded and were travelling for the benefit of their health, had proceeded up the Nile about the time that I and my friend had started on our tour; that one of the travellers had been attacked by fever, after passing the Second Cataract, and had died; and that the second, in attempting to penetrate into the interior, had been attacked and killed by the natives. The names of the unfortunate travellers had not been ascertained, but as there had been no communication from me for more than twelve months, I was supposed to have perished either by violence or disease. My brother had written to my agents in London, but the reply of these gentlemen was vague and unsatisfactory. They had, according to my desire, remitted a considerable sum to Alexandria, from which place they had received a letter from me acknowledging its receipt, but had not had any subsequent communication whatever. They proceeded to state that they had heard the report of my death, and, in the event of the melancholy intelligence being confirmed, requested instructions as to the disposal of the funds remaining in their hands.

Having succeeded in convincing Mr. Allen that I was alive and in the flesh, I requested him immediately to communicate the fact of my safe return to my brother, but beyond that I did not wish it to be publicly known that I was in Ireland, my intention being merely to go down to see the old place once more, and then to rejoin my friend in London and proceed to Norway, and it being my desire, during my short stay, as far as possible to avoid meeting any person who had known me in former days.

The morning after my interview with Mr. Allen, I started for Danganmore, reached the village of Ballyneale at a late hour of the evening, and established myself in the small inn which called itself an hotel, but in reality did not, in any great degree, soar beyond the dignity of a public-house. The former proprietors of the house had either died or relinquished the business. The old waiter and the lame hostler, whom I remembered so well, were no longer at their posts, and there was no one in the establishment by whom I was likely to be recognised. Indeed were it otherwise, it would have been difficult, in the bronzed and bearded man, gaunt and worn by climate and toil, wounds and sorrow, to have recognised the boy of nineteen who, some years ago, had passed through the village of Ballyneale, on his way to join his regiment.

Summoning the landlord to my presence, I gave him to understand that an English gentleman of large fortune wished to purchase property in Ireland, and had requested me, as my road lay through Ballyneale, to stop there for a day and visit Danganmore, and to make particular inquiries as to the shooting and fishing, about which so much had been said in the advertisements of the sale. I therefore ordered a car to be in readiness immediately after breakfast the next morning, and weary from a long day's journey, retired to rest.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
Behind the cloud is the sun still shining—  
Thy fate is the common fate of all;  
Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.”

THE driver of the car, who was a young lad, and could have been little more than a child when I left the country, had evidently no recollection of my appearance; he therefore never suspected that I was anything more than what I professed to be, a chance traveller in that part of the country, commissioned to make inquiries for a friend who purposed to attend the sale of Danganmore in the Encumbered Estates Court, and to bid for the property, if he should hear a favourable report as to its being a good investment for his money. I pretended a total ignorance of the locality, and as we passed over the old bridge of Kilmacshane, asked, with an air of indifference, if there was good fishing to be had in the river, and if the plantation, which was visible on a distant hill, was a fox-cover. My driver, who rejoiced in the name of Gallagher, and like all the Irish peasantry, was addicted to all kinds of sporting, immediately launched out into praise of the river as being the best salmon-fishery in Ireland; and informed me how he had heard from Tom Donoghue, that the Captain had, in one morning, killed seven salmon in the stream below the bridge. And as for the plantation on the hill, that was the famous cover of Kiltorkin; and twelve years ago, the greatest run that ever was known in Ireland, or the world, for the matter of that, was out of that same cover; and only a week ago, Tom Donoghue had pointed out to him the spot where the Captain rode his grey mare Camilla over the five-foot coped wall on the hill, with a drop of seven or eight feet on the far side, and took the lead from the whole field; and it's Tom Donoghue was proud to see three English gentleman, who talked as if they could bate the world, turn away from the spot and gallop for the gate, by which they lost half-a-mile of ground. And though they rode well when they got into the open country, away from the stone-walls, to which they were not accustomed, they never saw the hounds again that day, until after the fox was killed, half a field from the cover of Coolnaha.

I smiled as I heard these somewhat exaggerated accounts of my own prowess, and asked Gallagher who was Tom Donoghue? and who was the Captain?

“Is it Tom Donoghue, your honor? Sure he's the boy that married

Mary Wallace of Kerleagh, and has now got the care of the old house and place at Danganmore. And sure the Captain is no one but Captain Arthur Fitzmaurice, who went to the wars ten or eleven years ago. I don't remember ever to have seen him myself, as I was only a bit of a gossoon when he went away; but many is the story the country people tell of him to this day. And Tom Donoghue says that in seven counties you would not find his match to ride a young horse, or to throw a salmon-fly, or shoot a snipe."

"And where is the Captain now?" I interposed.

"Well, then, your honour, it is hard to say. We got the word that he was badly wounded in the wars, after killing ten Roosians with his own hand. And after that he went to travel somewhere among the blacks in Africa; and there is a talk through the country, that he took the faver and died out there. And there is more will have it that he was killed by the nagurs; but there is many that won't give in to his being dead at all, and will have it that he is coming home with a power of money to buy up the old place. But myself sees no sign of that. And if he is alive at all, he will be too late, for Tom Donoghue had a letter yesterday morning from Mr. Allen, saying that everything would be sold next Wednesday. But it is a surprising thing that your honour, who looks as if you had travelled a power, never heard tell of the Captain."

After a drive of about four miles we reached Danganmore—it presented a melancholy appearance. The old iron gate had long since fallen from its hinges, and lay on the grass. The entrance to the demesne had been blocked up with large stones, so that no vehicle could enter. The gate-house was roofless and ruined, and the avenue overgrown with grass.

I dismissed the driver, desiring him to return for me at a late hour in the evening; and clambering with some difficulty over the rough stone-wall, stood once more within the demesne of Danganmore.

As the ground on each side was under tillage, I followed the course of the almost obliterated avenue, and passed with a sigh the spot where, more than ten years ago, I had heard old Michael's farewell cry of *Banacht liath*.

Postponing for the present my visit to the ruins of the old fort, I descended the hill, and followed the avenue as it passed by the corner of the lake. At this spot were yet visible the relics of a small boat-house. One half-decayed post was still upright in the soil, to which were attached a few links of a rusty chain, by which I used, in days gone by, to secure a small pleasure-boat in which I had passed many of the dreamy hours of my boyhood. But the boat had disappeared; and the rusty chain, the mouldering post, and a few mildewed planks, alone marked the site of the old boat-house.

I did not meet a living being in the walk of more than a mile from the gate to the house. The whole place bore the aspect of ruin and solitude. Many of the old trees, which were still standing when I left home, had disappeared; and a sun-dial, which had stood for many a long year in front of the hall-door, was lying broken on the grass. I made my way to the front of the house, but found it impossible to obtain ingress; the hall-door had been removed, and the entrance blocked up

with solid masonry; the windows were all nailed down, and secured by strong rough planks, fastened in the inside. And on proceeding round the angle of the house to the conservatory, through which, in former times, there was an entrance to the principal sitting-room, I found that the doors were firmly fastened and nailed together, and the window of the room closed up.

After some time, I perceived a thin column of smoke rising from the part of the house in which the kitchen and housekeeper's apartments were situated; and remembering that there was formerly on the northern side of the building a door and passage which led to the kitchen, I walked round the house with the view of endeavouring to obtain an entrance. As I passed round the corner, I saw the roots of the old elm tree, which had been cut down by my father; and on proceeding a few steps farther, was encountered by a dog who, with loud and angry barking and bristling back, defended the approach. In a minute or two the door was opened by a handsome woman, about thirty years of age, who called in the dog, and said my honour was welcome, and asked me to come in and sit down, though indeed it was a poor place for the like of my honour.

As I raised my face to thank her for her courtesy, I at once recognised her as Mary Wallace, who had been famous as a rustic beauty before I went into the army. As she looked at me she started, and seemed about to address me as one well known to her. But as I made no sign of recognition, and was greatly changed by ten years of travel and toil, and addressed her in the character of a stranger attracted partly by curiosity, and partly with a view of ascertaining whether the place would suit a friend of mine, who had some idea of purchasing the property, her suspicions appeared to vanish, and she commenced to speak to me as if I were in reality a stranger.

"Why then, your honour," said she, "there has many a gentleman been here lately looking at the place; and many a one would like to buy it, without letting it go into the Courts, only in regard of the house being in such a bad state, and likely to fall down, that they tell me it would take a crock of *gould* to put it in repair again. Ah! then, your honour, it was a fine place long ago, but it is greatly changed now."

"Yes, Mary Wallace, it is greatly changed. The old sun-dial is broken, and the old elm-tree has been cut down."

As I said these words, she sprang with a kind of shriek from the low stool on which she had been sitting, rocking an infant in a cradle, and stood before me with staring and distended eyes—her colour came and went, her arms were extended, and for some seconds she gasped, as it were, for utterance. At length the words came—

"Holy Mother and blessed saints!" she said, "your honour calls me Mary Wallace. And your honour remembers the sun-dial, and the old elm-tree. It's himself! it's himself! It's the young masher come back alive from the wars! The ould stock come back to the ould place, to stand between us and the stranger, and reign once more in Danganmore!"

She then rushed forward and, in spite of all my efforts to prevent her, threw herself on her knees, and seizing my hand, pressed it repeatedly to her lips. Then a sudden impulse seized her. Springing to her

feet, she rushed to a door which opened into a back yard, and shouted at the top of her voice—

“*Tom, Tom, mavourneen, gulliyah, gulliyah, Rhee an ish !*”\*

In a minute or two a man, whom I at once recognised as Tom Donoghue, came running to the door, and exclaimed—

“What is it, Mary, asthore? What ails ye? Oh! what is it at all?”

She rushed towards Tom, seized him with both her hands by the shoulders, exclaiming, with loud and vehement utterance—

“Don’t you see him? Don’t you know him? Look at him, the ould masther—no, no, the young masther!—Captain Arthur himself come back alive from the wars! The ould stock! The ould stock once more on the ould ground!”

In spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, I was obliged to submit to the same evidence of joy and devotion from Tom Donoghue that I had already experienced at the hands of Mary Wallace; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I caused them to understand I had no intention of purchasing the property, and becoming the Lord of Danganmore; and that so far from being able to do so, I was a broken and ruined man, with little more than the means of subsistence.

“More’s the pity!” said Mary; “and sure my heart was in my mouth before you spoke a word. And though the great black beard covers your mouth and hides your face, there was a look in your honour’s eyes that brought back the old days to mind. And I was going to spake to your honour at once, only for the talk that is in the country, that your honour, after escaping from the wars and the Rooshians, had died of the faver far away out in Egypt. And I thought if it was your honour at all, it was your sperrit that was in it, and not yourself; and I was daunted between the two minds, to spake or not to spake. But when your honour called me by my name, then I knew the truth, and that it was yourself standing here in your own house; for your own house it is, and will be, please God, in spite of all that’s come and gone. And it was only yesterday that ould Michael Cashin was standing here and spaking to Tom. ‘Tom,’ says he, ‘*a vic machree!* my time is nearly come, and it is not long before you will be helping to carry ould Michael to the chapel-yard of Carricktriss. But the thought is on my heart that Captain Arthur will come home before I go; and if I see him here once more, with his foot on the lands of Danganmore, and he keeps the promise he made me ten long years ago, to shake my hand again in the hare’s glen, I am ready and content to die.’”

“Is it possible, said I, “that old Michael Cashin is still alive?”

“Why then, your honour, he is alive and hearty still, though he is bent nearly double with age; and the white beard is growing over his face, that you would think the wrens might build their nests in it. But after your honour left the country, there came sore trouble on ould Michael. His own children were dead long ago, and the three grandchildren, two boys and a girl, who ought to have stayed at home and taken care of the ould man, took to drink, and bad work of all kinds, and went away out of the country, and no one knows if they are alive or dead. And then the wife died, and poor ould Michael lost all heart

\* Tom, my darling, come, come, make haste!

when she was gone. And the times were very bad, and the potatoes were rotting in the ground, and the poor, God help them! were not able to help the poor. And Michael had no help to till the bit of ground, and the rent was in arrear, and the receiver, a kind gentleman he is—sure your honour must remember Mr. Matthews, that used to be playing ball, and throwing the half-hundredweights against you, and no one could ever say which was the best man of the two—if he had his own way, he would have left ould Michael alone; but the great gentleman up in the courts said, that if Michael could not, or would not, pay the rent, Mr. Matthews must pay it himself, or find some one that would. So he was obliged to put ould Michael out, and pull down the house over his head. And indeed, your honour, I'll never forget that day. Tom and I were out in the field that was a sheep-walk long ago, when we saw the ould man coming down the hill, with an alpeen in his hand, and Keeper his dog with him. Well I think to this day that ould Michael had been drinking, or it may be the trouble he was in had put him astray; for there was a quare, wild look in his eyes, and you would think he had forgotten how old he was, for the sorra stoop he had, but stood up as straight as your honour this blessed day. 'Mary, *marourneen*,' says he to me, 'I was born on the lands of Danganmore, fourscore years and upwards I have lived on the lands of Danganmore, and it was there I wished to die; but now I have neither wife, nor child, nor house, nor home, and there is nothing for Keeper and myself but to turn our backs to the wind, and face the world.' And it's my belief he would have left the country that same night only that Dick Hara, who was almost as ould as himself, took him into his house. Your honour will remember Dick Hara; and, indeed, so you ought, for it's often I heard tell how, when you were a small boy, many a long year ago, and the grey pony ran against a tree with you in the wood of Cappamore, and you were thrown a distance of twenty yards, with your left arm under you, it was Dick Hara lifted you up. And you said you were not hurt, and thought to mount the pony again, but fell off the saddle in a dead faint, with your collar-bone and three ribs broken; and ould Dick Hara carried you a matter of a mile in his arms, till he could get the docthor to take care of you. Well, your honour, ever since that day ould Michael has lived in the house with Dick, and there is not a day that he is not to be seen walking about the place. And betimes, when he gets a drop of sperrits, I think he is not right in his head; for it is often I see him coming down the hill between this and the old fort, and when he comes to the ould lime-tree, he will stand there a time, and stick the point of the alpeen in the ground, and fling his ould hat in the air, and cry 'Danganmore for ever, and the blue sky over it!' And then, your honour, he begins calling to the sheep and the cattle, as he used to do long ago, though there has not been a baste on the land since the sheriff sold off all the stock, in the time of your honour's father; and then he will put his finger into his mouth, and give a whistle that your honour might hear from this to Knocknaha, and call for his dog Keeper, though, God be good to us! the poor baste has been dead these four years."

"And what," said I, "has become of Sir Richard Kirwan? Is he alive and well?"



"Why then, your honour," said Tom Donoghue, "he is alive and hearty, though he complains at times of the gout; and he has persuaded the doctors to order him off to Germany to drink the waters, and he's to stay away for a year, or maybe more. But myself thinks it's little gout he has, but he wants to be out of the way while this ould place is selling; and when it is settled who is to be owner of Danganmore, he will come back again. And it was only yesterday he rode over here, to look at the two young hounds that I have rearing for him, and to bid us good-bye, himself and Miss Eveleen."

As he uttered these words I sprang to my feet, but a sensation of faintness and giddiness compelled me to resume my seat.

"Miss Eveleen!" I exclaimed. "Who is Miss Eveleen? Is she not married to the Marquis of A——? and did not the marriage take place two years ago at Rome?"

"No, your honour, she is not married, and it's what I'm thinking, it will be many a long day before she is married. There was a report in the country at the time, that she was to be married to the Marquis; and the talk was so strong about it, that the tenants at Dromard were going to light a bonfire in regard of their young mistress getting such a grand match. But ould Michael would not give into the bonfire at all at all; and he said what was true enough, there was no letter from Sir Richard or Miss Eveleen herself, and sure it's fools they would be making of themselves to be lighting bonfires before they knew the rights of the matter. And since they came back to Dromard, Miss Eveleen's maid told Mary here the truth of the story. And sure enough the Marquis wanted to marry her, and Sir Richard wished her to say 'yes.' And the Marquis was pressing her day and night to say the word, but that word she would not say. And she told Sir Richard that his other two daughters were married, and living far away from him, and since he had lost his two sons he was alone in the world, and she would not leave him. Well, your honour, when Sir Richard saw the way she took it to heart, he would not press her any more; so he took her away from Rome, and after travelling for some time longer about Italy, they came back to Dromard. And many is the offer of marriage she has had since she came back; for you know that, on account of Mr. Richard's death, she will have a share of the Dromard estates. And more than that, Sir Richard's brother, who was a great merchant in London, has left her a power of money; and it's what they tell me, that she could buy up all Danganmore and scarce miss the price of it. And it's only a week ago that an English gentleman, Sir William Heathcote, went away from Dromard, and we heard tell from Miss Eveleen's maid, that he tried hard to gain her consent; and he gave out that if she would marry him, although he had a house in London, and two grand places in England, he would buy Danganmore, as he knew her love for the old place, and live in Ireland. And Sir Richard kept his promise, and would not say a word to her. But she knew well enough what he wished her to do, and so she said to him—'Father,' says she, 'we are going away for twelve months; say nothing until the twelve months are passed, and then if Sir William asks me to marry him, and such is your wish, I will do your bidding.' And that, your honour, is the right of the matter, as Mary Grace, Miss Eveleen's maid, told it to Mary and me yesterday morning."

"And has Sir Richard gone?" said I, in a voice of forced calmness.

"He has gone, your honour. He and Miss Eveleen started between day and dark this morning, and they will cross over to England by to-morrow morning's packet. And yesterday evening, as I was going into Ballyneale, I met the post-horses going over to Dromard, to stop the night in Sir Richard's stables, so that there might be no delay in the morning."

In order to conceal my agitation, I expressed a wish to walk through the old house; and Mary handed me the keys of the different rooms, guessing, with an intuitive delicacy, that I would wish to be alone.

I first entered the room which, in former times, had been the library. Many of the windows were boarded up, and there was just sufficient light to enable me to see the traces of ruin and decay. There was no furniture of any kind in the room. The paper, in many places, was hanging from the walls, and in others showed, by the difference of colour, the spots where the book-cases and family portraits had rested against the wall. I next made my way to the room which had formerly been mine. It presented the same appearance of ruin and neglect; it was also denuded of furniture. But the iron rack on which formerly my guns and fishing-rods were supported, was still in its place. When I left home, I had sold or given away such of my rods and guns as were of any value. But I recollected that I had left a small trout-rod and a straw-hat in my room. They were worth little in themselves; but, at the time, I did not like to give them away, as Eveleen had lined the hat for me, and made a case for the rod. I had a sort of feeling, almost a hope, that I should find them in their old place, but they had disappeared.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Oh! hemlock-tree, oh! hemlock-tree, how faithful are thy branches!  
Green not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime—

Oh! hemlock-tree, oh! hemlock-tree, how faithful are thy branches!"

HAVING spent an hour or so wandering through the house, I determined to fulfil my vow of visiting the fort, and seeing old Michael once more; and with that intention descended the stairs, and proceeded towards the kitchen, for the purpose of saying farewell to Tom Donoghue and Mary Wallace. As I approached the door, which was half-open, I heard the tones of a voice which, for ten long years, had been sounding in my ears. It was Eveleen herself who was speaking! Who can analyse the human heart, or explain its emotions. I would have given worlds to have rushed into the room, and thrown myself at Eveleen's feet; but I was wholly unable to stir. A feeling of faintness and sickness came over me, and I was forced to lean against the wall to save myself from falling, and press my hands violently against my heart to suppress its tumultuous beatings. Eveleen was speaking; and faint as I was, every word she uttered fell on my ear like the sound of a silver bell.

"Mary," said she, "I have come to bid you good-bye once more. Mr. Goddard arrived at a late hour last night with some papers on

business, which it was necessary for my father to read over, and we have put off our journey until to-morrow. So I left the two gentlemen at their business, and walked over here to say good-bye, and look again at the old place, which will have passed into other hands long before I see it again."

I cannot tell what had been Mary's motive in concealing my return, but it was plain that she had not communicated the fact to Eveleen, for I heard her inquire if Sir Richard had heard any news of Captain Arthur.

"No, Mary, not yet," was the reply; "but he has written to the consuls and bankers at Cairo and Alexandria, to make inquiries as to the names of the travellers who are said to have died in Egypt; and until I hear it for certain, I will not believe he is dead. We are going away for twelve months, and if he is alive, he will come home long before that time is passed, to see the old place which he loved so well. If you see him, Mary, tell him that I have got the straw-hat and the fishing-rod which he left behind him, and will give them back to him when I come home."

And then she added, as if speaking to herself, in a very low voice, though every syllable fell distinctly on my ear—"If he be dead, poor fellow, I will keep them for his sake."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when I passed through the door, and uttered one word—"Eveleen!" There was a cry—a shriek of joy—a rustling of garments. And Eveleen, the long-lost, the ever-loved, the true-hearted, ever-faithful Eveleen, was pressed to my heart. She endeavoured, but in vain, to speak, and writhed and twisted convulsively in my arms. I feared for some time that the shock had been too much for her, and that the agitation which shook her whole frame might produce fatal consequences. At last Nature came to her relief; she burst into a passionate flood of tears, but, oh! such happy tears! and sobbed herself to rest upon my shoulder. As I looked up for a moment from her face, I saw that we were alone. Donoghue and Mary Wallace had perceived, at once, that the meeting between Eveleen Kirwan and me required no witnesses. We were alone.

In one month from that eventful day Eveleen became my bride, in the old church of Ballyneale. Sir Richard's carriage with four horses was in waiting to convey us to Dromard, where we were to pass the honeymoon; but the tenantry tore the horses from the carriage, and drew us home with loud shouts, old Michael, who seemed to have shaken off fifty years of his age, walking in front, and, ever and anon, stopping to toss his hat in the air, and shout—"Danganmore for ever, and the blue sky over it!"

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Two years and a-half have passed since Eveleen became mine. The old place has been repurchased for the old name—I stand once more on my father's hearth—I sit once more in my father's hall—but I am no longer alone, I am no longer broken-hearted. God's best gift to man, a true-hearted, loving wife, is by my side. A strong-limbed, curly-headed boy, with the deep-set, thoughtful eyes of his mother, and what she *will* call

the bold, audacious smile of his father, plays about the room. The sorrows of the past are fading away, as the fever-dream of the sick man passes, when the morning air streams into his chamber.

I grasp the present with joy and thankfulness—I look forward to the future with hope and confidence. I have planted a young tree where the old elm stood. And I see, in years to come, my children's grandchildren playing beneath its shade.

Old Michael sleeps in the chapel-yard of Carricktriss. But I think on his words, and trust, that "while grass grows and water runs," there will always be a "FITZMAURICE OF DANGANMORE."

## A BARCAROLLE.

### FOR MUSIC.

#### I.

There's a small bit of blue in the morning sky,  
A few sweet songsters are warbling by ;  
There's a tuneful gush in the pent-up stream,  
And a flash of joy in the daylight's gleam.  
Hope shines like the dew, and the voices I hear,  
Are wood-nymphs chaunting—"A happy New Year!"

#### II.

There's a golden fringe on the cold, dark cloud,  
And a balmy breeze, tho' the storm is loud :  
Tho' the raven's wings o'er the moorlands fly,  
The white dove soars in the murky sky.  
And still doth the pale, faint moon remain,  
Just *looking*—"I'll light thee to night again."

#### III.

Tho' the bark may roll on the ocean drear,  
There's an Eye shall watch and a Hand shall steer ;  
Tho' weeds float in as the wild waves swell,  
There's a hum of joy in the bright sea-shell.  
Hope spreads like a sail, and the voices I hear,  
Are sea-nymphs chaunting—"A happy New Year!"

## THE RUINS OF TRIM.

No part of Ireland will better repay the antiquarian or the photographer a journey, than the ancient frontier town of Trim. Blotting out of the landscape the town itself, nothing can exceed in beauty the magnificent ruins that overlook the gliding waters of the Boyne, and the rich, undulating pastures that spread upon the lap of Nature their carpet of emerald brightness.

The two principal ruins now extant are the Yellow Steeple, part of the Abbey of St. Mary, and the Castle of Trim. The only remaining part of the noble Abbey is the east side of the tower, called the Yellow Steeple, with a small portion of its exquisite staircase, and its fine geometrical window. This tower stands 125 feet high. In 1786, three sides of the tower were standing, one-fourth of it having been blown up by Cromwell. Colgan informs us that so early as the year 432, St. Patrick founded this Abbey of Canons Regular, dedicated it to the Virgin Mary, and made his nephew, St. Loman, bishop; afterwards, St. Forcherne, grandson of King Laogar, was baptised by St. Patrick, A.D. 432, and succeeded St. Loman, at his dying request. In A.D. 1108, Connor O'Maglaghlin, assisted by the forces of Ulster, burnt the town of Trim, and about 200 persons, then in the Abbey of St. Mary, perished in the flames. Trim and its Abbeys seem to have been constant victims to desolation and rapine from the earliest period, for we have on record the fact that, from this period down to the year 1362, the town and its Abbey were burnt no less than five times; and it is at this date that antiquarians fix the building of the tower now called the Yellow Steeple. We find in the year 1402, that King Henry IV., at the supplication of the Abbots and Nuns of St. Mary of Trim, took under his protection all pilgrims, whether liege men, or Irish rebels, going on pilgrimage to the Abbey, according to immemorial usage. Good right had the faithful to perform a pilgrimage to this holy place, as we learn from the "Four Masters" that the image of Mary of Trim wrought many miracles. It is said, but cautiously as lawyers state facts under a "to wit," that great miracles were worked "through St. Marye's Image in Ath Truim," viz., "gave his eyes to the blind, his tongue to the dumbe, his legges to the crieple or lame, and the reaching of his hand to one that had it tied into his side." There seems to have been another famous image in Navan, possessed of like power, as appears from the Parliament held at Drogheda, A.D. 1460, before Richard Duke of York, quoted in Hardiman's Note to the Statute of Kilkenny ("Archæol. Tracts," vol. i. p. 25)—

"Edmond Bishop of Meath, in execution of the command of our most holy father the Pope, at Navan, on a market-day there kept, in solemn procession in said market excommunicated Thomas Bathe, Knt., pretending himself to be Lord of Louth, for contempt in not restoring the goods he had robbed and despoiled; Master John Stackbolle (doctor of each degree) pronouncing openly against the said Thomas, the Psalm of David, *Deus Laudem*; and moreover declaring, decreeing, and adjudging, that in any

town into which the said Thomas should hereafter come in w<sup>h</sup> there was any church, no baptism or burial should be had, or Mass sung or said, within three days after his residence there; in the which excommunication the said Thomas still remains, continuing in his malicious, inhuman, and diabolical obstinacy against the Church of God; and not yet content nor satisfied of the intents and gratification of his said malice, caused certain of his servants to go to the Abbey of Navan, where the said Master John was, whom out of the Church of our Blessed Lady there they took, violently carrying him thence to Wilkinston, holding him in prison there, where they *cut out his tongue*, and in their estimation, intention, and purpose, *put out his eyes*; the which so done, he was again carried to the said Church, and cast there before our said Blessed Lady, by the grace, mediation, and miraculous power of whom he was *restored his sight and tongue*."

According to Ware's "Annals," the famous image of Trim was burnt in the year 1538, in the Abbey of the Canons Regular, and the gifts of the pilgrims taken away; these consisted of vases, jewels, and ornaments of great value. The seals of the Abbot of this Abbey, and of the Abbot of St. Mary's at Durrow, King's County, were found near Mullingar. They are now in the possession of Mr. R. Murray, of that town, and have been assigned by Dr. Petrie to the close of the thirteenth century.

Besides the ecclesiastical ruins of Mary's Abbey, over which the Yellow Steeple stands a majestic sentinel, there are the ruins of a Dominican Friary, situate near the gate leading to Athboy. This Friary was founded in honour of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, A.D. 1263, by Geoffrey de Geneville, Lord of Meath. Bishop Burke, who wrote in 1756, says that a few years before that time, the walls of the house and chapel gave evidence of their original magnificence; but that shortly before he wrote, the stones were sold and carried away to other buildings, so that on visiting the place he found scarcely any ruins. Both the site of the Abbey and the Abbey Well are marked on the Ordnance Survey.

Trim abounded in churches and abbeys. According to Ussher, "When St. Patrick, A.D. 433, in his holy navigation, came to Ireland, he left St. Loman at the mouth of the Boyne, to take care of his boat forty days and forty nights; and then he, Loman, waited another forty out of obedience to Patrick. Then, according to the order of his master (the Lord being his pilot) he came in his boat against the stream, as far as the ford of Trim, and Loman remained in Trim until Patrick came and built a church with them twenty-two years before the foundation of the Church of Armagh. This ancient church was rebuilt in 1802.

An excellent and graphic description of Trim in olden days, is given in a memorial presented in 1584, by Robert Draper, Parson of Trim, to Lord Burghley, Lord High Treasurer of England, respecting the foundation of a University in Trim. The rev. gentleman thus presents its attractions:—

"Firste, It is scituate in a most fresh and wholesome ayre, xx<sup>4</sup> myles from Dublin, and xv. from Droghedaghe, an haven towne. The towne itselfe is full of very faire castles and stone houses, builded after the Englishe fashyon, and devyded into five faire streetes, and hathe in it the fairest and most

stately castle that her Ma<sup>ty</sup> hath in all Ireland, almost decayed. It hath also one greate and large Abbey, nothinge thereof defaced; but the church, and therein, great store of goodly roomes, in meetly good repair, the howse is put to no use, and will (I think) be easily bought of the owner, Edward Cusack, of Lesmollen. The said Edward hath also a fryary in the said town, a very fit place for a colledge, which also may be easily gotten of him.

"Further, your suppliant hathe a Friery having stanche and good walls, for an hall, for 4 or five lodgings, a cellar, a kitchen, a place for lectures, with a pleasant backside, conteyning three acres at leaste; all which your said suppliant will freely give to the furtherance of this good worke. Throughe the myddest of the towne runneth the most pure and clere ryver of the Boyne; up this ryver might all provision come from Droghedaghe to Trym, by boate, if the statute to that purpose made in Sir Henry Sydney's time were executed. Harde by the towne is an excellent good quarry; if they should need any stone, lymestone enough harde at the gate, slates within xi myles, and timber enough within three myles. The country round about verie fruitfull of corne and cattell, yieldinge besides plentifull store of firewood and turfe—a very good and sweet fewell; and if the statute aforesaid for the setting open of weares and fishing-places in the Boyne were executed, the fewell, in greater quantitie for small pryce, might be brought downe by boate.

"Lastly (which is a matter of greater ymportance), the towne is in the myddest of the Englishe Pale, and is well and strongly walled about; a thinge that will be a meane to draw lerned men thither, and be a greater safety to the whole company of studentes there; for your honour knoweth that where-soever the Universitie be founded, the towne must of necessitie have a good wall, elles will no lerned men goe from hence, or any other place thither; neither they of the country send their sonnes to any place that is not defensible, and safe from the invasion of the Irishe. The building of the wall will cost as much as the colledges, which charge will be saved."

The Castle of Trim, being "that fairest and most stately castle" mentioned in the above memorial, lies on the east side of the town, and on the south or right bank of the Boyne, and consists of a triangular-walled enclosure, defended by circular flanking towers, and of a large and lofty donjon, or keep, in the centre. The thickness of the walls are from six feet to twelve, and were carried up sixty feet above the level of the ground, their circumference being 486 yards, defended by ten flanking-towers, at nearly equal distances. This Castle was built, in 1173, by Hugh de Lacy, who had obtained from Henry II., for the service of fifty knights, a grant of Meath. This territory, extending from the Shannon to the sea, appears to have had nearly the same bounds as the present diocese of Meath, and to have comprehended the counties of Meath and Westmeath, with parts of the King's County and Longford. De Lacy reserved the greater portion of this vast principality for himself, and seems to have fixed upon Trim as the head of the Lordship. After having furnished his castle with all necessary supplies, he departed for England, leaving it in the custody of Hugh Tyrrell. Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, assembled a large army to destroy this Castle; and Tyrrell, having despatched messengers to Earl Strongbow, beseeching him to come to his assistance, and finding himself too weak to resist the multitudes brought against him, abandoned the Castle, and burned it. The Irish king returned to his own country, and Hugh Tyrrell to the ruined Castle of Trim, to re-edify the same before Hugh de Lacy's return out of England.

In 1241, Walter de Lacy, the most eminent of the nobles of Ireland, died. He occupied the Castle of Trim under the orders of Henry III., and on two different occasions defeated the Connaughtmen who laid siege to the Castle. Upon his death, the Castle became the property of his co-heiress Maud, who married for her first husband Peter de Genevre. Upon the death of her first husband, she married Geoffrey de Geneville, or De Joinville, a native of Champagne, of illustrious birth, brother to the famous Jean de Joinville, the companion and historian of St. Louis. This great statesman, who was the confidential friend of Edward I., and who was engaged by him in almost all the great transactions of the time, both at home and abroad, founded the Abbey for Dominicans before noticed, and, in 1273, after his return from the Holy Land, was appointed Lord Justice of Ireland. In his time, according to Hanmer, "the Scots and Redshanks, out of the Highlands, crossed the seas, burned towns and villages, most cruelly killed man, woman, and child, took a great prey, and returned home before the country could make any preparation to pursue them." But, according to the same historian, an ample reparation was made; "for in a while after, to be revenged of them, Ulster and Connaught mustered a great army, under the leading of Richard de Burgh and Sir Eustace le Poer, Knight, made after them, entered the Islands and Highlands of Scotland, slew as many as they could find, burned their cabins and cottages; and such as dwelt in caves and rocks (as the manner is to den out foxes) they fired and smothered to death, covering their entrances into the ground with great and huge stones; and so returned to Ireland." Sir Geoffrey de Geneville died on the 19th of October, 1314, at Trim, in the Abbey he had founded fifty years before, having first resigned his lordship of Meath to his faithful granddaughter and her ambitious husband, Roger de Mortimer, who, according to Froissart, had great possessions in England. From Hanmer, he would appear to have been neither a rich nor honest man; for that historian says that, in 1317, Mortimer went over to England to the king indebted to the citizens of Dublin for his viands a thousand pounds, whereof he paid not one *smulkin* (Queen Elizabeth's brass farthings were called smulkins); and many a bitter curse he carried with him to the sea. This Roger Mortimer was afterwards condemned as a traitor, and was hanged on the common gallows at Tyburn, November 29th, 1330; but in consequence of his not having been heard in his defence, Roger, his grandson, obtained, in 1354, an Act of Parliament to reverse the forfeiture. In 1337, Edward III. restored the Liberty of Trim to Joan, widow of Roger Mortimer, and in 1368, all the castles, &c., belonging to Roger late Earl of March, were delivered to his son Edmund Earl of March, by order of the king.

On the 26th June, 1399, Richard II., having come to Ireland to avenge the death of his cousin Roger Earl of March, and having taken with him Henry, son of the Duke of Lancaster, as a hostage, on learning the arrival of the Duke of Lancaster at Ravensburg, sailed from Dublin, leaving in custody in the Castle of Trim the young sons of the Dukes of Lancaster and Gloucester. This son of the Duke of Lancaster was then but thirteen years old. He became afterwards the victorious King Henry V. The Rev. Richard Butler, Deane of Clon-



macnoise, mentions, in his notices of the Castle of Trim, that in the year 1836, in planting potatoes in the Castle-yard, there was found a very small steel spur, beautifully inlaid with silver, and asks, "Was it not the spur of Henry V.?"

Among the following statutes and ordinances, made and established in a Parliament holden at Trim, in the 25th year of Henry VI., before John Talbot Earl of Shrewsbury, an Act was passed which has much application to the fashion of the present day. It was, "That he that will be taken for an Englishman, shall not use a beard upon his upper lip, for that now there is no difference in array betwixt the English marchours and the Irish enemy."

We have not space to detail chronologically the history of the once noble castle of Trim, down to its destruction by Cromwell's army. We must refer our readers to the able work of the Rev. Mr. Butler, whose indefatigable research has brought to light everything that records and tradition can impart. But as it is our lot year after year to visit this locality, we cannot help feeling pain when we find that no effort is made to preserve the Castle or the Abbey from decay, and that those majestic memorials of Ireland's bygone military and ecclesiastical celebrity should be allowed to fall into hopeless ruin and confusion.

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#### TO A FRIEND.

A little while over Life's sunlit meadow  
We walked together. Go thou on to fame.  
Speechless I walk the valley of the shadow  
Of sin and shame!

Go on! The footprints of the good leave traces  
On the world's heart. Oft from thy lips shall fall  
True words, lighting with joy worn pallid faces,  
Rejoicing all.

March on!—Truth's vesture o'er thy shoulders casting,  
Having thy feet with Truth's white sandals shod—  
Through time, through yonder dim, strange everlasting,  
And on to God.

And I? To dream the true, but act it never;  
To see the good and right, but only see.  
And I? To dream for ever and for ever—  
So let it be.

ROBERT HANNAY.

## THE ROMANCE OF ART.—VII.

## JEAN PETITOT, THE ENAMEL-PAINTER.

THE lives of those who have raised themselves to the highest position in any liberal art are always instructive, and generally interesting—for such eminence can only be attained by a combination of genius, industry, and strength of character; and the exhibition of the success of qualities so valuable, is well fitted to rouse the indolent, and to encourage the diligent in active and persevering exertion. The life of Jean Petitot, the improver, and almost the inventor, of enamel-painting—in which he attained unrivalled perfection and fame in his own days—is highly interesting as well as instructive, and possesses peculiar claims to attention, arising both from his noble character as a man, and his abilities as an artist. He was the first who, by the beauty, finish, and delicacy of his works, and by their mingled softness and brilliancy of colour, elevated enamel-painting to the dignity of a liberal art. He painted the portraits of most of the celebrated personages of his time in France and England, and, in the course of his long and laborious career, earned no small measure of fame and fortune, which he might have enjoyed in peace to the end of his days, but for his constancy and firmness in adhering to his religious opinions, in spite of the solicitations of the greatest monarch, and the eloquence of the most celebrated preacher in Europe.

The art of enamelling is of great antiquity. It was known to the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans; and beautiful specimens of ancient enamels are occasionally found, of which we know neither the composition nor the method of applying it. Nor is this to be wondered at, as each artist, in order to increase his profits, kept his own method of working as secret as possible; so that many very beautiful processes probably died with their authors. Remains of ancient enamels have been found among the Roman antiquities in this country; and a jewel, ornamented with enamelling—which was originally discovered in Somersetshire, and is now preserved at Oxford—bears an inscription which proves it to have been made by order of Alfred the Great; so that the art must have been known to our Saxon ancestors. The Normans, too, as appears from the traces of enamelling upon a gold cup presented by King John to the Corporation of Lynn, in Norfolk, must have been acquainted with it. The tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, bears marks of enamelling; and the beautiful crozier of the celebrated William of Wykeham is decorated with enamels. In Italy the art was lost for some hundred years, but was revived in the fourteenth century—the earliest specimen of that revival being the Reliquary of the Cathedral of Orvieto, adorned with paintings enamelled upon silver, and executed, in 1338, by Ugolino Vieri, a goldsmith of Siena. Enamelling is applied either to various kinds of earthenware and porcelain, or to metallic surfaces. Italy produced marvels of art in the former branch, known as Majolica ware;

and this process was subsequently introduced into France, in the reign of Francis I., when, owing to the rare talents of Leonard de Limoges, the enamels of Limoges became very celebrated. The famous Florentine sculptor, Lucca della Robbia, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century, improved upon, or discovered, the art of enamelling upon *terra cotta*, to whose surface he succeeded in communicating the polish and durability of marble. Petitot, on the other hand, worked entirely on metal—on copper, silver, or gold; and the processes of these early enamellers on earthenware bear no resemblance to that which he carried to such perfection in the seventeenth century. The extreme nicety of the art, and the difficulties which Petitot, the first really great enamel-painter, had to contend with and overcome in his progress to excellence, are thus clearly stated in a well-known chemical work:—

“The reader may conceive how much the difficulties of this nice art are increased, when the object is not merely to lay a uniform-coloured glazing on a metallic surface, but also to paint that surface with figures and other designs that require extreme delicacy of outline, accuracy of shading, and selection of colouring. The enamel-painter has to work, not with actual colours, but from mixtures which he knows from experience will produce certain colours after the operation of the fire; and to the common skill of the painter, in the arrangement of his palette and the choice of his colours, the enameller has to add an infinite quantity of practical knowledge of the chemical operation of one metallic oxyde on another, the fusibility of his materials, and the utmost degree of heat at which they will attain, not only the accuracy of the figures which he has given, but the precise shade of colour which he intends to lay on.”

Jean Petitot was born at Geneva in 1607. His father, a sculptor and architect, had passed a considerable part of his life in Italy, and had afterwards retired to the beautiful banks of Lake Lemman. Like many great painters, young Petitot commenced his artistic career as a jeweller, under the direction of Bordier, who, observing the delicacy and beauty of colour of the enamels which he prepared, advised him to devote himself to painting in enamel. This advice was followed by Petitot; and although at this period both he and Bordier were acquainted with a number of the colours requisite to ensure the perfection of their work, yet the portraits which they painted far surpassed anything that had previously been produced. Petitot painted the heads and hands—to which he imparted an admirable truth and brilliancy of colour—while Bordier executed the hair, draperies, and backgrounds. Dissatisfied, however, with their imperfect knowledge, the two friends set out for Italy, where for some years they employed themselves in studying the greatest works of art, and in frequenting the laboratories of the most famous chemists. But, although their taste and skill as artists were thus greatly improved, their search for the colours essential to the perfection of their work was still in vain. Unsuccessful in Italy, they proceeded to England, and there, from Sir Theodore de Mayerne-Turquet, one of the greatest physicians and chemists of the seventeenth century, at length acquired the information which they had so long and fruitlessly sought.

This celebrated man, however, demands a brief notice; and we shall

for a moment leave our enamellists happy in their discovery, while we attempt to sketch his portrait. His father, Louis de Mayerne-Turquet, was the lineal descendant of an ancient and honourable Piedmontese family who were Barons of Aubonne. He was born about 1550, belonged to the reformed religion, and, as a translator, historian, and political writer, obtained considerable celebrity in his own day. During a disturbance at Lyons two houses belonging to him were burned by the fanatical mob, and he was compelled to fly to Geneva, of which town he was made a citizen, and where he died about 1630. His son, Theodore, was born at Geneva in 1573, and had for godfather the famous reformer, Theodore Beza. He studied medicine at Geneva, Heidelberg, Montpellier, and Paris; and, by the interest of the Sieur de la Rivière, was appointed Physician in Ordinary to Henry IV. of France. He afterwards accompanied the Duke de Rohan to Italy and Germany, and, on his return to France, established a medical school. He was one of the greatest chemists of his age, and set the example of using mineral specifics extensively in his practice, which was considered by the French faculty as a dangerous innovation, and caused Mayerne to be regarded by them pretty much as Hahnemann and Preissnitz have been by orthodox practitioners of later days. In spite of his great success and wonderful cures, they denounced him as a medical heretic, fulminated against him a decree couched in the most abusive language, and refused to attend any consultation along with him. This unseemly violence, however, only added to Mayerne's reputation; and, at the death of Dulaurens, he would have been appointed principal physician to the French king but for his attachment to the reformed faith. He cured an English lord of a dangerous complaint, and afterwards accompanied him to London, where his fame was speedily spread abroad. In 1621, James I. called him to England, and appointed him his principal physician, an office which he also held under Charles I. He obtained the honour of knighthood; and, after the death of Charles, retired to Chelsea, where he died in 1655, leaving an immense fortune to his only daughter, who afterwards married the grandson of the Duke de la Force. His portrait has been painted by Rubens, and he was the intimate friend of Vandyke and Petitot. He it was who discovered the colours necessary to the perfection of enamel-painting, and he was also the author of a manuscript treatise upon painting and the allied arts, at present in the British Museum, which Sir C. L. Eastlake mentions as highly important, and states that it is to be published by Mr. R. Hendrie, jun., the translator of the work of the monk Theophilus, "*Diversarum artium schedula*."

We left Petitot and Bordier arrived in London, and rejoicing in the discovery for which they were indebted to the chemical skill of their friend and countryman, Sir Theodore de Mayerne. The colours thus placed at the command of Petitot were superior in brilliancy to those with which the enamellers of Venice and Limoges were acquainted, and enabled him to produce works which far surpassed anything that had previously been attempted. Sir Theodore also introduced him to Charles I., who, delighted with his skill, attached him to the court, gave him lodgings in Whitehall, and conferred upon him the dignity of knighthood. He also made the acquaintance of Vandyke, whose advice

he found very useful in the copies which he made in enamel from celebrated pictures. Petitot several times painted Charles I. and the members of the royal family. On the death of that monarch, he repaired to France, in the train of Charles II., and soon became as fashionable at the court of Louis XIV. as he had before been in that of Charles I. At the Restoration, Louis retained Petitot in his service, and bestowed upon him a handsome pension and apartments in the Louvre. Petitot and Bordier had hitherto always wrought in concert; and, in 1651, the former married Margaret Cooper, and almost at the same time the latter became the brother-in-law of his friend and fellow-painter, and thus drew closer the bonds of their mutual friendship. Even after these marriages the two families continued to live together, until their increasing numbers rendered a separation necessary. By this time Bordier and Petitot had amassed a million of francs, and, on the separation taking place, they divided the fruits of their labours equally between them. Their long friendship of fifty years seems never to have been embittered by jealousy, or darkened by distrust. Of the latter part of Bordier's life we know but little. The only work which he appears to have executed separately, so far as is known, was the enamelled jewel which he made for the Long Parliament, and which was presented by them, after the battle of Naseby, to their victorious General Fairfax. It was afterwards sold by the executors of Fairfax to Ralph Thoresby, and, on the dispersion of his collection, passed into the hands of Horace Walpole: at the sale of his museum it was purchased by J. P. Beavan, Esq. A curious letter is given by Mr. Carpenter, in his "Pictorial Notices of Vandyke and his Contemporaries," which shows that James Bordier and his cousin Peter Bordier had incurred no slight risks during their journeyings in Italy, in order to render themselves skilful in their profession. This letter is dated August, 1640, and is written by Sir Theodore de Mayerne to the secretary of Sir Thomas Windebanke, in order to procure the release of the Bordiers from the Inquisition at Milan, in which they had been imprisoned.

During his residence in Paris, Petitot copied in enamel several pictures by Mignard and Lebrun, and he also repeatedly painted Louis XIV., his mother, Anne of Austria, and his queen, Maria-Theresa. He was a devout and zealous Protestant, and, upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which deprived France of so many of her best citizens, and enriched other countries with the fruits of their industry, he besought the king to permit him to retire to Geneva. Louis, with whom he was a great favourite, at first evaded his request, but seeing that it was reiterated, and fearing that he might fly from Paris, he caused him to be arrested and conveyed to Fort l'Eveque, and charged Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, with the task of converting the heretical artist. The eloquence of the great orator was exerted in vain, Petitot remained firm to his faith; but he was now verging upon fourscore, and the anxiety and confinement to which he was subjected brought on a severe fever, on learning which Louis caused him to be set at liberty. Petitot, however, had seen enough of religious persecution, and lost no time in leaving France. He quitted it along with his wife, in 1685, after a residence of thirty-six years, and took up his abode in his native town of Geneva. His children remained in Paris,

doubted. Determined to be carried on vig the undertaking, in special meeting on the very spot, with Manchester."

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but fearing the anger of the King on account of their father's flight, they hastened to throw themselves at his feet, and implore his protection. They were kindly received, and Louis—who was never at a loss for fine words, either to disguise a bad action or to set off a good one—remarked, “that he willingly pardoned in an old man the fancy of wishing to be interred beside his ancestors.” On finding himself once more in tranquillity, and safe from religious persecution, Petitot, in spite of his great age, resumed his work with ardour. He was always happiest while painting, and used to say, that he was constantly discovering in his art fresh beauties which fascinated and charmed him. When more than eighty years old, he painted the portraits of the King and Queen of Poland, for which he received 100 louis, and which possessed all the delicacy and beauty of his best time. He had become one of the celebrities of his age, and so many friends and strangers came to see him at Geneva, that, in order to enjoy greater quiet, he was obliged to leave that city and retire to Veray, a small town in the Canton of Berne. Like Titian, Petitot died in harness; for, while engaged upon a portrait of his wife, he was struck down by a sudden and severe malady, and died on the very day of the attack. His death took place in 1691, when he had attained the age of eighty-four years. His life had always been exemplary, and his character was frank, kind, and amiable. He had seventeen children, nearly all of whom he survived. One of his sons became a major-general in the English service, and died at Northallerton, in Yorkshire, in 1764; another (the only artist among them) was a miniature-painter, and left descendants who settled in Dublin. Petitot received high prices for his works, as he was undoubtedly the first artist in his vocation, and very much the fashion both at the courts of France and England. At first he received 20 louis for a single portrait, but afterwards his price rose to 40. His largest and finest work is generally considered to be the portrait of the Countess of Southampton, painted, in 1642, after the picture by Vandyke. It measures 10 inches by 6, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The Imperial collection in Paris contains the finest specimens of his powers, in the shape of forty-three portraits in enamel of royal and noble personages. They are placed upon green velvet, in their original settings, under plate glass, in a deep gold frame.

Two English enamel-painters have since equalled, if not surpassed, Petitot in the excellence of their works. The first of those, Henry Bone, R.A., enamel-painter to George IV., was born at Truro in 1755, and, like Petitot, was at first employed in painting devices in enamel for jewellery, but afterwards devoted himself to portraits, in which department his works are distinguished by great correctness of drawing, delicacy of finish, and fine tone of colour. He painted eighty-three portraits from original pictures, representing, at one view, Queen Elizabeth, her court, and the most celebrated personages of the day, among whom figure Sidney, Spenser, Shakspeare, Raleigh, Beaumont, Fletcher, Ben Jonson, and Inigo Jones. This splendid collection of portraits was valued at £10,000, but was offered to the nation by the artist for £4,000, and refused. After his death the whole of them were put up to auction, and dispersed among various collectors.



They brought only £2,000 at his sale. The Duke of Bedford was a great patron of Bone's; and in the Bedford collection are some of his finest works, including a series of portraits of the Russell family from the time of Henry VIII. to the present century. Bone's finest and largest work is a copy from Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne." It measures 18 inches by 16, and was bought by G. Bowes, Esq., of Wanstead, for 2,000 guineas. The late Charles Muss, who died in 1824, is said to have produced the largest enamel-painting at present in existence. It measures 20½ by 15½ inches; the subject is a "Holy Family," after a picture by Parmigiano, and it now forms part of the Royal collection in Buckingham Palace.

## ROSSO AND PIERINO DEL VAGA.

FRANCIS I. of France, though a selfish voluptuary and a bad king, always showed a great taste for the fine arts, and extended the most munificent patronage to eminent architects, painters, and sculptors. Leonardo da Vinci, Primaticcio, Rustici, Andrea del Sarto, Benevenuto Cellini, and many other famous artists, were employed and rewarded by him; and he showed that he possessed correct ideas with regard to the best means of diffusing a taste for the arts of design throughout France, when he endeavoured, not so much to heap up in the royal collection for his own gratification, the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, as to induce the greatest artists from those countries where Art was most flourishing, to settle in his kingdom, and, by their teaching and works, scatter broadcast throughout the country the seeds of a love for the beautiful.

Among the most distinguished foreigners attracted to France by the liberality of her king, was the Florentine Giovanni Battista di Jacopo del Rosso, better known in France as Maître Roux. He spent the flower of his days in his adopted country, and was famous for the versatility as well as for the vigour of his genius, attaining eminence as architect, poet, musician, and painter. He was a remarkably handsome man, with ruddy complexion, fair hair, and a tall, well-made figure; he also spoke well, and his manners were polished and winning. He was born at Florence in 1496, and studied drawing from the famous cartoon of Michael Angelo in the great Council Hall, which, in 1512, was cut to pieces by the envious hands of Baccio Bandinelli. Rosso seems to have had no regular instructions in painting; indeed his genius possessed a fire, originality, and independence, which too often led him astray, although it also inspired him with the fertility and richness of invention which characterises all his works, and the poetical fancy which imparts grace to his groups and single figures. He appears to have greatly improved the manner of the Florentine school, though, at the same time, he communicated to it a portion of his own extravagance. He ranks among the greatest painters of Florence. The heads of his figures are spirited and expressive, and their head-dresses and ornaments tasteful and appropriate; his colouring is lively and harmonious, his chiaroscuro broad and telling, and his pencilling free and firm. One of his finest pictures, now in the Pitti Palace, contains several figures of saints, admirable for

grouping, colour, and relief, and showing an energy of drawing and attitude that immediately and forcibly arrests attention. His picture of the "Espousals of the Virgin," still to be seen in a chapel of the Church of San Lorenzo, is also a noble work, but it has suffered greatly from cleaning and retouching. Rosso particularly excelled in painting women, imparting to them a truly feminine grace and beauty. In the heads of the old, also, he was careful to exhibit the wrinkles and sharp angles peculiar to age, while to those of children he studied to give a delicate softness and roundness of feature. In the midst of his early labours at Florence, a ludicrous incident occurred to this painter, which we cannot better recount than in the words of Vasari :—

"Rosso had his abode in a house, the windows of which looked into the gardens belonging to the monks of Santa Croce. He had a monkey, in whose pranks he found great pleasure, and who had the intelligence of a man rather than of a mere animal; for this cause he was held in the utmost affection by Rosso, who loved him as himself, and, availing himself of the extraordinary cleverness exhibited by the creature, he employed his monkey in every kind of service. This ape took a great fancy to one of the disciples of Rosso, a youth of a most beautiful aspect, called Battistino, at whose slightest sign the animal understood all that was required of him, and did everything that his dear Battistino commanded. Now, against the wall of the backrooms of Rosso's house, which was that turned towards the gardens of the monks, there grew a vine belonging to the Intendant, and which was covered with fine large grapes, of the kind called San Colombo. The vine was at considerable distance from the windows of the painter; but his young men sending down their ape, to which they had fastened a rope, drew him up again by this means, when he ever returned with his hands filled with grapes. Now, the Intendant soon remarked that his vine was thinned of its grapes without knowing who had done it; and, suspecting that mice had been there, he set a trap for them accordingly. But one day he beheld the monkey of Rosso in the very act of descending; and, falling into a fury of rage, he seized a stick, and rushing towards him prepared, with uplifted hands, to administer the cudgelling which he thought necessary. Then the monkey, perceiving well that if he attempted to ascend to his home, the Intendant would reach him, while, if he remained still, he would be equally in danger of the stick, began to spring about and destroy the vine, making, at the same time, as though he would throw himself upon the monk, and holding fast by his hands to the external bars of the trellis. The Intendant, meanwhile, approached with uplifted stick, and the monkey, shaking the trellis mightily, tore the staves and rods loose from their fastenings, and brought the whole down with the vine and himself, all falling together upon the monk. The latter instantly set up loud outcries, calling for mercy with all the force of his lungs, while Battistino and the others drawing the rope, enabled the monkey to ascend in safety to the room whence he had departed.

"But the monk, having disentangled himself from the ruins, got away to a certain terrace which he had there, and began to say things that are not in the mass. Full of anger and ill-will, he then set off to the Council of Eight—a tribunal much feared in Florence—and having there made his complaint, Rosso was summoned to appear, when the monkey was jestingly condemned to wear a weight fastened to his tail, to the end that he might no more be able to leap, as he had before done, down upon the vine. A piece of wood, in the form of a cylinder, was ordered to be prepared accordingly, and this Rosso fastened to the monkey with a chain, which permitted him to leap about the house, but he could no longer get to the houses of his neighbours.

"The monkey, thus condemned to bear his punishment, appeared to

divine that he was indebted for it to the Intendant; he therefore exercised himself daily in the act of springing step by step with his feet while he held the weight with his hands, until he became sufficiently expert to secure the success of his purpose. One day, therefore, when he was left free to spring about the house, he got out on the roof, and, clambering in the manner described from one roof to another, he arrived at length on that which covered the chamber of the monk, which he reached at the time when the latter was absent at vespers. There he suffered the wooden weight to fall, and danced about with so much good-will, using his club also to such purpose for half an hour, that there was not a tile or lath left whole upon the roof. Having broken all, the animal then returned home. Three days after there came a deluge of rain, and I leave you to judge if the complaints of the Intendant made themselves heard."

After these passages between monk and monkey, Rosso left Florence, and directed his steps to Rome, taking with him Battistino and the ape. Soon after his arrival in the Eternal City, he painted a picture over those which had been executed by Raphael in the Church of the Pace; but this was by no means one of his most successful efforts, and he seems at first to have been affected with a feeling of despondency and distrust of his own powers, by the sight of the number of masterpieces of painting which had been accumulated in the churches and palaces of Rome, and thus he naturally enough failed to do justice to himself in this his first effort. Afterwards, however, he recovered his powers, and painted a very beautiful dead Christ, supported by two angels, for Bishop Tornabuoni; and he also executed a number of excellent drawings, which were afterwards engraved by Jacopo Caraglio, of Verona, a celebrated copperplate engraver and worker in gems. At the sack of Rome, in 1527, by "Bourbon's black banditti," Rosso, in common with Pierino della Vaga, Maturino, Parmegiano, Polidoro, and a number of other great artists, met with most severe treatment. He was made prisoner by the Germans, stripped of his clothing, and driven to the shop of a virtual-dealer, whose whole stock they compelled him to carry away, in repeated visits, on his bare back. At length he contrived to elude the vigilance of his captors, and made his escape with great difficulty to Perugia, and thence to the village of Borgo, where he painted, for the Church of Santa Chiara, a fine picture of the "Deposition from the Cross. The principal group in this painting was admirably composed and most carefully finished, and the whole piece was pervaded by a twilight, or almost nocturnal tint, which gave a tone sombre, true, and worthy of any Flemish artist. A fever soon after interrupted his labours; and, on his recovery, he went to Arezzo, where, through the kindness of his friends, he received a commission to paint a ceiling in fresco, and proceeded to prepare the cartoons; he also furnished numerous designs for pictures, and for buildings in Arezzo and the neighbourhood. About this time, too, he painted for the people of Città di Castello a "Transfiguration," which is still to be seen in the Chapel of the Sacrament, in the cathedral of that town. While engaged upon this, he disinterred bodies from the burying-place of the episcopal palace in which he resided, and made from them a number of very fine anatomical studies. The figures, which are very numerous in this "Transfiguration," are beautifully painted, but most inappropriate in

character and costume—a band of gipsies being introduced at the bottom of the picture, instead of the Twelve Apostles.

During some ecclesiastical ceremonies at a church in the neighbourhood of Arezzo, Rosso got involved in a quarrel with some of the clergy, whose friends drew their swords upon him, so that he was glad to escape with his life. Upon this he immediately set off to Venice, leaving unfinished a picture for whose completion a friend had become security, and for which he had already received 150 scudi—a very unhandsome proceeding, it must be confessed, on the part of Maitre Roux. He stayed but a short time in Venice, and then repaired to France, where he was received with open arms by the French monarch, to whom he presented some pictures which he had painted while at Venice. Francis conferred upon him a pension of 400 crowns, and also presented him with a house in Paris, where, however, he seldom resided, living chiefly at Fontainebleau, where he occupied apartments in the palace. He was appointed superintendent and chief of all the architectural and pictorial decorations at Fontainebleau. He built the great gallery of the palace, which he covered with a splendid roof of woodwork, and ornamented with exquisite friezes and rich decorations in stucco. On the walls he caused to be painted, after his designs, twenty-four pictures from the history of Alexander the Great; these were afterwards repainted by Primaticcio and Niccolo, and have since been restored by Abel du Pujol.

Many of Rosso's paintings at Fontainebleau were destroyed immediately after his death, and replaced by those of Primaticcio, who succeeded him in the favour of Francis; and some of his works appear to have been actually covered with a coating of whitewash, for traces of his pencil were found almost hidden in this way, and were restored by the painter Picot, at the order of King Louis Philippe. Rosso's labours at Fontainebleau were highly pleasing to Francis, who, as a reward, presented him with a Canonicate in the Chapel of the Madonna of Paris, and increased his pension until it exceeded 1,000 crowns yearly; so that the painter lived like a nobleman, maintaining a number of servants and horses, and giving sumptuous entertainments to his friends. The grace and fertility of Rosso's fancy seem to have been exuberant and exhaustless. He not only painted and modelled in stucco, furnished plans for buildings, and made drawings innumerable, but also designed a vast number of salt-cellers, vases, basins, and other utensils—all of which the king caused to be executed in silver. He further distinguished himself in the decoration of horse-trappings, and in contriving the ornaments for masquerades and triumphant processions; and his skill in this latter department was signally exhibited in 1540, when the Emperor Charles V., the successful rival of Francis in politics and in war, visited Fontainebleau. On that occasion, the triumphal arches, colossal statues, and other ingenious devices of Rosso, far surpassed anything of the kind that had previously been attempted. Charles visited France under a safe-conduct from its monarch; which was honourably kept, in spite of many suggestions to the contrary—the cleverest of which was made by the Court jester Triboulet, who, like most of his tribe, was more knave than fool. He kept a list of names, which he called "The Chronicles of Madmen," in which he inscribed

all those persons who were guilty of any notable absurdity, in order to prove that he was not the only, or the greatest fool in the world. As soon as he heard the news of the Emperor's proposed journey through France, he entered his name on the list, and showed it to Francia, who replied, "But what if I shall let him pass in safety?" "Then," rejoined Triboulet, "I shall strike out his name and put your's in its place."

Besides his manifold labours at Fontainebleau, Rosso painted many fine pictures while in France, and prepared a book of anatomical plates, with the view of having them afterwards printed. The gallery of the Louvre now contains a large and valuable painting by him, representing the Visitation of the Virgin to Elizabeth. Rosso was in the full vigour of his age and genius, and at the height of worldly prosperity, when a tragical occurrence was the occasion of bringing his flourishing career to a premature and violent termination. There was a Florentine of the name of Francesco di Pellegrino, with whom he was very intimate, who had a great taste and love for painting, and was much in the habit of visiting at Rosso's house on terms of familiar friendship. But it so happened that on one occasion Rosso had been robbed of several hundred ducats, and rashly believing that no other than his friend Pellegrino could have been the thief, he lodged an accusation against him; upon which he was brought before the courts, strictly examined, and, persisting in the declaration of his entire innocence of the crime laid to his charge, put to the torture, which he bore with unshaken firmness; so that there being no proof against him, he was pronounced guiltless of the injurious charge which had been preferred against him. In his turn, Pellegrino brought a complaint against Rosso for the injury done to his character and person; and the proud and sensitive painter, not choosing frankly to retract his charge, and seeing the disagreeable position in which his rashness had placed him, determined to put an end to his life. He therefore, under pretence of requiring varnishes and colours, sent a countryman to Paris, who bought him a virulent poison, which he took, and died a few hours afterwards, to the great regret of his friends, and especially of the King of France, for whom he had laboured so much and so well. He died in 1541, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

More than three centuries and a-half ago, a young Florentine, named Giovanni Buonacorso, highly distinguished himself by his valour and conduct in the Italian wars; but, liberal and careless as well as brave, he dissipated his patrimony in gambling and extravagance, so that, while still in the flower of his age, he was reduced to extreme poverty. To him was born a son, named Piero, whose mother died of the plague two months after his birth, and the infant, left thus helpless, was brought up at a farm-house, and suckled by a goat. Giovanni soon afterwards married a second time, and went to France, leaving the young Piero, or Pierino, under the care of some relatives, who, too poor to support him, apprenticed him to an apothecary; but, like the Dutch painter, Gaspard Netscher, who was also in youth destined for the medical profession, the young Piero showed no love for drugs and gallipots, so that he was soon transferred by his friends to the painter

Andrea d'Ceri, who was rather a house-painter and decorator, than an artist in the higher sense of the term. Andrea, however, was kind to the child, who was of singularly engaging appearance and manners, and showed the happiest dispositions for Art. He taught him the rudiments of painting as well as he was able; and when he had attained his eleventh year, seeing that he required an abler instructor than himself, put him under the care of Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, in whose studio he soon acquired the first place among the young men who worked there. Pierino, like all the youthful artists of that day who aspired to future excellence, made repeated drawings from the great cartoon of Michael Angelo, by which his style was very much improved and enlarged. About this time the Florentine painter Vaga, who was employed on some coarse kind of painting-work at Toscanella, in the States of the Church, came to his native city in search of some youth to assist him in his labours. He saw the drawings of Pierino, and was equally pleased with them and with the engaging manners and beauty of their youthful author. He accordingly offered to take him to Rome, and to give him every assistance he could in the prosecution of his studies. The name of Rome acted like a spell on Pierino, whose imagination had long cherished the idea of visiting that centre and home of the Arts; and after obtaining the consent of Rodolfo and Andrea d'Ceri, he set out with Vaga for Toscanella, where the latter speedily found the services of his new assistant of the greatest use to him. But Pierino, finding his journey to Rome indefinitely delayed, determined to proceed thither alone; on learning which, Vaga, true to his promise, left his work unfinished, accompanied his pupil to Rome, and strongly recommended him to the good offices of all the friends he had in that city. Pierino ever afterwards took the name of his kind protector instead of his own family name of Buonacorso.

When left alone in Rome, Piero, in order to earn a livelihood, was compelled to work for whatever painter would give him employment. But, surrounded as he was by the magnificent remains of ancient sculpture and architecture, and the masterpieces of modern painting, and longing with all the power of his artist-soul to devote himself to their study, he soon found that such a mode of life was most injurious to his progress, and, accordingly, made an equal division of his time, giving one half of each week to the work by which he lived, and the other half to those studies which were best fitted to promote his success as a truly great artist. He profited much by copying the paintings of Michael Angelo and Raphael. He also drew from the ancient statues, and copied the grotesques which were to be seen in the subterranean parts of the Roman buildings, attracted by the originality and invention which they displayed. He became, besides, a skilful worker in stucco. And all this knowledge he acquired, displayed this unwearied industry and application, while steeped to the very lips in poverty, and only buoyed up and supported by the hope of one day becoming a famous artist. Truly this man's strong will and patient energy were admirable. They were the stars that led him on to fame and fortune, and ultimately raised the poor apothecary's apprentice to be the first painter in Rome—stars of better augury and mightier influence than those constella-

tions which Georgio Vasari holds to have been propitious to the destiny of Vaga.\* Pierino soon succeeded in becoming one of the best designers in Rome, and was particularly skilful in his treatment of the nude figure; so that his talents at length recommended him to the notice of Giulio Romano and Il Fattore, two of the most distinguished ornaments of the school of Raphael. They introduced him to their great master, who received him kindly, predicted for him a brilliant future, and employed him, under Giovanni da Udine, to paint stories and grotesques† in the Papal Loggie, the paintings in which had just been completed by Raphael himself. In the execution of these, Pierino displayed extraordinary ability, and adhered more closely to the designs and sketches of his master than any of his other pupils. He painted "Abraham offering up Isaac," "Jacob wrestling with the Angel," and several other subjects from the Old Testament; and from the New, "The Birth and Baptism of our Lord," and "The Last Supper." In the Hall of Borgia, beneath the Hall of Constantine, he likewise, in conjunction with Giovanni da Udine, executed all the ornamental stucco-work, drawings, and grotesques, many of which are still in good preservation, and remain to attest the taste and skill of their authors. For the Archbishop of Cypress, and for the Fuggers, the greatest merchants and bankers of the age, Pierino also painted many graceful works. And for the Nuns of Sant' Anna he painted a chapel in fresco, besides several other excellent works for private persons and ecclesiastics, many of which have now perished. After a considerable time spent in Rome, Pierino paid a visit to his native town of Florence, whither his fame had preceded him, and there, among many other things, delineated some beautiful cartoons for the Brotherhood of the Martyrs, which, however, he was prevented from painting in fresco by the outbreak of the plague, which drove him from the city. Before leaving, however, he discharged a debt of gratitude to Ser Raffaello di Sandro, a chaplain of San Lorenzo, with whom he had lodged for many weeks. The chaplain would take no remuneration from the painter, but said to him that he would hold himself largely paid by a scrap of paper from his hand. Seeing this

"Pierino took a thick cloth, about four braccia in extent, and having caused it to be fixed to the wall between two doors which were in the parlour of the priest, he there painted a picture, in colours to imitate bronze, the whole of which was executed in a day and a night. On this canvas, which was to serve as a screen, Pierino delineated the whole history of Moses passing the Red Sea, as also the submersion of Pharoah, with his horses and chariots, when he attempted to follow. The master has exhibited the figures which he has depicted in the work in the most beautiful attitudes—some are in armour, others nude; many are swimming, and among these are some with

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\* See his introduction to the "Life of Vaga," vol. iv. pp. 75, 76, Bohn's Edition.

† This style took its name from the *grotte*, as those antique edifices were called, where paintings of this kind were found, covered with earth, and with buildings of a later period. It was revived by Morto da Feltro, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and carried to perfection by Giovanni da Udine and Pierino.

their beards and hair streaming with the waters, who are seeking to support themselves on the necks of their horses; others are crying aloud in their fear of death; and some again are struggling with the most violent efforts, and using all their endeavours to escape the fate which threatens them. On the other side of the sea are seen Moses, Aaron, and all the rest of the Hebrews, men and women, offering thanks to God for their safety; and here the artist has painted a number of vases, with vestments and other riches, of which the Hebrews have despoiled the people of Egypt. The habiliments of the Hebrew women in this part of the picture are also very beautiful, and of admirably-varied forms, as are the head-dresses of the same."—*Vasari. Life of Pierino del Vaga.*

On Pierino's return to Rome, Giulio Romano and Il Fattore, who had been chosen after the death of Raphael to finish the works of the Vatican, associated him with them, well knowing his abilities from previous experience, and further cemented their union by bestowing upon him Caterina, the sister of Il Fattore, in marriage. This took place in 1525; and not long afterwards, Pierino obtained great praise for a beautiful painting of the creation of Eve, in a chapel of the Church of San Marcello. This specimen of his powers is now in existence. He was still occupied with this work when the terrible siege and sack of Rome took place, where many artists were slain, many driven away or despoiled of all they possessed, and many triumphs of Art for ever destroyed. During the sack, Pierino rushed from place to place with his infant daughter in his arms, seeking in vain for a refuge. He was soon captured, and compelled to pay so large a sum for his ransom, that he was reduced to beggary, and almost driven to despair at seeing the fruits of long years of labour thus passing into the hands of a brutal soldiery. While in this state of beggary, and obliged to paint for his daily bread, Nicolo Veneziano, an old friend, and a distinguished master in embroidery, arrived in Rome, and endeavoured to induce Pierino to leave it for Genoa, where he promised to use all his influence with his master, Prince Doria, to procure him some honourable and lucrative employment. Persuaded by Nicolo, Pierino accordingly, after placing his wife and daughter with their relatives in Rome, departed for Genoa, where his arrival was most agreeable to the Prince, who showed him many marks of favour, held long conversations with him upon Art, and finally determined to entrust him with the erection of a superb palace, to be adorned with ornaments in stucco, and with frescoes and oil-paintings, and with decorations of every kind. As Giulio Romano signalized himself by the erection and decoration of the Palazzo del Tè at Mantua, where his originality, versatility, and fancy shone forth more conspicuously than anywhere else, so did Pierino in this palace, which he built and decorated for Prince Doria, distinguish himself more than in any other work which he ever undertook. At Genoa, he became the founder of a school which produced many able artists, and to which he imparted much of that grace and expression which he had himself acquired from Raphael. His works in the Doria Palace are characterised by that fertile invention, exuberant fancy, and playful grace for which he was distinguished; and his designs were carried out by a number of excellent artists, who wrought under his superintendence, such as Giovanni and Silvio da Fiesole, Pordenone, and



**Dominico Beccafumi.** In one of the halls, Pierino commemorated the military and naval exploits of various members of the Doria family ; in another, he painted the battle of Jupiter and the Titans ; and in four other apartments, various scenes from the fables of Ovid, in which, besides the human and mythological personages, animals, foliage, fruit, and grotesques were introduced with inexhaustible fertility and power of invention. When Pierino first arrived in Genoa, he found the painter Girolamo da Trevisi already established there, and was by him viewed as an interloper and rival. Girolamo, seeing the time Pierino spent on the cartoons for the frescoes of the Doria Palace, sneeringly exclaimed, "Cartoons, and nothing but cartoons! For my part, I carry my art at the point of my pencil." On this being reported to Pierino, he was highly indignant, and causing one of the cartoons to be fixed to the roof of the hall for which it was intended, he then removed the scaffolding, so that those who were below might see the effect. When this was done, he threw the hall open to the public, and all Genoa flocked to see and admire, while Girolamo himself, overwhelmed by the beauty of the work, gave up the field to Pierino, and retired to Bologna.

Italy was at this time much indebted to the scholars of the school of Raphael. In Naples, Polidoro Caldara and Andrea da Salerno founded a flourishing school, as did also Giulio Romano in Mantua, Pellegrino in Modena, and Guadenzio in Milan, while that established by Pierino in Genoa yielded the palm to none of them. It not only produced many eminent fresco-painters, so that scarcely an ancient church or palace in Genoa is destitute of fine works in this department, but was also famous in oils, exhibiting a truth and force of colouring inferior to no school of Italy, with the single exception of the Venetian. Prince Doria would have had Pierino make Genoa his permanent abode, but the painter was so much pleased with Pisa during a passing visit, that he bought a house there as a refuge for his old age. At Pisa, he painted several pictures, one of which, representing the Madonna and various saints, designed and commenced by him, and finished by Antonio Sogliani, is still one of the greatest ornaments of the cathedral. Although Pierino was married, he seems to have been of a very unsettled disposition, and not to have entirely devoted his affections to her who alone had the legitimate right to them. He left Pisa after some time and returned to Genoa, chiefly induced by certain love affairs, which occupied too much of his attention. Neither did he finally settle in Genoa, but repaired to Rome, where he remained for a considerable time, neglected and unemployed. But his paintings in the Chapel of the Trinità, and other proofs of his abilities, at length induced the Cardinal Farnese to bestow a pension upon him, to which the Pope afterwards added another of twenty-five scudi a month. In the Sala Regia he executed a number of decorations in stucco, which Vasari affirms "surpassed all that has ever been done in that manner by the ancients or moderns." Pierino showed a true and pleasing veneration and respect for the memory of Giotto, the great reviver of painting in Italy. Some paintings by him were upon the old wall of St. Peter's at Rome, which was being demolished ; but Pierino interfered, caused the wall around them to be carefully sawed, and succeeded in preserv-

ing the pictures, which, however, have since been demolished by less scrupulous hands, during the rebuilding of the church. Pierino now received many commissions, most of which he executed by the hands of his scholars, himself furnishing only the designs. In this way he performed an immense deal of work, but sometimes in a way more favourable to his purse than his reputation. He appears, indeed, at this period of his life, to have desired riches rather than honour, and to have determined to make up for the losses of earlier years by the labours of his maturer age. He was jealous of any rival near his throne; and in order to prevent young and rising artists from interfering with the monopoly which he enjoyed at Rome during the latter part of his life, he would take them into his own employment, and make use of them to execute the commissions with which he was charged. When Titian came to Rome, in 1545, the jealousy of Pierino was powerfully excited by the honours which were paid to him by the Papal court, and by a rumour which was spread abroad that he had come to execute personally the paintings in the Sala Regia, which Pierino desired to retain as his own especial property; and this ill-will toward the great Venetian he retained until the moment of his departure, so that he would never go near him, nor make his acquaintance. In the Castle of St. Angelo, Pierino, Luigi Romano, one of his best scholars, and several of his other pupils, executed a number of paintings which still remain, and not content with engrossing the principal pictorial commissions in Rome, our artist would accept meaner and more mechanical works, which he turned over to some of his numerous scholars whose services he commanded.

“He would frequently (says one of his biographers) paint such things as the pennons for the trumpeters, the standards for the castle, or the banners used by the religious brotherhoods. He would also prepare canopies, copes, screens, and curtains for doors, or any other thing, however inferior as a work of art, that came to his hands.”

Pierino, however, at length found himself the undisputed head of the artists of Rome, and the person entrusted with almost all the public works in that very city which he had entered as a poor boy, and where he had for years maintained himself by working by the day for any person who chose to employ him. But although he now only supplied the designs for the greater part of the commissions entrusted to him, such was their number, that he was obliged to be drawing day and night; so that the constant labour at length wore out his strength, and, while talking with a friend one evening in the neighbourhood of his own house, he was struck by a fit of apoplexy, and died upon the spot, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was buried in the Chapel of St. Joseph, in the Rotonda at Rome, where his epitaph recounts his wonderful excellence and versatility in the pictorial and plastic arts. The latter part of his life, though successful and prosperous in a merely commercial point of view, was spent in a perpetual whirl of toil, excitement, and anxiety, from the vast extent of the business entrusted to him, the whole of which he had personally to regulate and superintend. The only diversion he allowed himself was, to meet a few chosen friends in a

tavern, the place where—like Frank Floris, Adrian Brauwer, and our own Morland—he conceived that true felicity and freedom from care were alone to be found; and the freedom of his libations on these occasions told severely upon a constitution already undermined by incessant labours. We cannot better close our notice of this highly-gifted and indefatigable artist than in the graphic words of Vasari—

“Of Pierino, then, it may be asserted, from all that we have related, and from much beside that might have been said regarding him, that he was one of the most extensively endowed and versatile painters of our times. By him also were artists taught to produce the most admirable works in stucco. He executed landscapes, animals, grottesche, and every other subject that can well be brought within the domain of the painter, and worked admirably well, whether in fresco, in oil, or in tempera; wherefore it may ever be affirmed, that Pierino was the father of these most noble arts, seeing that his gifts and endowments still survive in the many artists now pursuing his footsteps in all the honourable walks of art.”

Y.

## CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES.

## NAPOLEON THE FIRST.

THERE are few of whom so many anecdotes are recorded as of Napoleon I., and they are recurred to with untiring interest. Even in those connected with his earliest days, the same traits of character are observed for which he was remarkable throughout his extraordinary career. His very birth seemed ominous of the part he was to play in the scenes of life—his mother was taken suddenly ill, carried home in haste, and laid upon a couch which was covered with a tapestry which represented some of the remarkable passages in the Iliad; and thus the young Napoleon was ushered into life in the midst of its heroes. It was the custom of his family to pass their summers in a villa which had once been the residence of a relation of his mother. It was in a romantic situation by the sea-side, in the vicinity of the Isle of Sanquiere. It was here that Napoleon had his earliest enjoyments; the retirement was exactly suited to his meditative mind; it was the more interesting to him because it had fallen somewhat into decay. Its shady avenue, its wild garden, and its wilderness of shrubberies were favourite haunts; but it was to a secluded summer-house, fallen into disuse, and so closely overgrown with clematis and the wild olive that its entrance was impervious to the view of the passers-by, that he most delighted to resort.

On his return from the military school at Brienne, to pass his vacations, as soon as the fond salutations of the family were over, he was sure to seek his favourite solitude. In this sequestered nook perhaps the happiest hours of his life were passed; it may have been here that he used to read with delight the affecting story of "Paul and Virginia" and the poems of Ossian, which were ever after his favourite works; in that romantic spot he may have first indulged in those visions of the destiny which he felt he was appointed to fulfil; for from childhood he believed that he was yet to master the world. This impression never forsook him; in after days he often expressed it. His earnestness produced a corresponding effect upon those about him. In speaking of his fearlessness, Madame Junot alludes to it. "He was," she says, "a thousand cubits above the apprehension of any common danger; *his destiny was not fulfilled*, and he knew it." He often spoke of his lucky star, and on the day of the battle of Dresden he exclaimed, "*I cannot be beaten*." This belief in his own safety, till his mission should be fulfilled, was responded to by his soldiers, who were encouraged by every declaration of the kind which he made, and inspired with fresh courage. "Fear nothing, my friends," he would say to his Generals when they urged him not to expose himself in battle—"fear nothing, my friends; the bullet which will kill me is not yet cast."

In captivity this faith was still retained. When O'Meara urged on him that he ought not to accelerate his death by refusing to take the proper remedies, he replied, looking up to heaven, "*Le qui est ecrit*,

*nos journées sont comptées."* This impression made him observant of every occurrence which to his vivid imagination appeared ominous. One day, while distributing the crosses of the Legion of Honour in the presence of an army of 80,000 men, who were drawn up in the plain by the camp of Boulogne, just after his address to his soldiers had been received with loud acclamations, a violent storm suddenly arose, and great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of the flotilla. Napoleon descended from the little hill from whence he had distributed the crosses, and from which he had addressed his soldiers, and hastened to the port to give directions about the measures necessary to be taken. At the very moment when he arrived the sky cleared, the sun burst forth in all its splendour, and the storm ceased as if by enchantment.

In his campaigns he always carried about him a miniature of Josephine; in the war the glass which covered it was broken, he could not tell how. To his fertile imagination this simple circumstance augured some misfortune, and he could find no rest till he had despatched a courier to bring him news of Josephine. During his absence he continued in a state of agitation, haunted by vague apprehensions, and had no peace till the messenger returned with word that there was nothing amiss. It has been said that he believed thunder presaged some disaster, and it so happened that it was heard in awful peals at different times when the fortunes of war turned against him. Just as the French troops had crossed the Herman and entered the Russian territories, an event so productive of evil to Napoleon, a dreadful thunder-storm came on. Again he was overtaken by one still more terrible, as he commenced the retreat by which he forfeited the lands beyond the Elbe; and on the 17th of June, 1815, as he advanced upon the British army at Quatre Bras, the clouds which had been gathering all day broke into loud peals of thunder, which seemed as it were responding to the guns.

Almost from the very cradle Napoleon appeared formed to command. The wonderful influence which he possessed over those with whom he came in contact was no acquired power—it was born with him; his elder brother Joseph yielded to it, and it was not rare with Napoleon to act the despot in his dealings with him. At school, his influence over his schoolfellows was still more remarkable. Studious and reserved, he made close intimacy with but few. His progress in mathematics soon made him the pride of his master and of the school. His turn for engineering and military pursuits was apparent very early. At one time he engaged his school-fellows in constructing a fortress of snow, surrounded by bastions and trenches, and all the regular defences of a fortification. The fortress was so furiously attacked and so fiercely defended, that the master found it necessary to interfere, and a truce was proclaimed. In these military sports Napoleon was always the leader, and his authority and decision on these occasions were quite marvellous. If, in his absence, his schoolfellows murmured at the command which he asserted over them, he had only to appear to ensure implicit obedience; indeed his skill was so far beyond any to which they could pretend, that they found submission to him was the surest way of attaining whatever object they had in view. At one time they found they were to be debarred from an amusement which had been a source of great enjoy-

ment—they were not to be present at the annual fair of Brienne. When it had been last held, a dispute had arisen between the boys and the country people, in consequence of which they were prohibited from going beyond the gates of the school on the day when the fair was to be next held. Napoleon, however, determined otherwise; so he and his schoolfellows, under his directions, set to work to undermine the walls which surrounded the playground. The first intimation given of what they had been about was their appearance at the fair, so secretly and successfully had the engineering been accomplished.

No doubt these first essays of military genius often recurred to the memory of Napoleon in after days; the recollection of early days, indeed, was never effaced from his mind. Often while signing his bulletins in Egypt, the visions with which Ossian's poetry filled his imagination in days of boyhood must have been thought of, as he declared he would yet fill the world with admiration and *inspire poets*. The frequent recurrence to his early days evinced a tenderness for which the course of his life could scarcely have prepared us. He would speak of his native home with the deepest affection; the beauties of that country appeared to his fond recollection to surpass what could be found in any other part of the world. "The very smell of its earth," he declared, "would enable him to distinguish his native land, were he conducted blindfold to its shores." Thoughts of his early haunts were often suddenly awakened. While wandering through the grounds of Malmaison—that abode so dear, so hallowed by affection and happiness—he would stay his steps to listen to the chiming of the church-bells in the neighbouring village, and remain for a while in pensive meditation, and then exclaim, "Ah! that reminds me of the first years I spent at Brienne." It so chanced that when, at the last struggle, Napoleon would have repulsed the allied troops on their march to Paris, he came up with them at the very place where his boyish days had been passed, and where he had first indulged in visions of fame and glory. He stood once more in the chateau of the Count of Le Brienne, to whom he had so often when a boy paid his homage; he stood there now, an emperor, and the leader of an army which was still powerful.

Shortly after he had left school, he became acquainted with the daughter of Madame du Colombier. The young people, little more than children, fell in love, and used to contrive short meetings. "I well remember one," said Napoleon, which took place on a midsummer morning, just as day began to dawn; all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together!" The young people parted, and it was on his way through Lyons, in 1805, to be crowned King of Italy, that he and his first love met again. She had married M. Brissieux, and came to solicit a favour for her husband. It was granted; and she was appointed maid of honour to one of the Emperor's sisters.

Those who were competent judges, gave it as their opinion that Napoleon would have distinguished himself in literary pursuits, had he devoted himself to them. He was but seventeen when he submitted a history of Corsica to the Abbé Raynal, who was so much pleased that he wanted him to publish it. "I am very glad I did not," said he, "as it was written in the spirit of the day, when the rage for re-

publicanism was at its height." This was not his only literary attempt; he was awarded a gold medal at the College of Lyons for the best treatise on the following theme—"What are the sentiments most advisable to be recommended to render one happy?" It was sent in without a name. He happened to mention the circumstance to Talleyrand, who immediately sent off an express to Lyons, unknown to him, and procured the essay. The next day, when they were alone, he took it from his pocket and showed it to Napoleon, who snatched it from him and threw it into the fire, where it was consumed notwithstanding the strenuous endeavours of Talleyrand to save it.

The early knowledge which he had attained of geography aided him powerfully in his expeditions. "How many times," says Bourriene, "have I seen him extended on the ground, examining the beautiful maps which he had brought with him, and he would sometimes make me lie down with him in the same position, to trace to me his projected march." In a few hours he made himself as thoroughly acquainted with Egypt as if he had resided there for years.

He manifested from childhood that great determination of character for which he was so remarkable. It was proved in the following manner at school, and it is the more to be admired, as it was prompted by a generous feeling. He was not more than seven years old when he was supposed guilty of a fault which he had not committed; he bore the punishment to which he was sentenced without a murmur, and submitted for three whole days to disgrace and privation, rather than betray the companion who was the real culprit. The generosity of this conduct was greatly enhanced by the sensitive dread of disgrace which was natural to him. For some youthful misdemeanor it was decreed that he should take his dinner in a kneeling position at the door of the refectory; the moment he was placed upon his knees he was seized with violent tremors and deadly sickness. Of all the attributes with which this singular being was endowed, the most remarkable was the power which he possessed over others. It may be that great intellectual superiority carries with it irresistible control—Napoleon could equally lead by command and win by fascination. Through these supreme endowments he achieved more than was perhaps ever accomplished by any other. His acts were so prompt that they appeared like mysterious impulses, and not, as they were, the result of the nicest calculations. The acuteness of his senses was an inestimable gift in his case. The Duchess d'Abrantes, in speaking of his wonderful quickness, says, "He saw without looking, and he heard without listening." Even the impression made by the personal appearance of Napoleon was so different from that made by any other, that it added to the peculiar feeling with which he was regarded. Madame de Stael describes the strange sensations which she experienced on her first introduction to him—it was before his ascendancy, at the time when he was regarded with a jealous eye by the Directory—when as yet there were none of the adjuncts of pomp and circumstance to add to the effect with which his presence inspired all who approached him. Admiration and awe took such possession of her mind, that she was utterly confused; she had never experienced such feelings in the presence of any other mortal being. She had opportunities of meeting

him during her stay in Paris, and she soon perceived that "his character could not be defined by the words which we commonly use. He was neither good, nor violent, nor gentle, nor cruel after the manner of individuals of whom we have any knowledge. Such a being had no fellow; he, therefore, could neither feel or excite sympathy; he was more or less than man; his cast of character, his understanding, his language, were stamped with the impress of an unknown nature. I examined the figure of Bonaparte with attention, but whenever he discovered that my looks were fixed upon him, he had the art of taking away all expression from his eyes, as if they had been turned into marble."

The impression made on Madame de Staël by his appearance, differs very much in one respect from that which it made on others; for so far from inferring that he was a man without sympathy, it appears from those who were most intimate with him, that the very power of fascination which he possessed must have proceeded from sympathy with those with whom he conversed, or of whom he spoke. "He inspired all," said General Rapp, "who were placed near his person, with unbounded attachment and affectionate admiration." "There was," observed the Duchess d'Abrantes, "in his emphatic and caressing tones, a fascination which I never met in any one else." She speaks of the soldiers, who gazed on him with eyes in which were distinctly legible, "Yes, we will die for the greatness of France, and for her renown; we are ready—where must we march?" And himself answering those tacit oaths by paternal affection—"questioning the soldiers as to their birthplace and their parents, acquainting himself with their situation, and supporting with a pension the mother whose son had left his farm and vineyard to defend his country." If there was not sympathy in this, we may deny its very existence.

Wonderful power is ascribed to his look and voice; they had a charm which was sure to overcome the most peremptory resolution. "Those," observes the Duchess, "who were much about the person of Napoleon, could never forget the splendour which shed over his features when he smiled; his eyes then became truly fine; if the sentiment which produced the smile had anything noble in it, its effect was infinitely heightened; it was then that his countenance became something *more than that of man*." That Napoleon thought himself endowed with wonderful power—whether from the great influence of sympathy, or some other cause—might appear from the anxiety which he felt to try the effect of his presence on Cipriani when dying, and lying in a state of stupor. "I think," said he, "my appearance before Cipriani would act as a stimulus to slumbering nature, and will rouse him to make new efforts, which may finally overcome the disease, and save the patient." He then described the electric effect which had been produced in many instances, at most critical moments and times, by his appearance on the field of battle.

If the glory of Napoleon's career was sometimes clouded by the dark shadows cast by ambition—if his better feelings were sacrificed on occasions to the policy by which he would have advanced the interests of France, or it may be his own—it is certain they would burst out like gleams of sunshine. There are abundant proofs of this, in well-



authenticated anecdotes of kind and generous actions. His heart, indeed, was not steeled against the appeals of suffering. It is told that he was deeply affected by some mournful lines which he chanced to see, written by a young lady, one of the *détenus* in France after the peace of Amiens. He gave instant orders that passports should be forwarded, with an order for her liberation. It is thus General Rapp speaks of him—"Never was there a man more inclined to indulgence, or more ready to listen to the voice of humanity. Of this I could mention a thousand examples." A letter written by the Prince of Hatzfeld fell into his hands; it was addressed to the King of Prussia after he had left Berlin. The letter was well calculated to excite the wrath of Napoleon. It entered into circumstantial details of all that was passing at Berlin, and of the number, movements, and feelings of the French troops. Napoleon, highly incensed, ordered that the Prince should be brought before a military commission, and a report made out. When the news reached the Princess of Hatzfeld, she was overcome by grief and terror; but on revolving in her mind what was best to be done, she recollected that she might have a friend in Marshal Duroc, who had been a frequent guest with her and her husband in his journeys to and from Berlin. She left home, in a state of distraction, to wait upon him, but he was not to be found. She learned that the Emperor was at Charlottenburg, but that Duroc was not with him. She found him at last; he was deeply moved by her distress. He knew the only chance of escape for the Prince was by acting on the feelings of the Emperor; and to effect this, it was absolutely necessary that the lady should see him herself, and this he promised to contrive. He hastened to find Napoleon, but he had gone to a review of his Guards. In the meantime, he saw two of the Prince's judges. They expressed the worst opinion of his case, and declared that there was no chance of his escape. When the Emperor returned from the review, he found Duroc waiting, and granted him the private audience which he requested.

"You are come," said he, as soon as they were alone in the closet—"you are come to tell me that the town of Berlin is in revolt—is it not so? I am not in the least surprised; but they shall be cured of their mania for revolting. To-morrow they shall see an example—a terrible example—which they will not easily forget."

Duroc saw at once that there was but one chance for the Prince—the opportunity for the Princess to plead his cause with the Emperor. He at length prevailed on him to admit her. When the Princess found herself in the presence of him in whose hands the life of her husband lay, she was utterly unable to articulate, and flung herself trembling at his feet. He raised her, and spoke some words of kindness. The Princess wept bitterly, and could scarcely support herself. At length words came—

"Ah, Sire! my husband is innocent."

The Emperor did not answer by a single sentence, but going to his desk, he took from it the Prince's letter. He held it in silence before the lady. One look was sufficient. She clasped her hands in an agony of despair, and exclaimed—

"Ah, yes, yes! it is indeed his writing!"

Her truthfulness, when all that was dearest to her was at stake, deeply affected the Emperor, who set great value on frankness.

"It is indeed his writing," repeated the Emperor, as he advanced towards her with the fatal letter. He put it into her hands, and regarding her with great kindness, "I have no evidence against your husband," said he, "but this letter. Were it destroyed, I should have no power to condemn. So now, Madam, do what you like with it."

As he spoke, he pointed to the fire, which was blazing. The hint was taken, and the fatal document reduced to ashes.

It was a great pleasure to Napoleon to confer favours, and their value was greatly enhanced by the manner in which they were bestowed. He had a great esteem for Marshal Brune, who was a man of the nicest honour and most delicate feelings. Wishing to show him a mark of kindness which might assist him in his straitened circumstances, he desired Count Caffarelli, his aid-de-camp, to wait on the Marshal early in the morning, and ask him to join him (the Count) in a shooting excursion; the Marshal accepted the invitation. They proceeded on their way, and in some time reached a pretty chateau, pleasantly situated, a few miles from Paris. Here they found prepared all manner of refreshments; and having partaken of them, they amused themselves for three hours sporting over the grounds of the chateau. They returned to take coffee before they went back to town. The Count proposed that they should look at the apartments.

"As you are so pleased with the chateau," said the Count, "I think you may as well take up your residence in it."

"I thank you, my dear Count, but I cannot be your tenant."

"My tenant!" repeated the Count. "You will be no tenant of mine."

"Whose then should I be?" inquired the General.

"You would be at home," said the Count.

"You are very kind, indeed, my dear Count," said the Marshal, laughing; "but I cannot avail myself of your hospitality. I could not impose upon your kindness."

"I have the honour of assuring you that this is your home—this estate is your own property. It is the gift of the Emperor. He desired that I should put you in possession of it. Here is the document which makes it your own; I am to bring it to him with your signature. The Emperor's commands are not to be disputed."

The aid-de-camp-in-waiting was often the agent by whom these acts of kindness were conferred; but Napoleon loved to bestow them in his own person. The unpremeditated way in which they were granted made them doubly grateful.

"And so it was you, my brave boy," said he to a drummer of about sixteen or seventeen years old—"so it was you who beat the charge before Zurich?"

Blushing deeply, the youth raised his fine dark eyes, sparkling with delight, to the First Consul, and answered in great trepidation—

"*Oui, mon Generale.*"

"And it was you, too, at Weser, whose heroic presence of mind saved your Commander?"

The boy coloured more deeply, and he spoke in a low and tremulous tone—

“*Oui, mon Generale.*”

“Well, it is my duty to discharge the debt of gratitude which your country owes you. It shall be my care to see to that. I offer you no *ring* of honour for your services, but a sabre of honour, and appoint you a subaltern in the Consular Guard; and you shall be the object of my care, if you continue to behave well.”

The young drummer, overcome by his feelings, leaned on the shoulder of his comrade. He was pale as death, and unable to speak. But how eloquent was that silence, and those expressive looks which were fixed upon Napoleon!

It was such acts as this that endeared Napoleon to his soldiers, and inspired them with that enthusiastic devotion with which they followed him through dangers and privations. There was not a regiment in his army in which examples as remarkable as that of the young drummer have not been recorded. How he was loved by his soldiers is well known. He considered it the bounden duty of a General to bring forward talent, and to reward merit, and neither ever escaped his notice. He made himself in every way the friend of his soldiers. He was with them in their bivouacs; he would stay on the field of battle for hours to see restoratives administered to the wounded; he had but to appear before his troops to be hailed with enthusiastic acclamations. It was on the night before the battle of Austerlitz that he told Duroc, Junot, and Berthiers to put on their cloaks and to follow him. It was a cold night—the first of December. He went round to see that all was right. It was eleven o'clock, and the soldiers had gathered round the bivouac-fires. Some were chatting and singing; others were expatiating on the brilliant exploits of Italy and Egypt. Napoleon passed unobserved by the groups. He smiled, and was much affected, as he listened to their conversation. Suddenly, as he passed a bivouac, the fire gleamed full in his face, and discovered him. “The Emperor!” exclaimed the whole group, “*Vive l'Empereur!*” was responded by the next, and “*Vive l'Empereur!*” was shouted along the whole line of bivouacs, and the soldiers rushed to behold their darling leader. They took the straw from their beds, and lighting it, made torches to illuminate for his presence among them.

While they still rent the air with acclamations of “*Vive l'Empereur!*” Napoleon was greatly moved.

“Enough, my lads, enough!” said he.

He often declared that in such demonstrations of attachment he found his greatest pleasure.

In Napoleon's gifts there was always something appropriate to the person and the occasion. When the rupture of the armistice in Italy and Germany was impending, General Moreau arrived in Paris at ten o'clock, on the 17th of October, to receive the orders of Government. He did not delay even to change his boots, but hastened to have an interview with the First Consul. While in conference with him in the saloon, the Minister of the Interior, Lucien Bonaparte, entered, bringing with him a pair of pistols of beautiful and curious workmanship. They had been just finished by Bautet, by order of the Directory, as a pre-

sent for the King of Spain. They were highly valuable for the superiority of the workmanship, and for the quantity of diamonds and precious stones with which they were ornamented.

"These have just come in right time," said the First Consul. "General Moreau will do me the favour to accept them as a mark of the esteem and gratitude of the French nation. Citizen Minister," said he, turning to his brother, "have some of the battles of General Moreau engraved on the pistols, but not all; we must leave some room for diamonds, not because the General attaches much value to them—I know that his republican virtue distains such baubles—but we must not altogether derange the design of Bautel."

At his last meeting with his favourite Macdonald, Napoleon was much affected while expressing his deep sense of his devotion to him. He sent for the sabre which had been given to him in Egypt by Murad Bey, and for which he had a great value. He placed it in Macdonald's hand. "I cannot," said he, "reward you as I could wish, but let this token of remembrance, though inconsiderable, assure you that I can never forget you, or all the services which you have rendered me."

It had been a favourite custom with Napoleon to give New Year's gifts to those about him. It was affecting to see him in his captivity keeping up the custom. He gave, on the first day of the year, some elegant token of his regard to each of the faithful few who were gathered round him. Not were the children forgotten. The gifts bestowed under such circumstances must have been more precious to those who received them, than any that could have been offered in happier days. It was on that day that he gave O'Meara the box that he prized so much.

Of the promptness with which he rewarded his soldiers, and the kindness with which he conferred favours, there are innumerable instances. Perhaps it is a still more noble trait in his character, that however he may have resented injuries, he never forgot a benefit. Acts of kindness which he had experienced before his elevation were remembered, and in the midst of splendour and of homage, his thoughts could turn to the distant and obscure. It is told of him, that soon after his entrance into the army, he fell sick at the hotel at Lyons, which, consequently, he was unable to leave. His little stock of money was soon expended, and his hostess had him removed to a granary, where there was no furniture but the mattress on which he lay, and one chair. She procured no medical advice for him, and gave him nothing to take but a little barley-water. The servants of the establishment felt for the poor young man, and were shocked at the cruelty of their mistress, who every day threatened to send him to the hospital. These circumstances reached the ears of two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiée, who occupied the first floor of the hotel at that time. These ladies were advanced in life—Mademoiselle being near fifty. Touched by the account which the maid gave of the situation of the poor invalid, she immediately gave orders that he should be removed to a comfortable room, that a physician should be called in, and that he should be supplied with whatever he required, the lady undertaking to defray the expense. The kind-hearted maid-servant undertook the task of nursetending, and never left his bed-side. He had been de-

lirious when removed from the granary ; he was unconscious of the change. He was greatly astonished when he came to himself, to find every comfort which he could possibly require. On questioning the maid, he found that he was indebted to Mademoiselle Agi  e for all. He had an intense desire to see one to whom he owed so much. She complied with his wish, and from thenceforth passed several hours with him every day. He eagerly availed himself of her offer to read for him. She supplied books, and, at his particular desire, read the "Life of Turenne," and a book on geometry. She was greatly struck by his intelligence, and the originality of his observations. It was not long before he felt great confidence in this friend, and he would talk to her about his views and plans.

"I verily believe," said she, smiling, as she had listened to what he had been saying, "I verily believe we shall one day see you a colonel."

"A colonel !" replied he, indignantly ; "I shall be a general ; and, perhaps ——"

Whatever his ambition might have suggested, it could not have surpassed the elevation which was coming. Mademoiselle Agi  e became every day more interested in her patient, whose history, so far as it had then gone, she had heard from himself. He recovered his strength sufficiently to join his regiment. When the time of parting came, he was greatly affected.

"I never can forget all you have done for me," said he. "You will hear of me."

It was not long after the ladies had returned to Geneva that Napoleon became distinguished, and Mademoiselle Agi  e saw his name continually lauded in the *Gazette*. It need scarcely be said that she exulted in the success of her young friend. Years passed without their meeting. When Napoleon was on his way to Italy, some time before the battle of Marengo, he passed through Nyon, a little town of the Canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva ; he had but a few hours to rest there, but he dispatched an aide-de-camp to Geneva to inquire for a lady named Agi  e, who, he said, was "*very old and ugly*," and to bring her to him. The aide-de-camp succeeded in finding her. Her sight was very much impaired, and she seldom went out, but on hearing who had sent for her, she joyfully went to meet her hero. He had become impatient for the meeting, and had galloped on. The moment the carriage appeared in sight, he hastened his speed. They were both greatly affected.

"Gentlemen," said Napoleon, turning to his staff, when the first greetings were over, "gentlemen, you see my benefactress ; it is to her I am indebted for life. I was destitute of everything when she succoured me ; I am happy and proud to be obliged to her ; I shall never forget it."

During the two hours which they spent together at the Hotel of the Croix Blanche, he spoke to her of his plans, and, when taking leave of her, said, as at their last parting, "*You shall hear of me.*" She heard no more of him till fifteen days before the coronation, when General Hullin waited upon her. He told her he was come for her, for that Napoleon was determined that she should witness his glory. He de-

sired that she should take nothing with her but what was indispensable for the journey. Notwithstanding her age and infirmities, she was ready the following day, and set off in great joy. On their arrival in Paris, the carriage stopped in the Place du Carousal, opposite the Palace of the Tuileries, at a house which had been provided for her, with furniture, servants, and a carriage; and an ample wardrobe had been prepared, in which her favourite colours, known to Napoleon, had been recollected. Napoleon hastened to welcome Mademoiselle Agiée, and scarcely a day passed that he did not see her. After his fall, she lost the house and all that had been provided for her domestic comfort. It is added that Napoleon managed that her pension should be continued during his life.

There can be no doubt that Napoleon felt the final separation from his own family. He was fondly attached to his mother, and she never could mention him without tears in her eyes. "To me," she would say, "he was ever, in the height of his power and imperial sway, a most dutiful and affectionate son." It has been said that, "politically speaking, his strong family feeling was a fault; an unmeasured ambition to enrich and advance his family betrayed him into those false calculations concerning Spain which laid the foundation of his ruin." But it never can be forgotten that he himself severed his dearest tie, and wrung a heart passionately devoted to him. It is well known that he did violence to his own feelings in breaking the holy vows to which he had pledged himself in the sight of heaven and of men; the tender endearments and disinterested devotion of Josephine could not have been relinquished without a struggle. Had he been satisfied to let matters take their course in the channel appointed by himself, how much suffering might have been spared! It was natural that he should have wished to secure an heir to the throne, and that his having no son of his own should have suggested the decision, that if one was not born to him the crown should descend to Joseph Bonaparte and his male issue, and on failure of that, to Louis Bonaparte and his male issue. But the desire of Napoleon to have a direct heir, and the persuasions of some of his brothers, prompted the project for a new alliance. It is very remarkable that the schemes which led to the cruel determination are all scattered to the winds. Parted for ever from the son so longed for, and so dear—the tie which he had relied on for uniting France and Austria snapped asunder by the death of that young prince whose destiny, he never ceased to believe, was yet to wear the crown of France—never yet did fiction contrive more remarkable retribution; and to fill up the measure of its completion, the very line of succession on which Napoleon had determined, and which was so approved by Josephine, has been established; the very prophecy pronounced by the mother of Napoleon while on her death-bed *literally fulfilled*, though not in the way which she thought it would be. Turning to Maria Belgrade, her waiting-maid, she said—

"*When my grandson is Emperor of France, he will make thee a great woman.*"

Her grandson—the son of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense, the grandson of Josephine—is seated on the throne of France. There are in Paris some who may remember to have seen Hortense when she first

appeared at court. They may have been reminded of her by the Empress Eugenie—the symmetrical form, the beautiful eyes, and engaging countenance, may have called to mind one who was surpassing lovely.

Those who voluntarily shared Napoleon's captivity have borne testimony to his firmness under his trying situation—a degree of cheerfulness, a willingness to be amused, never forsook him. His opinions and observations were listened to with the interest which oracular words might have commanded. In many of these recorded reflections there is a forethought far beyond the times in which he lived; it is, indeed, a distinguishing mark of genius to be in advance of the age which it would enlighten.

It is interesting just now to refer to Napoleon's opinion of the Russian and the English troops. It has been said that he considered the Russian soldiers like living walls, that might, indeed, be overthrown, but never would retire. He spoke very highly of the English soldiers. "I think," said he, "if I were at the head of them, I would make them do anything; instead of the lash, I would lead them by the stimulus of honour. I would instil a degree of emulation into their minds; I would promote every deserving soldier, as I did in France. After an action, I assembled the officers and soldiers, and asked who had acquitted themselves the best, and promoted such of them as were capable of reading and writing; those who were not, I ordered to study five hours a day until they had learned a sufficiency, and then promoted them. What might not be expected from the English army, if every soldier hoped to be made a general?"

But it was when he spoke of his own soldiers that his spirit kindled. The recollection of their attachment seemed like a gleam of sunshine in the midst of gloom. "Never yet," he would say, "has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as has been manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me; never has man been served more faithfully by his troops; with the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed 'Vive l'Empereur!'" Whenever he was wounded, he told how he had to have it kept secret from his troops, if possible, that they might not be disheartened. It was delightful to him to recount anecdotes of that devotion, which have been recorded by O'Meara, Las Casas, and others. "At the siege of Acre," said he to O'Meara, "a shell fell at my feet; the soldiers who were close by seized and closely embraced me, one in front and the other at one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effects of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand; we sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers," added he, evidently gratified by the recollection of having rewarded them. "Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aide-de-camp, threw himself forward, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet; he gave his life to preserve mine." He never forgot his faithful soldiers, and it may be certain that they never forgot him. In his farewell,

which he spoke to his Guards, when he was leaving them for ever, his last words were—

“Do not forget me!”

There was one occasion, at St. Helena, on which Napoleon manifested the greatest delight—it was on the arrival of the beautiful marble bust of his son. O’Meara describes the ecstasy with which he gazed on it:—“That face,” said he, “would melt the heart of the most ferocious wild beast.” As he stood in deep meditation, contemplating the beautiful specimen of art, may not his recollection have wandered to the days when painters and sculptors petitioned to take his likeness; may he not have given a passing thought to the noble statue, with all the emblems of his greatness, executed by Bartolini—the spear-handle firmly grasped in the hand, the laurel crown, and the eagle resting on the bolts of Jove, which lay upon a globe. For the accurate representation of the eagle, a living one, which had been brought from the Appenines, was chained to a perch while the sculptor pursued his task. And he may have called to mind that beautiful portrait taken of him by David in his coronation-robcs, gemmed with the golden bees, the regal emblem which he had adopted (as far more ancient than the fleur-de-lys) from the models found in the tomb of Childeric, at Tornay, when it was opened in 1653; they were of the purest gold, and their wings inlaid with a red stone like a cornelian. It is conjectured that they ornamented the trappings of his war-horse.

Thoughts of departed greatness are indeed sad, but there are others infinitely more painful. The recollection of injuries inflicted, which never can be repaired, for which forgiveness never can be asked, must weigh more heavily on the mind than personal misfortune. The frequency with which Napoleon spoke of the Duc d’Enghien proved how much the untimely fate of that noble prince occupied his thoughts. His sudden arrest, his hurried trial, and hasty execution, were a cruel mockery of justice. His request that he might have a private interview with the First Consul, was refused by the military tribunal by which he had been tried; the letter which he wrote to him was not delivered till two days after his execution. It is even said that a mandate to forbid his execution, which had been sent by the First Consul, was suppressed. But be this as it may, it is certain that Napoleon gave way to a violent burst of agony when it was ascertained, shortly after the death of the Duc, that he was innocent of the charges for which his life had been forfeited. “Unhappy Talleyrand,” exclaimed he, “what have you made me do?” It is told by the Margravine of Anspack, that “Napoleon had meant to pardon the Duc d’Enghien, and that nothing could exceed his grief when he heard that he was not saved—it was *despair and agony*. Josephine had to remove every weapon out of his way, for fear of his destroying himself.” From the way in which he so frequently spoke of the fatal transaction, it is evident that the part which he had taken in it caused him much disquietude—the very incoherence with which he spoke on the subject betrayed it. At one time, while lamenting the melancholy catastrophe, he would ascribe it to a *deplorable excess of zeal in the persons by whom he was surrounded*. Again, he would speak of it as the result of “an unfortunate prepossession taken up at an unguarded moment, when he was worked up to madness by the



reports he received of conspiracies and plots in every direction round him." At other times he would urge the suspicions which he had entertained, as not having been destitute of foundation, and say that the trial had been a fair one, and that it had been necessary to make an example. Sometimes he would praise the Duc, and say, that he was the best of his family, and that he had comported himself "bravely and with much dignity at the court-martial." "Most certainly," said he, "if I had been informed in time of certain features in the opinions and character of the Prince — especially if I had seen a letter which he wrote to me, but which was never delivered, God knows for what reason, till after he was no more — most certainly I would have pardoned him."

In his solitary hours at St. Helena, what recollections must have crowded to the mind of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the fortitude which enabled him to bear up with cheerfulness in the presence of his friends, the silent, lonely night must have brought him back to the scenes in which he had been the principal actor. What moments of excitement exchanged for the lagging monotony of his days on that bleak rock! no hope to cheer the gloom but the solitary distant one, that his son might be recalled to rule in France when he was dead and gone, when his only possession in this wide world would be the narrow grave under the shade of the weeping willow. Regret and remorse — those dread spirits that haunt the pillow of the unhappy and the erring — may have paid their nightly visits, assuming, perhaps, the form of her who had been the object of his affection, in all the loveliness which had won his young heart, or in the anguish which had broken her's; or the repose for which he sought may have been distracted by the vision of the noble-minded Prince whose life he might have saved by a word.

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## THE IRISH BRIGADESMAN:

A TALE OF THE WAR OF THE SUCCESSION.

By the Author of "*Whitefriars*," "*Mauleverer's Divorce*," &c.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### ARMIDA AT QUIN ABBEY.

WE do not take upon us to assert that, Phoenix O'Neil or no Phoenix in the case, Miss Molly Maguire would have been much disposed to accept the offer our honest Major had so much difficulty in bringing himself up to the mark to make to her.

A woman of her constitutional heartlessness and vanity would have discerned few temptations to such an alliance. Mahony was a gentleman by nature and birth, but he was poor as a rat—and had not what Molly thought the sense to act as one, in deserting a falling cause. Whereas, hearing that Luttrell was alive, and possibly yet likely to coast over the dangers in which he was involved, revived certain ambitious projects in her mind, which that artful intriguer had originally cajoled her into crediting, to secure his ascendancy, with very little intention, we imagine, ever to realise. Then, in a point of view still more resistless with such a woman, the personal fascinations of Phoenix O'Neil came into full play before her dazzled eyes.

Not only was he the handsomest "B'y," as she called him, in the world, but, to the poor woman's utter overthrow, Phoenix O'Neil must also turn out the bravest, wittiest, gallantest, most loving, laughing lad, it is possible to imagine! To other than Molly's entranced fancy he exhibited, in the management and discipline of his clan, most of the qualities of a fine soldier, and of a born master of men. But, in addition, and what was almost equally attractive to an Irishwoman's enthusiasm, he was a "pote," as she styled him. That is to say, he sung wild, beautiful songs of his own composition, and accompanied them on Dermot's rude harp, to music that alternately stirred her into sobbing or jig-dancing, at the shortest intervals. Then, when he had got over the first gloom of the tragic circumstances accompanying his arrival, Phoenix exhibited such vivacity and activity, such a bright playfulness of temperament amid all his warlike occupations and plans, that Molly was never wearied of admiring this cub-leopard of the O'Neils developing its beauty and power in every leap and stretch of its glossy-furred frame.

In personal advantages the princely young chieftain of the O'Neils was thus supreme in Miss Maguire's eyes, and the contrast worked constantly in Mahony's disfavour. Her idolatry of rank and station could be indefinitely indulged contemplating Phoenix in that light, or under the more tangible distinction she persisted in affixing to him of the Earldom of Tyrone. There was, in truth, something of the

marvellous and the heroic in this mere boy's absolute and strenuous control over the rude multitude, who obeyed him as leader and lord; something legitimately appealing and touching to a woman's heart, in the youth's desolate orphan condition, in conjunction with so much courage and self-reliance.

It must be owned, the wild wench had rather a difficult game to play, considering her naturally headstrong way of doing things, and that her objects were so complex, that half her time she scarcely knew herself what she would be at. And so, always following the impulse of the moment, Molly tangled and involved her schemes by a variety of contrary movements, like a kitten ravelling a worsted-ball, only not quite so innocently, until the result was an inextricable combination.

In the first place, it was necessary for her to persuade Mahony that his generous attachment was at last reciprocated as it merited; that her views were all directed to the retrieval of his affection and confidence. But this compelled her to play a part extremely irksome to herself, and which rendered it difficult for her to engage in that other much more fascinating task of allurement her insensate caprice suggested. The warm friendship and association the two men formed with each other at first, indeed, rather facilitated this double operation, but at length it became a very great embarrassment in Molly's proceedings. Always presenting themselves together, she was certainly at liberty to wear her showiest decorations, and exhibit what she considered her most alluring accomplishments, before the youthful chief as well as the middle-aged Major. But the glances she would much rather have bestowed on the boy's glorious visage, she was obliged to devote to Major Mahony and his snub-nose. All those coquetish displays went to the credit of her wish to resume her empery over the latter, and, coupled with Phoenix's overprovoking youthful coldness or innocence, left her in despair how to bring him to an understanding of her true drift.

Molly scarcely misdoubted of any other obstacles but this boyish want of perception on the part of Phoenix. Her own vanity and numerous conquests, the unshaken devotion of Mahony, the credulous flatteries of her maid, the effect she produced among the soldiers of the little garrison, where, *prima facie*, women were certain to be held in great homage, and pretty ones all but worshipped, conspired to assure Molly on the point. How to bring about this enlightenment speedily became the main object of her policy.

She thought, at first, that Father Clery might be made of use in the design upon his youthful pupil. Molly had no great respect for the pedantic assumption which that worthy ecclesiastic himself considered to establish his claims to great depth of erudition. And she speedily discovered, or thought she discovered, that, in spite of certain strenuously engrafted habits of clerical restraint, he was not only reasonably disposed to take the world as he found it, but to help himself to a sly share in anything that was going. We do not exactly know why, but she nicknamed him, in her confidential communications with Nora, Father *Leary*. She perceived that he liked good cheer, and had a particular fancy for claret and *eau de vie*, a store of which drinkables formed part of her plunder from Limerick. They were the only enjoyments of life, he would say, which his sacred profession permitted him

to retain. On the whole, therefore, Molly thought this guardian of her idol would not prove altogether incorruptible, if he could be shown clearly on what tack he was expected to work. Accordingly she made him her friend, as she imagined, by pampering his very excellent appetite to the best of her means, and by a liberal demand for Masses for the souls of various of her relations and friends, which she considered, or affected to consider, in need of such assistance out of purgatory. Meanwhile, Father "Leary," in reality a very cunning old lad, and not so inexperienced in the wiles of women as Molly perhaps concluded—moreover, attached with the only kind of tenderness he was endowed withal to his pupil—let her work on, and quietly counteracted, to the best of his power, what he thought he discerned to be her objects, without compromising the various advantages he enjoyed on the contrary supposition.

Observing the friendship between Mahony and Phoenix, and having some vague notion of an honourable restraint imposed thereby on the latter, Molly endeavoured to make the priest a means of disabusing the youth on the subject of her relations with his senior. Father Clery's own opinions were, in fact, rather staggered when, under the sacred form of confession, Miss Maguire pleaded not guilty, in very earnest and emphatic terms, to the notion that she was residing with Mahony under any other circumstances than a great need of protection on her part, and a friendly extension of it on his. She dwelt on her unjust treatment by the Limerick mob, and of the necessity she found herself under of having recourse to the Major's assistance. She even obtested certain saints, to whom she professed a particular devotion, that in any other light than almost a fatherly one, the Major would be an object of anything but a flattering emotion on her part. And she begged Father Clery to inform all whom a contrary supposition might scandalize—*particularly the dear, innocent young gentleman, his pupil*—how blamelessly she remained, and intended to remain, under the shelter of that blessed roof. The priest *set her mind at ease* on the point, by graciously assuring her his pupil was too young and unacquainted with the wickedness of the world to form any notions on the matter. And as to the "blessed roof," until it was restored to its proper owner, "the Catholic Church," it did not matter how much it was desecrated! Indeed, the more the merrier, the good father seemed to say.

Still, Molly imagined she had her uses for Father Clery—one being, that his frequent presence secured her some chances of Phoenix's society, without that of his massive shadow, the Major. If nothing else, it was something to have at hand a person with whom she could talk concerning the object of her secret idolatry. Phoenix was a favourite topic also with the priest, and his tales on the subject did not weary her, though we cannot quite say the same for his dissertations on his own merits and foreign experiences. Molly gathered hints, too, and observations on the youth's character, his likes and dislikes, which the artful minx thought might be turned to advantage. It was thus that she acquired the notion that a "pote" of Phoenix's cast was not exactly a ballad-monger. Father Clery was useful in one respect, certainly. He was a good hand at taking a glass, and as Mahony was also not averse to the recreation—very far from it—especially when he met with a good boon companion, sometimes the elders' booze made

a diversion, under cover of which Molly could venture on some sly approaches towards her own object. She would engage Phoenix in an innocent game of dominoes, or propose that he should teach her some of his songs (she had a sweet, luscious trill of her own), or show him how to tie a scarf she knit for him in the most modest French manner, which proved to be a true lover's knot over the heart, and necessitated a deal of playful allusions and gestures. Meanwhile Mahony looked on with eyes brimful of love and tenderness, and sometimes, we are free to confess, of the departed Duke-Deputy's wines or stronger liquors, rejoicing in all he saw, and confident that he could see nothing amiss. For his part, Father Clery was determined not to see more than was absolutely necessary. He was not displeased with arrangements that introduced him to much more comfort than he was otherwise likely to share. He was too knowing, in fact, to attempt to put his pupil on his guard against the artifices he might possibly have observed spinning around him. He would not put wrong thoughts in the lad's head! On the contrary, he often assured Phoenix that he felt convinced he was fast making a convert of Miss Maguire from the error of her ways. Such, at least, was the motive he assigned for his own constant frequentation of her society, and his wish to be interrupted as little as possible in his clerical offices with her. Mahony himself he kindly informed, that he did not rank her preference for him as a deadly sin, provided she could be induced to confine her caprices to an individual who had merited so much gratitude and kindness on her part. The Major always angrily disclaimed the inference, but its being so urged increased his remorseful conviction how dependent Molly's rehabilitation must remain on his resolutions in her favour!

Father Clery himself was by no means harsh either in his exhortations or imposition of penances on his fair charge. Indeed, Molly would not have put up kindly with anything of the sort. She began, even if the truth must be told, to find more cause of complaint in the burly priest's attentions and complaisance. He became an almost constant guest at her table, which was much better served than the common mess of the officers of the detachment. Mahony lent every facility in this respect, insomuch that there were occasions when Molly's dinner was escorted to the post with all the honours of a convoy, through the hunger-bitten districts around the Abbey. And Molly showed herself not to be a sutler — or commissary-general's daughter, as we should now style her—for nothing. It was her own money and skill that procured her table its luxuries much more efficaciously than Mahony's sternest requisitions. But however obtained, the fact was undeniable, that her's was the only board at Quin Abbey at which it was worth sitting down—a fact duly appreciated by the confessor. But, perhaps, this constant association proved in the end not altogether so pleasing to Molly.

"'Drat the old fellow! here he is again!" was no unfrequent exclamation on her lips, when his reverence's sturdy tramp was audible *en route* for her chapel chamber, about the times mostly when savoury indications of roasting goose, or broiling ham, or spluttering eggs, warned Father Clery that it was time to be paying special attention to

his little cure. At last the nuisance possibly reached its height, for Father Clery must have received some kind of intimation which he took in the light of a snub, as he suddenly expressed a wish to join the officers' mess, and seemed very meek and retired whenever henceforth Molly honoured him with an invite, in company with his friends, to her apartment.

It must be allowed, nevertheless, considering what an indiscreet wretch it was, that Molly proceeded for a while on her secret devices with much adroitness and adaptation of means to ends. But this ill-luck beset her, that the more she set her snares for one victim, the more was she compelled to entangle another she did not want; as some industrious spider, intending only the gilded fly, of easy digestion, catching a wasp, finds herself compelled thoroughly to envelop and devour it before she can proceed to lighter business. And thus, against her will, was Molly obliged to lead her luckless admirer on in his delusion, until he yielded wholly to the weakness that had gained possession of him, and worked himself up to the resolution destined to result in an anti-climax so unexpected and surprising.

While cradling Mahony in the elysian dreams we have indicated, Molly neglected no means which she thought likely, or dared put in practice before so many observers, to attract and fascinate the notice of the youthful chieftain. She affected an immense interest in the military tasks to which he devoted himself, under Mahony's instructions, with such admirable ardour and perseverance. The space in the old churchyard at Quin Abbey, where Phoenix spent the chief part of his time, training his clansmen in the discipline and evolutions of a regiment, was almost constantly honoured by the presence of Molly and her maid; the former affecting to delight in the open air, and to sit knitting worsted hose for the "poor potato-heeled Major." She tried earnestly to induce Phoenix to take his meals with her, instead of sharing the mess with the detachment, over which the Major always presided. Molly's fare, as we have mentioned, was greatly superior, while the mess-table presented, on most occasions, a model of the Spartan abstinence. But now, though Phoenix had a thoroughly good, youthful, and soldierly appetite, so bent was he to become a soldier on the model he had chosen, that he would share in everything with his admired instructor and friend, and declined the offer. He even occupied a portion of Mahony's straw litter, in company with his favourite black charger La Gloire, near which, on campaigning service, the Major always chose to take his rest—another reason why Molly was obliged to multiply the attractions of her society, and unadorned *salon* in the Abbey, for the personage to whose company he was thus devoted.

So perfect, indeed, had become the friendship between Mahony and his pupil in arms that, with the exception of his generous intentions towards Miss Maguire, and Sarsfield's meditated *coup militaire*, Mahony had scarcely a secret from the young soldier. The latter project he kept concealed, in compliance with a solemn promise he had made to Sarsfield not to divulge it to anyone without his consent; the former he felt himself somehow or other unable to divulge to the youth, under the circumstances, feeling a secret conviction that his plan of marrying Miss Maguire would not meet with his approval. It is true

he had no other foundation for this supposition than the generally high-flown and haughty notions evidently entertained by Phoenix on the subject of women. All the rest of his story the Major freely communicated to the youth, including the narrative of his college life—whence he had been expelled for fighting a duel, and in other scholastic respects had only brought away a profound aversion to books, which all the esteem in which they and their writers were held at the Court of the Grand Monarque had only a little modified. But the details of his campaigns under Turenne and St. Ruth lighted his own enthusiasm and that of his auditor into a blaze, while the glimpses of the luxuries and splendours of the Great King's reign, which Mahony had caught in his long residence in France, and could communicate, fascinated the boy's romantic and adventurous fancy almost equally.

All this enthusiasm for arms, and stirrings of ambitious reverie, were far from conducive to Molly's success. Yet it is true, in some senses, she had not reckoned without her host. Phoenix was in the first flush of the awakening passions of manhood—his veins throbbing with that fiery blood of his ancestry—his head and heart filled with chivalrous visions and poetical sentiment. As we have said, Miss Maguire was the first specimen of civilized and ornamental womanhood it had ever been the lot of the young native of Glen Conkain to encounter. It was an easy task for an imagination so highly wrought and impressionable, aided by Molly's real physical charms, to throw a glistening woof of its own brightness over her imperfections, and exalt her for a while into a heroine of romance—luckily of Spanish romance, in which the youth was chiefly versed, and which, whatever its faults in other respects, breathes everywhere a noble and exalted ideal of the sex. And yet, had it been possible long to associate any of these glories with the coarse-grained womanhood of Molly Maguire, the young warrior-bard ran some considerable risk—not of failing in the duties of honour and friendship, but of adding to the list of those victims of the beautiful illusions of inexperience, not unfrequently to be encountered among imaginative men. He might have believed himself enamoured of some splendid reality for ever forbidden to his hopes, and wasted the strength and energy of existence in the vainest of regrets, since it is the regret of a phantom, such, perhaps, as haunted and discoloured the whole existence of a Byron. But, fortunately for him, Phoenix's romantic and chivalrous temperament was balanced by the acuteness and satirical vivacity of his observation. He was the Cervantes of his own Don Quixote—and Molly Maguire, poor woman, was so fashioned, that it was scarcely possible for her long to favour the delusions of a person gifted with this quality of analysis, and it was not in the power even of our poetical young Irishman long to endow her with the attributes of a tender and exalted Oriana.

Phoenix's first fancies, however, lasted long enough to assist in fostering Molly's. He frequented her society with evident assiduity and pleasure, and his high-flown gallantry, expressed in phrases of the romances he had studied, at once puzzled and delighted their object. Possibly he imagined himself for some little while despairingly in love, for he composed some touching laments in verse, which he sang to the saddest, wildest melodies of his *Cainthar Cruit*, which surprised and

even alarmed Molly, conscious of no such cruelty as that complained of, with the dread of some unknown rivalry. His own high sense of honour and friendship, the deceptions Molly practised, conspired to blind Phoenix to the possible danger in this species of poetical Platonism. Father Clery's warning hints and inuendoes were for a long time as good as lost on him; and when the statue fell from its pedestal, it was chiefly of its own ill-balancing: but the smash was decisive.

Molly had never been remarkable for sentiment, and her association with the decay of a gallant and *roué* of the Court of Charles II. had not increased her tendencies to the exalted and spiritual. She could not long support the character she had at first instinctively assumed with Phoenix—the fine lady speedily vanished in the vulgar courtesan. She was a terrible flatterer, and easily discovered on what points the youth was most accessible to adulation—chiefly in his enthusiasm as a poet, and his lofty pretensions as an Irish prince and future leader among his people. But Phoenix's penetration was not long disturbed by praises which he detected to want all real appreciation and congeniality. But she who, in the time of the late Duke Deputy, and of his foreign and English Court, had affected even a total ignorance of her mother tongue, now declared it was better than "Mass-Latin" to hear it sung, and that Phoenix's ballads were as good as Dick Tarleton's!—and some of these she was so misadvised as to sing herself as specimens. Then how could Phoenix trust in a woman's eulogium of his patriotic and warlike ditties, who had acted so base a part against her countrymen and their cause as that which Father Clery by and bye carefully detailed to have been the case with Molly Maguire?

But in proportion as Phoenix felt himself to be secure, his rashness and attendant perils increased. His sensibility was allied with an exuberance of wit and gaiety, which disposed him to relish Molly's broad humour and romping audacity of demeanour. She could not, indeed, understand or relish the subtler manifestations of the former quality, which Phoenix occasionally displayed. But he possessed also a vein of pleasantry, genial, racy, popular, which Molly could thoroughly comprehend and appreciate, though she could not always command sighs and tears to testify to the pathos of the youthful minstrel's laments over his ruined country and lost kindred. Her rich, protracted, hilarious laughter never failed to reward his sprightly sayings and merriment, but somehow or other not unfrequently jarred upon his finer sense.

Unluckily for her, Molly advised herself of a means to express also her sentiments in verse, when she understood that Phoenix delighted in that form of composition. She possessed a voice which the Duke Deputy used to admire, and a store of songs he and his gay companions had taught her. Now, as these were mostly of the kind in vogue in the Court of the Merry Monarch, she thought that, seconded by a play of appropriate languishments, so managed as to escape any other observation, she might illumine even the innocence of so perfect a novice in love affairs as the boy from the shores of Loch Neagh. And so she sang—songs which delighted poor Mahony, who imagined all their amorousness and invitation addressed to himself; songs which made Father Clery's usually modestly cast-down eyes rise and expand with a peculiar goggle; but songs which reddened the boy's cheeks



with a flush of shame and indignation! Molly herself grew puzzled at last, to note how her gayest chansons sometimes plunged the wayward young minstrel into fits of musing melancholy, and sometimes even tears—inexplicable tears to her—would gather on his lids. The truth is, the more Phoenix began to comprehend the unworthiness of his friend's mistress, the sadder his heart grew at the thought of the bondage in which he was held.

Not that we assert the complete exemption of our hero from the influence of these meretricious displays. It would scarcely have been in human nature, much less in the nature of a youthful Irish bard and soldier, to remain altogether insensible to such prodigal allurements. After Molly had dethroned herself from the exaltation his imagination had raised her to, undoubtedly she had still great and dangerous resources at her command, had not Phoenix's chivalrous notions of honour, and his friendship for Mahony, concurred to baffle the naughty creature's designs. Moreover, events happened which compelled Molly to throw off the mask a little prematurely.

To the surprise of military calculators, the siege of Limerick had now lasted upwards of a month. The cautious advances of the Anglo-Dutch General were met at every stage by a most skilful and resolute resistance on the part of Sarsfield, and the other defenders of the city, animated by his heroic efforts and untiring zeal. The terrors of the bombardment, which had reduced all parts of the town within range of the English batteries to a mass of ruins, had failed to dispirit the garrison. Numerous breaches had been made, and undauntedly repaired. The heroism of Sarsfield diffused itself through all ranks of his army, and kept the designs of the party opposed to him among his own countrymen in as complete check as he could promise himself from the success of the measure he had planned with Mahony. His own generous nature and policy inclined him to forbearance under these happy circumstances, and were the reasons that induced him not to put the design in execution, when finally the means seemed placed in his hands by the arrival of a supply of arms and other accoutrements from France. Nevertheless, agreeably to his promise, he sent a portion of the equipments to put O'Neil's new regiment in some array, and desired Mahony and his young friend to hold themselves in readiness to take the field. For it was now at last confidently rumoured, that the English, out of heart at the protracted nature of the defence, and dreading the approach of the pestilential season of autumn in the morasses of the Shannon, where they lay without cover, talked of raising the siege. With their national impetuosity and sanguineness, the Irish projected nothing less, in consequence, than to be enabled to take the offensive, and drive the baffled host in disgrace and flight from the land.

There was certainly considerable cause for apprehension and discomfiture in the English camp; and it was at this period that the views of the intriguers in Limerick reverted to the possibility of effecting by treason what arms seemed likely to fail in. A plan was organized; cognizant of which, Molly imagined she began to see daylight in her perplexities. Captain Taaffe's hints, and her own natural cunning, suggested to her that something occult was connected with the gathering of forces so considerable, at a remote outpost like Quin Abbey.

The discovery of this, she concluded, rightly enough, might prove of value in forwarding the designs of her party. She believed young O'Neil was in the secret of a business to which he devoted himself with such assiduity, and that if she could place sufficient temptation in his way, the results she most desired might be brought to pass.

One day, when honest Mahony came rather unexpectedly to visit Miss Maguire, he encountered Phoenix O'Neil hastily quitting her quarters, with a strange confusion and emotion on his countenance — both his cheeks being very red, but one of them, and its corresponding ear, excessively so, and with only a small piece of the coral branch remaining round his neck, which he usually wore. He quite struck chest to chest against Mahony in his rapidity, and when the latter stopped to inquire what could possibly be the matter, he stammered out something quite unintelligible, and brushed hastily away. Our unwifed Potiphar, however, was far from suspecting that he had been passed thus strangely by the Joseph of the episode! Mahony was, however, so much surprised, that he followed Phoenix for an explanation, who seemed to have disappeared, for the Major could light on him nowhere, not even on the top of a crumbling tower of the Abbey, whence a view of the suffering city could be remotely commanded, and which had, therefore, been constituted a kind of military observatory. And this circumstance was rendered the more singular by the fact, that of late the youth had excused himself a good deal from Miss Maguire's society, exhibiting a really fanatic increase of devotion to his military occupations. Moreover, that very day Molly had sent both Mahony and Father Clery word that she had a *migraine*, and intended to keep her couch! It was a tender anxiety on this account that brought the Major so inconveniently on the scene to make his inquiries. To crown the mystery, on presenting himself the second time at the rude contrivance that did duty for a door to Molly's apartment, her maid Nora put her head over the tilts of the wagon, and informed him that the object of his solicitude was fast asleep in bed, and it would be a million pities, and so it would, to disturb her!

We do not know what impulse it was that set Mahony, after this, so decisively on the notion that he ought to hesitate no longer in his resolutions. Yet not a particle of suspicion had entered his honest head, when he straightway determined to consult with his friend and Father Clery as soon as possible, and then to proceed at once to declare his honourable intentions to their object. Perhaps, indeed, the latter worthy put it rather into his mind by drily observing, that the headache was sometimes caused by anxiety and suspense! The good man certainly seemed sincerely rejoiced when Mahony communicated his resolution, and asked his friendly aid in the ceremony. He laughed a little, but declared he should be most happy to fulfil what was required of him, whenever the lady joined in the request!

It was very different with Phoenix O'Neil. When they met again after his strange flight, he was sufficiently rallied to explain to the Major that he had mistaken the purport of a message brought him by Nora, and had found himself unexpectedly intruding into Miss Maguire's apartment before her toilette for the day—on which she was so particular — was completed. He blushed a good deal, and laughed

in a rather out-of-the-way manner as he said this ; but Mahony was too much absorbed in a confusion of his own to take notice of another's. He managed, however, at last to declare how the case stood with him, and coaxingly asked his young friend's—*advice*, he said !—but, indeed, the poor Major might rather have *begged an approval*.

Which he did not extort. On the contrary, Phoenix broke into so eloquent a representation of the disgraceful weakness and even lack of feelings of honour implied in the proposition — so vehement a diatribe on the character of Molly Maguire—that for the first time since their acquaintance commenced, he roused a very angry spirit in the Major. And far from producing the effect he intended, Mahony called him a “vain, coxcombical boy, who thought that nothing but a princess could be worth addressing ;” and went off in a great huff, declaring his resolution to show his contempt for such illiberal scruples, by committing himself to an offer at once.

Nevertheless, Mahony hesitated, so great was his respect for the judgment of his young friend. And he might have hesitated still longer but for information that reached him of the lady's purposed departure ! This alarming intimation arrived in the form of a request from her for a pass for herself, and coach and attendants, to Ennis—the nearest town to Quin Abbey on the Galway route.

Mahony immediately concluded she must have caught some tidings of his consultations, and been offended at the implied hesitation. He determined to put all right at once ; and with that intention, unhappily, to fortify his resolutions and gulp down some remaining scruples, the Major took rather an extra quaff of usquebaugh, in which he sometimes, in default of the light French wines he declared he greatly preferred, permitted himself some indulgence. A catholicity of taste that enabled him, in a stray college reminiscence, to liken himself to Alcibiades, who could indifferently drink water with the Spartan and wine with the Persian. That is to say, briefly, the Major could put up with *anything* in the way of good liquor !

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

IN this exalted mood, and certain that he was about to obviate, in the pleasantest manner possible, all necessity for the passport demanded, Mahony entered his Dulcinea's apartment on the day after the *migraine*.

He found Miss Maguire in the midst of all kinds of packages, busy with her handmaiden Nora, and Dermod the harper, who had been somehow coaxed into assisting in restowing her wardrobe and other valuables for renewed journeying. We must admit there was something rather superfluously condescending and gracious in Mahony's manner on this occasion, as he desired the servants to cease their operations.

“Your mistress shall never leave me again, Nora,” he said, most affably. “Quit the room for a moment, my dear, and when you return, *parbleu*, good wench, if you never saw a bride before, you shall

see one ere this blessed flaming sun strokes over the eternal peat to-night."

Molly, who was looking unusually pale and off her perpendicular, revived at these words, and looked up with rallying impudence.

"I mean to be off before sundown, Major Mahony, then," she said, scornfully; "so if it's after making a match of it you and Nora are, I shan't be able to spare the time to throw the stocking for you, faith and troth!"

"With Nora! Well, she's a pretty girl enough! But it's with yourself, my angel, and no other woman in the world, if all the princesses in it were sending deputations to me to take my choice, that Patrick Mahony means to marry," replied the Major, clasping his Molly with fond violence to his breast. "You, and you only, gramachree Molly! for let them say or do what they will, I'll make you my wife in the teeth of all the world, and cut the throat of the first impudent, meddling knave that says wrong I've done."

Molly gave a kind of yell. "Let me go, you great horse of a dragon, you!" she screamed. "Faugh! how he stinks of whiskey! What in the name of all the powers of mischief has sent you over here to insult me with your drunken sport? 'Odrat the man! I only want to get out of all your dirty ways, and here you are squeezing me to a mummy in your old iron arms, you fool, you! You remind me of nothing but the chairs the Duke used to tell me of in Italy, that the Borjeers made, to catch and strangle anybody that sat down in them by chance in an arbour, when they didn't like the visitor!"

Thus compared to an instrument of Borgian malice, and, moreover, shaken off with the strength and savageness of a young ogress, the gallant Mahony found himself suddenly in a most embarrassing and tragico-ludicrous position. The reckless Dermot burst into a huge guffaw, while Nora stared, with her eyes and mouth almost equally distended, in admiring wonder. Nevertheless, it was under this observation that Mahony found himself compelled to come to explanations; for Molly, improving her advantage, ordered them to proceed at once with their work. But his tone was greatly changed, and the whole man as crestfallen as might be, when he endeavoured to put his loving proffer into a tangible form. But, indeed, Mahony requested the lady to marry him with as much trepidation and abashed entreaty as if he was asking leave to eat her, after a brief confused preamble of his struggles—the manner in which he had finally overcome them—and the unalterable resolution he had at last arrived at, and desired to signify.

*Hélas!* what was the astonishment, in spite of his first repulse, of the brave Mahony, to find that this noble act of self-abnegation and generosity produced only a peal of scornful laughter, and a refusal couched in the least grateful and soothing terms it is possible to conceive!

"It's an honor you're for doing me, is it? And it's lifting me out of the mud you think you are?" Miss Molly Maguire exclaimed. "A fine honor, truly! Asked to marry a poor, beggarly, snub-nosed corporal of starved Rapparees on horseback! For it's nothing better than a pack of thieves and murderers you are, fighting all av you against your lawful king and country! And you could hardly bring yourself, couldn't you, to ask me to marry you, and take shares in this rat-hole of an old

ruin, after I have lived in a palace, and had a Duke and a Viceroy for my humble servant! By my blessed Lady (Molly scrupled not to invoke that purest of names) I relish the notion! But I think I can fry my fish to more purpose in another pan; and therefore, Major, *your* servant! [*With a playhouse curtsy of scorn.*] Hadn't you treated me badly enough," she continued, warming at the recollection of her injuries, "making believe to that old belly-god of a priest, and that slim coxcomb of a boy, in his dandelion suit, that you had given me the empty pitcher (*Anglice, the sack*), but you must come to me now and offer to make me a bandit's bride? Pray, is that your wedding-suit, Major Mahony, of rusty steel and tatters, that makes you look like the ghost of the king in the play, where the one murders the other with a drink of henbane in at the ear?"

"Didn't you, havn't you, for a long time given me to understand that you loved me as well as ever?" gasped Mahony.

"Ay, as well as ever—not at all, that is "" was the cruel reply; "with the exception that I meant to get your heart into my hand, that I might show you how I valued it, when I threw it away!"

When Mahony recovered his senses from this blow, which he did not for several minutes, and until Molly had railed at him to her heart's content, the ireful conclusion naturally occurred to him—

"Oh! then, blessed saints!" he exclaimed in a burst of fury, "it's because your villain of a Luttrell isn't hanged or shot like a dog yet, you take up so prodigiously, Miss Maguire, and it's reserving yourself for him you are, no doubt!"

"Why, then, its thrue for you, Major Mahony, my dear, if you never trouble yourself to speak thruth again! Henry Luttrell shall live, in spite of you all, to be a peer of the Irish realm, and I'll be his Countess, please God; and send yourself to the devil on it, if you like, and joy go with you, say I! He's pledged to me, and I'm pledged to him, and you may do what you like to prevent it; but you can't, and shan't, if you had me tied neck and heels in a sack, or in a nunnery, where that senseless old baste of a priest wanted me to go, when he found his own game wasn't to be played! The English will make mincemeat of your ragamuffins here and in Limerick, and then—and then—you shall see what you shall see with those wonderful, staring eyes of your's, Major Mahony, my dear!"

"But first I'll see Master Luttrell and the rest of his fellow-traitors hanging in a batch like onions on a rope, if all holds well another week! Take note of that, Mistress Maguire!" returned the rejected lover. "We are to march from the Abbey here in less time than that," he continued, furiously; "and when we do, if a word holds good that has never failed yet, we shall open the ball by doing Jack Ketch's work on your Earl and all his choice friends, whose names you yourself gave in so carefully to his Excellency!"

"I am much obliged to you for the information, Major Mahony!" retaliated Molly. "But I'll take care my friends are duly warned betimes, and many thanks to you! Perhaps they'll try their hands at a counter-move before you march, my broth of an old boy!"

The Major started aghast at his own imprudence. "But you shall not stir a foot from here, minx!" he faltered out.

"Then your friend, my Lord Tyrone, won't keep his word with me."

retorted the mischievous rascalness; "for he has promised me, if you refused me my conduct, to take me off by force at the head of his clan—who have got their arms, he says, now!—and whom he has engaged to lead over to the English, on condition of being restored in his blood and patrimony! There is not another such honest fool as you are in Ireland; there's for you, Major Mahony!" And she snapped her fingers close to his beard, with a report that startled some famished dogs in the neighbouring village into a concert of howlings.

Mahony's hair bristled on his head at this intimation, and at a conjunction of ideas that rushed in upon him like the devouring tumult of a pack of hounds upon the fallen stag.

"Can you prove this?" he fairly roared.

"Prove what? Didn't you meet him the other day, just when I had given him his answer, too, all for the sake of my dear Luttrell?" she hissed. "Faith, I let him know my mind a little to the purpose, too; for he didn't look pleased, did he, when he met you? For though you're nothing to me, Major Mahony, I could not but feel he treated you as scurvily as any foolish cully in the world. And it wasn't so much a compliment to me as he thought, to ask me to become a countess forsooth, with never a rood of land, and a boy for a husband!"

"And that is why the young traitor tried to set me so against you, and warned me what a wretch you are, and to have nothing more to do with you!" groaned Mahony, transported out of all reasonable judgment by passion.

There flashed through his brain in an instant a recollection of numerous circumstances supporting the wicked creature's calumnies, commencing with Father Clery's original warnings and apprehensions for his pupil.

"Did he, then, the desaiver, try to set you against me? Well, then, take him back his coral chain, which he insisted on leaving with me as a pledge of his sarpint love, and give me my pass, to get out of both of your ways," resumed Molly, snatching the remains of the ornament alluded to from a box in which it had been stowed with other honestly-come-by goods. "Let me go, I say, Mahony, or I'll claim your imp's word, and set you on fighting it out between you, I will, with your men at it, too!"

Mahony received the collar, which, as an hereditary emblem of chieftainship, he knew Phoenix highly valued, as if it had been a twist of snakes. In the delirium of his feelings he actually gave full credit to this monstrous accusation, thus supported. His present failure and mortification, the shame of being wrought upon by so mere a boy, to be used as an instrument in the overthrow of the cause he had so warmly at heart, the danger of the menaced conflict—all crowded upon him in a tumbling sea of troubles. To put the bone of contention—his own destined *rib*—out of reach, seemed the first and paramount consideration. And so the infatuated Major actually concluded the scene by signing Molly the order she required; and then rushing from her presence like a madman, he flew to take vengeance on his false young friend. It may be believed that the exultant she-Machiavel of the scene delayed not to ascertain the result of the concussion she had contrived, in the double view of vengeance and of securing her own retreat.

Our Major was positively insane with passion ; but he himself thought he took some very sober precautions to prevent the possibility of a general explosion and truly Hibernian strife between bands of men united under the same banner. Phoenix accordingly received a message that Major Mahony wanted to speak with him on urgent business ; and following the former's henchman, Magillicuddy, to a spot in a wood behind the Abbey, at some furlongs' distance, he found that officer striding up and down in an opening like a moody lion, with the exception that he had his arms crossed on his breast—a feat not often performed with the forepaws by t'other generous ferocity.

To his increase of surprise, Fhad Redmond seemed stationed at hand on duty, in his newly-taught attitude of "Attention!" which he fell into with all the ease and grace of a mastiff taught to beg.

Mahony had by this time chafed himself into a perfect delirium of fury, which rendered him impervious to the timid whisperings of reason. But he preserved some degree of deference to his acquired foreign notions of procedure in cases of mortal encounter, as he had determined this should be.

"Your vassal will stand by to report fair-play, and Magillicuddy is here on my part! Draw your sword and defend your life, my *Lord Tyrone*!" was his abrupt, startling salutation, grinding his teeth, and producing his own weapon with a violent flourish. It was the first time he had ever addressed O'Neil by that title.

A glance showed the latter it was no jesting matter.

"Good God, Major Mahony! what has put you in this strange condition?" he exclaimed, without compliance with the requisition.

"Draw, boy, draw! Draw crocodile's-egg, that I have hatched in my bosom to devour me! Draw, or I will beat you like a dog!" yelled the Major.

"Beat me!—Beat *me*!—Like a dog! Good heavens! Major, is it about that worthless woman you ——"

"Ha! you are a good guesser it seems! But if she were ten times what you call her, was it for you —— I say, defend your life, or I will hack it out of you!"

"Madman!"

"Are you a *coward*, with all your talk, Phoenix O'Neil, then?"

"A coward!—ha!"

Their swords met in a clash, Phoenix's flying forth at the word, for he lost command of his fiery temper the moment it reached his ear. They engaged instantly—the Rapparee and the trooper looking on in equal horror and perplexity, without daring to attempt interference.

But a combat of a few moments' duration showed to Mahony—a master of all the French subtleties of the *escrime*—that Phoenix's whole science at this weapon consisted in thrust and hack. In short, he felt that he had him at his sword's point, and had only to kill him whenever he thought proper—which conviction completely overcame the Major with the grief of unvengible wrong, for he felt it quite impossible to kill the youth—as there was nothing to hinder him!—and he let the point of his weapon sink, in a paralysis of baffled rage and indignation.

"He don't know *quarte* from *tiercé*—*sang Dieu*! I cannot touch him!—it would be mere murder!" he groaned, in utter perplexity.

Then mustering a resolve of a strangely different character — "Go after her, out of my sight, and the devil carry you both!" he exclaimed, and sheathed his sword, in an agony of impotent tears!

Phoenix was completely out of breath, and agitated, it must be confessed, having all along felt how completely he was at the mercy of his adversary. Nevertheless, his first articulate expression was to demand a retraction of the word "coward," and a declaration, that otherwise one or the other of them should not leave the ground alive.

"Bah, no, you are no coward! But what are you, tell me yourself — what is the man that has betrayed another as you have me!" was the heart-rent reply.

"Will you not at least tell me how I have provoked you to this fury?" said Phoenix, quite bewildered.

Mahony's emotions, however, choked his utterance, and though he attempted it, he could only produce a series of inarticulate moans and ejaculations. Luckily at this moment Father Clery arrived on the scene of action, at a double-quick pace.

"Sanctissima purissima! what can be the meaning of all this?" the ecclesiastic shouted, breathlessly. "Mistress Maguire has just gone off in her coach, with such a parting volley of abuse even at me, her spiritual director, that I don't know whether I am on my head or my heels! And you — what are you two doing here? Holy Mother! I'll warrant me, skrimmaging about that slut who — it's no breach of confession, for she tried to bribe me a week ago to help in the corruption of my precious boy, under I know not what threats — desired me to tell him she was in love with him! And, therefore, if she has made up a pother between you, Major Mahony, depend upon it the blame is all with her!"

"As a man and a gentleman, I would fain have kept the matter a secret; but as it is no longer possible, I will tell you the whole truth, Major Mahony!" said Phoenix, with a crimson blush mantling over his excited visage. "Miss Maguire is in correspondence with the enemy, and, on General Ginkell's assurance, offered me the restoration of my father's rank and patrimony, if I would join in a traitorous plan which is in preparation to surrender the fords of the river to the English, and enable them to cut off any hopes of relief to the city from our side, and the army encamped below the walls in Clare!"

"Then she is off to warn the traitors to put their plans in execution at once!" exclaimed Mahony, staring aghast at these revelations.

Father Clery demanded an explanation, and he too was thunder-struck with what he heard. "God help us! — no one else can! THE CHURCH is lost!" he groaned.

Phoenix was the first to regain some rationality.

"She ought to be pursued at once and kept in safe custody, and Lord Lucan immediately informed and put on his guard!" he ejaculated.

"Hasten after them; she will come back willingly enough with you, O'Neil!" said Mahony, ruefully.

"But I will not venture near her again, after the difficulty I had in breaking away yesterday, leaving for trophy in her hands my sovereign collar of the Red Branch of Ulster!" said Phoenix.

"She bade me restore it to you — but it makes no matter. She is



the mother of lies, whoever's the father! I'll after her, and she shall know it is of no use playing any more of her tricks on either of us! But Sarsfield should be warned; and as I could never have the courage to tell him what a woman's idiot I have been made — and the secret must be confined among us — will you go to Limerick on this errand, O'Neil?"

Phoenix readily assented. The General had frequently expressed a wish to see him, and he had himself a great curiosity to behold the famous leader and the town he so valiantly maintained. It was agreed that he should only wait until Mahony had overtaken and brought back Molly to a secure captivity.

On returning to the Abbey and making inquiries, it was so far satisfactorily ascertained that Molly's coach had taken the road so Ennis, with her maid and herself in it, all the blinds down, and a lackey riding beside it on horseback — the same who had run away in so dastardly a manner on the occasion of the first encounter between Mahony and The O'Neil. This man had reappeared at quarters within the last few days, and as Miss Maguire forgave him his desertion, no one else had troubled about it. The reader, of course, remembers he was in reality one of Luttrell's partizans, Captain Taafe, who, it was known in Limerick, had gone over openly to the English! Accordingly the Major, mounting with some half-dozen troopers of his corps, set off at a smart trot in pursuit to Ennis.

To Phoenix's great surprise and vexation, nevertheless, Mahony did not return till midnight, and then in a state of mind which we can only attempt to do justice to by describing the cause. He had come in sight of Molly's equipage at a few miles from the Abbey, seemingly proceeding in the most orderly and regular manner towards Ennis, whence he concluded she had no intentions of doing the mischief she had threatened, and, on the whole, thought it would be best to let her proceed to that town, where she could be placed in the custody of the magistrates — men known to be zealous on the Irish part. Whether the Major still dreaded her influence over him, or desired to have her at a distance from his unwilling but too dangerous rival, we will not take upon us to declare. But such was the course he adopted — with the result, that on arriving at Ennis, and riding up to the coach door to hand out his prisoner, he discovered that it was only tenanted by Nora, fast asleep on piles of her mistress's luggage! Questioning only produced from this affrighted wench a full confirmation of the worst fears. Molly had mounted *en croupe* behind her lackey, and had ridden off at a cross-road, with an intention of proceeding to the English camp!

Mahony returned in a foam of rage and exhaustion. But all he could now conclude upon was to urge Phoenix instantly to take horse for Limerick, and carry notice of what had happened, while he collected their united force, and followed at all possible speed to place them at Lord Lucan's disposal, to endeavour to remedy the consequences of his imprudence. Phoenix—who had been ready for departure for hours—lost not an instant on this explanation; wasted not a moment in criticising this sequence of weaknesses. He was in the saddle at once, and accompanied by Fhad Redmond only, as his guide, he set off through the thick darkness of a very heavy night to Limerick.

But the mischief was done. Daybreak found Phoenix O'Neil approaching the camp of the Irish outlying post; which, standing in his stirrups, he was contemplating from some distance, with all the eager curiosity and pleasure of an enthusiast of military art, who had never seen such a spectacle before—when, lo, of a sudden a sound came to his ears resembling the murmur of a hive of bees in the calm summer noontide before a cast. To this succeeded the most extraordinary medley of sounds—deepening, with scarcely an interval, into a tumult that far surpassed, but might have been likened by anyone who had ever heard it, to the Hottentot encampment doing battle with yells and firearms against a herd of lions in full roar. Immediately afterwards the low boggy tracks, rather than roads, which led over the plain to the fords of the Shannon, became, as it were, inundated by a struggling throng of fugitives who, though in military accoutrements resembled, in their demeanour, nothing so much as a half-frantic drove of sheep escaping from the blows and bites of their herdsmen's sticks and dogs. Foot-soldiers without muskets, dragoons without horses, cannoneers without artillery—intermixed with a great concourse of yelling camp-followers—covered the whole champaign with a confused multitude.

Phoenix had scarcely time to get surprised at this spectacle, ere the cause of it but too evidently appeared. A bursting cloud of cuirassiers, in the glittering steel and scarlet face of the English household cavalry, seemed to flame along the horizon—and in a few instants were in the midst of the panic-stricken encampment, shouting fearfully, and wielding their merciless sabres without stint or pause, amidst the convulsed tumult of the surprised Irish host. Shouts of “William for ever!—Orange Boven!—No Popery!—No arbitrary Government!—No quarter!—Remember the massacre!” &c., &c., resounded amidst the startled bleat of bugles, scarcely breathed into ere they were thrown aside—random poppings of pistols—cries of fury and despair—all finally joining into one astounding, deafening uproar of sounds such as might have attended the fall of the tower of Babel!

These then were those English whose very name was wont to set Phoenix O'Neil's blood a-glow with hatred—and whom he beheld thus, for the first time, engaged in repeating the disasters of the day of Aughrim—completing the destruction of his country! Inexperienced soldier as he was, Phoenix could not but instantly conclude what had happened. The fords of the Shannon had either been surprised by the enemy, or betrayed to them, and an universal and irretrievable panic had seized upon the Irish host, thus flying in disgraceful rout. A kind of heroic frenzy took possession of the son of Roderick O'Neil, on the conviction, and setting spurs to his horse and drawing his sword, he rushed madly into the midst of the *mêlée*, in the vain hope of rallying the disordered masses—shouting to them in their native tongue every species of exhortation he could imagine capable of shaming or reviving them into courage, and turning upon their pursuers.

In vain!—the multitude rushed passed him, straining over each other's shoulders, their wild eyes starting almost out of the sockets, in the distraction of terror—like a herd of headlong deer with the hounds at their heels—insensible to every obstacle, deaf to every entreaty or command—regardless of everything but the one great business of placing distance between themselves and the ravaging swords of their foes.

Meanwhile Phoenix, continuing his wild advance, found himself, in a few minutes, in the midst of the charging squadrons! Twenty swords flashed around him; a voice called to him to surrender. His reply was to dash his steed against that of his summoner, sword in hand; but simultaneously a shot from a carbine sent the good horse—Mahony's favourite, *La Gloire*—headlong as a thunderbolt to the earth. Phoenix was thrown over its head, and lay stunned and almost senseless on the turf. Yet he distinctly perceived, as he lay prostrate and powerless, that the English officer—so by his decorated uniform he appeared to be—who had summoned him to surrender, struck up the sword of one of the troopers, which was aimed with a will at Phoenix's uncovered head, that would probably have put a final period to its perceptions—and leaping from his own saddle, extended his hand to Phoenix to assist him to rise, saying in a young man's fraternising and kindly voice—

"You are my prisoner, sir, and as such I consider you under my safeguard! There is your sword; so brave a gentleman should never be forced to relinquish his weapon by mere accident!"

Phoenix had lost hold of his sword in the shock of his overthrow. His body was severely bruised and shaken, his mind in disorder; yet he could not but feel the noble and courteous tone of his captor demanded every acknowledgment, while it was certainly utter madness to attempt any farther resistance. Still he would not accept the offered hand of the Englishman, and staggering up on his feet with some difficulty, he took the sword the other handed over to him, observing—

"I cannot help myself—I am your prisoner, sir—and I accept your kindness, for I dearly prize this sword: it was my father's. I thank you . . . though I had hoped never to owe any thanks to an Englishman, and your voice tells me you are one!"

"And proud to be so, sir. I am Cornet George Cadogan, of his Majesty's Horse Guards Blue," replied the young officer—young, for he seemed only a year or two older than Phoenix. "But you owe me no thanks—it is the fortune of war. We have just crossed the river, and surprised your guard at the Fords; so no wonder we find our main body in no great expectation of our approach. The rout is indeed complete."

Phoenix looked in the same direction, and perceived that the spot so lately occupied by thousands of men was cleared, as if miraculously, of the entire body, and the horses of the three thousand Irish cavalry, so lately quietly picketted in their divisions, now turned loose, either scoured the country wildly in various directions, or joined in the rush of the English cavalry, that still proceeded on, sweeping down all opposition in its way.

Almost at this moment a party of mounted officers, evidently of rank, arrived, under an escort, at the spot. One among them, apparently the principal, with grey hair surrounding a plump, placid visage, and dressed in a foreign uniform of scrupulous neatness, addressed the young English officer—

"Meesther Cadogan," he said, in accents of tranquil displeasure, "consider yourself under arrest for disobedience of orders. I *weel* have an exact discipline observed in the camps of my master; and I instructed you, as soon as you had carried the Fords with the rest of your company, to await further orders without advancing. And it was

you who rushed on with your standard displayed, and induced the soldiers to follow!"

"And win a decisive victory, Baron!" said one of the Dutchman's staff, with a slight sneer.

"I weel not have no victories won out of my regulations!" returned Baron Ginkell, sternly. "Retire to the camp, sir, and remain under arrest until I send you an order of release. And take your prisoners with you, as I suppose these wild-looking men can only be of the Irish rebels."

Fhad Redmond had rejoined his master, who had at first distanced him by the speed of his horse, and came in for his share of this compliment. Phoenix, we believe, made some reply—not of the most conciliating; but the old Dutchman and his retinue had resumed their advance, and the trample of the horses luckily rendered it inaudible.

Cadogan broke into a laugh, but he looked considerably vexed and confused.

"Mynheer is annoyed," he observed, pettishly, "to find that after doing the real work of the day, we English were not inclined to wait till he sent some dozing Dutchman to carry off the honours. However, the circumstance is of some advantage," he added, good-humouredly; "I shall have the more time to devote to the entertainment of a gentleman whom I beg to consider rather as my guest than prisoner. Will you come with me, sir, and I will endeavour to make you forget this testy old Dutchman's snarling in the society of men who know how to honour bravery, whether displayed by friend or foe."

Phoenix, greatly struck with so much politeness and generosity, signified his consent, asking leave, however, in the first instance, to ascertain if his horse—which belonged to a friend who greatly valued it—was wounded mortally. The poor animal, bleeding profusely, had by this time staggered upon its feet, with the aid of Fhad Redmond. Cadogan, declaring that he had some skill in horseflesh, immediately examined the wound, and gave it as his opinion that the shot had only severely grazed the chest, and that the animal might recover with proper treatment. Fhad was therefore directed to lead it after them; and the two lately mortally-opposed combatants proceeded, side by side, in a friendly manner, to cross the Shannon into the English camp, by the bridge of boats thrown over it secretly in the night.

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## CHRONICLES OF AN OLD RACE.—No. V.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE KING AND THE JESTER.

Now Feidlimh the son of Dala, the Archpriest, dwelt much with the King in Eman, and he was old, and round, and heavy, and he loved fat venison and old mead. And as he played chess with the King, he nodded his head heavily over the smooth chequered tables, for he had supped well. And when the King saw that he slept, he rose softly, for he had the old man in much regard, and, moreover, he was plotting to carry his daughter away. So he rose softly, that he might not disturb him, and walked to and fro thoughtfully, after looking westward over the plain. And the sun went down, and grey twilight veiled the world with its darkening shade. And Trendorn the spy came from the Wood of Kimbaeth, and told how that the maidens, with Larha the nurse, were in Deirdré's chamber in the house of her father. Then the King asked if he had seen aught of Rori. And Trendorn answered that the door of Rori's dwelling was fastened, and that the Jester was gone forth, for when he had knocked upon the door, there was no answer from within. Then the King bade Trendorn go down and watch the plain, and bring word if he saw or heard aught strange. And going within the house, the King laid himself on his couch; and while he thought, slumber closed his eyes. And strange things came to the King in dreams. It seemed to him as though he stood alone upon the Rath in the bright noonday; but around from every side, far as his eyes could reach, came mighty armies of Black Golls, clashing their shields, and closing in one fearful circle round the Rath. And the savage roaring of their war-songs swelled up to his ears like the winter sea thundering through the caves of Clidna. (But in good truth, the sound which came to the King's ears was the snoring of Feidlimh the Archpriest, as he slumbered without.) Then it seemed to the King as though the strangers strove to pass up by the great causeways that were on either side of the Rath, towards the rising and the setting sun; but they could not enter by reason of a woman who sat at either gateway, waving them back with her hand. And the women were like as though they had been each the shadow of the other, and the rich golden tresses of either hung far down her shoulders, but their faces were ever turned away, and the King felt that he dared not seek to meet their gaze. Then the vision changed suddenly, and it seemed as though it were night, and that he sat alone upon the Rath; but the Rath and the great plains of Eman were without living man save himself alone. And he sat listening to the wind as it sighed sadly through the forest, seeming to whisper strange tales of the dead. And as he hearkened anxiously and fearfully, he heard on a sudden the gliding footfall of one approaching; but as he looked through the clear moonlight, no form came with the footsteps. Then when the sound was close upon him, the King sprang up from his couch with a cry, and waking, he saw Trendorn the spy standing before him with a torch in

his hand, for it was the stealthy step of Trendorn which had disturbed the King's sleep. And the spy's face was pale, and he trembled before the King's angry look, as he asked wherefore he came thus upon his sleep like a creeping fox. And he answered—

"Thy slave's mother, Grainné the wise woman, was gathering herbs under the moonlight in the forest by the fire-tower, and she hath returned even now, and told me how that she saw the lady Deirdré, with Larha her nurse, and Brassil the son of Conloch, riding swiftly westward through the forest. Then thy slave went to the maiden's dwelling in the Wood of Kimbaeth, and there is none there now save Morna the King's daughter."

Then the King turned, with his dark brows meeting in silent wrath; and he took a heavy knotted club in his hand, and went down the Rath with angry, springing stride towards Rori's dwelling. But now there stood a dark crowd of men round the Jester's booth, and horses were neighing in the plain below. And the King, thrusting his way through the men, laid his hand on the shoulder of a tall warrior (who stood next the door, as though he listened), and said, angrily—

"What means this, Credna?"

And Credna answered—

"By the King's head, I know not; but Rori bade me await him at the eastern gate till the moon's rising. And so we waited thus; but since he came not, I have come even now to seek him, and the door is firmly closed; and I hear one as if sleeping heavily within, but I cannot waken him."

Then the King said—

"Stand back, Credna!" And striding back a step, he swung his heavy maul aloft with both hands, and smote the door with a crash that drove it splintering inwards. And the King cried—"Bring hither thy torch, Trendorn, and hang me this drunken hound from his own roof."

Then they saw Rori sitting on the ground, and his eyes rolled and glittered fiercely in the torchlight; and turning himself, he held up his hands, that were bound and entangled with his feet in Cahal's thongs. And when they cut his limbs free, he sprang to his feet and tore forth the woolly morsel that filled his mouth, and uttered a sharp, angry yell like a speared wolf. And the King said, sternly—

"What drunken knavery is this, Rori? By the bones of Mac Fintain, if thou liest to me, thou shalt hang from the highest oak in Eman, till the ravens tear thy false tongue forth."

And Rori answered, hoarsely—

"My life is in the King's hands, but by the King's head I will tell nought but the truth. That cursed Brassil quarrelled over his wine, and rose on me suddenly, even as Credna came to the door. And while we struggled, I heard one answer with my voice. Then I knew that there was strong enchantment abroad, and a black cloud came upon me, so that I knew nought until I found myself bound and alone. But, by the head of Connor, whether I meet Brassil next in hall or forest, at fight or feast, though he be girt by tenfold *geasa*, I will reach his heart thus"—and gnashing his teeth, with a fierce yelp Rori drove his skean to the hilt in the wattled side of the house.

And the King, looking doubtfully and sternly upon him, said—

"Whether through thy treachery or cowardice, those who were

given in charge to thee are fled ; but I will know the truth ere morning. To horse! Credna ; and bring him with thee, for we have need of his cunning. And hark thee, friend Rori, if I find one word or look of treachery in thee, by the glories of Mileadh I will hack thee into such fragments, that they shall track the path from Eman to Ardmacha by thy lying carcase."

And speaking thus, the King strode down before them to the plain. And there was plunging of steeds, and cursing of riders, and then the dark squadron swept westward through the fair moonlight, shaking the plain like a herd of rushing bulls.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BRASSIL THE SON OF CONLOCH.

FAR onwards, through the tangled wilds of Boirché, the fliers held their way beneath the waning moon. Deirdré and Larha sat on Naisi's dark warhorse, the fleetest steed in Eman ; and he bore his burden gently and proudly, though the foam-flakes lay like snow on his shining sides, for they had ridden far and fast since nightfall. And Deirdré's dark eyes brightened as they left Eman far behind, and she talked happily with Larha, and looked ever earnestly onwards towards the far mountain side, for the glitter of coming spears in the moonlight. And Brassil the Silent rode a short space before them ; and as they slackened pace to rest their steeds, and let them choose their steps with care through the tangled brakes, Brassil's great bulk swayed heavily in drowsy weariness, by reason of his having journeyed much without rest or sleep since he left the camp two days ago, and also by reason of the wine which he had taken in Rori's booth. And as the night grew toward morning, there rose a grey mist up from the valleys, and spread over the plain and through the forest. And it thickened fast while Brassil's head drooped in growing slumber ; and the steed, feeling his rein slackened, turned by degrees till his face was eastward ; and so after a space they left the forest, and passed forth upon the plain. Then Larha looked up, and she saw Brassil's mighty form swaying to and fro, seeming twofold his bulk in the dense grey fog. Then she cried out to Brassil, and rousing himself, he drew his rein and glanced about him in wonder, striving vainly with his eyes to pierce the mist that hung around like night. And Larha knew by his face, when she looked at him, that he had lost his course. And Brassil lighted down from his horse and led him by the bridle, carefully searching the ground as he went. And so they held their way in silence for a long space ; but Brassil could trace neither path or track through the matted grass and stunted brushwood. And when he raised his head and looked anxiously around, the blinding mist was like a grey wall before him.

Then, at last, he stopped with a sudden cry of joy, and pointing downwards to a broad track, trodden by many hoofs, as though a rushing herd had passed that way, he said, "We will seek the river;" for he deemed that he had found the track by which the wild cattle were wont to seek their watering. Then he mounted again, and rode swiftly on, tracking the path with his eyes fixed steadily on the ground, like a staunch sleuth-hound. But his countenance fell when, after a space, the

footmarks led up a low, heathy hill, and then scattered uncertainly. And saying shortly to Larha, "'Tis the home path *from* the river," he turned doggedly to follow back the way by which they had come. But as Brassil passed Larha, she laid her hand on his arm, saying—

"Hearken, Brassil, I hear the roar of water."

But Brassil shook his head saying, "Trees!" for his quick ear knew the sighing of the breeze through the forest. Nevertheless he turned to seek it. And leaving the foot-tracks, they went towards the sound, and thus they came soon upon a great oak tree that seemed to rise alone upon the plain. The trunk was mighty and gnarled, and one gaunt, withered branch stretched out towards them, like the stiffened arm of some death-struck prophet, warning them back. But the morning breeze was sighing through the rustling leaves far above in the mist. Then, as they came near the tree, Brassil checked his steed so suddenly that he well nigh threw him backwards.

"'Tis the Spirit's tree!" he cried, pointing with his finger to a green circle that darkened the grass around it. Then making a sign against the Evil Eye, they drew back in terror. But as they sought the path again, Brassil halted suddenly, and motioning them with his hand to keep silent, he lighted from his horse, and stooping, laid his ear to the ground. Then rising, he said—

"There are warriors coming, but whether friend or foe I cannot know."

And sitting silent and breathless, the women listened anxiously, with beating hearts, for they knew not if the sons of Usna approached, or angry prisoners from Eman. And soon the faint ring of weapons came to their ears, and the closer murmur of voices, and the tramp of steeds, as a crowd of horsemen passed them within half a bowshot. And Brassil listened earnestly and shook his head, saying—

"I fear me we have turned back on our course, for the voices have the tones of Uladh. But we must strike their track, and follow them till the mist rises."

And as they followed slowly, looking forward with anxious eyes, the mist drove in upon them thick and cold, and the next moment clove asunder, rolling its white wreathing clouds to either hand. And through the mighty rent towered Gortfinna before them, with his wooded sides and rugged head; but nought save the soaring eagle or springing goat might scale that frowning height. And as the hurrying vapour melted and scattered from the plain beneath, a dark body of horsemen and running kerne came into view, moving swiftly towards the foot of the mountain; but their anxious looks searched the crowd in vain for the sons of Usna. Then as Brassil looked, his quick eye lighted on a horseman of great stature among the throng, who rode on a strong white steed, and whose mantle shone with all the colours of the sun-bow.

"'Tis the king!"\* he muttered; and pointing with his finger to the west, where a dark line, passing out from behind the mountain, seemed to thread the plain in its winding course, he said, "To the river, for your lives!" and smote his horse till he urged him to flying speed; and the women followed close behind. And so they held their way unseen through the skirts of the driving mist, till the white foam-froth flecked

\* Kings alone were qualified to wear more than four colours in their dress.



the sides of their gasping steeds. But now the bright water glanced before them, as it flashed back a struggling sunbeam that pierced through the morning vapours ; but the same ray glittered on the bright axe that hung from Brassil's broad shoulder, and a fierce shout, pealing from far behind, told that that light had betrayed them. And Brassil, raising himself, shook his hand at the pursuers, and sent back a wild cry of defiance. And turning to look at the women, he saw Deirdré's face pale and sorrowful, and the tears standing in her eyes, but her small mouth was set firm as a warrior's. And Larha's countenance was full of fury, and her dark brows were knit, and her great black eyes glittered fiercely. One arm was thrown round Deirdré, as if to shelter her, while with the other she gripped the long skean which hung in her girdle. But Brassil smiled steadily and calmly upon them, and said—

“Fear not, my true hearts !”

And he pointed to a dark sally-tree before them, that stretched forth its knotted twining boughs till their drooping branches swept the water. Now on that side (next them) the bank sloped gently to the river, but the current ran deep, and broad, and swirling beneath the farther bank, and the cliff rose straight and steep above it.

Now when Brassil came from the camp two days ago, by this course, he had shaped a corragh (boat) of osier-work and hides ; and crossing in it, he had bound a strong cord firmly to either bank of the river. And now his heart beat with joy when he knew, through the clearing mist, that they had happened, in their blind wandering, upon the very passage which he sought ; and springing from his panting steed by the river side, he caused the women to alight. And as they wondered and looked back in terror towards the dark crowd of pursuers that were sweeping down upon them, he drew forth the little corragh from the thick fern where it lay, and launching it in the rushing stream, he raised the line that lay from the other bank, slackened and sunken in the water, bound it firmly to a strong bough, and signed to the women to enter. And Deirdré set herself down in the boat, and Larha following, knelt down carefully, and seized the line to guide them, for the little vessel was frail and heavy laden. Then Brassil, thrusting her forth strongly, plunged in behind, holding the line and pushing the corragh before him. And the black river foamed, and whirled, and eddied round them ; and they bore hard on the slender line, but it was of tough hide ; and so they reached the dark rapids beneath the farther cliff. But even through the roar of the water they could hear the thundering horse-hoofs, as they shook the bank behind them, and the wild shout of anger that rent the air. Then Larha looked back in terror, and she saw them spreading along the river side like hounds at fault. And the foremost dashed their panting horses into the stream ; but ere they had gone a spear's length, they were swept far down the river, struggling and entangled. But the King's eye saw the line, as it rose strained from the water ; and Larha cried out suddenly to Brassil to cut away the cord behind, for she saw Credna, with Rori the Jester and another strong warrior, pressing hard after them upon it. And Brassil answered not, but pulled hard upon the line, thrusting the boat strongly before him ; and the whistling arrows struck the water like ploughing hail behind him, for they feared to shoot high by reason of the women. And now the drooping branches, as they hung from the

cliff, brushed Larha's face; and grasping a strong bough, she drew the corragh to shore, and sprang lightly forth, and Deirdré quickly followed. But the three men, as they swam strongly after them, were nigh midway in the stream; and Brassil, drawing his skean, waited with a grim smile till they had reached the rapids. Then as they bore hard on the tightened line, he cut it through, and with a wrathful cry, that ended in an angry gurgle, they were swept struggling away down the whirling river. Then raising his heavy axe, Brassil clove the light framework of the corragh in a few strong strokes, till it lay a sinking, shapeless hide. Then they clambered up in haste through the thick dwarf trees that stretched from the rugged face of the cliff. And as Brassil, first appearing from the close brushwood, stood out upon the bank above, there arose a roar of angry voices from the farther side, and a shower of arrows whistled round him; but one pierced the flesh of his left arm. Then Brassil quickly threw himself along upon his face, and dragged the women up after him; and bidding Larha cut away the barbed head from the arrow which had passed through his arm, he drew forth the broken shaft, and laughing scornfully, he hurled it back over the river, and shouted—

“Ha! dogs of Uladh, is it thus you reward those who fight your battles?”

Larha's shrill voice added—

“Go home, and let your Seanachies write how ten score cowards hunted two women and a warrior.”

And Deirdré sat the while with her head drooping mournfully. Then rising in silence, she took Larha's outstretched arm like a child; and so they followed Brassil, as he went with quick, springing steps up the sloping sides of a heathy hill that rose before them, hiding the broad base of Gortfinna. But when they paused to breathe on its purple crest, they saw their enemies gathered in dark council by the river side. And Brassil laughed aloud, and said—

“Ay! let them slay the proud steeds of Eman, and cross the Finn in horseskin corraghs; but they must learn to swim through air, ere they follow us across the Ballagh Dhu.”

Now it was Rori's counsel that they should follow the river's course, till they came upon a ford far down, where the wild cattle were wont to cross; but lest the fugitives should escape by the Ballagh Dhu, he besought the King to give him half-a-score of chosen runners, light and swift of foot, that they might climb the mountain by a path which he knew, far back to the eastward, and thus they should come upon the plain beyond, and meet the women and Brassil if they crossed the pass. And the King saw that Rori's counsel was wise and cunning, and he gave him the men, but went himself, with the others, seeking far down the river for the cattle ford.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

THERE is a cleft in West Gortfinna, as if the mighty mountain had yawned asunder, and down through its riven bosom sweeps the foaming Finn. And the river washes the base of the eastern side; but on the west, a narrow path divides it from the overhanging cliff. But far inwards through the pass, both path and river are buried under a

pile of splintered rocks ; for a great cliff, falling from the face of the rock, had bridged the pass across below with a mighty causeway, and up through yawning spaces between the massy fragments came dark glimpses of the black river, as it rushed deep and humming beneath. And over this rugged passage had Brassil guided the women ; and now they are toiling far up the face of the cliff, by the winding narrow path that scales it. But now Brassil's face was pale and anxious, for ever when he turned to look downwards to the plain, he saw the dark troop of pursuers sweeping up fast to the pass ; for they had found the ford far down the river, according to Rori's counsel, and pressing their panting steeds fast over the plain, had thought to reach the fliers ere they gained the foot of the mountain. But, bounding, climbing, dragging, Brassil had brought the women thus far ; and still with firm, untiring tread, he bore Deirdré upwards in his arms, and Larha followed behind, with bold heart and steady eye ; for one might not walk beside another up that giddy path. But already they were nearing the summit, and Brassil's eye was turned anxiously upwards, where, right above their heads, the overhanging cliffs leaned towards each other, leaving a narrow strip of pale grey sky between, with a single dark line crossing it like a slender spear-shaft. It was the Great Pine that spanned the Ballagh Dhu (Black Pass). But when they stood panting upon the storm-shorn height above, small note made those poor fliers of the glorious land away beneath them, where forest, and lake, and flowery plain, and purple hill, and winding stream were glittering fair and soft through the silver robe of morning mist. But as Deirdré rested, shuddering, on the verge of that giddy height, Brassil raised her gently in his arms, and strode out upon the great pine that lay across the yawning gulf, and passing along upon it with careless, steady tread, he placed her down on the further side. Then he signed to Larha to follow, and, stooping on hands and knees, she essayed it bravely. But midway over, her head seemed to fail her and her eyes grew dizzy, and Brassil cried out to her to fear not ! And raising her head, she fixed her eyes on Deirdré, and so passed over safely ; but when Brassil drew her up on the firm ground, she trembled like a reed in the breeze.

But now Brassil rested not to think of past dangers, but swinging his mighty axe aloft, he smote upon the Great Pine with heavy, ringing strokes ; but though the warm drops fell from his brow, and the big veins swelled on his forehead, as he laboured, the untiring pursuers were shouting midway up the cliff ere he had cleft the tree half through. And staying suddenly from his toil, he looked upon the women, and then first his bold heart sunk within him, and he whispered to Larha—

“Larha, we have yet *two* lives to give Clan Usna. Fly then while ye may. I will keep the pass.”

And wringing her hand, he ran lightly back across the great tree, pausing midway, and turning to urge Larha, with angry gesture, to instant flight. And with the big tears rolling down her swarthy cheeks, she raised Deirdré in her arms like an infant, and went slowly down the heathyside of the mountain. And Brassil, passing along the cliff, lay silently down on the verge, at a spot whence he might overlook the narrow path, as it wound round the face of the rock a good bowshot below him. And poising a mighty stone in his hands, he waited motionless till the fore-

most pursuer appeared on the open path beneath him. Then there rose through the pass a fearful cry, and after a space a faint, dull sound came to his ears from below; and again the path was empty. Then a dark line of figures came forth again, rushing in reckless haste to pass that narrow ledge, whence Brassil's unerring aim had struck their leader. But again that fatal hand dealt death—again the fearful cry rang out through the echoing pass, and three mangled bodies stained the rocks below. And now they gathered beneath the sheltering rock, but none dared come forth to certain death. And Brassil waited long, and his heart rose within him; for he hoped to keep the pass till Clan Usna came. And he piled a great heap of stones beside him, and sat in silence there till the sun rose above the mountain, and shone warm upon him. But as he stooped to loosen a huge rock that lay half-buried in the earth, he felt a sudden shock thrill through his body, and a sharp, darting pain in his side, and he fell forward upon his face. And as he rose slowly, he heard a fearful mocking laugh behind. Then Brassil knew that he was wounded, and raising his hand, he found an arrow in his side, and strove quickly to draw it forth, but his limbs quivered with the strong pain. Then leaving the arrow as it lay, he rose in his pride, and raised his axe aloft, and rushed with failing might to meet his foe. But now his ear knew well that cursed voice, and his heart went down within him when his eye fell upon the hated form of Rori the Jester. Too well had Rori found the path he sought, and come on the Ballagh Dhu from the west. And now the women lay beyond the pass, in the keeping of the bowmen. But Rori's bitter heart sought its own vengeance; and passing over by the tree, he had come with stealthy step on Brassil from behind, and pierced him with an arrow like a creeping coward. And now, as Brassil strove to rush towards him, with staggering steps and failing arm, he stood motionless, with his arrow drawn to the head upon him, and his bright, cold eye glittering in cursed triumph. Then that brave heart knew that his end was come, and that he had nought but cruelty and insult to look for. But deigning not to answer Rori's taunting laugh, he folded his arms together, and leaned his sinking strength against the rock, turning his honest face and clear blue eye upward to the royal sun; and slowly, slowly he sank upon the ground. And Rori forbore to shoot, for he feared to lose his vengeance, and he wished the life to remain still strong within his enemy. So he called to the bowmen, and bade them bear Brassil back over the pass, and await him in the forest below. Then bending over the cliff, he cried out to the King's troops, who lay concealed beneath the overhanging rocks below. And they shouted a triumph when they heard Rori's voice, and came pouring up the pathway. Then he led the King across the path, and showed him where Deirdré lay, pale and wearied, with her head on Larha's bosom. And Larha's lip curled, and her eyes flashed angrily upon them; and her garments, torn and blood-besprinkled, and a red-stained bandage on her forehead, told that she had struggled fiercely to protect her charge. And while the King looked on them, thus lone and helpless, his anger lessened, and the shadows of strange thoughts passed over his brow. But Rori left him to his triumph, and went down the mountain-side, till he overtook the bowmen, as they bore Brassil tenderly between them. Then he sent them back, all save one dark and ruthless as

himself. And Brassil's eyes were closed in pain, but he cried feebly for water. And Rori's eyes sparkled with cruel joy, and he said—

"We will bring thee to the water."

Now, there was a little stream hard by, that rippled and murmured pleasantly down the mountain-side, and near it was a clear, smooth space in the forest. And Rori laid Brassil there, where he might hear the stream, as it bubbled past him fresh and cool. And Brassil's tongue clove to his mouth, for the thirst of death was upon him. Then Rori fastened four stakes firmly in the ground, and drawing forth from his girdle the thongs wherewith he had been bound by Brassil and Cahal Caoum, he laughed cursedly, and stretching Brassil's limbs, he fastened him hand and foot to the stakes, so that he lay outstretched upon his back, with his face upward to the scorching sun. And Rori said—

"Fare thee well, friend Brassil ; if the cords cut sharp, they are thine own choosing. There is water near thee ; but though thou canst not reach it, 'twill refresh the thirsty wolves when they have picked thy bones."

And his parting laugh, as he passed away up the mountain-side, was the last human sound that fell on Brassil's ears. And the wounded man knew not that he was alone ; but he heard the cool, dashing stream, and cried for water. And the sun beat fiercely on his brow, and he dreamed that he was with Clan Usna in fight, and the faint war-cries died away in his parched throat. And soon again he heard the gushing brook, and cried fiercely for water. Then a shadow passed between him and the sun, and something seemed to fall gently on his breast, and when he opened his burning eyelids, he saw a foul raven looking into his eyes with inquiring gaze. Then he uttered a feeble cry, and strove faintly to loosen his hand, but the sharp thongs cut the deeper. And the raven flapped up slowly and sullenly (for they touch not the living) and perched on a bough hard by. And as he croaked there came another raven, old and grey, that had feasted on many a battle-field, and sat beside him ; and they two watched the dying man. And the sun stood straight over the mountain, and smote fiercely on Brassil's head. And again he was in the roaring battle, far away by Ainlé's side ; and he clove the ranks on his rushing war-steed, and smote around him till the red blood seemed rushing in his ears like foaming torrents. And again the mad thirst came upon him, and he writhed on the smooth green sod ; and his parched lips met, but no sound came forth through the white foam-spray that lay on them.

And it grieved the raven sorely that the man died so hard. "Croak ? croak ? asked the big one impatiently. And the lesser perched upon a lower bough, and turning his head on one side, looked down with inquiring gaze. "Croak, croak !" he answered, assuringly.

# Sporting Intelligence.

## YACHTING.

On Saturday, the 24th July, the Members of the Clyde Model Yacht Club arranged a race to test the system of measurement by canvas instead of the hull. The system adopted was, one minute time to be allowed for every 100 feet of canvas, and every hour the race continued. For example, a yacht carrying 1,000 square feet of canvas must allow a yacht carrying 400 feet six minutes for every hour the race continued. The following vessels came to the starting-buoys :—

Bella, 916 square feet	...	...	Robert Walker
Fairy Queen, 975 square feet	...	...	James Grant, jun.
Georgina, 535 square feet	...	...	Captain Hay, R.N.
Excelsior, 600 square feet	...	...	Thomas Steven.

Owing to the variable winds and calms, there was a very unsatisfactory test of Mr. Marrett's plan of measurement. The Fairy Queen got a flaw of wind, which enabled her to reach the Flag Ship at 6h. 55m. 16s. The other vessels becalmed for nearly an hour, and did not arrive until after 8 o'clock.

The Clyde Model Yacht Club can thus claim the merit of being the first in this country to test this mode of measurement.

On Monday, the 2nd of August, the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta commenced at Cowes. The race of the day was for Prince Albert's Cup, for all cutters and yawls belonging to the R. Y. S. This Match was sailed according to the new system of measurement of canvas instead of hull; and the allowance of time to be half a second per foot for difference of time. The following vessels were entered and measured as under :—

	TONS. FEET OF CANVAS.		
Arrow	102	5,894	Thomas Chamberlayne, Esq.
Lulworth	80	5,661	Joseph Weld.
Extravaganza	48	3,932	Sir Percy Shelly, Bart.

It will thus be seen that the Arrow exceeded the Lulworth by 233 feet, and had to allow her 1m. 56½s.; and the Extravaganza by 1,962 feet, and had to allow her 16m. 21s. The Lulworth exceeded the Extravaganza by 1,729 feet, and had to allow her 14m. 24½s.

A very beautifully-sailed and hardly-contested match was won by the Lulworth, beating the Arrow—without her allowance of time—by just 30 seconds. Extravaganza not timed

On Wednesday Her Majesty's Cup was run and won by the Alarm, 218 tons, Joseph Weld, Esq., beating the Shark 175 tons, Wm. Curling, Esq.; the Claymore 150, Hon. H. Rowley; and the Ella, 106, Sir Gilbert East. The Alarm lost her jib-boom, had a man overboard, and lost fully 6 minutes thereby. Nevertheless the gallant old ship won as she pleased, the Shark being second, and Claymore third.

On Friday, the 6th of August, the great event which has agitated the Cowes world for so long a time came off—viz., the race for the Emperor Napoleon's Cup. The following vessels started:—

	RIG.	TONS.		FEET OF CANVAS.
Claymore	schooner	130	Hon. H. Rowley	6,296
Aurora	cutter	60	Le M. Thomas	3,645
Ursuline	yawl	112	Lord Londesboro'	4,115
Ella	schooner	106	Sir Gilbert East	6,087
Fair Rosamond	"	123	Earl of Gifford	4,193
Beatrice	"	208	J. E. W. Rolls	6,415
Arrow	cutter	102	T. Chamberlayne	5,894
Resolution	schooner	164	Duke of Rutland	5,729
Cecile	"	190	Marquis of Conyngham	7,097
Shark	"	175	W. Curling	8,086
Minx	cutter	68	F. R. Magennis	4,301
Lara	schooner	152	Earl of Wilton	8,677
Extravaganza	cutter	48	Sir P. Shelley	3,932
Alarm	schooner	248	J. Weld	8,891
Plover	yawl	70	Colonel Browne	2,584
Julia	cutter	122	J. Houldsworth	5,941
Columbine	schooner	72	Capt. R. Smith Barry.	

This great Match was won by Ursuline on time.

The Isle of Man Regatta came off in Douglas Bay on the 28th and 29th July. The race for the Isle of Man Purse of 50 Sovereigns did not fill, consequently it is held over until next year. The Welcome Purse of £15 was won by the Meta, 8 tons, H. St. Clair Byrne, Esq., defeating the Genii and Alma. There were a number of smaller sailing and rowing matches. The entire was under the able management of Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear Commodore, and Messrs. W. H. Daniel and H. Stuart Burton, Esqrs., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland.

The Royal Welsh Yacht Club held their Regatta at Caernarvon, on Monday, the 2nd of August. The Minona, 15 tons, F. T. Picton James, won the Cup, defeating the Circe, Starling, Lapwing, Scud, and Dwarf.

Malahide Regatta came off on the 3rd and 4th of August. The principal Prize, a Purse of 15 Sovereigns, was, after a good race, won by the Bijou, closely pressed by the Dove and Vidette; the Virago, Gazelle, and Temeraire bringing up the rear.

The Annual Regatta at Barrow, Piel of Fondray, Morecombe Bay, came off on Monday, the 2nd of August, under the patronage of their Graces the Dukes of Devonshire and Buccleuch. It was under the management of Harry Bridson, Esq., Rear Commodore, and James Ramsden, Edward Wadham, and J. Allison, Esqrs., Royal Western Yacht Club of Ireland. Owing to the departure of such a number of vessels for the Cherbourg *fêtes*, this, as well as the Isle of Man, and Royal Welsh Yacht Club Regattas, was not so well attended as in

former years. The entries for the Furness Cup of £40 did not fill ; but the Iron Masters' Cup, value £20, was won by the Meta, 8 tons, H. S. Clair Byrne, Esq., defeating the Spirit, Industry, and Hannah.

The Alma was placed *hors-de-combat*, previous to the start, being run into by the Tourist steamer. A number of rowing matches, &c., concluded a capital day's sport.

The Royal Victoria Yacht Club commenced their Sailing Matches on Saturday, August 14. The entry for Mr. Broadwood's Silver Tankard for the schooners of the Club did not fill.

The second race was for the Club Prize of £50, which was won by the Arrow, 102 tons, J. Chamberlyne, Esq., defeating the Cymba and Amazon.

On Monday, August 16, a piece of plate, value 100 sovereigns, presented by J. Turner, Esq., open to all vessels belonging to members of Royal Yacht Clubs—a time race, half Allen's scale. This was won in gallant style by the Lulworth, 80 tons, J. Weld, Esq., defeating the Arrow, Vesper, Surge, Cymba, Santa Catharina, Amazon, Vampire, Rara Avis, Mosquito, and Violet.

A Schooner Match for a Club Prize of 50 sovereigns followed, which was won by the Constance, 255 tons, J. Turner Turner, Esq., defeating the Georgina, Rattlesnake, and Ella.

Howth Regatta was held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 18th and 19th of August. The Howth Cup, value 40 guineas, was won by the Vigilant, 33 tons, J. C. Atkins, Esq., defeating the Kelpie and Champion.

The second prize of £10, was hotly contested between the Dove and Bijou, together with the Flirt, Vidette, Electric, and Virago. The Dove held the lead all round, but the Bijou won, on her allowance of time, by just forty seconds. The Vidette ran third.

On Thursday, the second day, the Champion, 29 tons, R. D. Kane, Esq., won the St. Lawrence Cup, value 30 guineas, beating the Kelpie and Bijou.

The second prize of £10, was won by the Dove, beating the Vidette, Electric, and Flirt.

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